

Freedom

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HYPOCRITES IN COUNCIL.

The farce which is now being enacted at the Hague in such melodramatic style and with such a trumpeting of the virtues of the beneficent rulers whose powers, in most cases, rest on the military despotisms of the Continent, naturally leads to the question: Who are these that profess so much desire for peace? While admitting that there are probably very good intentions on the part of some of the persons concerned, it must at the same time be seen at a glance that the whole business is so stupendously hypocritical and absurd that a little child might ask: If they really want peace, why do they train soldiers to shoot, at the word of command, people with whom they have no quarrel? Why are nearly all these "peaceful" persons, at the very moment that they are calling for divine blessings on their Congress, carrying on brutal and infamous campaigns against weaker and inoffensive nations.

Recent events in the Soudan, in Samoa, in Finland, in the Philippines and elsewhere give us a chapter of crimes that would disgrace any race of barbarians. But an age which sees churches endowed and benefited by swindling millionaires, "respectable" papers advertising all the frauds under the sun, and "public opinion" the collective expression of that large class of smiling and sanctimonious humbugs who go regularly to church every Sunday and cheat their neighbours all the week—such an age can scarcely feel astonishment at the greatest criminal and humbug of them all, the modern State, armed to the teeth, organising such a huge hypocrisy as a "Peace Congress."

The truth is, however, that the peace of the world cannot be guaranteed by its rulers, however much they might desire it. Given the capitalistic system and peace is impossible. And we speak here not only of peace as between nations, but the true peace which all humanitarians desire; peace founded on the solidarity of human interests. This latter is the only condition that for us has any real interest; for it not only includes the former, but, indeed, the pacific evolution of all those social relations that under present conditions are struggling amid much tumult and friction for an equitable solution. Disarmament, even if it had the remotest chance of being carried out, would not even be an attempt to solve any of the social problems which have their root in economic conditions. The lightening of the burden of taxation will bring no amelioration to the workers; because, as is well known, relief of taxation will always benefit the wealth owning classes. Or, to look at it from another point of view, the absorption of so much liberated human energy into the ranks of the industrial army (a thing which might be a blessing under a Socialist organised society) would intensify competition in the labor market to an extent at present unheard of. And even if these millions could find employment we should still have what economists like to call "over-production"—that is to say, under-consumption—because these unfortunates would only be so many more victims ready to be exploited by the insatiable profitmongers of all nations,—when they were not swelling the ranks of the army of unemployed. But who are the people that are troubling their heads about the condition of the masses? Certainly not the "peacemakers" at the Hague. A few reformers, the Socialists, the Anarchists—against whom these same States have just concluded their secret conference—are the only people who are truly striving for peace, though not the peace of the Quakers and the faddists, but as we said before, a peace engendered by such social conditions as would ensure to all a full, free, and healthy life. Yet we may be sure that no scheme of disarmament will be carried out that does not leave in the hands of the rulers sufficient military power to suppress the revolutionists and to coerce the people.

After all, international warfare is only one of the evils, and by no means the primary one, from which humanity at present suffers. The woful and wasteful misdirection of our resources

and of human energy in the production of war material is, of course, evident to all. But is there not a war perpetually raging in all "civilised" communities whose roll of victims far outnumbers those who fall by the sword, and whose maimed and wounded endure their sufferings under the cold contempt of those who in reality are responsible for their fate? Is there not an economic warfare whose battleground is the civilised world, and whose opposing forces are the capitalists on the one hand and the wage-slaves on the other? Total up the victims in the mines, in the factories, on the railways and at sea; calculate the deaths from "dangerous trades," from overcrowding and insanitary conditions, from famine and starvation, and it will not take long to decide in which direction the exertions of those who are solicitous for human welfare should go. And as to the waste of war, has not Bellamy shown us that the present system of production and distribution seems purposely organised to encourage wasteful methods? Perhaps future statisticians will be able to show that waste in war material was not so much greater than the waste which resulted from a capitalist organised society.

In the end there is no other conclusion to be arrived at but that the Peace Congress will have no important results and will fail to attain its end. As to any effect it might have on the general welfare of the people, the whole farce might as well have been enacted in that locality known to be paved with good intentions, where the comedians of the Hague might have gone to perform without troubling to return.

CÆSARISM.

By Peter Kropotkin. Translated from *Les Temps Nouveaux*.

III.

We know the answer that will be given us by the Monarchist-Cæsarist coalition beforehand.

We shall be told: "It is all very well for you Anarchists, who live on dreams, to treat these national questions lightly. But for us who know that the German Empire is only awaiting a favorable opportunity to wrest new provinces from us, to dismember France, or to crush us by exacting contributions, to occupy our towns, to rule us with the Prussian sabre; for us it is a question of life or death. And that is why we are ready to sacrifice our liberties to rid us of this nightmare of invasion."

It would be enough to read again what Bakounin said during the war of 1870, in those "Letters to a Frenchman on the present crisis," or what he wrote immediately after the war in his "Kauto-Germanic Empire," it would be enough to read what we have written so often on the question of nationalities to understand that such an answer cannot apply to Anarchists.

We do not treat questions of nationality lightly, and we are firmly persuaded that as long as there are States, be they called Empires, Kingdoms, bourgeois Republics or even Social Democratic Republics, the danger of a weak nation being invaded, crushed and exploited by its more powerful neighbours will remain.

However weak France may be, did not Ferry, hardly fifteen or sixteen years ago, propose to Germany, Italy and Austria to divide Switzerland?—It is known to-day. If Germany refused to join in this enterprise, it was only because its rulers did not think the time propitious.

While the middle-classes are the rulers, and as long as there are States, so long will there be danger of invasion for the weaker countries. The danger exists in stern reality for France.

Nay, more. We are convinced that the triumph of Germany in 1870 has retarded the social revolution for many years.

In two ways. The triumph of Germany was the triumph of militarism in Europe, of military and political despotism; and at the same time the worship of the State, of authority and of State Socialism, which is in reality nothing but State capitalism, triumphed in the ideas of a whole generation. If these ideas crib and confine the European mind at present, and even the minds of revolutionists, we owe it in a great measure to the triumph of the military German Empire. On the other hand, if France is inclined to slide down the slope

of Cæsarism instead of being the vanguard of the Communist-Communist movement towards which her evolution tended, it is also in consequence of the disaster of 1870.

A nation that, a day's march from its capital, has an alien fortress like Metz, with other fortresses at its flanks, where half a million soldiers with arms and baggage can be mustered in time of peace and attack the capital in twenty-four hours; a nation under these conditions is forcibly arrested in its natural development. Metz and Strasburg have on France the same effect as the Russian citadel that dominates Poland in Warsaw, the same effect that the four Austrian fortresses had on Italy, the same effect that Turkish fortresses had keeping Servia under their cannons till 1878, the effect of retarding all evolution in France, of directing the mind to foreign affairs instead of keeping it fixed on business at home. And what we mark with regret is that even advanced parties in Germany, that is to say the more or less socialist Democratic party, does not understand this and does not ask for Metz to be razed to the ground like Luxemburg.

To resume its evolution, France must get rid of German fortresses near the gates of Paris. She must cease feeling a well-founded fear of an invasion and a dismemberment weighing on her. She must feel capable of resisting an enemy who is only waiting for a propitious moment to hurl an army, numerically stronger than the French army, on French territory.

Is this clear? The present military situation is a danger. It is a hindrance to normal development in France. It must cease. But what has to be done to put an end to this danger? That's the question!

We must understand to begin with that in the phase of development represented by France and England, they are the two nations the most advanced towards a social revolution; and that at the risk of going astray and consequently retrograding, which for a nation, as for an individual or a party, is always, without exception, a menace of death, these two nations are compelled to march boldly onwards, without loss of time, towards the solution of the social question.

France, represented by her best men, the workers and honest educated individuals, should have put herself at the head of the social movement as a whole. At least those who pretend to enlighten public opinion should have taken the initiative. It was the duty of the "uncompromising" Radical press, a far more sacred duty than that of standing up for military justice, to put itself at the head of this movement towards the socialisation of the means of production on the one hand, and towards the abolition of that bloodsucker, the State, on the other.

Had France placed herself at the head of the social movement of our time, for it was her duty, clearly proved by the two great revolutions she had undergone, while Germany is only now preparing her 1848; had France become the centre where the great questions of the day could have been fully debated with the lucidity of the French mind and with the practical force of spontaneous organisation that the French nation possesses in the highest degree (we say it consciously, and are ready to prove it), then France would have become invincible. Not by her cannons, but by the force of attraction that she would have exercised on the whole of Europe. All popular Europe would have been with her. But when we see the so-called uncompromising Radicals of to-day run after the horse of a military man, or after the train of an Empress, or walk arm-in-arm with an Esterhazy, then these Monarchists and Cæsarians inspire contempt for France in Russia, Germany, and England, because Russians, Germans, and Englishmen mistake them for the representatives of the French nation, while they are only its traitors.

Traitors and fools! For they must be to still believe that it was the great captains and generals who made the success of the French armies from 1793 to 1811, when the real strength of the army was due to great principles such as the abolition of serfdom, which took place wherever the tricolor flag was carried by the ragged sans-culottes. From the time that the abolition of serfdom no longer followed the army of Napoleon in Russia, the great Napoleon was as stupid as his successor the little one, and as all his successors will be who are being prepared by Monarchists, Cæsarians and their allies, and those who rally to them. Once Napoleon had ceased to be a destroyer of feudalism, he made one mistake after another. The greatest, not to mention others, was that of having to fight in Russia against an army that was determined to hold its own, because it saw in the French, not liberators, but mere plunderers; while in the earlier part of Napoleon's career, in Germany and in Italy, he was received by the people with open arms, and had only to disperse soldiers who were only too willing not to fight, as they looked upon Frenchmen as their liberators.

To make France a true home for the worker and the peasant, and the vanguard of progress marching towards the social revolution would have been worth while working for? In short, it would have been an easier task to make that land of the Commune, France, progress towards the abolition of the centralisation that is killing her; towards the destruction of those parasites, those functionaries that gnaw her, to make her communes real communes, freed from Cæsarism and Imperial yoke, that after twenty seven years of Republic crushes the vitality of the country as much to-day as it did under Napoleon III.

By what right do these "Radicals," these Cæsarians call themselves Radicals, if they never do anything even to republicanise France? If the social question leaves them cold? If the well-being of the worker only comes back to their memory when they want to shine at the head

of a subscription? If the liberty of communes, only solid basis of a republic, does not interest them? If all their so-called Radicalism consists in a few words of sympathy addressed from time to time, under Petersburg censorship, to a few rebels, or in the dragging in of some red herring such as the separation of "Church and State" that can mean anything you wish.

Yes, we know the answer that will be given us:

"France is not prepared for this." Firstly, it is a sorry lie as it needed all the priesthood's power, all the Monarchists' money and all Rochefort's talent to arrest France's movement towards Socialism, and to impassion the country for Boulangism, Anti-Dreyfusism and anti-Semitism. But even if it were so, what have Cæsarism circles done to awaken progressive trends of thought? Nothing, absolutely nothing. They preach the contrary, the return to military dictatorship, to Cæsarism!

—"It is Boulanger who is going to do all this for us!" This is the refrain that exploiters and Panamists of journalism have sung to us: Boulangism, alliance, anti-Semitism, militarism.

But now let us descend another degree; let us not speak of an ideal to them that they have so well succeeded in stifling. Let us examine them on common-place questions such as the defence of France and see what they have done.

AMERICAN NOTES.

In spite of the pathos attached to the slaughter of the poor Filipinos there is a strain of humor in this question of expansion. The lion and the lamb are lying down side by side in the persons of Andrew Carnegie and W. J. Bryan, for they are at one in opposing the taking over of the Philippines and they are supported by the *New York World* and *Evening Post*. While the *New York Journal*, the Yellowest of the Yellow journals and advocate of Free Silver, and the *Sun*, the most virulent of the gold-bug papers, are embracing each other in advocating expansion, the President of the Wells, Fargo Express Company so far forgot his dignity in his earnest opposition of expansion that he actually spoke on that subject under the auspices of a branch of the Socialist Labor Party at Chicago. But of all these curious and amusing things, perhaps the most curious and amusing is the case of Edward Atkinson, of Boston. Atkinson is one of the most conservative men in the country, by profession a political economist and an authority on finance; for years he has been engaged in trying to bolster up the present system, till he has established a reputation among capitalists as a great economist. For some occult reason Atkinson has joined hands with other conservatives like Grover Cleveland, Senator Hoar, etc., in the Anti-Imperialist League to oppose the acquisition of the Philippines. In pursuance of what he considers his duty as a Vice President of the League he compiled three pamphlets setting forth reasons why the United States should abstain from her present colonial enterprise. It was all very well to distribute these pamphlets throughout the country, but when he became indiscreet enough to mail some to the members of the army in the Philippines advising those whose time was about to expire not to re-enlist, the eagle eye of Uncle Sam was upon him and he (in the person of the Postmaster General) stepped in and instructed the Postmaster at San Francisco to abstract the aforesaid pamphlets from the mails bound for the Philippines, and then McKinley and his Cabinet had a discussion whether Atkinson should be arrested for treason; but after mature consideration they decided that he was "a person without any proper conception of the gravity of his offence," so they decided to overlook it this time; but they denounced his action as traitorous and perfidious, and if he did it again he would be sternly dealt with. This is too funny. If any Englishman can stretch his imagination to the point of seeing Rudyard Kipling arrested for treason they can understand how funny it sounds to Americans to hear of Atkinson being arrested for treason; for as Kipling is the poet of capitalism so Atkinson is the economist of capitalism.

The war still drags on and each day furnishes fresh proof that mankind has not advanced so very much in the last ten thousand years; the savagery displayed by the man in the street is bad enough when talking about these poor wretches who after centuries of oppression under the Spaniards are struggling for freedom, but it is enough to make one despair almost to hear the brutal talk indulged in by people calling themselves reformers. Cooper gives two instances in *Free Society* of this spirit in New York at the Liberal (freethinkers') Club. "Reform the Reformers," is a phrase that deserves more attention than it receives.

What do Englishmen think of the action of the Nebraska Regiment petitioning the people in authority for a furlough? The Nebraska Regiment is the one that has done the hardest fighting in the Philippines, and a few days ago they petitioned McKinley and General Otis for a brief rest as they were tired and wished to rest and wash their clothes, which they had been wearing for two months. It would be interesting to get the opinion of William II. and Esterhazy on this new phase of military discipline. I spoke to a few Englishmen on the subject the other day, and they were horrified at the idea of a soldier asking for a holiday like a city clerk; for, as one of them patriotically put it, the soldier is not supposed to have any opinions as his first duty is obedience. The act is quite consistent with the American character, and yet one cannot help feeling that these soldiers, who prize liberty so highly for themselves, instead of going out to kill people who are struggling for freedom would be doing far better if their ammunition was saved to fight for their own freedom at home.

The Cœur d'Alene miners are on the war-path again; they have a fondness for dynamite in that region, a fact which must be surprising to some of the preservers of "law and order," as they are not Anarchists but merely trade unionists. They went on strike for higher wages and to unionise the mines. The increase of wages was conceded but the unionising of the mines was not. This so enraged the union men that they captured a car with 3,000 pounds of dynamite and ran it down to one of the mills where the non-union men were at work; they completely destroyed two mills valued at £10,000. The non-union men saw them coming and got away, and through an unfortunate mistake in the signals they fired on their own pickets, killing one and wounding another. Troops were wired for immediately and they came on at once; and as the papers put it:

An unprecedentedly rigorous exercise of military authority has apparently crushed the riots around Wardner, in the Idaho mining region. The troops arrested every male adult at Burke, on the ground that he was either an accomplice in the mill-wrecking explosions or sympathised with the dynamiters. Neither public officials, lawyers, doctors or business men escaped in the wholesale arrest. General Merriam, who commands the troops, has notified the War Department that Shoshone County is now entirely under control, and that his soldiers are cutting off every means of escape by the armed miners. In spite of this, the majority of the ringleaders are still missing, and local sympathy is strongly on their side.

The destruction of these mills is after all a State offence, and if caught the men must be tried by the State authorities; and if local sympathy is strongly on their side it may mean their acquittal. The State will of course have to reimburse the capitalists: for even if the State judges were to decide against them the United States Supreme Court can always be relied upon to defend their class. However, it is encouraging to see that some American workingmen have discovered that the most vulnerable point about the capitalist is his pocket, and if they fail in this attempt they try again.

Gompers is becoming radical, or at least he is delivering radical speeches and writing radical articles. This is a true sign of the times; for, if you will excuse the pun, Gompers, like most "leaders," follows the crowd, and the crowd is dragging him along at present. Most of the unions are opposed to a large standing army, many unions going to the point of having a clause in their constitutions forbidding any of their members belonging to the militia; so Gompers is going about the country speaking against expansion, and is saying some real good things. He has a weakness for reprinting all the favorable newspaper comments about himself in the *Federationist*, and in the April number of that paper he takes up two pages with reprints from newspaper accounts of a speech he delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, March 20. He makes use of one expression, however, for which he deserves kicking: "When you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar." Mr. Gompers, like most people of foreign birth is very patriotic about the country of his adoption. Gompers is an English Jew and came to America when quite young. We would recommend him to read the works of Stepaniak, Gorge Kennan, and last, but not least, the *Autobiography of a Revolutionary*, by Kropotkin, now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where he can read of some of that countless crowd of men and women who have died on the scaffold or in prison, or those who are dying by inches in exile for the part they have played in the great struggle for freedom and humanity, and then see if he will ever dare to get on a platform and talk about "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar."

We have said Gompers was delivering radical speeches and writing radical articles, the article in question also appears in the *Federationist* for April; it is a reply to the *New York Journal*, which is becoming State Socialistic and is advising the trade unions to become political unions; for it has visions of the Universal Trust, and when all the trusts are absorbed into one trust the strike, they say, will become useless and laughable. Gompers replies and uses our arguments for a general strike; for, as Gompers points out, if there is a universal trust of Capital, why not of Labor? There is nothing new or startling in his reply to the *Journal*; for everything he says has been said years ago by Anarchists. But it is all very true and it is interesting to see a man like him use Anarchistic arguments to crush a State Socialist argument. The funny thing, though, is to read his illustrations of what four great strikes had done, one of which was the Railway Strike of 1894 which, by the way, he helped to kill as much as anyone; when the National and International Unions were summoned to Chicago to deliberate on the question of calling a general strike to support Debs and his comrades, it is a well known fact that had Gompers and McGuire used their influence as President and Vice President of the American Federation of Labor a general strike would have taken place. It is true they could not order a general strike, for they had no such power; but the American workingmen have had a boss for so long that they looked up to the Convention for instructions, and to the official leaders who, as usual, fooled away several days and finally decided that the time was not ripe; and as the enthusiasm had evaporated in those few days the strike fizzled out. So Gompers would do well to hold his tongue about the Railway Strike of 1894.

Berkman's case has at last come before the Pardon Board and it has been reserved for decision. Poor Berkman! you are in the hands of the Philistines and they hate to let you go. Alas for Pennsylvania! times have changed, and even the hearts of men seemed to have changed also since that bright October day in the year 1682 when William Penn, surrounded by a few of his Quaker friends, stood beneath a large elm tree at Shakamaxon on the northern edge of what is now Philadelphia

and there delivered his message to those red sons of the forest, a delegation of the Lenni Lenapi tribes; it was there the treaty of peace was concluded between the Indians and the Quakers, a treaty all the stronger because "it was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun, and the river, and the forest for witnesses. It was not confirmed by an oath. it was not ratified by signatures and seals; no written record of the conference can be found; and its terms and conditions had no abiding monument but on the heart." "The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and long afterwards, in their cabins, would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children or to the stranger, the words of William Penn. New England had just terminated a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres which extended as far as Richmond. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian."*

Berkman has been in prison over seven years, and for the past five years has not been allowed to see a single visitor. Two years ago while in Pittsburg a comrade made an attempt to see him, the lawyer retained in his behalf went with him to see the chairman of the Prison Board, who control the management of the prison where Berkman is confined. The Chairman, when asked for a permit to see Berkman, pleaded his inability to grant one, but referred the comrade to the Treasurer of the Board. He went to the Treasurer, who was an old man with snow-white hair, and one who cannot have many years yet to live, a man whom one would expect at his time of life to be benevolent. His reply was that Berkman had not behaved himself, and he therefore refused a permit. The comrade remonstrated with him, pointing out that it was inhuman to refuse to allow a man to see a kindly face or hear a friendly word for over three years. Upon being asked by what law, by what right they had refused to let him see friends, his reply was as savage as it was characteristic of the ruling classes: "We do what we like; we are the masters and judges of our own conduct, and if we say he can't see any one, he can't, that's all; you can't see him." After five or ten minutes of this torture, which was endured in the hope of seeing Berkman, the comrade concluded by saying: "Doesn't this smack very strongly of the Spanish Inquisition? I've read in the newspapers and have heard public speeches by great public men on the Fourth of July (Independence Day) that this was a free country; and yet you, contrary to all the laws of humanity, coop a man up for over three years and refuse to allow him to see a single visitor; how is this?" His reply was the most frankly cynical ever heard from one of our masters. "Young man," he said, "if you have been laboring under the impression that this was a free country you have been laboring under a delusion; undeceive yourself, this is not a free country and we will do to Berkman what we please." Our comrade was crushed, and walked sadly away.

Sleep in peace William Penn, do not return to the land you have consecrated with your tears and love. Peace no longer prevails along the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and the heritage of love and peace you left that beautiful land has been forgotten by those human tigers who have succeeded you. It is well you are dead, for it would surely have broken your noble heart had you lived to see man's inhumanity to man in that beautiful land named Pennsylvania.

ATTENTION!

DEAR COMRADES,

Emma Goldman writes that she will visit Europe in the autumn to remain some time. She will arrive in London early in October, and she is desirous of doing her share to further the propaganda while here. It is quite unnecessary to tell you who Emma Goldman is; she has been an ardent advocate of Anarchist Communism for over a decade past; she has been in England before, and for the past three years has been touring the United States with great success, as the files of *Free Society* will show. Meetings will be arranged in and about London both in English and German; and if any comrades in the provinces can arrange meetings for her I should be glad if they will communicate with me for the arrangement of dates, etc.

The following is a list of lectures that she is prepared to deliver, leaving it to the judgment of the comrades to select which they please:

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| I. <i>The Aim of Humanity.</i> | IX. <i>America: the land of the Free and the home of the Brave.</i> |
| II. <i>Religion.</i> | |
| III. <i>Patriotism.</i> | X. <i>Politics: their corrupting influence on Man.</i> |
| IV. <i>The Basis of Morality.</i> | |
| V. <i>A Criticism of Ethics.</i> | XI. <i>Strikes and their effect on the American Worker.</i> |
| VI. <i>The Origin of Evil.</i> | XII. <i>Marriage.</i> |
| VII. <i>Authority versus Liberty.</i> | XIII. <i>The New Woman.</i> |
| VIII. <i>Why I am an Anarchist Communist.</i> | XIV. <i>Sex Problems.</i> |

Our comrade is now on a tour in the Western States of America and very busy, but she writes that she is preparing a few new lectures to add to this list.

H. KELLY, *Freedom* office,
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* Bancroft, *History of the United States*.

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NOTES.

MUNICIPALISM ON TRIAL.

Who is going solve the housing problem? Not the government, as we have said over and over again; and not the County Council, we may also add, judging by the way they are going about the business. We are told for instance that in the Hogarth Buildings (a block just completed on the site of the old Millbank prison) "no provision has been made whatever for laundry purposes. Not a single boiler or copper exists in the block." On inquiry it turns out that the committee have found that some of their tenants send out their washing. Here was a brilliant opportunity of applying the principles of political economy: no washing, no coppers—no coppers, a saving of so much per cent on the gross expenses! Then again see how neatly the various grades of the population can be classified by these methods. Why at this rate the Council will not only get to know all our domestic arrangements but by pursuing the same methods they could get to know our religious, political and social opinions, and by building a block for vegetarians, a block for teetotalers and a block for Peculiar People, they would be getting things under their thumbs and keeping us all in order.

But jesting apart does it not seem as through the Council is beginning at the wrong end? People who can afford to put out their washing are not those who feel most acutely the need of home accommodation at low rentals. How about the wretched slum-dwellers whom the Council have turned adrift? how many of them can afford to put out their washing? — how many indeed have any washing to put out?

MALATESTA'S ESCAPE.

All comrades the world over will rejoice at the escape of our brave friend, Malatesta, from the hands of the execrable Italian government. No public welcome will be given to one who despises notoriety as he does all the foolish "lionising" which so many like to indulge in; but, for all that, he will well understand that the hearts of the comrades in England are united in a sincere and hearty welcome on his return to these shores. He will regret, of course, as we all do, that so many good friends are still left in the clutches of the enemy. But perhaps even more may be done for them now that Malatesta is free; and, in any case, we may be sure that what *can* be done *will* be done.

We offer him our best wishes for his health and a long period of freedom and activity.

DREYFUS AND JUSTICE.

The curtain has just fallen on another act in the Dreyfus case. A new trial has been ordered, and now attention is fixed on the next, and perhaps the last act. "Vive la Justice; Vive la loi!" were the cries raised when the decree was pronounced. And at first sight it does really appear as though for once in a hundred years Law and Justice were synonymous. This arises from the fact that civil law and military law have for the moment been in conflict, and in mere self-defence the former has been compelled to fight on the side of justice. But if the French people would seriously ask themselves why justice has had any chance in this case, they would find it is because of the courage and initiative of a few men who, in the midst of the poisonous atmosphere that was destroying all healthy opinion in Paris, kept their ideal of human justice clear from the crimes of prejudice, of politics, of religion and racial hatred. More must be said on this point another time.

THE FUTURE OF WOMAN.

When two ladies dispute in the pages of the *Nineteenth*

Century over matters affecting the future of womankind one naturally takes note of how the subject is handled. Neither Mrs. Chant nor Miss Kenealy deal with this important question in a radical, let alone a revolutionary sense. Yet it is from the revolutionary point of view that the subject must be treated if the physical, moral and intellectual sides of the question are to have any value at all. There is no question where more prejudices have to be thrown aside, and it is encouraging to know that woman's evolution during the past twenty years has cast many conventionalities to the winds. What is needed to-day is some fearless women who will champion the cause of their sex while maintaining the solidarity of *all* human development. Let them tackle the economic question from their own point of view, and they will soon discover how the whole of their individual development depends upon their economic conditions; and, to alter these, they will have to become revolutionists.

MR. HOPWOOD ON PRISON DISCIPLINE.

Of the few voices that are raised nowadays in condemnation of prison methods Mr. Hopwood's must be considered as one of the most influential. In many ways he has made praiseworthy efforts to fix public attention on the "treatment," or in other words the torture, of the social victims in our prisons. He has denounced in unmeasured terms the inhuman sentences passed by many judges, which condemn a man to long years of useless and degrading imprisonment; and just recently he has given his opinion on the plank bed and short rations.

The recent proposal of the Committee appointed by the Secretary of State to add to the allowance of food, he regards as a practical admission that starvation has been inflicted upon prisoners for the past twenty years. As to the plank bed, and more especially flogging, he asks why they are not abolished altogether. His final remarks are worth quoting: "The cold-blooded inflictions in prison, when considered by a thoughtful man as if they were to be undergone by himself, caused a shudder and a repugnance that such deeds should be done in the name of the law."

Yes, "a shudder and a repugnance," certainly; but not much surprise when one understands what the law really is.

AN ANARCHIST FROM THE FIORDS.

London, that sanctuary of the hunted, has been giving a quiet asylum for the past few weeks to comrade Hansteen, editor of the Norwegian *Anarkisten*, a fortnightly Anarchist paper which was practically suppressed by the Kristiania authorities in March last. We hope in our next issue to print the article that aroused the ire of the Norwegian Advocate General and led him to despatch the police on a visit to the editor of the *Anarkisten*, with inquiries as the authorship of the article in question. The friction that has existed between Norway and Sweden for the past two years, is a matter of common history, Sweden being intensely aristocratic and Norway as strongly democratic, a condition of things is arrived at not dissimilar to those existing between Austria and Hungary, and which is bound one day to end in disruption. Every Norwegian of liberal instincts is thus forced to speak his mind and show the impossibilities of the existing political situation in Scandinavia. The choice of delegates to the Tsar's Peace Congress seems in this case to have been the *casus belli*. After much debating on the part of the government, four delegates, two for each country, were despatched to the Hague, but the Norwegian delegates were picked men, men who represented the Swedish government in the great question of arbitration and not the true sentiment of the Norwegian nation on the subject, the Norwegians to a man being for arbitration and the Swedes against it. King Oscar, as the editor of *Anarkisten* pointed out, in despatching ministers to the Peace Conference who represented his private views and not those of the people of Norway, had broken his oath to the nation and violated the Constitution; by this act he had freed the nation from its allegiance. But governments do not like such plain speaking, so the police paid a visit to the editor's office, and comrade Hansteen is here, enjoying, we trust, to the full the unadulterated purity of English liberty as it is breathed by the proletariat.

THE INTERNATIONAL, ITS PRECURSORS, AND ANARCHISM.

VII.

Working-Class Movement and Chartism (1832-1848).

The present generation can have no more idea of the wretched condition of the English nation at the beginning of this century, than of the despotism prevailing in all European countries during the Restoration. France, exhausted by the wars of the Revolution, and especially by those of the Empire, was delivered over to the Jesuits by reaction. Italy, dismembered by the Viennese Congress, was expiring under Austrian oppression. In Germany, as well as in Spain, the

slightest manifestation of intellectual life was proceeded against and repressed. The "Holy Alliance" of despots against the people, and obscurantism against science, flourished. It is true England did not join the odious league conceived by Metternich. But the spirit of reaction ruled nevertheless. The people, the English workers, in spite of the Great Charter, wrung from despotism in the Middle Ages, did not yet possess the rights of citizenship; they could not publish any newspaper without paying fourpence stamp duty on each copy; they could not discuss the conditions of the slave-life they led without risk of being transported to Australia.

According to the Constitution, the labour market was free, but if workmen combined for the diminution of hours of labour, or for a rise in wages, they were sentenced as *conspirators*. Any workman accused of initiating united action was liable to penal servitude and transportation for a mere attempt at organising the most simple strike or union. While at Sheffield a workman, Drury by name, and his comrades were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, five Glasgow weavers incurred seven years of a like penalty. In 1834, Dorchester labourers were transported to Australia.

The last sentence aroused the indignation of independent men in all classes of society. A petition in favour of the stricken men circulated through the country, and in a short time 266,000 signatures were collected. On March 21, 1834, a first demonstration was organised by trades in London. There were 400,000 demonstrators. A procession of 50,000 men marched to the Home Office, where a deputation, led by Robert Owen, handed the petition to Lord Melbourne. The great mass of demonstrators was composed of malcontents. There were, among others, partisans of electoral reform, of the abolition of the bread tax, of the liberty of the press, of the right of association, of compulsory education, etc. They were those who later on composed the army of Chartism.

But Owenist Socialism was the soul of the movement, as evidenced by the newspapers of that period. Communist, *atheistic*, and secularist ideas in general, the emancipation of woman, and the negation of legal marriage that so shocked the bourgeoisie and the clergy, *had, in fact, acquired so much influence over the workers* that, according to the *Westminster Review* (1839), these principles constituted the true belief of a great number of them.¹ This statement from a learned review explains the fact, mentioned by the *Times*, that two Owenist delegates at a single meeting in Hull received more than a thousand new adherents.² For us, who are now cognisant of Owenist activity in all popular movements since the beginning of the century, be it for labour legislation, be it for complete and democratic education, but especially for the propaganda of real Socialism and ideas of emancipation—for us, I say, there is nothing astonishing that workmen had so much confidence in the Socialists of that time in general, and in Robert Owen particularly.

A summary of the different workers' organisations from 1832 to 1846 will suffice to make us understand the services rendered to humanity by Owenist Socialists. Like true agitators, they mixed in every popular movement. In this they distinguished themselves from French Socialists of Saint-Simon's and Fourier's schools. The Fourier school published theoretical researches, very humanitarian ones, as we shall see. English Socialists, on the contrary, while preaching that the deliverance of the working class will be due only to the abolition of the exploitation of man by man and by society, to the complete emancipation of the human conscience delivered from all religious, ethical, and social prejudices; while affirming that social justice will only be realised when producers will become absolute masters of what they produce, including surplus value;³ while conceiving Socialist ideals and formulæ with an admirable perspicacity, English Socialists were the true promoters and interpreters of the partial demands of the people.

W. TCHERKESOV.

The Brazen Veto.

COMRADES,—By what means can we recover our right to live free of fleecers? Some say by Voting; and some by a Revolution. The latter is, undoubtedly, the only possible means. A Revolution has been expected for many years and is sure to come some day, and it might come a day sooner if there were less confidence in votes.

For many years we have believed that votes are useless instruments for breaking down monopoly. And the Imperial Voting House is continually verifying our belief, in that it shows itself incapable of going any further in the way to reform than to patch up old iniquities to make them last longer. And there is no sign of any possibility to obtain wholesome reform by votes.

Now we are not only taxed to pay interest on old loans, but our right to the means of subsistence has been stolen from us by force and votes and given to landlords, usurers and profit-mongers; and we can get nothing of it back without we pay rent, profit and interest. So in order to live somehow we must be wage-slaves to produce capital for drones and fleecers. It is an understood fact that useful labor is the source of wealth; yet landlords, profit-mongers and usurers extract £800,000,000 annually from the total produce, 64 per cent of all the

wealth produced by labor. And who can honestly deny that this is a vast robbery? To the working class it is a loss of 64 per cent benefit of its labor through paying rent, profit, taxes and interest. It is a robbery that Impostors have legalised by force and voting tricks, and stamped as a constitutional procedure, because they found it to be a successful game.

Consequently, it is not likely that the voting system can be used for reform and for restoring stolen wealth to its rightful owners, because it is an organ of a constitution founded upon monopoly. And all monopolists are diligent at attending to this business in some way and interested in no other reform than to preserve the old order of iniquity and to prolong the collection of rent, profit and interest. In spite of honest voters rent, taxes and rates are rising, paupers increasing, and the burden of the working-class made heavier; which shows that the voting system is an organ of the State beast to keep him alive, and not to reduce his vitality by external reform. And how can a new voting organ be put into such a beast? It is impossible.

Then there is another thing to be taken into consideration. Politics and capitalism have made developments which have evolved curious results. One result is an abundance of capital, of which capitalists have made idols. Their heaps of money are things that they not only adore but skilfully use for their own ends. They have paid much attention to the accumulation of riches, and for their efforts have received coronets and had their consciences galvanised with lucre and their grab-all capacity enlarged. And now they never know when they have enough of spoil, but always crave for more. Thus they have exalted capital as high as any pagan idol might have been, as if it had brains and stomach, was ignorant or wise as its owner in regard to what it is right to vote for. Anyhow, the vote of capital is signified by that of its owner, and both together are a "brazen veto" that hates equity and rules to the detriment of the poor. The veto of impostors has always been brazen, dishonest and ruthless; the record of its rule is a long list of rapacious enactments, extortions, evictions and crime.

It is evident that politics and the voting system and capitalism are far gone in corruption and wrong—too far to be righted by votes. Therefore, would it not be best for all interested in Equal rights to abandon the voting system? The constitution to which it belongs can not last for ever; though it has lasted for a long time as an organ of imposition, yet its days are numbered. And there cannot be many years left of its time, since too many are beginning to feel the pressure of its evils, and even its supporters fear a revolution. P. JOHNSON.

The victims of the Walsall Plot. Release OF CHARLES, CAILES, AND BATTOLA.

AN APPEAL:

COMRADES,

In September next the law, after having inflicted more than seven and a half years of imprisonment and suffering on these innocent men, will "set free" comrades Charles, Cailes and Battola. It is not necessary now to go into the details of the infamous trap, laid on the lines adopted by the Continental police, which brought our friends in the grip of the law.

At the present moment our object is to emphasise the necessity for organising, without loss of time, the help that each one will need when he finds himself again facing the problem of gaining his livelihood. Some rest will be needed before this can be done, and funds must be raised to find the means to keep our comrades in good heart till their strength is restored.

A Committee has been formed, consisting of members of the Freedom Group, who hope to add to their number some well-known sympathisers whose names we expect to publish in our next issue.

Meanwhile, donations may be sent to the Secretary of the Relief Fund, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N.W., where subscription lists may also be obtained.

We trust that all comrades will use their best efforts to aid in this good cause. All donations will be acknowledged in *Freedom*, and we shall keep our readers well advised as to what steps are being taken to welcome and to aid our comrades on their release.

THE FREE COMMUNE,

A Quarterly Magazine of libertarian thought,
post free 1½d. Publisher, W. MacQueen, 79
Markham Avenue, Harehills, Leeds.

"Free Society." An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism,
43 Sheridan St., San Francisco, Cal. U.S.A.

Agent for Free Society's publications: T. CANTWELL, 127 Ossulston Street,
London, N. W.

¹ T. Kirkup, *A History of Socialism*, London, 1892, p. 64.

² Sidney Webb, *History of Trade Unionism*, London, 1893, see page 116 to 121.

³ J. Hopkins, A. Combe, W. Thompson, *Poor Man's Guardian*. *New Moral World*, by R. Owen, and many other publications.

A LETTER FROM DENVER, COLORADO.

Our English comrades may be interested to know something of the progress of the general radical movement in this far interior city and State of the United States. There is not and never has been a distinctly Anarchist movement here; this is principally owing to the fact that out of the dozen or fifteen Anarchists in this city, fully one-half are so-called "plumblers" or adherents of the Tucker school, who are opposed to anything like concerted action and will neither identify themselves with any radical organisation nor even attend public meetings. They have the greatest contempt for what they call "Salvation Army" tactics. They are consequently at a standstill, and are seldom seen or heard from. Those of us who favor agitation, even though we cannot have it strictly our way, content ourselves with the two active party movements here, viz. the Socialist Labour Party and the Social Democratic Party—the latter often designated as the Debs party. The S. L. P. has quite a large section in this city, and that movement is particularly fortunate in having for its leader and standard bearer a well educated American of exceptional ability as a speaker and organizer, who devotes his entire time to the propaganda, making frequent trips through the State in the interests of his party organisation, and is fairly well supported by the local and State membership. There is a weak branch of the Social Democratic party here, which holds public meetings every Sunday afternoon. As the members have not yet arrived at the "class conscious" stage, and the rank and file are liberal in their treatment of Anarchists and revolutionists; their meeting place has become a sort of rendezvous for nearly all grades of radicals. But unfortunately the officers of the branch are timid, half baked Socialists, not yet evolved out of the purely sentimental stage. They court respectability and fear the odium which still attaches to the revolutionary propaganda. Recently they arranged with an ex-minister, who some time since was forced to leave his church on account of his radical utterances, (a thoroughly progressive and very able man,) to occupy their platform regularly every Sunday; but the local newspapers began to abuse him, and this was too much for the "goody goody" executive staff of the party movement here, who dropped the ex-rev. like a hot coal. For similar reasons all Anarchists and revolutionists are tabooed from speaking from their platform. A year ago our bright little comrade, Emma Goldman, held a series of meetings in this city, and on her return east from the Pacific coast, some time in July, we shall again endeavor to have her visit different portions of this State and perhaps make a tour through Texas. So much for the local movement.

Two events, which have now become part of the national policy, have transpired to disturb the placid waters of the body politic. One is the spirit of Imperialism now firmly planted and already flourishing like a green bay tree. Under the thin guise of "patriotism", the besetting sentiment "My country, right or wrong" is heard on every hand. Three monster mass meetings were held recently in one day in the City of Chicago, at which all favorable comments upon the government policy in the Philippine Islands were frantically applauded. This policy of Imperialism abroad is but the thin end of the wedge which is to result in Imperialism at home. The masses of the people are either drunk or blind or crazy—perhaps victims of all three defects—and even among those calling themselves "progressive" there is a weak defence of the government policy. This absurd sentiment is to be materially strengthened by the boisterous reception to be accorded to the troops expected to return home in a month or six weeks. Meantime the few well meaning men and women who condemn the wholesale slaughter in the Philippines and the policy, under the name of "expansion", of rendering the natives of those islands unwilling subjects of our swelling commercial octopus, find themselves hopelessly snowed under in the ominous gathering of the general sentiment. There is going to be a "hot time" in this land born of revolution.

The other, and by far the more significant event, has found its culmination, naturally, in the growth and development of our new national policy, and had for its provocative feature an incipient strike in a small mining district of North-Western Idaho. The miners, however, who were armed, on this occasion took most drastic measures, made an open and forcible declaration of war by blowing up several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property, and then, when the United States' troops were sent to the scene, and the county and State officials took an active hand in the proceedings, meekly submitted to arrest and to be coralled in a stockade (like cattle in a pen); and now there are a thousand of these whilom fire-eaters and dead-shot "desperadoes" so cooped up and awaiting their transfer to the jails and penitentiaries of the country. But here was an opportunity for a telling blow against organised labor, which the authorities were not slow to embrace. Acting, no doubt, from instructions from the national capital, and dictated by the money power of this country, authoritative orders have been issued that henceforth no union miners may be employed in the disturbed district; and to clinch the matter, employers of labor who disregard this order—issued, bear in mind, by national and State officials—are to be visited with severe punishment. Thus the new national policy is asserting itself, and it remains to be seen what stand organised labor will take in the premises. A strict espionage of the mails has already been established, and circulars condemning the national expansion policy, written and mailed by the pseudo political economist, Edward Atkinson, of "tin stove" fame (but who, curiously enough, is on the right side for once) have been seized in the mails at San Francisco, while *en route* to the Philippine Islands. Suppression of (too) Radical journals will undoubtedly follow, and the swelling flame is being fanned furiously by the great daily capitalistic newspapers of the country, many of

which are demanding the immediate arrest and severe punishment of the "traitor" Atkinson.

Momentous times are before us, and it needs no prophetic sense to predict the coming Empire.

WILLIAM HOLMES.

INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE.

To the Editor of FREEDOM.

DEAR SIR,—The unusual reading given to the term "individual initiative," suggested by your correspondent AMIGO in last month's *Freedom*, is one that harmonises with the thought of many of us. May I submit a slight further exemplification.

The reform of the individual must necessarily precede the reform of the world's institutions. This is because the world's institutions are necessarily a mirror in which the people of the time see themselves reflected. If the reflection shows a surfeit of animalism—expressed through property, law, authority, oppression, enslavement of every kind—then it may well be taken that the individuals who live amongst these things are also largely animalistic.

I do not see that it is necessary that one should be a Christian, a Buddhist or a Confucian to believe in man's dual nature. It seems a necessary outcome of the theory of descent which we all, I suppose, now endorse. In the evolution from the unicellular organism to man, reason was a very late development. Amongst the offshoots from man's reasoning powers has been the "moral faculty" which constitutes man's higher nature and is opposed to the lower nature which is the heritage of ages of animal existence.

The higher nature demands for its satisfaction love, truth, justice and those things that all people recognise as virtues. By its existence it creates the responsibility of the individual and urges him to do "right." There it comes into contact with man's innate animalism. This latter demands food and rest, and when unrestrained by the higher nature (or shall we say "conscience"), luxury, idleness, power, lust, property, artificial stimulation, etc. It is the sovereignty given to these animal instincts that has produced modern society.

The individual initiative that would alter the present oppression must therefore start with the individual. With his conscience as his sole guide, ensnaring or deceiving it in no manner whatever, the revolutionist must practice the most complete fraternity, be always and ever honest, truthful and honorable; must not impose his will or labor upon others. Anarchy will come as the reign of man's higher nature.

Yours truly,

THOMAS REECE.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Has the Tsar, tired of his orthodox newspapers, been reading *Freedom* lately? The *Novosti* tells us that he is thinking of making a tour through Siberia this summer and will go through some of the convict prisons and settlements. According to travellers Siberia in its summer garb is, as far as trees and flowers go, a charming country in which to reside. The Tzar therefore does well to select July for his visit; his sensitive soul will not then be harrowed by the ironbound visage worn during nine months of the year by the corner of his dominions to which he relegates such of his subjects as dare to think differently to his police officers in politics or ethics. He will say to himself: "What a beautiful place for contemplation and repentance! With what fatherly smiles its governors and officials beam upon the misguided inmates of its penal settlements! What ennobling penance for evil thinkers to labor in my mines under such tender taskmasters and so serene a sky! Some people never know when they are well off. Siberia is a paradise of a prison. What was it my ministers were proposing the other day—the abolition of transportation? They were right; it has lost its penal character and there are escapes. A change shall be made. Henceforth wrongdoers shall not have the free run of this garden of Eden; they get fat and lazy in it." Then he will come to Balmoral to get braced up after this vision of human ingratitude. And as he smokes his afterdinner cigarette over Grandma's coffee and watches the gyrations of Grandma's best gillies as they nimbly toe the sword-dance, his bosom will inflate, his mild eye grow moist as in thought he beholds Muravieff and his war ministers not plunging their conquering swords into the bowels of fertile Turkey or golden India but to the peaceful pipings of Stead and Mons. de Staal footing a like dance across blades grown blunt by disuse. Beautiful prospect! Perhaps as in ecstatic mood he babbles of his joy, Grandma who is reported to be shrewd, is unpleasant enough to suggest Finland, students, etc., as flies upon his honey-pot. "Finland! But, *babooshka*, have they any property there—are they going to live there, your English that they talk so much about what is not their business? Do you not understand that the Finns object to speak my holy Russ? Only think, when our dear Mdm. de Novikoff's late husband was invited to luncheon by the Grand Duke Vladimir at Helsingfors he lost a whole hour trying to find a coachman or interpreter who could understand him, and when he got to the the Palace lunch was already over! Are my Novikoffs to go hungry because a dog of a Finn coachman refuses to learn Russian? But my ukase has gone forth—from now on the Finns may hold a session of their Diet once in four years; let them go hungry—but not my Novikoffs. Then the students; my police tell me sedition was clearly at the bottom of the late university riots; that they are in league with the workmen; that for over a year past a paper detailing the needs and grievances of

the workers has been secretly published—of course by the students as the police cannot find the printing office—and that moreover copies are impudently sent to my Ministers and factory inspectors. No autocrat," and he thumps his hollow chest, "can stand such insults with equanimity." And *babooshka* rings for toddy to soothe the autocratic nerves. Folly apart, one's heart goes out to the plucky staff of *The Workers' Thought*. Long life to it and its good work; yet better to die under the comprehensive grasp of the police than like the *Sunday Daily Telegraph* and *Mail* to be ignominiously snuffed out of existence between the fingers of a narrow Clericalism.

One of the grievances of the Russian workers as of others is hard work at a minimum pay. Lately there was a strike in a jute factory at Riga for a rise in wages. Perhaps the *Workers' Thought* which strongly denounces violence had not found its way into the city; anyhow the men of two other factories joined the strikers and in official language "fell upon the police and troops." We have no doubt but what both soldiers and gendarmes fell upon the strikers in the first place, but of course it reads better the other way and explains satisfactorily why several workmen were killed. The governor then proclaims that should crowds form, they will be dispersed by force, and commands the inhabitants of the city to remain in their houses, except for urgent reasons, after nine in the evening. Happy Riga! And yet even here gleams the little ray of hope that is silencing all Russia—the populace not only sympathised with but joined the strikers.

Sadder is the report from Nicolaieff, whose riot was purely anti-Semitic. Fifteen Jews were killed, two being women. "The Jews as usual," says the report, "offered no resistance." The loss of the fighting instinct in the Hebrew race seems to us one of the saddest, strangest freaks of nature. If Jewish history is to be believed never was such a nation of born fighters, they were indomitable, unconquerable, on the field, but not the faintest spark of the old flame has survived since the days of Titus and the fall of Jerusalem. The soldierly instinct has given place to the commercial, the sword to the money-bag; Venice, the greatest commercial State of mediæval Europe, only fell when she ceased to fight her own battles and hired mercenaries to fight them for her. One wishes with all brotherliness that when as an alien a Jew is struck he would strike back straight from the shoulder; but to stand by and see one's women beaten to death, and still stand by—Strange!

Ideals—lies—the stimulating principle in life, says Ibsen, using one of his sledge-hammer paradoxes to enforce a truth. The ideal of Liberty, to judge by the action of some nations which preach it from the house-tops, is just one of such anomalies, stimulating apparently to noble deeds yet debasing the underlying principle to an extent that is past belief. Like some old rooster on a gatepost flapping exultant wings and shrilling its *cockadoodledos* to an admiring harem, behold the American Eagle vociferously shrieking *Liberty!* into the ears of a listening world while digging cruel talons into the striking worker, the ignorant—therefore degraded—negro, or the dauntless Filipino. We see France, the insignia of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity floating from every flagstaff and masthead, deaf to the cry of the innocent, or blind to such assaults upon the liberty of the individual as are disclosed in a recent French journal under the heading *A Town in Bondage*:

"A situation at once interesting and curious," says the writer, "is afforded by the parish of Saint-Julien-Molin-Molette (Loire), which contains an industrial population of some 2,000 inhabitants, the proportion of the sexes being 16 women to one man. As under these conditions the young women find it difficult to marry, $\frac{1}{12}$ ths of them become old maids. The town is an industrial centre where crape and foulards are manufactured; there are five or six extremely wealthy and prosperous factories, full of the most improved machinery worked in great part by hydraulic power. Each of these factories employs from four to six hundred girls from the surrounding villages and fifteen to twenty men; the women handle the looms while the men are stokers, packers, etc. As soon as the children of the artisan families are of an age to work, the girls are sent to these factories where they are always sure of employment, and the boys to the large cities around. Now the entire population of Saint-Julien is little better than a flock of sheep, dependant not only upon the whims of the employers but in a state of abject subservience to the clergy. In all the workshops, in the yards, against the walls, in cottage gardens as in the factories, images of saints stand in niches or upon columns; every factory has a chapel and is placed under the protection of some one or other saint. On Sundays all the men, women and children are obliged to go to mass, none would dare to absent themselves. On Fridays even the slaughterhouses are closed; every one must perform his religious duties and go to confession. When an employee, male or female, fails to appear, the priest, who keeps a rigid eye on all, names the defaulter to the manager of the factory, who sends for the delinquent and demands the reason for his (or her) absence from the confessional. No one dares receive a Socialist paper by post; if a laborer he would at once lose his job, if an artisan his position. But if such a paper gets into the place by chance, it is read and reread in common and secretly passed from hand to hand. A commercial traveller having gained the confidence of the workpeople, once left a packet of the *Petite République* behind him; on his return the workmen begged him to send them regularly and if possible secretly by rail, such papers as supported their rights and claims. Held in leash by exploiting masters who can at any moment deprive every soul of bread, to this state of odious slavery is the population reduced. How dare such things be in a civilised society!"

With this wail the article ends. But it needed no note of exclamation or astonishment to emphasise it; for exploitation is one of the main growths of modern civilisation just as the mastery of the poor by the

rich is the surest sign of a civilised society. How much better, however, because truthful, would it be were France to substitute *Law, Clericalism, Militarism*, for the three words forming its present motto, and America *In the Dollar we trust*, for its dead *In God we trust*, leaving the beautiful triad *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, to the Anarchists, who alone seem desirous to make it an integral part of life.

Comrade Marmol draws our attention in the *Labour Leader* of May 20th to the case of Francisco Oliva, an innocent man tortured by Botas of Montjuich fame into confession of a crime of which he was guiltless. He asks us to continue to protest against such barbarity. What is the use of protesting, of denouncing? Danton, that voice of the old revolutionary days, did not cry to the people—"Denounce!" With the blast of a trumpet his shout rang out—"We need audacity, audacity, and yet more audacity!" But men were giants in those days. In these the English reformer sits in his easy chair and twiddles his thumbs and talks. It is so pretty and Fabianesque, especially when you wear a red tie and velvet jacket. Blood and the picturesque don't go together. The British soldier's gay scarlet gives place to brown *kaki* when he means business. This is by the way. We simply ask: what is the use of protesting about anything in England? The House of Commons will spend hours in windy orations over the suppression of a wholesome Sunday paper that may bring pleasure to the workers, but has not a moment to spare for the discussion of cases of cruelty or injustice to said workers. Who is Oliva? One of the masses. Who cares for the masses while they welter in their sublime patience? Who cares for the irresponsible negro of the States as he stands to be flayed or roasted alive for crimes of which he is not unoften innocent? What Englishman, Socialist or not, has cried shame on these devilish acts of the strong white American? Thrash Botas and men of his kind—then perhaps the inquisition may be put down in Spain; such men are invariably cowards, and those who inflict pain mercilessly upon others are usually very susceptible of its effect upon their own anatomy.

FLAGELLOMANIA.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW writes as follows to the Secretary of the Humanitarian League:

I venture to submit that you are wasting your space in attempting to deal argumentatively with the flogging petition of the Edinburgh Society for Women's Suffrage. These ladies are neither fools nor illiterates: they must know all the arguments against passionate retaliatory punishments as well as every drunkard knows all the arguments against alcohol. They have caught a well-known hysterical disease, of which there have been several European epidemics. It seems to have come to England some years ago with the influenza. Since its arrival, the Press has been inundated with frantic appeals for the revival of flogging. Some of these are so obviously the outcome of a special disorder of the imagination that it is astonishing to find reputable newspapers printing them. In others we find the Edinburgh pretence of a desire to repress crime, invariably accompanied by the statement that the lash has put down garrotting. As there is probably not a single English newspaper in which this mistake has not been exposed, or a Parliamentary debate on the subject in either House in which it has not been authoritatively contradicted, it need no longer be treated as a mistake: it is simply the excuse of the flagellomaniac for the gratification of his (or her) passion. What is wanted is not the refutation of a sham argument; but the resolute diagnosis of a real and very mischievous disease. Let this be once well-understood by the public and ladies will as soon think of passing resolutions in support of nymphomania as of flagellomania, which is a cruel variant of the same disorder.

I may remind you that the male flagellomaniac—who is sometimes, unfortunately, a judge—craves intensely for the flogging of women. He generally alleges that the woman who brings a false accusation of criminal assault or incest against a man is much more to be dreaded than a highway robber, and that the lash alone, etc.—you can supply the rest of the excuse.

If you still feel bound to argue with a disease which defies argument, simply ask why the flagellomaniac, with a great variety of exquisitely painful punishments to choose from, invariably insists on the only one that is notoriously sensual? Not long ago a flagellomaniac, excited by the assassination of the Empress of Austria, wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* proposing that Anarchists should be imprisoned for life and flogged every day. But why flogged? Why not suspended by the thumbs, or tormented by electricity? And why was this proposed when a handsome and romantic woman was stabbed, and not when President Carnot met the same fate and suffered much more? The same answer fits both questions. The pretended anti-Anarchist was simply a victim of the disease of the debauchees from whom poor girls earn a few pounds by submitting to a flogging. And that is the vulgar secret of the whole agitation. It will die away as former epidemics of it have died away. In the meantime we must see that it does not leave permanent traces on our statute book to deepen the infamy which we already enjoy as the upholders of prisons which are compared unfavorably in point of useless cruelty with the prisons of Morocco by travellers who have seen both.

The subject is so disagreeable that it is necessary to justify the publication of even a warning against it by a practical example of its danger. Early this year the London School Board, in spite of the efforts of some humane members, authorised public floggings at Truant Schools. A boy at one of the schools, having made an accusation against one of the officers and then withdrawn it, was thereupon publicly flogged, receiving the maximum punishment of twelve lashes. Some weeks later, the accused officer was found committing an offence with the flogged boy. The police applied for a warrant; the officer absconded; the boy was transferred to another school; and the flogging majority of the Board stood convicted of having been the dupes of a satyromaniac, and of having propagated his disease by a public exhibition of flogging.

Comment is unnecessary.

Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

“DEFEAT?”

Who is it speaks of defeat?—
I tell you a Cause like ours
Is greater than defeat can know;
It is the power of powers!

As surely as the earth rolls round,
A surely as the glorious sun
Follows the great world moon-wave,
Must our Cause be won!

What is defeat to us?—
Learn what a skirmish tells,
While the great Army marches on
To storm earth's Hells!

FRANCIS ADAMS.

LIFE'S GIFTS.

From OLIVE SCHREINER's *Dreams*.

I saw a woman sleeping. In her sleep she dreamt Life stood before her, and held in each hand a gift—in the one Love, in the other Freedom. And she said to the woman “Choose!”

And the woman waited long; and she said, “Freedom!”
And Life said, “Thou hast well chosen. If thou had'st said ‘Love,’ I would have given thee that thou didst ask for; and I would have gone from thee, and returned to thee no more. Now, the day will come when I shall return. In that day I shall bear both gifts in one hand.”

40,000 Locked-out in Denmark.

The workers in eleven trades throughout Denmark were locked-out at the end of May. The lock-out throws 40,000 workers out of employment (an enormous proportion of the scanty 2½ millions forming the total population), and the employers threaten to lock-out more. The cause of the lock-out was a little wages dispute with the joiners.

Several employers in Sweden and Norway have declared that they will not employ any workers who have been locked-out in Denmark.

The employers want to crush all the trade unions in Denmark, which is one of the best organised countries in the world. The workers want support; and, it is to be hoped, the English workers will not omit to render them aid with might and main. For the victory of the Danish employers would incite the employers in other countries to imitate them.

Libertarian Literature.

We have received the following papers and pamphlets:

El Porvenir Social (Nos. 1 to 10), a tri-weekly paper published at San Juan, Puerto Rico; San Sebastian, No. 10, altos. 2 ct.

Il Messaggero, weekly, published at 729 Montgomery St., Room 5, San Francisco.

Ciencia Social (No. 7), published at 2041 Calle Corrientes, Buenos Aires. 40 cts.

Czerwony Nowy Doby (January No.), Polish monthly review, published by V. Kudlata, 1136 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rivista Critica del Socialismo (May No.), review edited by S. Merlino, 7 Via Belsiana, Rome.

La Nueva Humanidad (No. 1), monthly journal published at 637 Calle de Pasco, Rosario de Santa Fe, Argentine Republic.

Le Monde Ouvrier, monthly review (No. 4), published at 5 Rue de l'Entrepôt, Paris.

Sistemas economicos en Sociología, prize essay published by La Anarquía de La Plata; San Martin, 659 Calle 49, La Plata.

Wainoni, A Federative Home; being reprint of an article in the *Canterbury Times* (New Zealand), descriptive of a home owned by some Socialist thinkers of New Zealand who believe that “by combined life some of the worries of the present detached system may be avoided.”

The Chicago Martyrs: their speeches in Court, with Governor Altgeld's *Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Schwab and Neebe*. Demy octavo, 168 pages with group portrait and picture of the memorial in Waldheim Cemetery on good paper. Published by A. Isaak, 43 Sheridan Street, San Francisco, at 25 cents, or may be obtained of T. Cantwell, 127 Ossulston St., London, N. W., for one shilling. Cash must accompany all orders.

Our comrades announce that they intend to publish Jean Grave's famous book, *Société Mourant et l'Anarchie*, as translated by Voltairine de Cleyre, about the end of August, at the same price—1s. We shall have some for sale, and those who would like to read it can send us their orders.

We have just republished Malatesta's pamphlet, *Anarchy*, No. 5 of the *Freedom Pamphlets*, and can now supply enquirers.

Contributors to “Freedom” Guarantee Fund:

H. K. 5s., A. C. 1s., W. T. 2s.6d., F. N. 5s., B. K. 5s., S. K. 5s., A. D. 5s., FREE COMMUNE Group 5s., P. K. 5s., N. W. T. 5s., C. R. 5s., A. M. 5s., Canning Town Group 5s.6d.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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- BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE L'ANARCHIE par M. NETTLAU. Preface d'ELISEE RECLUS; Brussels, 51 rue des Eperonniers, 1897; 294 pp. 5 francs; post free for 4 shillings prepaid.
- DIRECT ACTION VERSUS LEGISLATION, a new pamphlet by J. Blair Smith. Price one penny.



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