

Freedom

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

MURDER FOR PROFIT.

Apathy, Reaction, those are the two words that express the condition in this country at the present moment. It is a condition hard to account for. Fits of apathy and reaction generally sweep over a nation or a people after some momentous event wherein the people obtain some measures of reform or things of a similar nature and they are so enchanted with their victory that they become satisfied, which, of course, means apathetic and reactionary. This is not the case at present, and there is no denying the fact that the people are either dead to their rights and privileges or else they are asleep. We have not yet recovered from the Engineers' Strike, which was a defeat. We are in the midst of the great Coal Strike and, although one hundred thousand miners and their families have been on the verge of starvation for several months and are still, all we hear are the mouthings of such pharisaic labor "leaders" as Mabon and others of that ilk begging for contributions.

The meeting of the S.D.F. in Trafalgar Square a few weeks back scarcely drew 5,000 people when half a million should have been there; for the question was one of vital importance to every workman in Great Britain. And now, purely by accident and, later, assisted by the splendid work of the *Daily Chronicle*, have the murders committed in the match factories and potteries been brought to light in a manner that should arouse every man and woman to their duty to sweep these accursed factories off the face of the earth. And what is being done? Outside of the *Chronicle* nothing. We scarcely hear of a single trade union, labor or political organisation that has uttered one word of protest against these most atrocious murders. We believe the time has come when plain talk is needed, and while we except to some extent the downtrodden of the slums and the unorganised mass, we certainly do condemn this inactivity and apathy of the large number of Trade Unionists, Socialists and members of "Radical" political clubs in this matter. How much longer are we to browse and bleat like so many human cattle while this damnable slaughter goes on? Murder? yes, as black and as foul as was ever committed. If it is murder to kill one by shooting, stabbing or strangling, how much more heinous the crime to kill one by slow torture with phossy jaw or lead poisoning; and if you believe in law and punishment, how much greater the punishment should be for the capitalist criminals who in these cases are the murderers?

If you shoot a man, and kill him instantly and without pain, you get hung. If you steal a sheep, as an old man was charged with doing the other day, even though it is not proven, the judge tells you he will be lenient with you on account of your age and previous good character, and then sentences you to five years penal servitude. But if you own a match factory you can murder nine persons in twenty years and blind or maim thirty-eight more for life by the process known as phossy jaw. Eh?—why, of course you are not drawn and quartered; that's too brutal, so you are fined twenty five pounds.

Oh, ye noble sons of honest toil, how ignoble you are! Oh, ye free born Britons, what slaves you are! Listen to what Bryant and May, those patriotic gentlemen who ask you to patronise home industry and support British labor, have to say about you. In twenty years only forty-seven cases of necrosis of the jaw occurred in "their" factory, only nine of which ended fatally. What a benevolent pair of Christian assassins those two gentlemen are, to be sure. Only nine.

Do you know what necrosis of the jaw is? Well it is a disease that is contracted through working in a match factory where they use white and yellow phosphorus. And here are some of the results of that disease, as reported by a special board of chemical experts who investigated the match factories in 1862, which report was reprinted in the "*Daily Chronicle*" of July 12, 1898. "This man's face was bloodless and hollow. Beneath his left eye was a plaster, covering the hole through

which the piece of the jaw was pulled out, with festering matter around. The eye was drawn in and the red inside of the eyelids turned out. The upper teeth were nearly all gone, the lower going. There was a most offensive smell. The gums were almost entirely gone from the upper jaw, leaving the bare bone grinning out, a living death's head."

As the "*Chronicle*" says: This is not from the pen of a sensation-mongering journalist, it is the report of a barrister and a Fellow of New College. We cannot do better than quote the "*Chronicle*" still further: "The mills of God grind slowly in this country of ours. Fifty years ago a doctor at the London Hospital gave a series of lectures on phossy jaw, described its horrors in detail and put his finger on the remedy. Yesterday (July 11), at the Jerusalem Chamber, a most powerful and influential meeting assembled to hear precisely the same story that this doctor told and to advocate the same remedy.

Forty years ago a Government Commission, a body of broad-minded and distinguished experts, visited the match factories, examined the doctor who had given the lectures, went to the bedsides of the people suffering from phosphorus necrosis and drew up a report urging the enforcement of stringent regulations, the observance of which might very probably have made an end of phossy jaw.

Thirty years later the Home Office drew up a very diluted set of rules which were far from stopping this unimaginable horror. And five years later Sir Matthew White Ridley appointed two chemical experts to inquire.

Could any more damning statement than the above from the very respectable "*Daily Chronicle*" possibly be made? A serious question now arises, and one which every honest man and woman must answer: What are you going to do about it? That Bryant and May are responsible for these deaths and disfigurements no one can deny. They themselves do not deny that the use of white and yellow phosphorus is poisonous and must inevitably result in this dreadful disease if the person works at it for a few years. For, thirty years ago, both of these Christian gentlemen said to the assistant commissioner who visited them: the manufacture of matches in the ordinary way with white phosphorus (which they are now using) gave rise to that dreadful disease, necrosis of the jaw; for white phosphorus is a deadly poison. And Mr. Bryant heard with horror of a large factory out of London, where the deaths from necrosis of the jaw had averaged one a year for the twenty years preceding that time.

And now these hypocritical monsters try to justify the nine deaths that occurred in their factory as well as the thirty-two other cases, by crying out that the people will not buy any other matches than those with the white or common phosphorus. Therefore they (the people) are responsible. In plain words, they have murdered nine people because it paid, and now they are trying to shift the guilt on to those who hired them to do the deed.

Oh, Bryant and May, how many lives have been sacrificed to your greed? How many sightless eyes, bent backs, grey hairs and paralytic limbs are you responsible for? Oh, that we might summon from their graves the dead, and from their hovels the living, these factory slaves with their bloodless faces, toothless mouths and grinning jaws that you have maimed and murdered, that they might haunt you day and night, sleeping or waking, and be forever a monument to your colossal infamy and rapacity. And if this torturing of human beings in a manner that surpasses the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition or the cruelty of the cannibals of the Fiji Islands is not enough, there is even more to bring against you. You have bought up the doctor who forty years ago lectured against the use of white phosphorus and who to-day in your employ is engaged in treating these cases so that they might not get into the public hospitals and thereby arouse public opinion.

The Church and Government, those who are supposed to look after our bodies while alive and our souls when we are dead, what has been their share in this bloody affair? The Rev. Mar-

maduke Hare, rector of Bow and chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians, is a good illustration of both, being only a trifle more audacious than the rest. This scoundrelly apostle of greed and grab, in a long letter to the "Star" on July 18th, comes to the rescue of his compatriots, Bryant and May, and tells us what philanthropic gentlemen those two vultures are. He cites the case of a young man 25 years of age who has been a slave of Bryant and May for eleven years, has never been ill because he thoroughly understood the precautions necessary to be taken by those who work among phosphorus. Well, this young man is foolish enough to leave his work at midday to go to a dentist and have a tooth extracted, and return at once to his work while the jaw is still bleeding; and, says 'Duke Hare, "Are Bryant and May to be held responsible for such culpable negligence?" This should be an object lesson to government worshippers. For fifty years this slaughter has gone on with their full knowledge and consent. Oh Gladstone, Salisbury, Chamberlain & Co., may your names be written in letters of fire upon the brains and within the hearts of that class to which those poor maimed and murdered ones belong in order that your names be despised and execrated by all honest men now and for evermore.

Will the masses ever awaken to their own power; will they ever cry out to these human vultures of whom Bryant and May are the personification: "You who have plundered and robbed us; you who have maimed and murdered us, be gone and sin no more, ere we, the people, in a fit of righteous indignation rise and drive you hence"? Oh, for a Parsons, Spies, or a John Brown to show these poor blind toilers that there are nobler ways of dying than in match factories and potteries from phosphorus or lead poisoning.

If we must die it should be in struggling for our wives and children and fighting the glorious battle of freedom, and not like cowards and hypocrites licking the boots of our oppressors. Workingmen, arise to your feet and in the quiet solitude of your garret or hovel ask yourselves these questions: Am I a man or am I a beast of burden? Was I born in order that I might see and enjoy the works of Nature and to feel that I am part of the beautiful world, to love and be loved in return, to lead a happy and useful life, and finally to die as is befitting a man should die—feeling that he has lived and benefited humanity; or was I brought into this world to be a beast of burden, to toil and slave that others might be idle and happy, to forever toil and spin without rest or pleasure, live like a dog and die in my kennel from lead poisoning or phossy jaw? And when you have solved these questions for yourself we shall not have to deplore apathy and reaction; for then this accursed system with all its horrors and hideousness will have disappeared.

AMERICAN NOTES.

It was the First of May when I wrote last and it is now nearing the end of June; large events have been due right along but have failed to keep time. Nevertheless, they have been shaping more and more clearly, and if they do not take precisely the anticipated form of naval victories and "driving the rascals out" of Cuba, they are none the less tremendous in possibilities. About a quarter of a century from now the American patriot will see them; just now his eyes are too full of smoke and his heart of passions strangely mixed. I remember how Dyer D. Lum used to relate his war experiences in the great civil conflict of 1861-65, during which he sincerely believed himself to be fighting for the emancipation of the negroes; but twenty years after he plainly perceived it had turned out to be a Northern manufacturers' game, with the inevitable commercial result—concentration, centralization; surrender of historical tradition (State sovereignty), the nucleus of a formidable military power. Meanwhile, however, one thing had been done away with for good and all; the legal right to buy and sell negroes like cattle, to bind them to one locality, to chase them with hounds, to burn them with irons, to whip them at the stake. True, they still burn negroes to death; in the very paper which reports the Cuban horrors you will find, side by side with them, the account of how a whole town turned out to witness the burning of a negro violator. But the thing isn't legal; it isn't done officially; it's the same sort of thing these savages might do in Anarchy provided they had it just now. Moreover, it isn't inflicted for the crime of learning to read, or running away, or teaching insubordination to fellow slaves; but for rape. In casting up the account, therefore, it appears that the net result was a limited gain for the negro and an unlimited loss for the white man; and that is precisely the shape of "shadow of the coming event" in the Cuban war. The abominable, torturing tyranny of Spain will have to go; but the conquering nation will, as always, be the chief loser.

That portion of our political traditions surrendered in 1865 is now to be followed by the Monroe doctrine, or at least the corollary of the Monroe doctrine—no interference in European entanglements. The great majority of the mouthpieces of the government are already discussing our "colonial possibilities"; projects for a navy second only to England's are already on foot in the House, and an army to match to

follow. Hawaii is practically annexed, the Bill having passed the House and being now in the Senate.* To all this there is but a half-hearted opposition, and the deliberate prolongation of the war by the government with its campaign of hesitation and dilatoriness will, unquestionably, have the desired effect of forcing the colonial policy as a "war measure," as well as calling the vultures of war to the feast. That feast is already ample. The War Revenue Bill for \$500,000,000, which underwent some tinkering in the Senate, came out practically the same for the people. Increased prices (or what amounts to the same thing, diminution in quantity) are already felt in beer and tobacco, and by the time we celebrate *Independence Day* we shall have come under the new schedule of annoyances and tyrannies. The railroads are getting in their steals early; transportation of troops having already cost three times as much as the most liberal calculation would warrant, causing some objections from the gang that are not in it.

And still the major portion of the Anarchist and Socialist protests against the war seem to me fatuous; probably because while as to speculative systems and constructive failures I am what I am called, "an impractical idealist," when it comes down to an actual movement of the masses themselves I have a relentless capacity for seeing people as they are. It is all nonsense to talk as if the fighters in this affair were a lot of simple-minded, abused innocents who have had the war foisted on them from above, and who, if not actually conscripts, were being driven into it by starvation. They wanted the war; they wanted it for various reasons, among which, of course, starvation and idleness played their due share; they wanted it, very much as Charles Dickens describes Robert of Normandy's and Richard the First's crusaders as wanting the crusades, "some because they were idle, some because they were fond of adventure and travel, some because they wanted plunder, some because they were fond of knocking people about and would as lief knock a Turk as a Christian, some actuated by all these motives and an honest desire to save the pilgrims from the Turks."

Human nature has not altered so much in six hundred years as to eliminate a single one of those motives. In this, as in other matters, Socialists make their continual one-sided mistake of ascribing everything to material causes, by which they mean poverty and grabbing. The moral element, which is slowly and painfully creeping upward from its dark subsoil, always plays a rôle that will be reckoned with; tricked, deceived, turned against itself over and over again, it surges up anew, and as in the crusades it was a genuine religious fire burning through all which made them possible, so it is in this Cuban war. It was outraged humanity that began crying for it years ago. Through the long history of Cuban revolts and defeats it has continued. Three years ago the cry grew stronger. Capital did not want the war; it had too many interests well going to contemplate war with satisfaction; it held off till the last minute. But being drowned under at last, it immediately sets about turning the war to its own advantage, to recover damages and profits besides.

Again the moral element is turned against itself and the supposed weapons of deliverance become scourges of oppression. Again the baser motives froth to the surface; and those who have the firmly fixed creed that Capital is the mother of all evil, begin crying out that Capital has done it all! Fatuity! Capital will get it all, but it could have done nothing without popular sentiment and got nothing save through the government which the people so benevolently furnish for its benefit.

The people are no more saints than the capitalists, notwithstanding Eugene Debs' mawkish proclamation that he loves the Spanish workingman as much as he hates the American capitalist, and hates the Spanish capitalist as much as he loves the American workingman. The problem doesn't consist in showing the workingman that he is a subject of love and tearful compassion; but an unmitigated ass to be always kicking the wrong thing. If, after the smoke clears, this war shall have taught him that government cannot be trusted to carry out the moral purpose which alone justifies a war, and that if he wants it carried out he must first cashier the government, he will—well, he will have learned a great deal more than I expect him to.

For the rest, why weep over the inevitable? Why lament that the insurgents were not permitted to form a government of their own? Why groan over the inevitable expansion of the commercial State? Have we not said all along that it had to be? Have not Socialists forever preached the value of Capitalism in producing the tools of Socialism, the international trust, etc.? Have we not pointed out that small political independencies are almost impossible to win and mean nothing but names when they are won? What earthly reason is there to suppose that the insurgent government would have been any better than the United States government? And as to our own prospects, why seek to stave off destiny? The political liberties we are about to lose never rested on any material foundation, and have been preserved so long only through the previously undeveloped condition of the country. They will never be put upon such a foundation till the people have experienced the tether of the logic of the present basis. Let the hog fatten!

The Social Democracy of America has split; one faction is for co-operative effort, the other, to which Debs is allied, is for Socialistic action in politics only; which naturally leads one to inquire why he does not ally himself with the regulars of the Socialist Labor Party. Probably, however, neither De Leon nor Debs believe in political co-operation

* This Bill has since passed the Senate, and Hawaii is now part of the United States.—Ed.

—with each other. As the economic co-operative plan was the only real original difference one does not see where economy comes in, in running two parties.

Open-air speaking (permitted, of course) seems to be growing in favor, chiefly through the efforts of the Single Taxers, who must be commended in this direction. Freethinkers have commenced speaking on Boston Common—transplanted Englishmen, of course.

Louis Goaziou, editor of *La Tribune Libre*, has been making Anarchistic speeches in French and English, chiefly among the mining towns. He reports gratifying results all along the route. It is a pity we had not a few Americans like him.

Our own propaganda in Philadelphia is, as usual, too much of the confectionery order; for instance, Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote a book, a very idle, worthless sort of a book, concerning the lives of two people afflicted with the malady of having nothing to do; this book is called *The Triumph of Death*, and Anthony Comstock did the publishers the service of trying to suppress it. Thereupon, his name getting famous, the *New York Journal* asked D'Annunzio to give his opinion on the Italian insurrection. He did so, and revealed his savagery by advocating suppression in the most fearful forms. Now this is not enough, but the editor of *The Conservator*, a semi-Anarchistic journal, must fall upon D'Annunzio (very properly) and denounce him for his incapacity to see human life as something more important than marble, no matter how well carved. But, alas! the denunciation is so cluttered up with words, so befuddled with phrases, so obscured with inversions, so strained and affected and bumpy with unusual expressions, that one is bound to hunt the subject and predicate of every sentence to find out what the critic means; the bald severity of D'Annunzio is preferable. But our dilettante Anarchists sit round and fan themselves and admire the phrases. Bah! As W. Whittick's organ grinder used to say, "The conducta of the people make it a monk sick."

Good robust Anglo-Saxon, standing well on its feet and walking straight ahead—English that everybody can understand,—that is the lash for denunciation; not this somersaulting, crab-walking, spit-curved rhetoric, that makes you forget what the writer talks while you are translating his verbiage. That should be reserved for Theosophy, mysticism, dreams, subjects on which the writer has no clear ideas and wants to befog others as well as himself. But, as I said, our Anarchists read, fan and admire; judge of the dry rot that infests us.

A singular event: a company has just been sentenced to pay a workman \$5,000 for blacklisting him. As a comrade suggests, the company had probably knifed the judge on some occasion; anyhow, such is the judgment.

Salter D. Worden, whom I mentioned some months ago as being under sentence of death for wrecking a train in the strike of the American Railwaymen's Union, has had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment, on the ground of hereditary insanity. This last, of course, is a legal farce to escape hanging an innocent man.

The strike crop is, so far, unpromising; July will tell.

There is a long death-roll this month: Paul Grottkau, one of the ablest of the German Socialist speakers, a friend of the Chicago men and one who ran danger's gauntlet several times; Alderman Goldwater of Detroit, well known in the Federation of Labor and of pronounced Anarchistic leanings, also a friend of Spies; Edward Bellamy, who, whatever his prejudices and limitations, had exerted a wide influence in the direction of economic reform; and last, as a salve for our wounds, as a recompense, as a responsive echo to the translation of Colonel Dyer—STATES ATTORNEY GRINNELL. May their souls get no ice-cream!

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION IN ORGANIC LIFE.

Progress may be defined as continuous adoption; in modern phrase this is called evolution. The continuity makes the difference between evolution and revolution. Both are natural. Both occur in the organic, social and intellectual sphere. Evolution is the orderly progress of the organism or group of organisms by which it becomes more and more in harmony with the surrounding conditions. If the conditions become more and more complex, the organism will progress in complexity; but if the conditions be more and more simple, progress (if such it may still be called) will be towards simplicity of structure, unnecessary complexity being eliminated, or, in any case, disappearing. Hence, in parasites and some forms of life which live under simple conditions we have the phenomena of degeneration, or a passage from a more complex to a more simple condition. Revolution in organic life is the destruction of one organism or group of organisms, and the replacement in its stead of a wholly different organism or group of organisms. During hard times there may be much revolution, or the replacement of one set of organic forms by another set of organic forms. It was by revolution that the dominant reptiles of Mesozoic times were replaced by the dominant mammals of Kainozoic times. It was by revolution that pterodactyls were supplanted by birds. Revolution has exterminated many a group in geological ages. On the other hand, it was, by evolution that the

little specialised Eocene ungulates gave rise to the horse, the camel and the deer; by divergent evolution that the bears and dogs were derived from common ancestors. Paleontology testifies both to evolution and revolution. That history does the same I need not stay to exemplify. The same laws apply to systems of thought. Darwinism has revolutionised our conceptions of nature. Darwin placed upon a satisfactory basis a new order of interpretation of the organic world. By it other interpretations have been supplanted. And now this new conception is undergoing evolution, not without some divergence.—P. 119-20. *Animal Life and Intelligence*, by Professor Lloyd Morgan, London, 1891.

PARLIAMENT.

The light sometimes penetrates into strange and unexpected places. The following extracts, culled from "Our Handbook," in *The Referee* for July 3rd, indicate a keener observation of the political juggle than might be expected from a journal devoted to the interests of sporting circles. The writer starts off by observing:

"It is one of the fictions of our system of government that the interests of the people are necessarily cared for in opposition to those of cliques, coteries and capitalists."

He then proceeds to deal with the actual facts:

..... "the railway interest in Parliament has always been strong enough to defeat justice in this respect, and in their new code of by-laws we have a flagrant example of one sided legislation, the companies' rights being scrupulously hedged in by pains and penalties, while precisely analogous rights on the part of the public are ignored or left without any means of asserting themselves....."

..... The theory is that the member of Parliament represents primarily the people who have elected him. Primarily, he represents himself and the interests of his friends. This we see from the various sections into which the House of Commons is split up. Do you suppose that the pushing barrister who, at great inconvenience to himself, gets elected to Parliament, and daily goes straight to the House of Commons from the Law Courts, is consumed with zeal for the public interest? Of course, everyone knows that he is playing for his own hand. When his interests have been attended to, those of the public may have a chance. See, also, how the "service members" work together in pursuance of their class-interests. They can always be relied upon to advocate expenditure in connection with the army and navy, and not always expenditure of the most profitable sort. So with the other sections of which the House of Commons is composed. The public interest does not come in until the various private interests of the members have been satisfied. The railway director or railway shareholder is not a distinctive class in the House; he is all-pervading. You never know in what connection he may crop up. He has not to any great extent his field nights like the service member, or the Irish member, or the labor member, but you may be sure that when his pecuniary interests are at stake he gives those the preference.

HARMONY WITHOUT SOLDIERS AND POLICE.

That six or seven different tribes, without any feudal system or coercive head, with different languages and customs, should dwell in close proximity and in peace and unity within the confined territory of Sikkim, even for a limited period, is an anomaly; the more especially when it is considered that except for a tincture of the Buddhist religion among a few people, they are all but savages, as low in the scale of intellect as the New Zealander or the Tahitian, and beneath those races in ingenuity and skill as craftsmen. Wars have been waged amongst them, but they are neither sanguinary nor destructive, and the fact remains no less remarkable that at the period of our occupying Darjeeling friendship and unanimity existed amongst all these tribes; from the Tibetan at 14,000 feet to the Mechi of the plains; under a sovereign whose temporal power was wholly unsupported by even the semblance of arms, and whose spiritual supremacy was acknowledged by very few. In all my dealings with these people they proved scrupulously honest. Except for drunkenness and carelessness, I never had to complain of any of the merry troupe; some of whom, bareheaded and barelegged, possessing little or nothing save a cotton garment and a long knife, followed me for many months on subsequent occasions, from the scorching plains to the everlasting snows.—*Himalayan Journals*, by Sir J. D. Hooker, London, 1891.

STRIKES.

One hundred thousand miners in England having a grievance seek to remedy it with a strike. The grievance is real—it is fundamental—a root grievance. Will anything less than a root solution secure reprisal? While this point is being decided strikes will go on and seem to fail. They never do fail. They are the last buttress against slavery. But for them the masses would be tied hands and feet. It is a state of war. It is the contest of the deer park with the hovel, of the do nothing with the do everything, of my lord interest with vassal production. The strike is notice given that though social invasion may not be successfully resisted it is never forgotten. But its worst near defeat was never less than remote victory. The common consciousness of the world is engaged in a good deal of self debate nowadays. It has put itself in court and is conducting a rigid examination. That common consciousness will make the laws of the future or abolish them—make them if making them be necessary to the freedom of labor; abolish them if abolition be required to accomplish that freedom.—H. L. T. in *The Conservator*.

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NOTES.

AN ACTIVE PROPAGANDIST.

News reaches us from the States of the good work being done there by Emma Goldman. She is addressing crowded audiences in most of the principal industrial centres, and besides the good work done by her trenchant and outspoken addresses she is disposing of large quantities of literature. And all this she is doing single-handed.

This is how she is described by one of the capitalist journals of California:

"But this little Russian woman, with her thickened speech, her rolling r's, her disdain of rhetorical rules, her vehemence, her potent, unstudied postures, is the most interesting woman I ever met. She has life, she has courage, she has brains. She is fiercely consistent, unwaveringly true and, although I can't agree with her, I believe her to be absolutely sincere."

THE POLITICAL JUGGLE AGAIN.

What do Social Democrats think of the Reading election regarded as a step towards the Social Revolution? And how long do they think the people will have to wait for social emancipation "through the conquest of political power" if, after ten years hard work, one of their candidates polls 270 votes out of 9,000.

The English are a patient people, far too much so, but we are sure they will never wait for the S.D.F. to lead them to victory(?) by means of the ballot-box. There is much talk of amalgamation between the S.D.F. and I.L.P., but if they are only going to unite to emphasize these miserable exhibitions at bye-elections they might as well remain as they are. On the other hand, would it not be more advantageous if they would go in for a complete revision of their principles, abandon once for all this political morass which wastes their time, their money, their energies, and demoralises them when they are victorious, and return once more to the clean-cut propaganda in the economic field. The "leaders" might as well make up their minds to do it; for we can assure them the "rank and file" (alas that we should have to use these distinctions in a Socialist movement) will do it for themselves, are doing it for themselves and will leave them wofully behind.

THE FATE OF ETIÉVANT.

The French government "spares" the life of Etiévant that they may torture him for the rest of his days. We fear he will find their mercy more cruel than their revenge; yet if he has the fortitude to endure the cruelty for a while—perhaps only a little while—the course of events in France may restore him to liberty again. In the hope that the near future will herald a new birth for mankind we rejoice to know our comrade is still with us. The persecution of the French police must be absolutely intolerable to any high-spirited man, and we do not wonder that Etiévant struck down the contemptible wretches who shadowed him. But his life was too high a price to pay for their castigation.

THE WELSH MINERS' STRIKE.

What are the "leaders" doing in the strike in South Wales? The suffering of men, women and children must be terrible; whilst the mineowners are eating their strawberries and cream with that inhuman indifference which is only to be found in the circle of those people calling themselves "masters." All the brutality of the degraded slum-dwellers of the Borough, of whom we hear so much just now, is as nothing compared to the calculating cruelty of these devouring monsters who first expropriate the workers and then, to gain their ends, torture them with starvation. Why is so much consideration shown for their "property"? Why are not the enginemmen called out so that the owner may feel the worker whom he so much despises? Let "his" mines be flooded if he will not pay enough to keep "his" workers in decency through the year. Would it were possible that he too might starve, that he might see his wife and children fading away to skin and bone, his home gradually broken up and all the other horrors of enforced idleness showing their dreadful effects, and he helpless. These are the arguments that would come home to him, since reason and justice are out of the question; this is the only answer he would appreciate, since his conscience is dead. And we hope some day the workers will be powerful enough to starve out the masters, as the masters now starve the workers. So

again we ask: what are the "leaders" doing to strike an effective blow for the suffering thousands whom they are so slow to lead?

A COMRADE'S FAREWELL.

Comrades and sympathisers who wish a treat should not fail to attend Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Kings Cross, second floor, on Friday, August 5th, at 8 p.m. when our well-known comrade A. Robin, of Paris, will deliver an address on "The Education of Children." Comrade Robin, who was discharged from the government schools in Paris for refusing to deliver religious instruction to the children under his care, is now on his way to New Zealand to spend the remaining days of a long and useful career. This, therefore, is the last and only opportunity of hearing our aged comrade on this subject for which he is so renowned.

ETIÉVANT.

We publish below a letter from comrade Etiévant. Like those previously published, it shows that his strength of mind has never deserted him.

"La Roquette, July 10, 1898.

MY DEAR COMRADE,

My penalty has just been commuted. Thank you as well as all the comrades for all the comfort you have procured for me during my imprisonment.

It would be useless now to send flowers again; they would not be received.

I think that you will not be less astonished than I was when you hear of the commutation of my sentence. I was far from expecting anything of the sort. As for myself, I scarcely rejoice at it. The prospect of prison does not please me at all; and it is even probable that it were better for me, as well as for the cause of human liberty, were I to be executed. But, since it is not so, I shall try to make the best of my situation. I shall see what the future has in store for me.

I cordially shake hands with you, as well as with all the comrades.
(*Temps Nouveaux*, July 1898) G. ETIÉVANT.

THE FUTURE OF TRADE UNIONISM.

The first great public protest was made in 1834, when six Dorchester labourers were convicted and sentenced to seven years' transportation, ostensibly for administering unlawful oaths, but really for the crime of combination. This conviction was so manifestly unjust, and the sentence so outrageously cruel, that some of the ablest, certainly the most independent men of that day, condemned both in no measured terms, and they resolutely demanded the remission of the sentence on these six poor men, and their immediate liberation.

An immense demonstration took place in the Copenhagen fields on Monday, March 21, 1834, attended, it is said, by about 400,000 persons; and a procession between six and seven miles in length, consisting of nearly 50,000 workmen, proceeded to the official residence of Lord Melbourne for the purpose of presenting a petition with over 266,000 signatures on behalf of those six convicted peasants. After a good deal of opposition on the part of the Whig Ministry of that day, backed as it was by the major portion of the manufacturing classes, and after much delay, the men were "pardoned," and ordered to be liberated.

But the whole proceedings in regard thereto were shamefully cruel and even cowardly; the men had been hastened out of the country, and, after they had been quarantined at Sydney for about three weeks, they were literally sold as slaves at £1 per head; and even when they were pardoned, some of them did not hear of their pardon until years afterwards, and these might never have heard of it until the expiration of their sentences, had it not been for the merest accident of one of them falling across an English newspaper in the colony at the Governor's own house.

Those prosecutions gave an immense impetus to the cause of Unionism; meetings were held all over the country, the petitions were presented signed by scores of thousands. An effort was also made to establish a national federation of the whole of the trades, which movement for some time was very successful; a weekly newspaper was soon started to promote the scheme, and continued in existence for nearly two years. With the pardon of the men, however, the agitation cooled down.

Permanent work, had, however, already begun to take the place of mere spasmodic effort; the several trades were busily employed in perfecting the machinery of their organization, and thenceforward it is not difficult to trace their systematic operations, and discover the permeating influence of their associative strength and power.

Although the statute law of 1824, known as Hume's Act is definite as to the punishment to be meted out for certain offences, and is also clear as to what the workmen had a right to do, as is shown by the second and third sections of that Act, which provide "that journeymen, workmen, or other persons, who should enter into any combination to obtain an advance or to fix the rate of wages, or lessen or alter the hours or duration of time of working, or to decrease the quantity of work, or to induce another to depart from his service before the end of the time or term for which he was hired, or to quit or return his work

before the same should be finished, or, not being hired, to refuse to enter into work or employment, or to regulate the mode of carrying on any manufacture, trade, or business, or the management thereof, should not therefore be subject or liable to any indictment or prosecution for conspiracy, or to any other criminal information or punishment whatever under the statute law.

By the third section it was enacted "that if any person by violence to the person or property, by threat or by intimidation, should wilfully or maliciously force another to depart from his hiring or work before the end of the time or term for which he is hired, or return his work before the same should be finished, or damnify, spoil, or destroy any machinery, or prevent any person not being hired from accepting any work or employment; or if any person should wilfully or maliciously use or employ violence towards the person or property, threats or intimidation towards another on account of his not complying with, or conforming to any rules, orders, resolutions, or regulations made to obtain an advance of wages, or to lessen or alter the hours of working, or to decrease the quantity of work, or to regulate the mode of any manufacture, trade or business, or the management thereof; or if any person by violence, &c., should wilfully or maliciously force any master or mistress, manufacturer, his or her foreman or agent, to make any alterations in their mode of regulating, managing, conducting, or carrying on their manufacture, trade, or business; every person so offending, or causing, procuring, aiding, abetting, or assisting in such offence, being convicted thereof in manner hereinafter mentioned, should be imprisoned only, or imprisoned and kept to hard labour, for any time not exceeding two calendar months." Yet by the introduction of the common law clause in the Act of 1825, we find these Dorchester labourers sentenced to seven years transportation, Drury and others at Sheffield to ten years and five Glasgow cotton spinners for conspiracy and illegal combination each to seven years. These are only a few instances out of scores which might be cited. By this common law of conspiracy the employers endeavoured to reach not only the perpetrators of unlawful acts, but also the committees of the several Unions, and in every case to extend the punishment beyond the term fixed by the statute law.

The history of these prosecutions and the consequent privations endured by the workmen for the purpose of securing their independence, is a real record of heroism; but, in spite of oppression the most crushing, of legal enactments the most stringent, of punishments the most cruel, the men continued to combine, and the Unions were becoming more and more powerful.

The administrators of the law, and the employers, finding that all their efforts to crush the spirit of organisation were futile, they next turned their attention to the funds of the Unions. In 1847 the Newton engineers were prosecuted under the common law. The razor grinders of Sheffield in 1848, and the tin plate workers of Wolverhampton in 1851; the defence of these three cases amounted to £7,653. In the same year twenty-one masons were prosecuted under the same law, the prosecution subsequently fell through, and the men were discharged, but not without incurring heavy law costs. Numerous other prosecutions took place and always with the same result.

"During 1848 and 1849 the question of systematic overtime was constantly debated by the several sections of the engineers societies; public meetings were held, and ultimately the votes of the branches were taken, when it appeared that there was an astonishing unanimity in favour of its abolition. This movement led in 1850 and 1851 to a complete organisation of the different Unions in the various branches of the trade, and resulted in a combination of the several independent associations into one consolidated Union, henceforth to be called the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Progress was made despite the reactionary efforts of the efforts of the officials of the few remaining sectional societies, and, as might have been expected, the employers of the day who had been jealously watching the progress of the new movement, began to see that their power to enforce upon their workmen any kind of conditions of labour they chose, was being very seriously weakened.

Accordingly, a counter move was launched by the employers, and a compact made to smash up the new Union, the irritating efforts of the few reactionary Unionists appearing to have encouraged them to take the view, that a general lock-out of all their workmen who had joined the new movement, along with the probable defection of the sectionals, would accomplish their object, and that now or never was the time to do it. This lock-out was commenced in the early part of 1852, resulting in an expenditure by the society of £43,559. The end of the year saw the A.S.E. badly hit and out of condition to fight, through financial shock.

These efforts to punish men for doing what the statute law permitted, caused great discontent, both with regard to the law and its administration and a general demand arose for some alteration, with a view to making it more precise and definite, and restricting its operation to such acts as came within the statute.

"In 1854 Sotherton Estcourt having obtained the appointment of a select committee to consider a bill which he had prepared on the law relating to friendly societies, held frequent conferences with representatives of the Unions, and others, with a view to obtain some protection for the fund of trade societies. The outcome of this action was the 44th clause of the now repealed Friendly Societies Act, 1855, which gave a fancied security to their funds, by the fact of simply depositing their rules with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, until this delusion was rudely dispelled by the decision of the Lord Chief Justice in 1866, in the case of Hornby v. Close. It is a strange fact that Lord Chief

Justice Cockburn was the same man who, as a barrister, had in 1854 advised as to the clause, and drafted it and declared it to be ample for the security and protection of the funds of the unions; yet by his judgment in 1866 he allowed a trade society to be plundered, and the plunderer to escape through the technicalities of the self same law."

Select Committees were appointed time after time to inquire into the working of the unions, the agitation was carried on by the men, alteration after alteration was made in the law; but the result left the men in just the same predicament, until, in 1875, a Conservative government passed a law which apparently conceded the men's demands. But a couple of instances will show how delusive this idea was.

The case of Allen v. Flood and others was one that arose from the members of the Boilermakers' Society refusing to work on a job on which non-unionists were employed, and the employers, rather than lose the services of the union men, discharged the non-unionists. These men brought an action for damages against Allen and the court granted them with costs; the society appealed against the decision, but the Court of Appeal upheld the decision of the lower court; the society then appealed to the House of Lords, where the judgment was in favor of the union. It is a curious coincidence that in the interval between the decision of the Court of Appeal and that of the House of Lords, Colonel Dyer and the Employers' Federation had resorted to intimidation in the case of several employers who had granted the eight hours and had been working successfully for years, but who were threatened with ruin if they did not revert to the nine hours, and in most cases the Federation succeeded. Is it possible that this fact had anything to do with the decision of the Lords?

The second case is that of Hennessy, the organising secretary of the Plasterers' Union. "At Bloomsbury County Court, before Judge Bacon, Wright & Co., fibrous plaster manufacturers, sought to have a judgment order made against Hennessy. Judge Bacon, 'I see this is a judgment of the High Court amounting to over £1,000.' Mr. Wilkie (for plaintiffs), 'It arises out of a strike in the building trade. Owing to the action taken by the defendant and his union, my clients were forced to take proceedings against him for libel. They obtained a verdict of £500 damages for the libel, £300 for inducing other firms to break their contracts with them, and the costs amount to £254.' Defendant, in answer to His Honour, said he was organising secretary of the Plasterers' Union, and might be discharged at any time at a month's notice. He received 45s. per week and had a sickly wife and four children. Wilkie asked for an order for £1 per month. Judge Bacon, '8s. monthly.' It is true it will take 219 years to pay the amount, but that only proves that Judge Bacon is better than the law. It was probably taken for granted by the High Court that, the heat of the battle being over, they could revert to their old practices notwithstanding the decision of the Lords in the case of Allen. With a century's experience of legislation before us there are still those who are infatuated enough to believe that the remedy is to be sought in one or other of the political parties.

One instance will suffice to show what unanimity there is in political parties when the worker is under consideration. The Radical candidate for York, Christopher Furness, was one of the members of the Employers' Federation who locked out the members of the A.S.E., and he is reported to have said in one of his addresses to the electors that "if Colonel Dyer had a vote in York he would give it to his opponent as he was a Tory." That was undoubtedly true; but however much they might differ in politics, they were certainly agreed as to the action to be taken to crush the worker.

(To be continued.)

THE FREEDOM PRESS.

COMRADES.—We have determined to make an appeal to all friends and sympathisers in the international Anarchist movement on behalf of the "Freedom" Press, the object of which is to place the publication of Anarchist literature in England on a business basis. If £30 can be raised (and surely it can be), we shall be enabled to issue many new works of great interest and importance, besides issuing reprints of others which are badly needed. It would also aid us greatly in reducing the expense of the publication of "Freedom," and so avoid the constant and heavy strain that publishing at a loss necessarily entails on a few comrades who are only wage-slaves themselves. We hope, therefore, all who can help will do so to the best of their ability, and so aid in establishing a Freedom Press that we are all assured will have the deepest and most far-reaching effect on the Anarchist propaganda in England.

The following sums have already been guaranteed.—H. Glasse, 10s.; Rubin £1; E. Masson (per *Clarion*) 4/10; Liberty Club, Norwich, 5s. (received); H. M. Kelly, £1; A. M., £1; Glasgow comrades, £10.

"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, 2, Mellor Road, Slade Lane, Longsight, Manchester, and all business matters, including subscriptions, to T. JONES, 10 Garden Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

IN COTTONOPOLIS.

At the invitation of the local comrades I visited Manchester on July 2nd. The visit was arranged in all its details by the one man in Manchester who is noted for his modesty. He writes reports to *Freedom* by stealth, and blushes to find them—printed. Wild horses would not drag his name from me, but I don't think I am guilty of any breach of confidence in hinting that his initials are Pay Jay Kelly. The work he does (when he thinks he will) is something tremendous, and my visit is a case in point.

He had arranged a "Social" on Saturday evening at which I met many of the old comrades with whom I worked for years, and some new ones. A pleasing feature to me was the presence of men who were active opponents of our principles when I left Manchester two years ago; and a great acquisition was the society of our American friends, W. F. Barnard and Malfew Wilkes. The "spread" was glorious and vegetarian; the ham sandwiches being made with stewed figs. The culinary department would have reflected great credit on comrade Cantwell. Greater praise than this there is not.

Then there were speeches from myself, Barnard, Leonard Hall, Wilkes and Barton. *The Eagle and the Serpent* had been at work and the result was a discussion as to the relative merits of Egoism and Altruism. As is usual in these discussions the time was too short, the meeting broke up just as it was fairly started (or so it seemed), and belated wayfarers were startled by groups of excited young men on the top of trams and in "last" trains discussing the motives which prompt a man to rescue a drowning child.

On Friday afternoon Kelly had arranged for Barnard to open a debate on "The necessity of liberty," at the County Forum. The Forum is a restaurant in the centre of the city, near to the Stock Exchange. On market days (Tuesdays and Fridays) a great many business men from surrounding towns are on 'Change, and for these the Forum proprietor arranges after-dinner debates on House of Commons lines. It will be readily understood that these debates are more in the nature of dissipation than serious discussion, and Barnard's admirable address was almost wasted on the audience. He was astonished at the effrontery of men who had been absent during his address getting up and giving a complete refutation and reply. Then Wilkes of Chicago waded in. He hurled at the astonished assembly huge chunks of Egoistic philosophy, disguised in polysyllabled adjectives. The amazed frequenters of the Stock Exchange thought it was a dramatic poem in native Welsh, and marvelled exceedingly. Then, Barnard's reply! those who heard his masterly castigation of the nonentities who assailed him will never forget it. The address was not altogether wasted; there were a few earnest individuals present on whom Barnard evidently made a great impression.

On Sunday we attended two meetings at the usual spots, Stevenson Square and New Cross. At the afternoon meeting in the Square there must have been from 1,500 to 2,000 people present. The subject of the meetings was, "Anarchy, the No Government theory of society." There was no opposition. A few questions from earnest believers in "good" Democratic government were disposed of, and then Barnard addressed the meeting. It was the first time he had spoken in the open air, and he acquitted himself like a veteran. He very forcibly put before the interested crowd the relation of the American people to "their" government. Then an erstwhile comrade who has boxed the compass of social reform and seems to have ended up as a rabid imperialist, attacked Barnard for his want of knowledge of American institutions. This served as a foil to display Barnard's dialectical skill to advantage, and we all keenly enjoyed the ten minutes in which he made his opponent regret his temerity. Then Wilkes was "let loose" on the discomfited enemy and, rolling on him once, extinguished him for ever. A grand meeting, good collection and fine sale of literature. In the evening, Barton, Wilkes and myself held a good crowd for two and a half hours and my visit was over.

Altogether, I enjoyed my trip to Manchester immensely. The old scenes and old friends acted on me like a tonic. But, apart from this, there seems such a mental activity and earnestness amongst the comrades as to promise good results in the near future. Here can be seen distinctly the fallacies of "gas and water" Socialism. Several of the most active and influential political Socialists are waiting a favorable opportunity to found Anarchist groups, and Manchester can be counted on to take her place in the movement making for Liberty. H. S.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE.

He was a commercial traveller returning to London by the night express.

As he entered the station accompanied by two friends he was in a particularly happy mood. He was thinking of the little brown-eyed wife who was to meet him at his journey's end and he was eager for the train to start.

While the three friends chatted cheerfully together, commenting on this and the other topic or person in a lighthearted strain and observing the hurrying crowd, the tall-hatted gentry being especially noticeable as they skirmished around for comfortable places or tipped the guards to put "Engaged" labels on seats that were common to all, they were interrupted by a babel of voices behind them, and, turning round to discover the cause, perceived that a group of Jewish workers with their friends had approached, the party consisting of some four-

teen in all and who ranged from the babe in the arms of its mother to an aged grandmother of some sixty odd years.

At first our traveller and his friends took these people to be emigrants, but by the chance words that came to their ears they soon learnt that only one of the number was going on that train; then they smiled, for they were lighthearted, and the tears flowing down those labor-worn faces and muttered exclamations of sorrow at first amused rather than affected them, as incidentally did the tactics of such of the tall-hatted gentry as had already "Engaged" seats in the compartment which the Jewish worker and our traveller appeared to have selected for occupation, for the "gentry" seemed suddenly to discover that another portion of the train contained better seats, and calling a porter to their aid immediately scampered off bag and baggage.

As the time drew near for the departure of the train, the more acute apparently became the grief of the Jewish party; and even after one of their number had taken his seat in the carriage the smallest of the dirty-faced babies was pushed through the window for him to hold on his knee.

"All aboard!" was shouted, there was a flutter of the green flag, the commercial traveller waved a smiling farewell to his friends, while the Jewish workman again and again passionately kissed the aged woman who appeared to be his mother and a young one who evidently was his wife. The green flag fell, the train pulled out, and those who smiled and those who wept alike were left behind.

In a frame of peaceful content, head and heart being full of his own wife, the traveller threw himself back upon the cushions. As he did so the poor Jew seated opposite heaved a sigh, and as though feeling intuitively that he had a sympathetic listener, said brokenly, "Ah, how hard it is to be forced to break up one's family! I am going to Africa." The usual story followed. He was a tailor, and was leaving his wife and three small children, his mother and all his relatives, for a new land where it was said wages were higher and where he might do better both for them and himself.

As he told his story with mingled sighs and tears, yet not without a flash of hope in the future, the smile like the fast disappearing daylight faded from the face of the commercial traveller. His thoughts had flown back across the ocean to the country and the aged mother who were his, and in his turn he sighed deeply. Had not he too been driven across the sea to a distant land to earn the livelihood that was denied him there; was not he too parted from those he loved and toiled for? And as he sighed he murmured, "How long shall these things be—how long?"

SANTA AGUEDA.

IN MEMORY OF ANGIOLILLO.

Santa Agueda, thou that wast accursed
With presence of a demon dressed in Man,
Blessed art thou! For on thy stones there ran
The vampire blood from bitter torture nursed;
Along thy streets there flashed the lightning-burst,
"Delivered!"—flaming on from eye to eye,
Though lips said, "Killed," and all thy gateways hearsed
In lying black, made mourning mockery.
Blessed art thou! From thee went forth the cry:
"Vengeance yet loves, renunciation hates,
And justice smites: *the torturer shall die*."
Across his path the steel-nerved slayer waits,
"And both shall burn together,"—one in light
Of unconsuming hell and reddened night,
And one with feet on hell and brow dawn-rayed—pure white.
VOLT AIRINE DE CLEYRE.

Libertarian Literature.

We have received the following papers and pamphlets:

Wastrels.—*Labour Leader* office, 53 Fleet St., London, 1d. A humorous publication brightly written, which suggests "how to be happy though intelligent, and how to be of use when not required."

The Truthseeker.—36 Villiers Street, Bradford, monthly 1d.

Labour Copartnership.—Monthly 1d., 15 Southampton Row, W.C.

La Bataille.—59 Rue de Fer, Namur; 5 centimes, Belgian weekly. Contains a good article on the attitude of the Socialist deputies during and after the recent speech of the French Minister of War on the Dreyfus question. M. Cavaignac (whose name recalls the butcheries of 1848) was firmly upheld in his glorification of the army by Mirman, Socialist deputy for Rheims, who subsequently made a motion to have the speech posted up publicly throughout France.

La Feuille.—25 Rue de Navarin, Paris; 10 centimes. No. 15 of an occasionally published single sheet, with cartoon of Faure about to press the button on the guillotine prepared for Etiévant. Both cartoon and letterpress are admirable of their kind.

Sturmvoegel.—50 First Street, New York; 3 cents. German bimonthly.

La Verdad.—305 Casilla de Correo, Montevideo; *Germinal*, 1034 Casilla de Correo, Buenos Aires; *La Protesta Humana*, 2274 Calle Chili, Buenos Aires. Spanish South American papers devoted to Anarchist interests.

Il Risveglio.—25 Rue de Marco, N. 229-231 San Paolo, Brazil. Italian weekly.

Anarkisten.—Vitesgade 8, 4 edg., Kristiania. Norwegian bimonthly.

A. Hamon, editor of *L'Humanité Nouvelle*, international and monthly review of sociology, philosophy, literature and science, requests authors or publishers of books, pamphlets, newspapers, leaflets, etc., on Socialism or Anarchism, or pertaining to the social question generally, to send him sample copies of such literature for review. His address is: A. Hamon, editor of *L'Humanité Nouvelle*, 3 Boulevard Berthier, Paris (XVIIe.), France.

THE WORKING MAN: A PARADOX!

Poor insignificant atom, so egotistical, yet with such a poor estimation of himself.

He poses as a judge of others, yet allows himself to be judged.

He wishes to govern, and ends in being governed.

He desires riches, and dies in poverty.

He demands Liberty, and dies in Slavery.

He believes in equality of birth and death, and inequality of life.

He says he is capable of reasoning, yet appoints others to think for him.

He claims the highest position in the animal world, and is satisfied with the lowest in the social world.

He looks upon himself as the greatest man and his employer as the greatest god.

He sings, "Britons never shall be slaves," and fears the police and trembles when his employer speaks.

He praises Wat Tyler and other bygone revolutionists, and would stone to death a present-day revolutionist.

Some say he is strong in the arm and weak in the head.

He talks about the palaces and riches of his country, and forgets the slums and poverty of the landlords country.

He calls England his country, yet pays a landlord rent for the right of living here.

W. ANDERSON.

THE PROPAGANDA.

BARNARD'S TOUR.

In Manchester, on Sunday July 3rd, Barnard spoke in the afternoon in Stevenson Square—in fact, made his *debut* as an outdoor speaker here. He did well and agreeably surprised us all. I also spread myself in my own way for about twenty minutes, and also at night at the New Cross; Barnard did not attend this meeting. His meeting at the Forum went fairly well; he disturbed the equanimity of the mentally-maimed mugwumps and Semitic sycophants who assembled there. Anarchists, said one Semitic speaker, were not wanted there; they were too respectable to listen to such Tommy-rot as Anarchism.

Barnard is making a good impression wherever he goes, so far; and if he could be prevailed upon to stick to out-door propaganda would be a still greater force for good. He spoke three times last week (Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings) on "Government" at the Monolith; twice yesterday (Sunday 10th), in the morning at the Monolith and in the afternoon at the Hall of Science on the platform made famous by Charles Bradlaugh; in both lectures government in all its ramifications being criticised unmercifully.

The visit of W. F. Barnard to Bradford will be remembered by many for a long time; for it is the beginning of a new epoch for reformers. His first lecture at Laycock's Coffee House lecture hall was filled to overflowing, enough turned away to fill the place over again. His lecture was on government; he proved that government *per se* is exploitation; that it lives on what it steals from the producers, and that it is essentially the domination of the stronger over the weaker; that it could not be improved so that it could become innocuous, but must be annihilated, as a cancer in the body must be annihilated if one is to be cured. Government is the cancer of the body politic and must be destroyed before the people or the individual can be free. Government is the root of all evil, that abounds in society to-day. It creates monopolies, makes criminals and punishes, as Huxley once said, "men for trying to be natural beings;" for the people in jail are there for violation of statute law, which is in itself a violation of natural law. Law creates disorder, chaos and charity. Law is for the plunderers of the people, the privileged classes; it conserves their robberies, preserves their privileges, protects their pleasures and is the instrument that enables the parasites of society to fleece and flim and flam the proletariat scientifically—so insidiously and so subtly that the people don't know it. Law, like religion, was invented to make people contented, submissive and humble. Politicians are parasites and professional purloiners of the people's productions. The House of Commons is a den of thieves, as Cobbett once said; government is fundamentally the cause of all misery, suffering, poverty, destitution and crime rampant in our midst.

The tin gods of the reformers, the leading lights of those hyphenated hybrids the Social Democrats and the mildew-minded members of the Single Tax school of rainbow-chasers and foam-fighters rose in their wrath and tried to counteract the influence of the logical and analytical presentations of Barnard. One great man, who is considered at Laycock's an orator, a scholar and a critic, asked if Gladstone—the good, the great and the grand—was like unto these politicians described by the lecturer. Gladstone the G.O.M. (meaning, the Grand Old Mugwump, an apt and true title) was an amateur in everything except politics. He was a mediocrity with a good memory, and expert politician who understood his trade thoroughly; and, therefore, was a consummate bamboozler of the people. Altogether Barnard pulled down this demigod of the demidamned, Gladstone, from his pedestal and placed this papier-mache hero before the audience in his true character as a fluent phrasemonger, a superb straddler and a magnificent manipulator of the masses. He will be remembered by posterity as a carnivorous animal with heavenly hallucinations, famous as a majestic masticator of meat (chewing his meat 29 times before swallowing, as recorded in the papers), a vigorous and virile chopper of wood and a man who had the audacity to part his name, like his principles, exactly in the centre—like a bicyclist who parts his hair in the centre to better maintain his equilibrium.

Altogether, but tell it not in Gath, Barnard flagellated the arguments of the fanatical fossils into fragments and left these deluded decadents wailing and declaiming against the treatment their dogmas, delusions and deities had received at his hands. It was a sight for the gods to see these poor things suffer so severely.

On the night following, Monday, at the request of several members Barnard was urged to deliver his view *re* the way to economic salvation. He did so. The hall was again crowded; and he made quite an innovation in dealing with the

subject. He took the Communist Anarchist view and the Individualist Anarchist conception, graphically depicting both methods, which appeared to interest the audience. The great men of this locality scintillated but poorly in opposition and the lights went out after much light had been thrown on this vexed yet vital subject. We collected 18s., sold many papers and pamphlets of all kinds and were ably assisted by Mr. John Hacking, Mr. Kay, Mr. Tom Joy and Mr. J. W. Gott, the clothier, and founder and proprietor of the *Truthseeker*. He gave 6s. and entertained Barnard and I at his house. He is a good fellow.—M. W.

NORWICH.

Since writing last we have kept moving here. We invited J. Turner to come and speak for us on Sunday, May 1st. He came on Saturday evening in time to be at a social gathering of members and friends that we had arranged. An interesting programme of music was rendered, which our comrade seemed to thoroughly enjoy. On Sunday morning we held a meeting in the Market Place, which was fairly well attended. The Trades Council had arranged for a mass meeting at 3 o'clock, but some time before this it had commenced to rain, and what no doubt would have been a very large meeting turned out to be a very small one, which took place under cover of the Fish Market. We had applied for permission for our comrade to speak from the Trades Council platform; this was given us, and he delivered a stirring address which impressed the few who listened very much and taught them something as well. In the evening he lectured in the club room, subject "What Anarchism is"; but, unfortunately, the wretched weather which still prevailed prevented many from being there; questions followed the lecture.

On Whit Sunday we had arranged for comrade Perry to be with us, but the S.D.F. had also arranged for a speaker and approached us asking if we would adjourn our meeting; we suggested in turn an united meeting—both speakers keeping to economics. But this they would not agree to; so, rather than cause unnecessary friction, we gave way. Perry came a fortnight later and addressed two very fairly attended meetings, at one of which he dealt very ably with the Italian revolt, unfortunately receiving no opposition at either meeting.

Our next item of propaganda was in relation to the Welsh miners. The local branch of the I.L.P. decided to invite the workingmen's organisations to consider what was best to be done in order to assist the men now on strike, and we were included in the invitation. Three delegates from each body formed a committee and it was decided to hold a mass meeting in the Market Place. Collections, without any deduction for advertisements, to be sent to the miners. It was also decided that each body should supply a speaker; and, having no local speaker, we invited comrade Turner to come and speak on our behalf. Our comrade, seeing the importance of such a meeting, accepted the invite and came on Saturday July 16th. The next day being the one fixed for the meeting, we had another social, which was kept up till twelve o'clock. On the Sunday afternoon the meeting was held and our comrade, who was in splendid form, spoke for over half an hour to a large meeting and was well received. Collection £2-1s. In the evening we had arranged for him to speak upon the principles of Anarchism, but the I.L.P. had also arranged a meeting; so, rather than have two separate meetings, we suggested an united one. This they at once agreed to, setting an example to the S.D.F. Turner again spoke for three quarters of an hour, the audience listening attentively. Collection 7s.

Our comrade's two visits have done us an immense amount of good as he has helped to banish from the minds of many the prejudice and ignorance they had concerning us. There is a possible chance of his visiting us again this year, and we hope that he may. We are distributing Kropotkin's *Development of Trade Unionism* leaflet; Turner has promised us that he will ask the author of the leaflet to come and lecture for us, if he does it will do us a great deal of good, as we are sure to get a large audience.

A. B.

LEICESTER.

The Leicester Socialist Society continues to hold its outdoor propaganda. On June 26th comrade Banham spoke for us both in Humberstone Gate and the Market Place, he dealt with the Welsh Miners' Strike, after which, besides taking our own collection, we raised £1 in aid of the miners. On July 3rd comrade Kenworthy delivered a lecture in the Market Place before a large and attentive audience, his subject being "The truth about Jesus." Comrade Crisp took the chair, and in his opening remarks replied to an attack upon our theories published in a local journal called *The Wyefern*. This journal, which describes itself as "critical and humorous," is chiefly supported by advertisements inserted by cheesemongers and other shopkeepers, so I think its animosity toward such a revolutionary doctrine as Anarchy is easily understood. On July 10th we had a visit from comrade Turner; in the morning he spoke at Humberstone Gate, and at night in the Market Place for about two hours. On July 17th comrade Barton addressed two of our meetings, at the end of which we raised 3/6 for the Welsh miners besides taking our usual collection.

I might also mention that two of our comrades, Jack Bent and Owen Trafford, have left us and joined the Purleigh Colony.

T. CLAY.

MANCHESTER.

On July 1, F. Barnard arrived in Manchester with Malfew Wilkes; in the afternoon he opened a discussion in the County Forum on "Why we want Liberty." He gave an exceedingly good address; but the criticism which followed was very poor. Comrades Stockton, Wilkes and Kelly took part in the discussion, and Barnard roused some very strong feeling by a very able and cutting reply. The next evening we had a social. After tea we had a little singing and dancing and then some short speeches by Stockton, Barnard, Wilkes, Hall and Barton. There were about thirty present, besides children.

Sunday July 3 we had a regular field day. The meeting in Stevenson Square in the afternoon was, I consider, a magnificent success. It was big—at least 1,500 people being present,—it was orderly and it was attentive. Comrade Kelly, as chairman, opened and called upon Stockton, who was advertised to deliver an address upon Anarchy. After Stockton had delivered his address and answered numerous questions arising therefrom, comrade Barnard from America was announced. He got a good reception and spoke for the first time in Britain in the open air to an exceedingly attentive and appreciative audience. After he had finished one Ritson got up to oppose; and when he had, to quote Wilkes, "spread himself over the platform" for about 15 minutes, Barton (Kelly having vacated the chair) asked Barnard if he would like to reply. Barnard would, and did. Poor Ritson! After puffing the froth off Ritson's speech, as he would off a particular drink they sell in America, he found little to reply to. Barton then called upon Wilkes. Poor, poor Ritson! Next time he wants to hear himself talk he will, I should think, make sure that Wilkes is not listening to him. A Social Democrat present said he had heard Ritson get some "dressings" but never such a one as he received from Wilkes.

The meeting closed about 6 o'clock. Some idea of the meeting and the interest manifested can be gathered from the fact that, even at that late hour, there were some 600 or 700 present. The collection realised 13/9½, which, considering it was for our own propaganda purely, was remarkably good; besides, 1/6 had been collected privately towards the expenses of the meeting by the comrade who had organised it, and many present at the meeting had given privately toward the expense a week or two beforehand; in fact, 30s. had been collected so, and we sold 8s. worth of literature.

At night, at New Cross, we held another very successful meeting, 800 or 900 being present. Barton opened the meeting and called upon Stockton. After Stockton had spoken and replied to questions, Barton called upon Wilkes; Kelly closed the meeting. Collection 4/4, literature sold 4s.; making a total for the day by collections 18/1½; by sale of literature 12s. Good biz! eh?

Barnard left us next day for Sheffield; Stockton for London, and Wilkes for Blank,—all evidently pleased with their visit, as we were with both visit and result.

Manchester comrades are wondering if J. V. Brown who left them for the Big Smoke has forgotten them.

P. J. KELLY.

A LETTER FROM COMRADE BERKMAN.

The following letter has been received by a comrade from Alexander Berkman, who was sentenced to 20 years, in 1893, for his attempt on the life of Frick, Carnegie's manager at the Homestead ironworks:

"Riverside, June 20th, 1898.

"MY DEAR KELLY,—I cannot "plead a busy life" for my failure to reply ere this to your letter dated March 6th. To speak with the lady novelist, "it was not my fault, but my misfortune." The same circumstance explains and, I trust, will excuse the necessary brevity of this note. . . . News there is but little to tell you. The murderous breath of Mars has poisoned the very air and swept the country from shore to shore, from Yukon down to Key West, tornado-like heedless of reason and the higher interests of humanity. The faint cry of a handful of scattered protestants has died away ineffectually, like the heart-broken wail of a lost traveller in the Saharan desert, leaving no echo. "One swallow makes no spring," as the Russians say; and yet, though the lone swallow brings no spring, it is the harbinger of its coming, and the cry of the protestants is not in vain. "Humanity knows no country!" This is the cry; and, though it be faint and unheeded, it will yet rise and swell above the tumult of Babylon until its echo vibrates and revivifies through awakened mankind. . . . As to myself, as you are well aware, I am of a quiet, very retiring disposition, safe and secure in my walled retreat at the "Riverside," the scenery is beautiful though I can neither see or enjoy it—the Rockies on one side, the Ohio on the other. A veritable castle this place is, not a Spanish one at that, it resembles more the Petro-Pauluskaya Fortress at St. Petersburg. Father Penn is my host, by the grace of Uncle Sam. I am watched over and taken "care" of; but, ingrate that I am, I do not enjoy nor duly appreciate the liberally extended hospitality in this free-for-all hotel "on the European plan." This seems to me too much like "charity," the bread of charity is bitter, and I long for that sweetest of bread—Liberty! I do not know what land be the happy abiding place of the goddess. Still I'd risk a change of air, I think I need it (I am my own doctor and I ought to know), otherwise my health is fair—under the circumstances,—and my spirit—now, where the deuce is my spirit? "Damfino!" my humor is as you see, and my spirit—with you, my friends. My fraternal greetings to our comrades and friends. Remember me kindly to Kropotkin, Turner, etc. My respects to your companion and my best wishes for your welfare.

Yours for self-possession

ALEX. BERKMAN."

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W. F. Barnard has finished his summer tour, and is leaving England till October, when he will return and lecture throughout England and Scotland. Societies and groups in and around London desiring to hear him may communicate with W. Wess, 15 Whitechapel Road, E. For engagements in the Midlands address R. Bingham, Wicker, Sheffield. W. Duff, 9 Carfin Street, Glasgow, will arrange for Scotland. A list of Barnard's lectures is appended. Terms on application.

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

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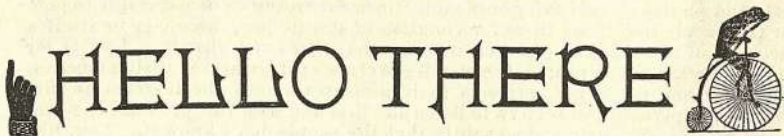
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[Will comrades in the London and provincial Groups make a point of furnishing us with reports of their meetings and progress by not later than the 20th of each month.—ED.]

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