

Freedom

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WHILE THE PEOPLE SLEEP.

Invasive authority, cowed somewhat, and acquiring a degree of caution and wisdom in its conflict with discontent when that discontent is at fever-heat, is disposed to allow the publication of journals, pamphlets and books expressing and justifying the dissatisfaction of the people and in general exploiting radical social thought. But it never allows this literature to circulate quite freely and without censorship; placing a ban upon its sale by secret means, and whispering into the ears of editors and writers threats of punishment if they "go too far." And, as we now see, it awaits recurring periods of discouragement and apathy to abandon even this poor pretence of toleration, and suppress as far as it can, either by mild or rigorous means, directly or indirectly, all publications which seem most vigorous and undaunted in their war on ignorance, superstition and slavery.

It is not necessary here to go into the past; history bears upon her brow a seared-in record of violence done to thought and truth, so that the freedom of the press, in so far as it is thought to have existed, was relatively as it now is, a matter of words and empty sound, my purpose, rather, is to mark some of the latest manifestations of encroaching press supervision here in England and in America and at the same time to sound an alarm to slumberous men; who, if they do not arouse, will find themselves deprived of the means to express themselves freely in writing, the first of all services in the sacred cause of liberty, and without which she must languish and die.

For some time a marked reaction toward indifferentism has been making itself felt in the ranks of libertarians, and watchful authority has not been slow to take advantage of a propitious moment and craftily begin anew the work of stultification and suppression. A few months back the young Russian student and writer, Bourtzev, who had been helped to England on his way from Siberia by an English sea captain, was arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment as a result of reprinting some extracts from Stepniak's volume, *Underground Russia*, on the flimsy pretext that he was advocating the killing of a Tsar. What are called "political crimes" are not always dealt with in this way; it has not been long since a raiding Englishman perpetrated in Africa a deed which, confessedly wrong, brought him enthusiastic approval at home, and at last honor. When Swinburne published in a review that terrible and beautiful poem in which with vehement passion he called for the death of another Tsar of Russia, he was not dragged before judges and sentenced to prison. The book, for quoting from which Bourtzev was imprisoned, was published by a reputable publisher and had been in common circulation for several years; why was this man singled out for persecution? Because he was in rebellion against the existing state of things, and because he was a foreigner, weak and without money. It was desirable, in crippling the free press, to make a beginning at a weak point; that point was found.

In America the prosecutions of *The Firebrand*, Berrier and Rudebusch occurred almost simultaneously a few months since. *The Firebrand* was an Anarchist organ, and among other offences it had been guilty of reprinting a poem of Whitman's, "A Woman Waits For Me." Rudebusch and Berrier had both written books freely treating the vexed problem of sexual relationships. The *Firebrand* prosecution failed in part, though the paper was suspended for a while and was revived under another name; Rudebusch was sentenced to hand over to the State 1,200 dollars, Berrier to pay a large fine and spend two years in prison. There was hardly a murmur from the people over this blow at freedom of writing and printing. The authorities had bided their time; they struck their victims at the proper moment.

The latest outrage on the free expression of thought is the Bedborough prosecution. Villainy is not always gifted with enough forethought, is not always crafty and collected; in this case the attack began in a clumsy accusation of an obscene

libel which was said to have been perpetrated by Bedborough in a book, *Sexual Inversion*, one of a series called *The Psychology of Sex*, written by the scholarly Havelock Ellis. The crime charged was the selling of the book. It was early seen that the charge of obscenity would not stand against this volume even on the most narrow conception of the law; but an alternative was found: a mass of the literature of sex, which was being openly sold by Bedborough and which had been taken from his house at the time of his arrest by the poor tools of Sectland Yard, was called into requisition and the charge of obscenity was newly trumped up in regard to this.

The discussion of the problem of sexual relationships has been carried on somewhat vigorously of late, and because of the light which was being let in on the evil of authority in these matters the powers that be struck a reptile blow at this, among other things, at a time when a general apathy made it feasible or least dangerous.

The affair is not settled yet; but no one knows how soon the *Adult*, of which Bedborough was editor, will succumb to the conspiracies of the infamous, if maladroit police. It is already less outspoken and bold. The Legitimation League, whose organ it was, gives no sign of life: the threats of the prosecution have emasculated an organisation which was full of promise and already doing good work. The police methods have frightened all but the stoutest hearts: there is silence where all before was activity.

It is reported that the University Press, one of the foremost agencies in the world for the dissemination of advanced literature, has been led as a result of this prosecution and the boycott of its publications to suspend business. This will involve the death of the *University Magazine*, against which destructive forces have been working steadily of late, and which has long stood for the most advanced thought of the times, being one of the ablest among the reviews.

Where will the intimidations and persecutions end? Authority has chosen its time well. The police have been instructed. Their eyes are on every product of the advanced press. Nothing is sacred: in the pursuit of "evidence" houses are entered and all that can be of any use to those whose interest it is to put a ban upon free discussion is taken away to be marred and mutilated and misrepresented to pliable and canting juries, who in the name of justice and respectability thereupon immure in prisons the best and noblest of mankind. Again, where will it end? Are the opportunities to spread truth, which are the result of so many struggles, to be lost to us again, and in this manner? Must the people awake to find themselves in chains, without the power to exchange ideas, to learn, to reject ignorance and attain wisdom?

The long-dead Milton sounded no uncertain battle cry in his plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing: he knew the value, the importance of the boon; John Stuart Mill and a host of equal and lesser spirits have since nobly defended the freedom of the press. It must be that in the present juncture, when the masters of men, because of a temporary lull of spirit and courage in the world, are hastening to destroy hard-won privileges, and seduce and cajole the mind and heart into content; it must be that champions will arise and win anew from tyrannical power an admission of the stature of the mind and concession to its spirit and strength.

If it lays its hand at once too heavily upon the free expression of opinion, doubtless authority will produce an effect familiar in the general results of martyrdom, a strong reawakening of defensive feeling and effort. It is made somewhat cautious by this possibility, though, as in all attempts at stemming the advancing and inevitable tide of freedom, it is now involved in its own peculiar type of stupidity and may go too far. To say that it is trying to avoid such a revival by *gradually* removing or crippling the offending men and publications, is to state the situation as it is.

If in the present crisis advanced minds do not bestir and protest, one by one journals will be suppressed, one by one books will be "killed"; and, with wisdom in prison and its

work denied to the eyes of man, the labor will all have to be done over again, and at how great a cost!

You who value the dignity of the mind, you who know that only from its free and untrammelled efforts come all truth and resulting wisdom, to your work. Vindicate for the printing press a boundless horizon, even as thought is boundless.

W. F. BARNARD.

THE FUTURE OF TRADE UNIONISM.

A Liberal government sent the military to shoot down miners on strike at Featherstone, and a Tory government has now sent its soldiers to shoot down the Welsh miners if they can get the slightest pretext for doing so.

Whenever either party has seemed to give anything, it has been from a self-interested motive. The *laissez faire* school of economists, manufacturers mostly, gave free trade in corn, with the expectation that a cheap loaf would procure them cheaper labor. The Tories, mostly landlords, retaliated for the loss of the duty on corn, by compelling the manufacturers to pay for better sanitary conditions for their workpeople; and this *seeming* generosity on the part of the political parties once in a century will probably account for the insane desire still existing to perpetuate this rotten institution. It needs only a moment's consideration to see that, in the first instance, the boon consisted in the repeal of the obnoxious corn laws; and, in the second, that a little is wrested back from the other class, which had been instrumental in bringing about what they were pleased to call "Freedom of Contract," whereby the mass of the people of this country were driven into abject slavery.

Those who expect either of the existing political parties will do anything that will tend to ameliorate the condition of the workers, can only be compared to a flock of sheep seeking the protection of a pack of wolves.

But there is another and a growing school of politicians, who claim that if they send men whose interests are identical with theirs, or, in other words, if labor representatives take the places of those now in parliament, that all the evils from which they now suffer will be removed, injustice will give place to justice, slavery to freedom, and the brotherhood of the race will be universally recognised.

To dispel this delusion a glance at the history of the United States of America since the "Declaration of Independence" will be sufficient for all unprejudiced minds.

It is generally known that the vital question of the Revolution of 1776 concerned the right of the British Parliament to impose taxes, at its discretion, on British subjects in any and every part of the empire. The question presented many phases, but its essence was always the same; and it was impossible that such men as John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, should discuss it without laying broad foundations for their argument in premises affecting the natural and general rights of man to self-government, with the control of his own products or earnings.

A short extract from Jefferson's "Declaration" will show the principle on which it was intended that the colony should be organised.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the *consent* of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter, or to *abolish* it."

The people with whom we are now dealing must admit that this is at least as high, if not a far higher standard than that which is laid before us by them. However sincere these people may be, there can be no doubt whatever of the sincerity and honesty of purpose of the founders of the Republic of North America. But, notwithstanding their integrity, the result is that which must inevitably follow the placing of power in the hands of any man or body of men, whether they be called autocrats or representatives of the people.

The population of the colony at the time of the Revolution was a little less than three millions, of whom half a million were slaves; the two and a half million *free men*—with the exception of the few slave owners—were of the industrial class, farmers principally, therefore interested in seeing that industries were fostered, and the objects set forth in the "Declaration" maintained. But all history bears out the fact that, in public life, the opportunity being given, those who have it will, first, look after their own interests, and, *if they have time*, will do something for their constituents. It is only natural that one who has succeeded in casting off the drudgery and hardship of a life of toil, should be loth to go back into it if it can possibly be avoided.

A quotation or two from Horace Greeley will demonstrate the methods by which the one-sided, unjust, plutocratic government of the United States has been brought about. He says: "When the pay of Members of Congress was originally fixed, railroads and steamboats as yet were not; stage coaches ran on a few, and but a few, great highways of travel; most of the members came part of the way on horseback, as some came all the way. It was, therefore, deemed just, in fixing their compensation at six dollars per day, to stipulate that a like sum should be allowed as mileage, or the cost in time and money of journeying each twenty miles on the roads to and from Washington. Congress in time raised its own pay to eight dollars per day and eight dollars for every twenty miles in coming to and returning from Washington.

"But the introduction and rapid multiplication of steamboats, especially on our great trans-Allegheny network of rivers and lakes, rendered this mileage absurdly too high. A member now traversed a distance of 2,000 miles about as quickly as, and at hardly more expense than, his predecessor by half a century must have incurred on a journey of 200 miles, for which the latter was paid 80 dollars and the former 800.

"Nor was this all. The steamboat routes, though much more swiftly and cheaply traversed, were nearly twice—sometimes thrice—the length of the stage and horseback roads they superseded. And, as the law said at first and continued to say that they were to charge mileage 'by the usually travelled route,' they now charged and received twice as much for travelling five days in a sumptuous cabin, replete with every luxury, as then paid for roughing it over the mountains in fifteen or twenty days at a far greater cost."

Greeley, while a member of Congress, had access to the schedules of compensation and mileage, and improved his opportunity and hired a reporter to transcribe them. This *exposé* when prepared was transmitted to *The New York Tribune* (of which paper he was editor) and so came back to Washington. He had expected that it would kick up some dust; but his expectations were far outrun. It would be unfair to select the worst and most glaring cases of these swindles, but one of the best shall be quoted. The feeling was very bitter against Greeley for his action in exposing this fraud, and he goes on to say: "Good and true men shared, to some extent, their feelings. Rarely, for example, has our country been served by a purer, more upright man than Jacob Collamer of Vermont. 'Mr. Greeley,' said he to me, 'is it not hard that I should be held up to the public as a swindler? Look at the facts: I live at Woodstock, I take the stage to Windsor—twenty-two miles—when I strike the nearest railroad. I ride thence by rail to Boston; from Boston to New York, from New York to Washington. It is the easiest and quickest route I can take—the natural route of travel. I charge for the actual miles I travel—not one more. Why is not this right?'"

"'Judge,' I responded, 'now hear *me*. Your predecessors, I happen to know, took stage from Woodstock to Rutland; from Rutland to Troy; thence steamboat to New York; thence railroad to Washington.

It is now cheaper and easier for you to go by Boston—three hundred miles farther. Will you tell me why you should be paid 240 dollars more per annum because this easier and cheaper route has lately been opened? I concede you the advantage of the improved transit. I protest against you charging 240 dollars, and the people paying it, therefor. That is not just.' The only answer I ever received to this way of putting the case, was: '*Such is the law.*'"

These are the kind of men who, when they find time to do other work than that of looking after their *own* interests, are loudest in their denunciations of the besetting sins of the people, and display a burning zeal to eradicate the evils which are demoralising them.

An attempt was made on one occasion to stop grog in the navy, and Greeley shall tell the story.

"We were temporarily successful in voting in committee to stop dealing out strong drink to the sailors and marines in our navy, though it was ultimately defeated; but, in the first flush of our delusive triumph, a member sitting near me, who had voted to stop the grog ration, said to a friend who had voted the same way: 'Gid, that was a glorious vote we have just taken.' 'Yes, glorious;' was the ready response. 'Gid,' resumed the elated reformer, 'let us go and take a drink on the strength of it.' 'Agreed,' was the willing echo; and they went."

But even when, at rare intervals, there is an honesty of purpose displayed in the conduct of public affairs, the fraud, sophistry and cunning which has to be dealt with invariably frustrates those intentions. The methods by which public lands have been stolen from the people and converted into private property are graphically described by Greeley in his autobiography. He says:

"I was placed by the Speaker on the committee on public lands, whereof Judge Collamer of Vermont was chairman, and which was mainly composed of worthy, upright men, intent on standing up for public right against private greed. Various fair-seeming bills and claims came before us, some of which had passed the Senate, yet which we put our heel on as barefaced robberies. Virginia land-claims (for additional bounty lands to her revolutionary soldiers), a pre-emption to part of Rock Island, a pre-emption claim to Eel Grass Island, etc., were among the jobs remorselessly slaughtered by us; our self-complacency—not to say self-conceit—steadily augmenting. At length, there came along a meek, innocent-looking stranger, by whom we were nicely taken in and thoroughly done for. It was a bill to cede to the various new States (so-called) such portions of the unsold public lands within their limits respectively as were submerged, or soddan, and thus rendered useless and pestilential, that is: swamps, marshes, bogs, fens, etc. These lands, we were told, were not merely worthless while undrained; they bred fevers, ague and all manner of zymotic diseases, shortening the lives of the pioneers, and rendering good lands adjacent unhealthy and worthless. But cede these lands to the States including them respectively, on condition that they should sell them and devote the proceeds to draining and improving them, and everything would be lovely, the neighbouring dry lands would sell readily, and the Treasury be generously replenished, etc. There was never a cat rolled whiter in meal; and I, for one, was completely duped. As I recollect, the bill did not pass at that session; but we reported strongly in its favor, and that report, doubtless, aided to carry the measure through the next Congress. The consequence was a reckless and fraudulent transfer to certain States of millions on millions of choice public lands, whole sections of which had not muck enough on their surface to accommodate a single

fair-sized frog; while the appropriation of the proceeds to draining proved a farce and a sham. The lands went—all of them that had water enough on a square mile to float a duck in March, with a good deal more beside; while never a shake of ague has any pioneer been spared by reason of all the drainage done under this specious Act. I can only hope that some of us learned a wholesome lesson of distrust." In concluding his reminiscences of Congressional life, he says: "I do not imply that legislation, whether in Congress or elsewhere, is purer and cleaner now than it was twenty or forty years ago. On the contrary, I judge that it is oftener swayed to the prejudice of the public interest, by considerations of personal advantage, and that the evil tends strongly to increase and diffuse itself. The chartering of railroads through public lands which are required (as is clearly just) to contribute to their construction, whether by liberal grants of territory or by direct subsidies in cash, and many kindred devices for promoting at once public and private prosperity, have strongly tended to render legislation mercenary, whether in Congress, in State Legislature, or in Municipal Councils."

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Following swiftly upon Etiévant's condemnation for firing upon the police, comes the news of a similar drama enacted in Brussels; where Victor Willems under the usual provocation, a domiciliary visit, this time at the point of police revolvers, so far allowed courage to overmaster prudence as to present his own and fire, with slight effect upon one of the three detectives who had come to search his rooms. Then knowing, all was over, he rushed into the street recklessly firing at all who barred his way, until overpowered and handed by his bourgeois captors to the police. When disposed of, a second attempt was made to search his home by another armed force, which was met on the threshold by Willems' youngest brother (a lad of twenty) and friends. The police fired, their chief officer fatally wounding a workman in Willems' employ who had simply hastened to the spot on hearing the commotion. We have not yet heard that the officer in question has been arrested; rather one seems to hear the good citizens of Brussels (especially those who, when the unfortunate Victor was bound and helpless, amused themselves by raining blows on him till he was bathed in blood) applauding the result—perhaps repeating the well-known phrase, "*Anarchists? Shoot them down like rats!*" Well, rat-catching and killing began long prior to the days of Dick Whittington, and rats are pretty lively still.

A significant element in dramas of this nature is, that the central figure is not only often a talented, but always an intelligent and thinking man. The mere clod touches his cap to Authority, bends the servile knee, cringes, licks the hand that smites. The man with an atom of courage or brain bears much for a time, for intelligent courage is always patient; but, as sure as the needle points to the pole, an hour arrives when he confronts the oppressor and Greek meets Greek.

Etiévant was a case in point. To what height the intellect of this man might have soared under freer and happier conditions it is impossible to say, but it is now known that when lying under sentence of death he employed the long silent hours in abstruse mathematical problems; that these, upon being brought to the notice of Professor Roubanovitch of Paris, a renowned master of the science, aroused his instant interest and led him to the conviction that our comrade was a natural genius. Etiévant was wholly self-taught, yet such were his mental abilities that he proved himself a scholar in one of the most complex sciences of the day.

The brothers Willems (there are three of them) are a case in point. A peaceable and united family, esteemed by all who knew them, they lived with their parents in a suburb of Brussels, the two elder being wood-carvers by trade and clever, industrious workmen who employed their leisure hours in painting, designing and earnest study. Henri, the second, seems to be of an especially artistic nature and has already had some of his paintings exhibited. Neither was of lawless or violent habits; on the contrary, they lived a quiet and busy life, but they studied together and thought over the social problems of the day as have done so many good and true men, therefore the eyes of the Law were turned on them. Originally members of a Socialist League, the Willems quitted it in company with others owing to a schism caused by the League's refusal to sanction a hearing in favor of certain strikers. A revolutionary group was then founded by the seceders, but so highly were the Willems esteemed that they still retain the sympathy of their old comrades. Like Etiévant, Henri has had to suffer imprisonment for selling and publishing articles in *Le Libéraire*, while Victor was noted in police books as a ready propounder of opinions inimical to power. For two years previous to the recent incident, both brothers have been kept under close surveillance. Life can be made sufficiently interesting to persons under the ban in Great Britain, but the continental system is so far more galling in that the foreign police can make domiciliary visits as often and at any hour they please. Not only, under such conditions, does a man's life become his no longer, but neither does his home. Now, in old days, men fought for the sanctity of home as they fought for their religion; in these, if a man chooses to fight, even under such provocation as in Willems' case where the police entered his home revolver in hand, the full penalty of the law will be hurled at his head regardless that the sanctity of home was being violated. So now, filled with the spirit of revolt of his Flemish forefathers, Victor Willems lies in prison awaiting trial, and it will make no difference in his sentence that nothing was found to militate against the integrity of his character during the police search.

One wonders what the attitude of the average Englishman will be when this continental phase of police aggression is introduced into this country. Probably, being a meek, well-drilled animal nowadays, he will raise no protest. Why indeed, paying so many people to do the thinking for him should he pause to inquire why Italian and Spanish peasants starve, why sensitive lads like that one in Nottingham write with a dying hand: "I am sick of this world of everlasting misery and endless competition and ceaseless strife. . . . May the Socialist movement grow, that young men may no longer be compelled to commit suicide in order to escape social tyranny. Long live Socialism! I am loth to leave you. I did so love the new cause!" Pathetic words, with a world of meaning in them. Three hundred years ago, Flanders, of which Belgium was then a part, was with the Netherlands waging a mighty war against Spanish tyranny. When one takes up a Dutch history and reads the task that little Holland with her dependencies set herself to do and finally accomplished, the mind is staggered. Here was a people who for generations could fight to the death for freedom and never flinch, fight against the strongest, wealthiest power of the then world; and now, what people will join issue to fight a tyrannous minority for twenty-four consecutive hours—even with their tongues?

This same little Holland, alas, signalises the coming of age of the lineal descendant of William the Silent, the girl-queen Wilhelmina, by passing a law establishing obligatory military service throughout the country. They say she has a will of her own, this Wilhelmina, which her German mother and the Dutch ministry have been at some pains to smother; the Prussian husband destined for her will probably complete the process, and the conscripts will sing *Wilhelm's Lied* as they march along the roads and never see the irony of it. The song first sung to the man who had fought and bled and beheld every relative he loved mowed down by Spanish blade and shot for Freedom's sake; who, when peace seemed ready to smile upon the land, true to his liberal instincts, refused the crown tendered by a grateful nation; the lonely, strong-hearted man, who as a lad was one of the few first to know that Bartholomew's massacre would be perpetrated and knowing the hopelessness of revolt, saved those he could but held his peace, thus gaining the ever-remembered title, for it is only the silent who are really the strong; who died finally under the tyrant's secret stab, but leaving a name that will live for ever as that of the pioneer of all social and economic reforms since introduced by rulers of liberal principles.

Spain and Italy lie supine in the grip of Reaction, and all Europe at this moment welters beneath a wave of mingled heat and apathy. The heat will pass; pray the gods the apathy go with it. There are signs indeed that it may. Staying power less than pure courage is what seems most needed in latter-day resistances and revolt. Mind may overpower brute force, as witness the story of Mons. Renard and the Bear, but if mind in the shape it now takes of free speech and free press is to be throttled and small-bore bullets to be faced, then it is well to consider the position from every point of view before renewing a fray. That the situation is serious is evidenced by the Crown Prince having foregone his usual *villagiatura*. He remains beside Humbert to watch the course of events, i.e. to note just how heavy a yoke and how much goading the once fiery Italians will bear before they rise from Sicily to the Alps with the cry, "We are men, who once owned a Dante whose heart broke in exile for Freedom's cause; whose Galileo when thrown into prison in his old age and forced by a bigoted priesthood to forswear his teaching, yet with passionate insistence born of loyalty to Truth, stamped his foot on the ground and said, '*Per se muovo.*' Aye, the earth and all things move—and we are men, not oxen—and we too shall move! We have Famine behind us, prison or death in front. So be it. On, brothers!"

Spain, the political world tells us, will be all the richer for the loss of her colonies; Spain, of course, in the political sense, means the government. Whether that will hand over to the people its accruing wealth is a point, the consummation of which is devoutly to be wished, but the Church is more likely to get it. The Church is the only beggar that is never thrust from a palace or senate-house door; not even a policeman whispers to it, "Move on, there!" and its empty hand the king, if there be no other, will always fill. In these days at least a king knows his best ally. As for the Phillippine and Cuban rebels one feels a touch of pity. Poor rebels! After King Log to lie at the mercy of King Stork! And such a stork! One whose prospecting eye sees a good thing quicker than any other, whose long legs carry it as swiftly to the point desired, and who says with the meaning American smile, "Dear children, I am a man and a brother—I have come to stay. I have a great regard for law and order—in and out of my own country. No, I can't allow you to stick your knife into that Spaniard, even if he did murder your brother in Morro Castle. He did not do it with a dynamite gun. Tomorrow you shall help me roast a negro alive; it is better sport. Let us now sing a hymn."

Meanwhile unless the present Spanish dynasty has won the regard of the army, Spain is only out of one crisis to be entering another. The Carlist party faces its last opportunity of attracting all dissatisfied Spaniards to its side and deposing the young king, and seems revolving the question. All depends on the loyalty of the men who have returned from ruthless massacre in the colonies. The Spaniards are good fighters, but prolonged defeat dispirits. On the other hand, what will the overtaxed and starving peasants do? the thousands of men out of work who have nothing to do but to brood? Well, in Spain as elsewhere it is often the improbable that happens; we may expect "ructions," but what form they will take the future will show.

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NOTES.

HOOLEY AND THE "HOOLIGANS."

A tremendous fuss is being made about the Hooligans, who imitate other but more respectable "gangs" in so far as they sometimes succeed in emptying the pockets of unwary citizens. They seem to have as much cheek as noble lords and high functionaries in demanding contributions towards their support from an inoffensive public; but their manners and actions are so repulsive after the polite airs of the other "gang," that they have brought down upon themselves the strong arm of the law.

Now, the Hooligans are decidedly foolish and shortsighted—as how could they be otherwise, considering the conditions under which they live? A little reflection must convince them that the palmy days for highway robbery are past, and that if they really want to rob (and per haps, after all, they don't), if they want to enjoy the pleasure of plundering and living on the fat of the land they must cease to be "Hooligans" and become "Hooleys." We don't think there's much chance of the transmogrification, to use a fine term, but neither do we see much chance of their earning an honest living, as "society" will certainly prevent that. So the question arises: what is society to do with its Hooligans? And there isn't an ass that administers the law or an idiot who "makes" it that can give a practical answer, because neither of them know or care anything about the social causes at the bottom of all the trouble.

WHAT THE POOR EAT.

"Sir" Thomas Lipton, of tea fame, has turned "philanthropist." He is about to establish places where working men and women can get a good, clean, wholesome meal for about three pence or less. The *Daily Chronicle* on August 23, in a long article by a special correspondent, after eulogising "Sir" Thomas for his projected scheme, gives an account of some of the coffee houses in Somers Town and Whitechapel and the food they serve. The account is written from personal experience of the lady correspondent, and is more vivid than appetising to the hungry wayfarer who may stray into those places. We are not of a revengeful spirit, but we would like an official of Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms (say the Secretary) to live for a week on the abominable food and drink they sell, and then hear what he thought of it—if he survived. K.

FACTORY REFUSE.

In a large type foundry in London there is at present employed a man 64 years of age who runs one of those relics of the past, a hand printing press. Thirteen years ago, when he was taken from another position, he was told that his present position would be permanent. But, alas, thirteen years is a long time. The firm is now about to put in a steam press of an improved pattern and the old fellow has received notice that in a short time his services will no longer be required. To make it still more pathetic, he has been going to a technical school at night to learn how to run the new press and so retain his position. He will not succeed. The employer, as employers go, is not a bad one; but, as the head of a firm that must keep abreast of the times, there is no alternative for him. And so at 64 the poor old man is thrown upon the scrap-heap along with his old press. I am told these things are so common that they are uninteresting to the readers of *Freedom*. I think not; for such pictures bring home to nearly every reader of *Freedom* a similar case that he or she has seen or known of, and so it reawakens and stimulates the class hatred that is slumbering within them and makes them hope and strive for the abolition of this horrible system. K.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE CAPE.

Our active and persevering comrade, H. Glasse, sends us the following encouraging report from South Africa:

"I am happy to be able to report encouraging indications of Socialist tendencies in South Africa. In the first place, a Socialist Club has been founded and is in active operation in Cape Town. I have sent the secretary several copies of *Freedom* and what Anarchist pamphlets I had by me. In the next place, a workingman candidate is being put forward for this town for the coming general election. As Anarchists, of course, we can have no faith in parliamentarism; but, at the same time, such a move as the putting forward of a workingman candidate is, in a place like this, very good for agitation and propagandism; and its importance is the greater, because it is the first time such a step has

been attempted in this country. Furthermore, it shows that people here have at last begun to recognise the existence of the class war, that is to say, the opposing interests of the capitalists and the worker, in spite of the hypocritical protestations of the former to the effect that the interests of the masses are bound up with their own.

"I feel, therefore, I am right in saying that South Africa is about to join in the march towards social emancipation."

ANOTHER NAIL IN THE COFFIN.

Jean Jaurés, in an interview with Vance Thompson (*The Criterion*, New York, July 16, 1898) makes the following statements:

"To-day there is no such thing as individual property. The property belongs only in part to the individual; his family has a lien upon it, the State has a share in it and the control of it; but, more than all, it is governed by capital, which gives it its value, which creates or destroys it, quite independent of individual effort or foresight. Under the capitalist regime individual ownership is a delusion. Laborer and shopkeeper, ragpicker and bourgeois are equally at the mercy of the financial feudalism and pay it toll."

"And State Socialism?"

"It is a word to cheat the masses. Do you not see that the capitalists have taken fright? The noise of the new revolution is in their ears. And they throw out the rags of State Socialism—a pompous phrase and nothing more."

"The Pope is a Socialist of that sort,—so is William II., so are the Jewish bankers, so are the skirt-dancers,—it is the fashion. But we of the people are not cheated by pompous phrases. So far from accepting State Socialism we demand the suppression of the State—that is, the suppression of that organisation which exists for the sole purpose of permitting the *Haves* to exploit the *Have-nots*. The State is founded on the antagonism of these classes; when the State shall have been abolished, the antagonism will die out."

Can any State Socialist give us particulars as to the reasons that have brought Jaurés to this Anarchistic state of mind? And after all that has gone before, are we to believe these conclusions as sincere? We ask these questions in all seriousness.

VALEDICTION TO PAUL ROBIN.

The educational methods of our friend Paul Robin, which he explained to us yesterday with so much modest simplicity, are a source of infinite benefit, since they tend to awaken every known faculty of the young and growing brain by calling each to the aid of the other. Thought once sown continues to bud, expand and ramify, and owing to the facility with which the mind can assimilate P. Robin's method of instruction, too much cannot be said for it: particularly at the present time, when the chief obstacle that bars the progress of the liberating Revolution is the vast mass of short-sighted, narrow-minded persons who stand like a fortress between this our age of painful transition and a future of liberty, intellect and peace.

In the name of his many proven friends, I desire to send Paul Robin our cordial regards and best wishes for success there, where at least he will meet with fewer prejudices and a land that appreciates the meaning of freedom better than France.

His task, nevertheless, will be heavy; but he is active, and repose to him will come only in the grave.

L. MICHEL

August 6th, 1898.

THE INTERNATIONAL,

ITS PRECURSORS, AND ANARCHISM.

I.

Declaration of Principles in 1860.

No historical event of the century had so great and favorable an influence on the development of Socialist ideas, on their propaganda in all countries of the civilised world, than the founding and ten years' existence of the great INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKERS. Without the least exaggeration, we can affirm that all schools and fractions of contemporary Socialism are more or less directly connected with this great association, and that even our Socialist terminology, for example: Collectivism, Autonomous Communism (free, Anarchist), resistance fund, etc., comes down to us from its publications and congresses.

More than this, the great Association, thanks chiefly to French workmen, formulated and inscribed in its statutes, as fundamental basis of the International Socialist Movement, that the emancipation of the workers must be brought about by the workers themselves.

By this declaration the cause of the people was separated from bourgeois politics. Formerly politicians, often very sincerely, identified their purely political claims with those of the workers. While the worker asks for well-being, liberty and economic equality as the basis of social equity; politicians have always contented themselves with an individual liberty that guaranteed them the enjoyment of social and economic privileges, and left the workers and disinherited the liberty of dying of hunger or of being exploited. It was during the bloody days of June 1848, when the Radical bourgeoisie, led by J. Favre, Marie, Marrast, E. Cavaignac and others, betrayed and shot the workers, that the need for such a separation manifested itself for the first time. By

keeping clear of class politics an end was put to the old doctrine of a so-called dictatorship by the proletariat, which in reality meant nothing but dictatorship by a few ambitious men who considered themselves providential beings.

More important still was the definition of the end to be attained by the Socialist movement. It was thus conceived: Considering that the subjection of the worker to capital is the source of a long moral and political servitude,

"The economic emancipation of the workers is therefore the great aim to which all political movement must be subordinated."

If the first statute separated the politics of exploiters from those of the exploited, it implied the subordination of conspirators, both Radical and Jacobin, to the true Socialist conceptions such as were understood in England during the great Owenist movement (1828-42) and in France during the revolution in 1848.¹ France, England and Switzerland were in reality the only countries with a constitutional and parliamentary regime, and it is in those countries that Socialists have experienced the vanity of rights and liberties inscribed in charters, when the economic situation of the worker remains the same and the exploitation of man by man constitutes the basis of social justice.

But Socialists of other nations, especially Germans, could not admit that subordination of the political movement to the great aim of economic emancipation. They, therefore, made a systematic opposition to the formula proposed by the French and seconded by the English and the Swiss. Since 1864 till the first congress in Geneva in 1866, in all discussions bearing on the future association, Marx and his friends combated the formula, and till the eve of the congress the initiators of the movement did not know whether politicians would not get the upper hand. But to the great satisfaction of the initiators their formula was adopted. "In reading this passage," Fribourg tells us,² "Tolaine could not repress a movement of joy, and said to his colleagues: 'At last, no one can say that it is we alone who absolutely wish that the political question should not pass before everything else.'"

We shall see later on how politicians and partisans of dictatorship, in some later editions changed this passage in the general statutes, and how they provoked a split in the Association on this important question.

Who knows if the affirmation of the principle of International Solidarity proclaimed at the same time did not have more influence on the working classes and on the Socialist movement? No doubt, the idea of universal solidarity had been put forth and preached by philosophers and poets long before 1866. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, the Humanists of the Reformation, the Encyclopædists and enthusiasts of the great Revolution with Anarchists Cloutz ("This citizen of the world"), Béranger and Pierre Dupont,³ the revolution of 1848, Marx's manifesto, Dejacques and Cœurderoy and others have preached universal solidarity and fraternity among nations.

But Internationalism, such as was understood by the Association, developed itself on the one hand thanks to the revolution that arose in production and in the means of communication in the heart of contemporary humanity,⁴ on the other hand under the influence of the broad and humanitarian ideas of the Socialist schools of St. Simon, and especially that of Robert Owen, who, in 1836, organised the first international society under the title, 'Society of all classes and all nations.' Thus, we see, the formula of the International faithfully reflects these two influences:

"Considering that the emancipation of the worker is not a local or national problem; that, on the contrary, all civilised nations are interested in the problem, its solution being necessarily subordinated to their theoretical and practical co-operation.

"That the movement among the workers of the most industrious countries in Europe, by raising new hopes, gives a solemn warning not to fall into the old errors, and counsels to combine all efforts now isolated.

"For these reasons the Congress of the International Association declares that the Association, as well as all societies or individuals adhering to it, will recognise *Truth, Justice and Morality* as their basis of behaviour towards all men, without distinction of color, belief or nationality."

It is a real pleasure to read these magnificent declarations, full of such noble sentiments, of such deep thoughts.—And to think that nowadays in France, desperadoes of the barracks, the police, the sacristy, houses of ill-fame, and of a venal press dare to raise hatred against foreigners, against the International, against universal solidarity! History knows few crimes so abominable as this monstrous apostasy on the part of writers who call themselves French. Because it was precisely French workers, and not very advanced men like Fribourg, Tolain and others, who insisted on the insertion of these noble ideas of human solidarity.

W. TCHERKESOV.

¹ In my pamphlet I have quoted (pages 18, 19, 20) the Owenists' opinions. In my article, *Let us be just*, French quotations are to be found.

² E. Fribourg, *International Association of Workers*, page 151. Paris, 1871.

³ In his song: The people are our brothers
And tyrants are our enemies.

⁴ The great statistician, A. Quételet, indicated in 1836 that since half a century and within the limits of Europe, people tend to lose their national physiognomy and to be merged into a common type.

"Free Society." An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism, 13 Oak Grove Av., San Francisco, Cal. U. S. London agent: L. Bâron, 16 Parfett Street, Commercial Road, E.

BISMARCK.

Time's latest greatest fool that plagued the world,
At length, though tardy, comes into his own;
Another prop beneath a crumbling throne
By Death's almighty arm is earthward whirled.
O thou who scorn upon the peoples hurled,
And offered chains, and for their bread a stone,
Thyself art lying powerless and prone,
And see! White Freedom's standard still unfurled.

What shall be said of thee, once called the Man
Of Blood and Iron? This only: sink from sight;
All that thou wast will find its native night.
Sink; lie and fester 'neath the insulted sod,
And let the Earth forget thee if it can,
Foiled friend of kings; child of thy foul false God.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

AMERICAN NOTES.

There is an exceeding dearth of events to report this month; and what there are, are by no means encouraging. The governmental hand shows plainly in the present condition of the war: territorial extension, advancements, rivalries of Schley and Sampson, recriminations of their partisans,—the Cubans are forgotten! Or they are held up as fearful examples of barbarity, that the needed excuse for a protectorate may be forthcoming. The organs of those who made the war honestly are astonished, affrighted, loudly protestant, and vehemently reiterative of the declaration of independence; journals representing "the flag," and "the country," and "the necessity for supporting the administration" class of patriots, continue to ignore the new attitude and preach about the iniquities of Spain with a fervor that would have been becoming when that was the leading necessity; capitalistic journals with customary facility "suit the word to the action" and, calmly ignoring all their former school-history maxims, proceed to discuss the practical management of the new territory. General interest is flagging; widows, orphans and pension agents are considering how to mulct the public purse, and the soldiers write home that "if there is another war 'they' can get somebody else to do the starving." These things are not printed. "Peace will probably be restored" and the two governments vow friendship again by the time this gets into print.

Industrially the situation is equally uninteresting. The great strike month has passed uneventfully for the first time since 1886. True, there have been some small local strikes of the cabinet makers, glass workers and miners, which have been more or less successful, but with no general effect on the labor movement.

As to the reformers, they are chiefly occupied in throwing stones at each other; probably it all has to be done as a necessary prelude to a clear understanding of who is who, but it makes an extremely disagreeable subject for contemplation; especially when one reflects that it is precisely the thing our enemies enjoy.

I neglected in my last month's notes to mention the liberation of that grand old figure of Christian consistency, Abner J. Pope, from his imprisonment on account of the *Firebrand* affair. Whatever one's opinions as to the virtue or non-virtue of non-resistance, one always admires the person who acts as he thinks in face of condemnation; and Abner Pope's steadfast refusal to recognise the court at whose mercy he was, showed the convinced follower of him who said to Pilate, "Thou hast no power of me at all."

The Bedford case is attracting considerable attention here, among Anti-Comstockians. Personally, I hope much from the characteristic disposition of Englishmen promptly to resist aggression, and from the comparative fairness of English courts and the spirit of English law; but from the stupid, stolid, bull-headed and bull-necked, invincible "morality" of the Englishman, I am inclined to think the aforesaid fairness will need to be bidden for by a tremendous appeal. It will be a good time to put a lot of people on record.

The return of Lillian Harman has brought us a fresh breath from our comrades, and renewed satisfaction that international fellowship is becoming more and more a possibility. When will a woman Anarchist speaker come to us from England?

Active work towards securing a reduction of Berkman's sentence is being done by Henry Bauer, himself liberated scarcely a year. The German trade unions quite willingly assist financially, and I am sure if there were an American trade unionist to take up the work the American unions would also. The case is to come before the Board of Pardons for final decision in September. Berkman himself, though resolute and brave, suffers much physically; our summer has been a frightful one, and how much worse to the weakened body within those pitiless walls!

The death of Michael Schwab follows hard upon that of Grinnell. The Socialist journals, German and Jewish, and Debs' new organ of the "Social Democratic Party" claim him as a convert to their program; I

do not know, not having had the opportunity to converse with him; but I know he was tried, convicted and sentenced to prison as an Anarchist, and his influence as a historical personage will bear towards Anarchy. As such, his real death came when it came to his comrades on the 11th of November, 1897.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

A LETTER FROM COMRADE CHARLES.

The following letter from comrade Charles, still suffering imprisonment will be of the deepest interest, to all of our readers:

".....Many things besides positive restrictions combine to render letters from here uninteresting. You would understand this could you realise (disregarding the physical conditions) what it means to live for years without intelligent conversation with a single human being (except letters and visits from friends), ignorant of current events, untouched by the forces that are moulding contemporary thought and action, or by any elevating influence from Nature or Art, in a moral atmosphere bordering on mutual contempt which is the one not unusual between jailers and prisoners; and where, apart from one's internal resources, mental food and stimulus would consist of promiscuous haphazard reading in which fiction and magazines of a more or less theological character would bulk largely. Absence of a catalogue preventing any connected course of reading (although I now happen to be well off for books); with everything expressly contrived to repress and, if possible, extinguish all expressions of one's social instincts and emotions (I suppose, the basis of much that is highest and best in human nature) and to continually drill one in the bourgeois creed, "Each for himself and the devil get the hindmost," is, always was, and ought to be the fundamental rule of conduct in this universe. Sister tells me problems connected with crime and criminals have been a good deal discussed this last year or two. One hopes these questions will not be hastily settled but thoroughly thrashed out, feeling then a greater likelihood exists of radical change of attitude on several points. I sometimes wonder whether the notion of primitive peoples, which seems to have held the perpetrator of anti-social acts owed compensation to the individual or community injured, was not infinitely better than the theologico-legal abstraction of justice with its frightful punishments which mediæval statecraft and priestcraft elaborated out of Roman materials and the monstrously villainous dogma of an eternal hell. I suppose these ideas extending the principle of social revenge (adopting the methods of avengers of blood amongst one's kindred) to most other cases which still survive more or less clearly at the foundation of existing systems, will when all the facts involved have been fairly examined yield to conceptions in the direction of viewing offences against the person as a kind of social disease to be met by removing its causes, and in the case of the individual by a training which shall strengthen other elements in his character rather than by the ineffective process, demoralising to all concerned, of mere punishment.

Of course, I readily confess to feeling, in spite of lawyer and cleric, that many "offences against property" are ethically right, whilst others seem natural, almost inevitable, results of present social arrangements. When most thoughtful men come to feel the military side of governmental activities and all connected with organised rivalry and squabbles between nations are essentially immoral and wicked; and also adopt scientific conceptions on criminal questions (which seems probable ere long), the apologists for government in its orthodox sense will need, I fancy, both microscopic and telescopic vision to discover materials for their theories unless they frankly admit its chief function up to the present is in one shape or another, and by various methods, to keep the classes who create "surplus value" in subjection to those who absorb it.

Perhaps the narrow range of subjects within which one's thoughts get mainly concentrated, no less than several things noticed here, have favoured the strengthening of my earlier belief and sanguine hope into an intensified conviction of the truth and justice of Anarchist ideas, and unwavering belief in their ultimate triumph. I see that ideals grow ever clearer as they become translated into practice—that growth and evolutionary changes are not accidents but inherent elements in human societies as in all lower manifestations of healthy life, and that the constant decay of dogma and privilege during recent centuries is but part of the far-reaching, world-historic movement that is leading our race out of the animal barbarians of prehistoric times and its modified survivals in present economic and political institutions to the grander achievements (fuller knowledge, higher culture, larger sympathies, wider extension of fellowship and mutual aid between individuals and races) of a coming day. Observing the growth of democratic sentiments, and their profound influence on civilised peoples, and seeing, first, mere authority in matters of opinion overthrown, and intellectual freedom gained; then the constant weakening of class rule, and growing control of the political machine by and for the whole community, and now events steadily driving wage-earners in all lands to a consciousness of their historic mission and the need (even to maintain previous gains) of ending class robbery too, and securing social control of the industrial and economic machine in the interest of all, one feels the modern spirit is inevitably approaching the aim of distinctly striving to obtain for all, without exception, a physical, intellectual and ethical environment that shall foster in each the fullest and highest life of which he is capable.

Does not the effort to comprehend and become a conscious co-worker with the historic forces that are leading up to this, and even under our eyes transforming capitalism, really imply replacing the trivial aims and social insincerities rampant to-day by earnest views of life and its possibilities, and, so far as one can, keeping in touch with the scientific

knowledge and in touch with the best thought of our age? But whilst in the centres of modern civilisation amidst recent development of man's power over nature, of the scientific and mechanical means available for the supply of material wants which ought to have brought a healthy, unanxious life within the reach of all "the question of daily bread for all" seems further from a solution than it is in the rudest settlements of the backwoods.

Surely this point has the first claim on one's energies, and demands the employment of all means that really are means and promise effective aid in solving it.

Greeting to all comrades, especially all Leicester friends, of whom, and the days spent amongst them, I retain very pleasant memories. In this respect I have been wonderfully fortunate all my life; this and nearly every letter and visit during the last 6½ years has yielded fresh glimpses of friendly feeling towards one. I continue in fairly good health and spirits, hoping next year to be in the ranks again, and eager to share in whatever work the 20th century may bring.

Yours fraternally
FRED. CHARLES."

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

CIVILIZATION A GROWTH.

We may despotically force a bald and senseless imitation of our ways on another people, but we shall only destroy their life without implanting any vitality in its place. No change is legitimate or beneficial to the real character of a people, except what flows from conviction and the natural growth of the mind. And if the imposition of a foreign system is injurious, how miserable is the forcing of a system such as ours, which is the most complex, unnatural and artificial that has been known, a system developed in a cold country, amid one of the hardest, least sympathetic, and most self-denying and calculating of all peoples of the world. Such a system, the product of such extreme conditions, we attempt to force on the least developed races, and expect from them an implicit subservience to our illogical law and our inconsistent morality. The result is death; we make a dead-house and call it civilization. Scarcely a single race can bear the contact and the burden. And then we talk complacently about the mysterious decay of savages before the white men.—Professor Flinders Petrie, president of Anthropological Section of British Association at Ipswich, September 1895.

THE "BLOODTHIRSTY" AFRICAN SAVAGE.

We passed through several large villages, which consisted of a quantity of big cone shaped huts, with a curious entrance forming a porch about three feet in diameter. The interior of the huts was in some cases painted white and ornamented with rough patterns. They had no protection in the shape of a fence round, and apparently the people live in peace with each other, although they do not owe allegiance to any one man and each village is quite independent of the other. The people grow large quantities of sweet potatoes, sesamum, tobacco, beans, etc., and have plenty of honey. The people, as can be gleaned from their name "Wa Kedi" which means naked people, wear absolutely no clothes. They are a small.....formidable race, armed with spears and poisoned arrows.—Lieutenant Vandeleur, "Two years travel in Uganda, &c." *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, April 1897.

THE AFRIDIS.

Last, but not least, we find the inhabitants a fine manly race, whose love of independence is as rugged as their hills, and whose stubborn bravery is unquestionable. With fair complexions and splendid physique, they form for the most part a magnificent race of men.—Captain A. C. Malon, C.I.E., "The Southern Borderlands of Afghanistan," *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, April 1897.

"SAINT PROPRIETY."

To comment on the prosecution of Mr. Havelock Ellis's book, while the case is pending, without becoming liable for contempt of Court, is not an easy task. The *Saturday Review* has, however, accomplished this feat in an admirable manner. In its issue for June 25th it had the following leading article as above; it is so good that we venture to reprint it in full. We note that the name of Mr. Frank Harris, the editor, is now added to the Free Press Committee.—*Reformer*.

The recent prosecution of a publisher at Bow Street brings into prominence the attitude of legal England to publication of knowledge on one branch of human physiology and psychology. Every one knows vaguely that what is called mind and what is called body act and react on one another, and that disordered appetites are at once an index to and a result of the mutual play of disordered organic functions and disordered mental functions. With the history of these lamentable and progressive changes we have become familiar in the cases of inversions of the drink appetite and of the food appetite, because the law has not put its barbaric taboo on knowledge of the stomach or of the palate—even though the knowledge be published at a cheap price. With regard to a third set of inverted appetites, ignorance is almost universal, although from every medical, moral, and social point of view they are precisely parallel in their progressive history—arrested with ease only at the beginning—and in the mental and physical disintegration with which they are associated. A considerable body of knowledge relating to them, however, actually exists. Ploss, in Holland, one of the greatest anthropologists who have ever lived, gathered together from hospital

and legal reports, from the customs of the oldest and of the most modern civilisations, from the savages of every color and climate, a vast mass of information, much of which he embodied in his classical treatise *Das Weib*. Charcot, one of the subtlest of France observers, has collected from his modern practice and published much of the greatest importance on this subject. Krafft-Ebing, an Austrian physician of world-wide fame, has written a treatise on *Psychopathia Sexualis*, which describes and classifies the disorders of the sexual appetite with the single-minded devotion of a systematic botanist, and his superb volume has been translated into English and published by a well-known firm. Mr. Havelock Ellis, an Englishman thoroughly well known as the editor of a series, the special object of which has been to popularise scientific knowledge drawn from all European sources, and himself the author of several luminous volumes simplifying the recondite investigations of specialists on subjects remote from sex, has also written a volume on the subject matter of Ploss and Krafft-Ebing and Charcot. His London publisher was in consequence prosecuted by the London police as the publisher of an "obscene libel;" part of the public was insulted in Court for not, like the magistrate, anticipating the verdict of a jury; the "prisoner" was committed for trial, and released only on most substantial bail, and after the magistrate risked turning the defending barrister into a witness for the prosecution.

We have not the advantage of an exact knowledge of the particular book in question; moreover, as this individual case is still *sub judice*, we have no wish to pronounce the work fit for decent persons to read, even although Sir John Bridge has paved the way for us by his dictum that it was unfit for decent women to hear read. We can assure that magistrate and his like that if this particular volume is at all similar to the works of the standard authorities upon sexual inversion it must abound in descriptions of facts at least as disgusting as the facts of delirium tremens. But we suspect that the objection to them is not that they are disgusting, but that they relate to the functions of sex. To our mind, and to the minds of most people who are not specialists in anatomy, details concerning the pulpy structure of the mass of fat and blood protoplasm we call the brain, details of the humors and pigments of the eye, details of the coats and glands of the stomach—in fact, details of the gross matter that is in our bodies—are all repellent. The brain is as disgusting as the muscles, the blood as horrible as the liver, and the nutritional viscera are no more pleasant than the viscera of reproduction. When we add to the study of structure the study of function, and to that the study of disordered function, the natural horror increases. None the less, who doubts the importance of a widely diffused general knowledge of human anatomy and physiology? We do not demand that knowledge should be confined to doctors, that the treatises containing it should be published in the *argot* of science and at a price suited only to the pockets of the rich. If a man would spread knowledge of the stomach, he may do so in any form of language, abstruse or popular, which pleases him, and he may charge a guinea or a penny for his book. One exception is made by law and by ignorant opinion.

Slow, slow, through the ages has been the progress of the battle for free knowledge against compulsory ignorance. In the old tradition, eating of the apple gave man a knowledge of good and evil; but the devil is an unfair bargainer, and it is only from century to century, fragment by fragment, that there has been wrung from him what was supposed to be the price of the fall of man. The great governing institutions, the princes of the Church and of the State, the law, the hierarchy of medicine, have all striven that man, although fallen, shall remain as ignorant as before the fall brought with it its tremendous compensation of choice. Greater minds in every age have fought, and, piece by piece, have added to the range of what may be made known without penalties. In the present century gigantic strides have been made, thanks to Darwin and Huxley, to Bradlaugh, and with him a set of petty martyrs, the very ridiculousness of whose protests illumined the principle behind them. We can now, without fear of prison and penalties, discuss the existence or the attributes of the Almighty, the sacraments of a Church or the conduct of its priests; we may discard revelation, attack the Scriptures, or exalt false gods. We may criticise the Queen or advocate a republic; we may push the limits of political controversy over the edge of abuse; we may publish anything, in any form, in science, in art, or in letters, quite irrespectively of the relation of our views or new facts to received views and accepted knowledge. All the taboos have been removed except the taboo on sex. Sex and its functions, orderly or disordered, are removed to an under world, where in the blighting darkness every foul fungoid growth flourishes, and where, in dense compulsory ignorance, good and evil are scarcely distinguishable. The mental side of it in the silly distortions of epicene novelists, alone is allowed free publication. If a book dealing with sex is not a story, or a poem, or a treatise, the language of which is unintelligible to those without a special training, and the price of which is prohibitive, it is as dangerous to publish it as to break into a house. Meantime the evil results, to individuals and to the State, of ignorant confusion between vice and disease, between natural instincts and corrupt passions, grows apace.

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THE PROPAGANDA.

PAUL ROBIN AND HIS WORK.

The meeting advertised for August 5th, at which our comrade Paul Robin, the veteran French schoolmaster, was to deliver an address on "The Education of Children," duly took place; the lecture being spoken in excellent English, and before an appreciative audience. A few facts relative to both speaker and lecture may not be without interest to our readers.

Born in 1837, Paul Robin from the outset was, as it were, a child of a revolutionary epoch. Educated at the Lycees of Bordeaux and Brest, when only 24 he became teacher of physical and natural sciences at the Lycees of La Roche-sur-Yon and Brest. Four years later, weary of the shackles imposed by the Imperial government on every attempt to found a system of popular education, the young master resigned his post and for many years earned his living by private tuition in the various cities of Europe, his longest stay being in London, where for 9 years he filled the position of assistant teacher in French to the military cadets of Woolwich, and taught mathematics and mechanics at the University College. Invited to return to France in 1879 by the then Director of Primary Education, he was the following year made Director of the Prevost Orphanage, an institution founded and endowed by a philanthropist of that name and now opened for the first time. Here for 14 years Mons. Robin labored to perfect his system, until a Republican government as coercive and narrow-minded as its Imperialist predecessor thought fit to demand his resignation on the ground that he did not impart "religious instruction to the children under his care." What he did impart was of a nature to make noble men and women of his pupils; but servility, not nobility, is what a government requires of the generation growing to maturity beneath its paternal eye. "Damn it," said an English naval captain to the petty officer who was enlarging on the intelligence of a new member of his crew, "it's not a man who *thinks* that I want, but a man who'll *obey*!"

Robin's educational system is what is known as the "integral" system; that is, it is a thorough, not a piecemeal education as in our Board Schools, its aim being to arouse every thinking faculty of the mind, to keep this last, like a good sentinel, ever on the alert, ready to absorb and ponder over every object that comes within its ken. The training to ensure this desideratum must be at once physical, intellectual and moral, the three being applied together so as to work out a harmonious whole. It is not, to use our comrade's own words, "the enforced accumulation of a number of ideas upon everything; it is the culture, the harmonious development of every faculty of the human being, health, vigor, beauty, intelligence, goodness."

The children at the Orphelinat Prevost did not perhaps repeat a stereotyped grace before meat, but they were taught how to cook that meat and sit down to it mentally and physically clean. Grace and an unclean spirit sometimes go hand in hand. In fine weather the children lived in the open air, digging, delving, botanising, zoologising; learning in the summer night excursions that clean straw or the bare bosom of Mother Earth can make as soft a resting place as a mother's arms; perhaps softer—because mother's arms in these days of storm and stress are given to smacking, but the earth on a summer night is infinitely tender and Nature, "the dear old nurse," croons a lullaby that speedily wafts to sleep. "Not one of my children," said Mons. Robin, alluding to his pupils, "was afraid of the dark." Needless to say that the school was a mixed one. Boys and girls worked in the fields or class rooms side by side, mutually softening, strengthening and stimulating each other. There was less use of books than of eyes and brain behind them here. Grammar, for instance, was taught largely by means of pictures and diagrams. Theory and practice went hand in hand, but practice in the workshops walked always a foot ahead, it being intended that every student should combine the qualities of scholar and workman. To this end the Orphanage, during its wise Director's rule, was filled with workshops and studios; art and craft mingled; there was a museum to which the children learned to bring and classify every treasure-trove of field and pond; music, of course; the school band, moreover, comprising both sexes, since Robin holds that a cornet in the mouth of a girl is more provocative of a healthy chest than any stringed instrument. "Better a girl in a brass band than a girl in a corset," as he quaintly put it.

"Joy, temperance and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose," paraphrases Longfellow; add useful and congenial work and you may lock it on him, says our schoolmaster; who closed his remarks with the forcible reminder that happiness must be the foundation stone of all integral education, and that happiness was mainly dependent on good birth. By good birth, of course, was meant birth from healthy, well-assorted parents. Integral or any other system of education will never benefit humanity when lavished, as now, upon starvelings born of hungry and despairing parents. The idea of bringing only such children into the world as have the greatest chance of being happy and useful, is, as the lecturer remarked, quite a new dogma and worthy, in this age of the proletariat's growing misery, of deep consideration by it. Good birth, then, happiness and an education based on the lines sketched, are in Paul Robin's estimation the primary requisites for human regeneration based on the liberty of the individual.

All who had the privilege of listening to him will wish this liberal-minded, kind-hearted scholar well in the new land to which he sails, and the happiness of seeing the seed sown by him bear an hundredfold in the fresh soil of a new and freer country.

GLASGOW.

It is a considerable time since we sent a report of the propaganda in Glasgow, but we have still been working quietly in the usual way. On Sunday, May 1st, we took part in the May Day Demonstration held on Glasgow Green by the various Socialist and labor organisations. There were about half a dozen platforms altogether, and of these we occupied two. One of our speakers was W. K. Hall of Edinburgh, a well known and energetic comrade, who delivered a very able and interesting speech in which he criticised existing institutions in a way that seemed to have considerable effect upon his audience. He was thoroughly warmed up to his subject, and continued for nearly an hour after the other speakers had quitted the field. Our other platform was occupied by J. B. Smith, who delivered one of his thought-provoking lectures and was also well received by his audience. We sold 30s. worth of literature, including a quantity dealing with the sex question, which sold very well. We also distributed over 2,000 leaflets containing a poem by our American comrade, Voltairine de Cleyre, entitled: *The Gods and the People*. These leaflets were the first issue of a series which we purpose issuing as finances permit. Our audiences numbered from 800 to 1,000 each platform. In the evening we held a meeting in Infirmary Square, at which Hall and Howie spoke.

We had a visit from Lillian Harman, President of the Legitimation League, and on Sunday, May 15, we held a social gathering with her in the Albion Halls. Mr. W. Gilmour occupied the chair. After tea, followed songs and recitations; and then our guest read a paper entitled "Some problems of Social Freedom," in which she delivered a scathing criticism of the marriage institution and advocated freedom in sexual relationships. She also advocated the formation of a business agreement, by which the father would be obliged to contribute towards the support of any children which might result from a free-love union. This roused some opposition and a lively discussion followed. Some of those who took part in the discussion said that, while agreeing with the importance of freedom in sexual relations, it was almost impossible, particularly for women, to gain sexual freedom while economically enslaved; they, therefore, argued that it was more important to devote our energies to work on economic lines.

This opinion received general approval. About 100 persons attended, and we sold 14s. worth of literature

We also had a visit from comrade Kelly, who spoke at two of our open-air meetings. The first was held on Glasgow Green, and was addressed by Kelly, Smith and Howie. The other was held at Hutcheson St., and was addressed by Kelly, Smith and Martin. Hutcheson St. is not a very good place for meetings as the speaker's voice is frequently drowned by the roar of passing traffic, and we now hold our meeting at Buchanan Street instead.

While W. F. Barnard was on tour he delivered three lectures for us in the Secular Hall on Sunday, May 12. He lectured in the forenoon at 11.30 on "The Scope of Freethought"; in the afternoon at 2.30 on "The Evolution of Love"; and in the evening at 7 on "The Destiny of Society." These lectures, therefore, appealed to the advocates of various schools of reform, including Free Thinkers, Free Lovers and Free Socialists, and were well attended. Barnard dealt with his subjects very lucidly and completely, and his lectures were much appreciated by his audiences. There was very little discussion, and that was of a trifling character. We sold about 20s. worth of literature and, besides, we took a retiring collection in aid of the funds of the Free Press Defence Committee which realised 17s. I hope all Anarchists will rally to the aid of this Committee which is fighting the Bedfordshire case and give it their support, both material and moral, of which it is well worthy. If the police are successful in this case it may lead to further attacks on the advanced press, which may prove embarrassing to some of our Anarchist publications.

Besides these lectures we hold a regular series of open-air meetings on Glasgow Green and at Buchanan Street, which are addressed by comrades Smith, Howie, Martin, Muir and Clark, at which we have always had good audiences and good sales of literature. Fraternal greetings to all comrades. JAMES BULLION.

MANCHESTER.

We monopolised a good portion of last month's *Freedom*, which, I think, shows we are moving. We continue our meetings at the Square and New Cross; we do not get much opposition, but what we do is usually intelligent. We have been visited twice by Despres of Liverpool; on each occasion we have more than cleared his railway fare (4/6) by collections. He takes with our audiences immensely. Other comrades who have spoken at our meetings are Barton, Barber, Houghton, Day, Kelly and Webb. We have also been able to assist Liverpool with speakers.

A comrade is endeavoring to form a class to study systematically one or more of the various sciences.

My last item of information, but by no means the the least, ought to make some of you London and provincial comrades sparkle up. A new paper! And from Manchester. Sounds large, doesn't it? But it isn't. It is only a little un; in fact, some people might say it was only a leaflet. But let them; what do we care! It has got a name; and an object; and it is intended to bring it out monthly for free distribution. So look out for the latest advocate of Anarchism, *The New Standpoint*. It is the result of some more individual initiative. Two or three comrades have it in hand. If you would like to assist it, send some cash; or write an article of 500 or 600 words, not too philosophic, and then boil it down to 200 simple words and send it along. P. J. KELLY.

THE PICNIC.

The Eleventh Annual Picnic of the Midland Counties Anarchist Communists took place at Millers' Dale on Bank Holiday, August 1st. The weather was splendid, consequently we had a strong muster of comrades and friends. Liverpool, Manchester, Derby, Sheffield, Leicester, Nottingham and London being represented. The pleasure all seemed to enjoy of being introduced to new comrades and shaking hands with old ones whom they had not seen since previous picnics, was very evident. There were many new faces present and many old ones absent; Sheffield, at one time able to send a strong contingent, was represented by but one comrade. I am sure we would assist the propaganda considerably if we made more of our opportunities to meet together and mutually enjoy ourselves. Picnics and socials tend to develop our enthusiasm, prevent us getting pessimistic, and tone down the little personal bitternesses that will crop up amongst us. I find most comrades agree as to the value and desirability of social gatherings; yet little or nothing is done. Why? Because, it seems to me, of the lack of that spirit of individual initiative which forms such an integral part of the philosophy of Anarchism. They haven't got sufficient confidence in themselves; they are waiting for somebody else to do, or suggest doing, what they think should be done. But I suppose this is what you call digression; so I will return to the picnic.

As usual, we split up into small groups and spread ourselves over the district—climbing hills, enjoying the scenery, chatting, laughing, arguing and philosophising. Generally speaking, we were a merry lot. I'm sure the other visitors and natives never imagined us to be the bloodthirsty, bomb-throwing lot of cut-throats we really were. Such is our power of dissimulation!

At tea time we got together again,—a hungry, ravenous crew. If the natives had only seen us then, as we fell upon the tomatoes and stewed figs, they would, no doubt, have got an inkling of our real character. The tea! Well, I'm the one Anarchist in Manchester noted for modesty, and when I tell you that it was a tea and that I "horganised" it, the necessary adjectives to portray its delights will, I have no doubt, immediately occur to you.

After tea Gorrie photographed nearly all the party in a group. We then had a short conference, at which it was decided to have the next picnic at Darley Dale. A very fine, interesting and hopeful letter was read from comrade Charles; It will, I have no doubt, be printed in *Freedom*. Nearly another two years must elapse before those of us who have not the pleasure of his acquaintance will be able to make it.

I enclose balance sheet.

THE MODEST ONE.

Balance Sheet of the Picnic.

INCOME.		EXPENDITURE.	
By collection for tea	2 12 10½	To 18 lbs Tomatoes	6 0
" " " <i>Freedom</i>	9 6½	10 " Figs	5 0
" Sale of surplus foodstuffs	2 8	32 " Bread	4 6
		12½ " Sweet bread	6 0
	£3 5 1	8 " Sugar	1 2
		1 " Tea	2 0
	3 5 1	6 " Butter	5 6
	2 12 7	Hot water and crockery at 3d.	18 0
Balance to <i>Freedom</i>	£0 12 6	Waitresses at hotel	2 0
		Sundries, including postage,	2 5
			£2 12 7

[We sincerely appreciate the thoughtfulness of our comrades who in the midst of their enjoyment remembered so generously *Freedom* and its needs.—FREEDOM GROUP.]

LIVERPOOL.

In spite of the noted apathy of the Liverpool citizens, we are gaining the ground we had lost, as comrade Anderson predicted in our last report. Comrades Despres and Sinnett have succeeded through mighty efforts in "rescuing two of the perishing" who are each seeking the particular direction in which they will be most useful to the noble cause. We are increasing propaganda by the aid of small leaflets. The first of the series distributed Sunday 14th, runs thus:

"Fellow workers,—We think it would be to our mutual good if we had the means locally to advocate our principles; to this end a comrade has volunteered to print us a small leaflet gratis for a short time. We therefore ask you to help us by means of collections to raise a fund to purchase a small printing machine of our own. LIVERPOOL ANARCHIST GROUP."

In reference to the above mentioned leaflets, I would ask distant members of Liverpool Anarchist Group to stop in their shoes; do not allow this happy announcement to add to the profits of the railway companies. On this occasion Pay Jay of Cottonopolis was the speaker; he was "brimming over" with militancy; he fished right and left for opposition, but caught none. The same in the evening; small audiences both meetings.

July 24th Despres went Manchester in exchange for Welsh's visit here. It being his first appearance in our city, the change proved an irresistible attraction to a large audience in the afternoon; a very good meeting. Now and again they are most enthusiastically lively; for instance, amongst the audience on this occasion were two individuals who believed in "putting down drink." One, to judge by his fistie manœuvres, had put down quite a lot, and was strongly attracted to the speaker, but an ex-redjacket apparently anxious to hear something about his military employers caught hold of the performing obstructionist and placed him outside the crowd. The other, a teetotaler named Anderson, had not succeeded in "putting down drink," and whilst Welsh was undermining the foundation of exploiting institutions Anderson began railing against our martyred comrades, and "could not understand why Anarchists made themselves so prominent by violent revolts." Welsh answered by pointing to the Fenian risings and other political revolts, which proved too much for the teetotaler, who bought a penny pamphlet and departed vowing to "get at the bottom of this Anarchy business." Hope you do, Anderson.

Sunday, August 21, we have a visit from Barton of Manchester.—T. KIRWIN.

FREEDOM PAMPHLETS.

- No. 1. THE WAGE SYSTEM. BY PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 2. THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. BY PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 3. A TALK ABOUT ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM BETWEEN TWO WORKERS. BY E. MALATESTA. 1d.
- No. 4. ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM: ITS BASIS AND PRINCIPLES. BY PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 6. ANARCHIST MORALITY. BY PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 7. EXPROPRIATION. BY PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 8. ANARCHISM AND OUTRAGE. BY C. M. WILSON. 1d.
- No. 9. ANARCHY ON TRIAL—George Etievant, Jean Grave and Caserio Santo. 32 pages; 1d.
- No. 10. ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL. 1d.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In future we must request that all orders for pamphlets be accompanied with cash. We are compelled to adhere to this as we need funds for reprinting.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT, JOURNAL OF EGOISTIC SOCIALISM
Price 3d. Malfew Wilkes, agent;
Issued bi-monthly; No. 4 now ready. Adult and *Lucifer* supplied.

THE TRUTHSEEKER, A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF EGOISTIC SECULARISM,
Price one penny. Publisher, J. W. GOTT, the
great clothier, 2 Union Street, Bradford. Malfew Wilkes, 87 St. Ann's Well
Road, Nottingham, will forward both these journals, post free, for 4d.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Donations Publication Fund.—Collection at Millers' Dale (per P. Kelly) 12s. 6d.,

* A. C. 2s., Glasse 8/8, C. M. W. £2.

Freedom Guarantee Fund.—Muller 1s., N. £1, A.M. 5s., C.R. 10s.

Sales of FREEDOM.—Wilkes 4/6, J. B. Smith 6/8, Edwards 4s., Newsagents 9/5, Manchester 4s., Taylor 4s., MacQueen 1/6, Wright 1s., P. J. Kelly 1/6, Liverpool 1/4, Jessen 7d., Duff 2/8.

Sales of FREEDOM Pamphlets.—Liverpool 6/10, Glasse 1/4, H. L. 4/8, J.B. Smith 4s., Warwick 5/4.

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E. Delorme, 54 Daniel Hill, Upperthorpe.
W. Duff, 9 Carfin Street, Govanhill.
Manchester, J. Welsh, 37 King Street, Ardwick.
Bradford, Can be seen at Laycocks Coffee House, Kirkgate.
Nottingham, Malfew Wilkes, 87 St. Ann's Well Road
New York, A. Levin, 340 Cherry Street, U. S. A.
Philadelphia, H. Weinberg, 50 South and 2nd Street, Pa., U. S. A.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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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