

Freedom

C.I.R.A.

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CO-OPERATION AND DEMOCRACY.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The annual festival of the Co-operators at the Crystal Palace is an occasion when the aims and methods of the co-operative movement are explained, or at any rate criticised, from various points of view. Of course, the movement is growing; the large figures increase; and new people from all quarters are found to be interested in it. But surely amongst its sympathisers some strange mixtures can be found, and it does not require a great deal of insight to understand that there must be a vast deal of difference between the motives that induce an interest to be taken in it by such high and mighty persons as Earl Grey and others of his class, and the exploited workers who hope to find in it some relief from the terrible grip of the capitalist.

Now, co-operation in its broadest sense is one of the best and most essential factors—indeed, an indispensable one—in social organisation. But it must not be forgotten that the capitalist can co-operate as well as the worker; much better, in fact, while he remains master of the economic field and the wealth which he consequently exploits. And he *does* co-operate, and becomes thereby a greater enemy of the worker. Obviously, then, there is something else to be aimed at besides all that has been done—good though it may be—by our friends the co-operators. What is that something? Beyond a doubt: expropriation and the socialisation of the means of production. Otherwise co-operation will remain what it is, or rather will become more and more a hunting ground for capitalistic investors; for as Mr. Gerald Balfour remarked, “if co-operative production could show methods for the investment of capital which were safe and yield a fair return, it could get all the capital it required.” Of course it can; and we did not need this enlightened Tory-Democrat to tell us so. But if co-operation is to follow on capitalistic lines, it will develop more and more within itself the evils of the capitalist system. And what this has already done for the movement can be best understood by those who know the sweating, the profitmongering, the bribery and corruption which already exist.

Mr. Gerald Balfour said one very true thing, viz., “that Democracy, with all its advantages, was the most difficult form of government that existed.” And so it is, as they have already discovered in the United States, but let it be understood that we can never get *true* co-operation under any form of government whatever. Before all things in co-operation, no matter what its aim may be, its organisation must be free, plastic, with the inherent capacity for forming and reforming according to the requirements which man's varied and multifarious activities demand in an ever-increasing degree.

It hardly needs the logic of a schoolboy to see that nothing less than the Anarchist conception of freedom in social and economic organisation can ever attain this end; and this, to our thinking at least, presupposes Communism as the surest basis upon which the necessary solidarity of interests could be established.

In this case what is to become of the Earl Greys and the rest of them, who are co-operators in England and capitalists and cutthroats in South Africa? Let our co-operative friends beware of the company they choose. This situation reminds us of an incident that happened some twelve years ago at the Phoenix Hall, when Earl Meath came to speak to the Social Democrats on “Co-operation and Emigration.” Poor Dan Chatterton got on to the platform in his rags to oppose, and he asked the lecturer, “How can I co-operate with you, with your wealth and your land your fine carriages? I tell you, while I am starving and you have all these, for all your philanthropy you're my bitterest enemy.”

And Dan Chatterton was right.

For inequality and true co-operation are impossible; and to fulfil its mission co-operation will have to be free from the capitalist and the profitmonger.

Readers of *Freedom*, and especially those in America, will not be surprised to hear that Sam Gompers has made himself ridiculous again in the *American Federationist*. The following is culled from an editorial in the August number of that journal, and as Gompers is the editor we presume he wrote it:

The sect of communists known as Perfectionists, which, under the leadership of Mr. Noyes, acquired world-wide notoriety by its consistency in pushing the theory of communism to its logical conclusion in making women as well as things common property, has recently displayed its “perfection” by discharging the members of the Metal Polishers' Union employed in its factory at Niagara Falls, and hiring non-union men from Canada in their stead. This action is another proof that, no matter whatever ideal state of society may be advocated or established, strong trade unions will be necessary in order to protect the workers against oppression from pretended friends as well as open foes.

It seems incredible that a man of the age and experience of Gompers could make two such stupid blunders in so short an article. Who told you, Mr. Gompers, that the “logical conclusion” of Communism was to make “women as well as things common property”? The establishment of Communism either in the form of a colony or society at large depends upon the willingness of each individual (man or woman) to share in common the results of their intellectual researches or their manual productivity with their fellow being. Who can declare *common property* in women? To assume that women can be made *common property* is to assume that, previous to that declaration, women were *property* of some other sort; and, in spite of our stupid marriage laws, we did not think that any sane man believed that—least of all the editor of a paper which is supposed to represent equal rights for women as well as men.

Fancy trade unions in an ideal state of society! If the state of society is an ideal one trade unions are superfluous; for to suppose an ideal state is to presuppose a state where liberty and equality are established facts, and it was the absence of these very things that called the old guilds and the modern trade unions into existence; because the workers wanted more liberty and more equality, so they had to fight Church, State and Capitalist. When liberty and equality (or, to put it more correctly, *equality of opportunity*) is established the necessity for trade unions will disappear.

Gompers, to judge by this article, appears to know as little about the origin of trade unions as the theory of Communism. Our advice to him is to write less and read more; and some day he may reach that stage when “he knows that he knows nothing, and when that time comes he will know a great deal.”

The papers are quoting from Mr. Kipling's forthcoming book of old letters of travel, *From Sea to Sea*, and one of the quotations is his description of Chicago. Here it is: “I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it Chicago. The other places do not count. San Francisco is a pleasure resort as a city and Salt Lake was a phenomenon. This place is the first American city I have encountered. It holds rather more than a million people with bodies, and stands on the same sort of soil as Calcutta. Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its water is the water of the Hughli, and it is dirt. Also, it says that it is the ‘boss’ town of America.”

And this is how he repays us for all the printers ink we spilled for him a month or two back, keeping him alive and working up a sale for his books. What ungrateful wretches these Imperialist poets are! Savages, eh? Not all of them. It sheltered Ragnar Redbeard and Malfew Seklew Wilkes for several years. But perhaps Rudyard did not meet with them.

Well, we are at it again; and as usual we are “playing hell!” We are in the midst of a street-car strike in New York and Brooklyn. Only those who have either visited America or lived there can appreciate what this means. A bus strike in London is not to be compared with it; for in London you have omnibuses, trams, the underground railway and the other railways, too, to carry the people. Here we have street cars and elevated railways; so, when they stop running, business is practically at a standstill. As a rule, within five hours after a street-car strike has been declared cars are being derailed, windows smashed, and it generally ends in the militia being called out. From one to half a dozen people are killed, and scores of people nurse bayonet thrusts, broken heads and innumerable bruises for weeks or months to come; then “order reigns at Warsaw.”

We are in the second stage at the present writing; but, as we are a swift people, we will probably be in the third and last stage before this is in print.

Strikers in this country are contracting a fondness for dynamite, which, I think you will agree with me, when used in destroying property is wicked. Dynamite was made to destroy Filipinos, Spaniards—and even *Englishmen* if it will help our commerce; but not property. But the workers here think otherwise; and so, on the morning of July 19, they put some dynamite under a portion of the Elevated Railroad in Brooklyn, with the result that ten feet of one pillar and twelve feet of another were smashed and the houses close by were much shaken. A passenger train from Coney Island passed over the line just previous to the outrage. Immediately after the explosion the police marched to the headquarters of the strikers and arrested twenty-two of the men who were found there. Three thousand policemen were sent to Brooklyn to subdue the strikers, and Governor Roosevelt, who rules the State according to the ten commandments, is ready with State troops—if necessary. We shall see how the Tammany mayor, Van Wyck, and the virtuous Republican governor, Roosevelt, will co-operate to subdue these rebellious slaves—who shouted themselves hoarse a short time ago for each of these worthy gentlemen.

Of course, the strikers will lose; but the solidarity of the workers goes on apace, and each strike teaches its lesson, and the struggle becomes fiercer, until some day we shall rise in our might and destroy these parasites who vitiate and threaten to destroy mankind. In the meantime: Hail to those martyrs who in times like these die in the streets, nurse wounds or languish in gaol as the result of their enthusiasm for the rights of labor! Long live the striker!

Long live the striker! This time it is not street-car drivers and conductors, but a strike of the special correspondents against General Otis and his censorship in the Philippines. They have long tried to give to the readers of the papers they represent the truth about the situation in the Philippines—which may be summed up in one word: FAILURE. But General Otis, like most soldiers and *all* politicians, hates truth like the proverbial devil hates holy water; and he therefore substitutes *glorious victory for failure*. At last the correspondents revolted and sent a long statement by way of Hong Kong which may be summed up in this most pathetic and humiliating paragraph: "We believe these despatches err in the declaration that 'the situation is well in hand,' and the assumption that the insurrection can be speedily ended without any greatly increased force.* We think that the Filipino's tenacity of purpose has been underestimated and that the statements that the volunteers are willing to serve a further period are unfounded. The censorship has compelled us to participate in this misrepresentation of facts; excising or altering uncontroverted statements of facts, on the plea that, to quote General Otis' own words, 'they would alarm the people at home'; and again, 'would set the people of the United States by the ears.' We specify as examples, the prohibition of despatches giving the hospital reports of the numbers of heat-prostrations in the field; the suppression of field operations in cases of failure; the prohibition of complete reports of the general situation, and the systematic minimising of all naval operations. (Signed) Bass, Dinwiddies, *New York Herald*; McCutcheon Armstrong, *Chicago Record*; Little, *Chicago Tribune*; Collins, Jones, Dutning, *Associated Press*; Keen, *Scripps*; Davis, McDonnell, *New York Sun*."

We are told that General Otis particularly resented those parts of this despatch which made reference to the volunteers and the naval operations; whereupon the correspondents cited many proofs of their assertion.

Poor Otis! you are not the first who has lost his reputation in this business. General Shafter, commissariat Egan and the present Secretary of War, Alger, have gone before you; and, as misery loves company, they eagerly await your coming.

Secretary of War Alger has just resigned under pressure, and threatens revelations. They would be as interesting as Esterhazy's, and Mc Kinley knows it; so they are trying to keep him quiet. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" Bill; and methinks that after March 4th, 1901, thou wilt wander back to that little jay town of Canton to sit in your porch and live on the past the rest of your life. "'Tis true, 'tis pity," but you will go down to posterity as the American Duc d'Orleans, the man who always did the wrong thing at the wrong time.

What a great thing it is to be a mathematician. Anarchists, Socialists and Single Taxers have said some splendid things about the murder (war) going on in the Philippines; but it remained for our dear old conservative friend, Edward Atkinson of Boston, the bourgeois economist, to figure out in dollars how much each dead Filipino has cost the taxpayers—*i.e.* the workers—of the United States. He makes it £5,200. Think of it: £5,200 *each*, and a great many have been killed! But then, Edward adds with irony, "If we kill more, it will come cheaper." What an expensive thing this government is, even in its murder! Why, in civilised countries, where there is free competition in murder, murders are committed sometimes for a loaf of bread! "Cost shall be the limit of price," some say. Why, down South, they take the trouble to kill "niggers" and never charge for the rope they hang them with.

As this money question is one likely to appeal to all business men, as it is important we should get this work done as cheaply as possible, I refer Mr. Atkinson to Tucker's Office Cat, now employed on a Chicago newspaper, for a scientific treatise on the subject of free competition. Or, better still, the American Poet, now on tour in England; he has more time on his hands. For my part I recommend that we start a hat

factory in the Philippines, get a New Jersey man to manage it, and employ Filipinos in it. If the factory is large enough the question will be settled in six months and the cost of killing the Filipinos be *nil*.

Now that things are leaking out, we find that General Otis takes rank with General Shafter and Secretary of War Alger. All three of these worthy gentlemen may be summed up in the language of the late Bill Nye: "As failures they are a howling success." Volunteers are being found in abundance for the Philippine, and reinforcements are being despatched now from San Francisco, while more transports are being got ready. All of which goes to prove what the street fakir says: "There's a sucker born every minute." But the papers admit that the old difficulty will again confront General Otis unless he is given a sufficient army to sweep the islands with; and, as it will take something over 100,000 men to do that, I fear the General will have to work overtime. However, as overtime is contrary to the General's ideas, the war is likely to drag on.

You see, Aguinaldo is such a "savage" that he refuses to come out in the open and face a much larger force and be slaughtered according to civilised warfare. As a capitalist daily puts it, "He maintains the tactics pursued when he had to deal with the Spaniards, and no trained troops can escape demoralisation under a galling system of guerrilla warfare, which exhausts them and destroys their spirit without deteriorating the calibre of the enemy." How very sad! Rightly or wrongly the war in Cuba, and now in the Philippines, which have been wars upon property more than on men, have set a lot of people in the United States thinking, and unless a lot of education takes place before the social revolution breaks out in America there is going to be *hell* to pay.

WOLVES and SHEEP.

Within society there are sheep—black sheep, and white sheep. The rich are the white sheep: they become white by a bleaching process in which gold plays an active part. The poor are the black sheep: they become black by the effects of the poisonous fumes and filth given off in the bleaching of the white sheep.

There are wolves in society, which are domesticated for the benefit of the *white* sheep. These wolves prey upon the *black* sheep, and are called *police*.

At night, those of the black who can afford to pay the entrance fee resort to a fold called a "model" lodging-house. What they are supposed to be models of, I cannot say—unless it be of "Purgatory" where "lost souls await their doom." These lodging-houses are to be found in abundance in the dirty alleys and streets of the slums in any of the large towns and cities of England. As a rule, they have a painted sign or colored lamp giving the information that they have "good beds" at 3d, 4d., and 6d. per night. Sometimes they have the alluring device: "Lodgings for travellers," which means: lodgings for tramps.

It is here that the black sheep, the outcasts of society, resort at night. Here we find them collected together in a room reeking with tobacco smoke, and a vile smell of cooking (or rather, *charring*) bloaters and kippers. There is a hubbub of loud talking, quarrelling and singing(!). Suddenly all are silent; two tall men have entered who stalk from one end of the room to the other, gazing with impudent and searching looks into the faces of those present, who return the scrutiny with scowls and mutterings. These grim strangers are police searching for an individual who is "wanted"; they are wolves seeking for a victim, we might say. They discover their prey in that individual who, hiding his head in his arms, pretends to be asleep. The wolves lay hands on him and say, "Come!" He goes, with clenched hands and a muttered curse. After the two wolves and one black sheep have gone, the hubbub resumes its continuity; for nothing unusual has happened.

Where has the unfortunate black sheep been taken?

To prison; where he will undergo a transformation. He is now a beast, a black sheep: in prison he will become a number, a machine. As a beast he has a name, an individuality, is a whole. As a machine he possesses no individuality, his name is hidden by a number, he becomes but an unknown part. A name presupposes a man; a number a cipher.

In such manner are the black sheep of "CIVILISATION" doomed by society to ever swing, like a pendulum, between a sheep and a cipher.

W. ANDERSON.

ON A PICNIC.

We had set out from Leeds on our iron steeds, three of us, casting dull care aside, wanting to feel untrammelled, to be natural, to frolic, to think, to be serious. We did all, and well—at least we thought so. But, decide as we might to leave behind the bitterness of life, it would obtrude itself everywhere; no sooner had the lovely contour of scenery, the wood-clad uplands, the pleasant dreamy meadow land enthused us; made us glad that we were alive and were a part of this beautiful nature, than our breasts were fired with bitterness and revolt at the sight of those poor outcasts—tramps. Ah, me! to what depths of hypocrisy these poor beings are driven! Professional or not, the grades are only a question of degree, here were people—strangers in their own country, homeless, foodless. We felt guilty; we pictured the wife and bairnies of this man—obviously a worker—anxiously awaiting the news of the sought-for work, wanting at this very moment food, dragged lower and

* This is a case Englishmen can appreciate, for they have their Soudan. When we go forth to rob and subdue people in foreign lands and they oppose our robbery and invasion, they are Insurgents, Rebels.

lower into the human cesspool. Alas! how helpless we were to help them! "God bless you," whined one poor old man, who should have been surrounded by his children's children in one of those cosy cottages that we had passed by the roadside, smoothing his old grey hairs with love. "—God!" and our machines sped the quicker as our hearts welled up and our muscles strained as though to tear the Moloch to pieces.

At last—Darley Dale and its Anarchist picnickers. Leicester, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, Leeds—eighty in all. The welcomes and inquiries and chats with all the well-loved faces that one has been associated with so long! Comradeships renewed and strengthened; how time passes, a whole day, and yet not one half of the conversations you had promised yourself have been held! Here's Gorrie—who has *not* taken our photos this year—with Archie and Elsie, who, bye the bye, has developed into quite an orator (I heard her discussing non-resistance with a certain bloodthirsty Leedsite of my acquaintance), Ben and Clara Warner, Kate Barclay, all of them valiant propagandists in the days of old. "How's propaganda in Leicester?" "Nothing doing." The old complaint: no speakers. Gorrie has arranged a few lectures; Kenworthy has been there, the Brotherhood group hold a few discussions, some of them are Anarchist. "Where are all those big meetings in Russel Square, in Humberstone Gate and in the Market?" "And the Group?" "All sleeping." "Leicester, Leicester, wake up;" and she has decided to wake up, and willy nilly is going to do some more propaganda. Good; for when Leicester stirs, one hears about it.

And here's Alf Barton, who's busy endeavoring to resuscitate the fallen glories of Sheffield. What a fine old group there was there, some fifty strong in the times when they used to publish the now almost forgotten *Anarchist*. But, somehow or the other, propaganda has been neglected and a deal of energy wasted in futile wishes that Creaghe would come back. Alf has great hopes of the recently-formed Socialist Society, and the provisional committee, with Carpenter and Mapleton on it, seems to bear out his hopes.

Hard by are the Manchester contingent with their small army of young Anarchists; and Liverpool, those harum scarum lads and lasses.

And so the time passes, flitting from one comrade to another, filling oneself with the glorious nectar of fraternity.

Then tea, with its visions of stewed fruit and brown bread, provided by those voracious vegetarians—the Salford group. What awful appetites these gory revolutionists have! Our hunger appeased, we look expectantly to the "conference"; and are sorely disappointed. We have none of the discussions that have marked previous years; just a dry decision as to the place for the next picnic; a collection for the Walsall comrades, and for *Freedom*, and hey, it is time for them to hurry to the station, where with a hoarse shriek the engines bear them back to civilisation, work and woe. Alack-a-day just one short glimpse into the future, and a year of sordidness and toil!

Well, the picnic is over; and so, with sore hearts, we pursue our course toward the limestone highlands of the Peak. We are going to spend a few more days here—until all our "necessary" is gone. The hills around close in upon us, higher and higher we ascend, breathing the pure mountain air, exhilarating, free. The trees disappear; rocky ledges, heather-covered slopes appear, breaking here and there into precipitous escarpments. We fling ourselves down upon our backs, determined to drink our fill. Over yon hill-top we hear the screech of an eagle calling its mate, and involuntarily we find our thoughts travelling from the poor sheep that has become its prey, to capitalism and its numberless victims. And we thought of the picnic and of the movement and of its present condition, and we wondered. It is of little use hiding it, the movement has shared in the general apathy. At our picnics we no longer talk about the interchanging of speakers, or about what we are going to do; no, we have eaten, have made merry, but the hideous vampire of commercialism has stalked around us and we have not heeded it. We *must* wake up and the groups must bestir themselves; while it is true that they can do little outside work owing to the small number of speakers, there are means of developing speakers, or if not there are other means of propagating. But move we must or, perforce, we'll rust. Why can't the comrades meet regularly and, if they cannot arrange outside meetings, discuss among themselves, educate themselves, prepare the ammunition that will be needed when the awakening comes again? We have a place apart from ordinary work; we should be the intellectual advance guard of the Revolution! Those words of Morris keep ringing in my ears:

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die!

We meant that in the days when the wolkin used to ring with it; and let us mean it now; for the Cause is calling upon us now and very earnestly, too. H. M. Kelly was right when, in the last *Freedom*, he appealed for more solidarity. We want it that we may be brought closer and closer that we may fight the better.

But I'm croaking, like yon black-coated crow. Let's away to some old-world hostelry and bathe our heads in a pint of home brewed.

I can not tell you of our adventures, it would take too long; of how we discussed Anarchy with the astonished natives of that mountain village, or of our talk with the village policeman, of his amazement on hearing that the Duke of Devonshire was a thief, of how he offered to take us on a poaching expedition; no, we must reserve all these little yarns until we can see you, and can get you to laugh and to feel enthused as we did.

It's all over, we are back to work now; but I wish that you had been there and could feel as we do; for our frames are bursting to work all the harder for Anarchy because of the comrades we have met, because

of the hills and the dales we have been among, because of the bitterness of our return to the beastly routine of commercial life. W. M.

CUTTINGS.

Do not create a child to be a post set in an orthodox row; raise investigators and thinkers, not disciples and followers; cultivate reason, not faith; cultivate investigation, not superstition; and if you have any doubt yourself about a thing being so, tell them about it; don't tell them the world was made in six days—if you think six days means six good whiles, tell them six good whiles. If you have any doubts about anybody being in a furnace and not being burnt, or even getting uncomfortably warm, tell them so—be honest about it. If you look upon the jawbone of a donkey as not a good weapon, say so. Give a child a chance. If you think a man never went to sea in a fish, tell them so, it won't make them any worse. Be honest, that is all; don't cram their heads with things that will take them years to unlearn; tell them facts—it is just as easy.—INGERSOLL.

I tell you there is something splendid in man that will not always mind. Why, if we had done as the kings told us five hundred years ago, we would all have been slaves. If we had done as the priests told us, we would all have been idiots. If we had done as the doctors told us, we would all have been dead. We have been saved by disobedience. We have been saved by that splendid thing called independence, and I want to see more of it, day after day, and I want to see children raised so they will have it. That is my doctrine.—INGERSOLL.

Great is Bankruptcy: the great bottomless gulf into which all falsehoods, public and private do sink, disappearing; whither, from the first origin of them, they were all doomed. For Nature is true and not a lie. No lie you can speak or act but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's Reality, and be presented there for payment,—with the answer, *No effects*. Pity only that it often had so long a circulation: that the original forger were so seldom he who bore the final smart of it! Lies and the burden of evil they bring are passed on; shifted from back to back, and from rank to rank; and so land ultimately on the dumb lowest rank, who with spade and mattock, with sore heart and empty wallet, daily come in contact with reality, and can pass the cheat no further.—CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*.

The Bourgeoisie.

All men, taken singly, are more or less selfish; and taken in bodies they are intensely so. The British merchant is no exception to this rule: the mercantile classes illustrate it strikingly. These classes certainly think too exclusively of making money: they are too oblivious of every national consideration but that of extending England's (*i.e.* their own) commerce. Chivalrous feeling, disinterestedness, pride in honor, is too dead in their hearts. A land ruled by them alone would too often make ignominious submission—not at all from the motives Christ teaches, but rather from those Mammon instills. During the late war, the tradesmen of England would have endured buffets from the French on the right cheek and on the left; their cloak would they have given to Napoleon, and then have politely offered him their coat also, nor would they have withheld their waistcoat if urged: they would have prayed permission only to retain their one other garment, for the sake of the purse in its pocket. Not one spark of spirit, not one symptom of resistance would they have shown till the hand of the Corsican bandit had grasped that beloved purse; then, perhaps, transfigured at once into British bull-dogs, they would have sprung at the robber's throat, and there they would have fastened, and there hung—inveterate, insatiable, till the treasure had been restored. Tradesmen, when they speak against war, always profess to hate it because it is a bloody and barbarous proceeding: you would think, to hear them talk, that they are peculiarly civilised—especially gentle and kindly of disposition to their fellow-men. This is not the case. Many of them are extremely narrow and cold-hearted, have no good feeling for any class but their own, are distant—even hostile to all others; call them useless; seem to question their right to exist; seem to grudge them the very air they breathe, and to think the circumstance of their eating, drinking and living in decent houses, quite unjustifiable. They do not know what others do in the way of helping, pleasing, or teaching their race; they will not trouble themselves to inquire; whoever is not in trade is accused of eating the bread of idleness, of passing a useless existence. Long may it be ere England really becomes a nation of shopkeepers.—*Shirley* (by Charlotte Brontë).

INTERNATIONAL PLENARY AMNESTY GROUP.

Notice!

The international group which has lately been formed for the purpose of procuring the plenary amnesty of all condemned political prisoners requests its sympathisers, in this and every country, to send to the Secretary's office particulars of such cases of extradition as have occurred this year, in order that these may be discussed at the next Group Meeting and made known to the public. L. MICHEL, Sec.,

127 Ossulston Street, N. W.

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Notice to Subscribers.—If there is a break against this notice your subscription is due, and must be sent before next month if you wish to go on receiving the paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. Reece and O'Shea, letters received; shall be noticed in our next issue.

NOTES.

AN "EXPERT" OPINION.

There are some people who still believe that political Socialism is dangerous; but those people do not live in this country, and as part proof we quote from the *Westminster Gazette* of August 17 on the subject of Italian politics:

Elections of some interest have just taken place in Italy. Three Socialist members who were deprived of their seats and political rights after the riots of last year have been returned by their constituencies with majorities considerably increased. At Milan, the centre of the abortive revolution of 1898, M. Turati, who came straight from his prison at Pallanza, after thirteen months in gaol, has again been returned by an overwhelming majority. Ravenna has elected M. de Andreis; and at Forli M. Chiesi has been successful. The elections are a proof that the tide of discontent with the present state of government in Italy is still strong. *If the Cabinet is wise it will let the new members take their seats. They will probably be more dangerous outside than inside Parliament.*

The italics are ours. The S.D.F. might take this to heart; for after nineteen years froth and foam they have reached that comatose state when they actually think they are going to smash the Liberal Party at the next general election or, at least compel them to come to terms, when they would initiate the Social Democratic State from those houses in Westminster that William Morris saw so vividly in his dream as Dung Houses.

A PROSPECTIVE HARPIST.

Modesty is not one of the virtues of the modern statesman, and as an example we quote W. T. Stead on M. de Staal, the "Father of the Peace Conference." Stead was anxious for copy for the *Review of Reviews*, so he asked each chief delegate of the various governments represented at the Conference for a watchword for the future Conference, and the reply was as follows:

"I have said little, but worked much. All my work has been to sit between everyone, and take them by the arm and make them agree." Mr. Stead made an inquiry as to five years hence at the next Conference. "Oh," said he, "do you know where I shall be at the date of the next Conference?" "Where?" asked Mr. Stead. He said nothing, but raised his hand and pointed it above.

Having lived in England, Heaven and America, our only conclusion is that M. de Staal meant he was going to be in Heaven five years hence when he pointed upward. Considering that "God" has always been generous to men like M. de Staal perhaps he is justified in his assumption, though he might have been more modest about it. But perhaps he has read George Bernard Shaw, who says: in order to be successful you must not only be great, but you must tell people you're great.

"VIRTUOUS" INDIGNATION.

Mr. Croker, better known as the "Boss" of New York State, has been talking for publication, a thing not uncommon with American politicians, and the *Daily Telegraph* quotes him as follows on the Filipino question:

Said Mr. Croker: "While I was in Europe I talked with some of the best-informed men there on the subject of colonial conquest. I also made investigation for myself, and I reached the conclusion that we have no right to keep the Philippines. We were wrong in the first place to pay \$20,000,000 for them. In the second place, I believe that the war, which is now costing us thousands of lives and millions of dollars, was not started by the Filipinos, but by Americans under somebody's orders."

"I have become absolutely convinced that the war, as it was started, was part of a political plot to put back into power the discredited McKinley Administration, McKinley seeking to float back into office on the tide of Filipino blood. What should we do with the Philippines? They are not for us, or any other white people. The only people who can live there for any length of time are those who are now fighting our troops there. We can get the islands by annihilating the natives, by blowing them from the cannon's mouth, just as England has done, but in no other way, and when we get them they will be of no use to us. Our people cannot exist there."

The *Westminster Gazette* reprints this from the *Telegraph*, and asks: "Who could have told Mr. Croker that we kept islands by blowing men from guns?" We were not aware that it was

a secret; for the whole world knows that "we" (officials of the English government) blew men from the mouths of cannon in India; so we do not see what is there to quarrel with Croker about, unless because, like Kitchener and the Mahdi's head, we cannot deny it so we want to forget it. The American people are equally well aware that Croker is an infamous scoundrel and one who would be quite willing to float into office on the tide, not only of Filipino blood, but American blood if he could. What interested him was the \$20,000,000, not the blood; but it is a sign of the times that opinion is changing with respect to the conquest of the Philippines by the United States, and Croker wants to be with the tide when the flood comes. Hence his virtuous indignation at this shedding of innocent blood and waste of money.

HOW THE M. P. LIVES.

The man who said the House of Commons was the best club in London was about right, judging by the report of the Kitchen and Refreshment Room Committee of that establishment. And they seem to have just concluded a very prosperous season. Up to July 29, 11,941 luncheons, 21,986 dinners, 347 suppers, 32,963 teas and 5,971 meals at bars have been served. There was a profit of over thirty per cent on all this, and the sale of wines realised £4,645.

The club is evidently in a very prosperous way, and what a jolly time the members must have to be sure. After all, the representative system is a fine institution for the representative.

And who can complain if the representatives of the starving poor of old England are so well fed! Why, only the discontented Anarchists, who do not know how to run a club of their own and who will not recognise M.P.'s as necessary, even if they are an evil.

No wonder the Marxists want to "conquer the fortress of political power." They've found out what's in the kitchen. And, whether they are materialists or not, they have stomachs that cannot be ignored, and a weakness for "dinners" which is alarmingly evident when the "stars" of their party meet to exchange compliments.

THE "DEVIL" IN SOUTHWARK.

The South-east London Primitive Methodist Mission has just issued its annual report, and in speaking of the poorer classes in Southwark, says:

The majority of the inhabitants of Southwark and the surrounding neighbourhood are desperately wicked. Many of them are living in a state of drunkenness, filth and wretchedness. They are the captives of the devil, and they bear his marks upon them. Devilishness is apparent in their words and deeds, and from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head there is no soundness in them. All their money is spent in drink, and the result is that the children are ill fed and badly clothed.

Now, the first thing that strikes one about these and similar "missions" is the sickening hypocrisy behind them all. Time was when genuine religious fervor and a desire for the welfare of others animated the members of these religious sects. Now everyone knows how they are worked: how the canting cheats of commerce subscribe to them; how the busybodies of both sexes, instead of looking after the welfare of their own wretched little souls, which are in a parlous condition, make their inquisitorial visits into the homes of the poor workers, only to come away libelling and defaming them when they want an excuse for touching the purses of the well-to-do classes.

We do not doubt for one moment that many of the unfortunate inhabitants of Southwark "are living in a state of drunkenness, filth and wretchedness." We have been told this of every quarter of London where the poor live. But why is it? we ask again: and not one of these humbugging organisations will give a frank answer to the question. They will prate of the devil; but the devil who has got the Southwark poor in his toils is the exploiter and the landlord. These are the monsters they will have to cast out before Southwark can make a new start in life.

COUNTY COUNCIL TACTICS.

The County Council is in very bad odour just now: it is proving itself a very bad employer and a very bad landlord.

As to the former charge, its treatment of the tram men amply confirms the worst that has been said of it; and for meanness, tyranny and espionage it exceeds the worst of the private companies.

Now take an example of the poor so far as the housing problem is concerned. They are making "improvements" in Clare Market and, consequently, are turning out many of the wretched inhabitants, who already pay exorbitant rents, and who crowd there probably to be near their employment. But as some of them have not "cleared out," Mr. Tackley, of the solicitors' department, wants ejectment warrants, coolly remarking: that accommodation could be obtained at Hogarth Buildings, Mill-

bank! "One woman, however, stated that she could not afford to take these rooms, though she would like to do so. She has five children, and now paid 5/6 rent, while at Hogarth Buildings she would have to pay 10/- as they would not let her less than three rooms." There is the position in a nutshell. All these "improvements" are leaving the *fundamental* evils of our social system untouched. Indeed, all this tinkering by municipal bodies only harasses and torments the lives of the down-trodden masses of our population.

But the Labor men on the Council: how often do we hear their voices raised in condemnation of all this? In face of all this they would not rest day or night if they were true to their pledges. The ways of the man who fights for the cause of the people *with* the people, and the man who is *supposed* to fight the same fight as an "elected person" differ as black and white. John Burns fought the Dock Strike by the side of the men in the streets; he will not and cannot make such a fight for any cause of the workers in the County Council.

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

Great activity is being displayed both by London and provincial Anarchists and friends in the cause of the Walsall comrades. Good collections are everywhere being made, and we are justified in hoping to render them substantial help on their release. We expect the release of Charles and Battola in the third week of September, but we hear that Cailes will be detained till December.

The question of a public welcome will have to be left in abeyance, as we understand that they have not been awarded the number of marks entitling them under the prison rules to be released on the same day.

We have received the following sums on their behalf:

A. W. W.	9 0	A. E. Osborne	1 0	Nunquam II.	3
C. O.	1 0 0	J. M.	1 0	H. Challender	6
G. C. D.	10 0	J. W. S.	5 0	Brodman	10 0
E. C.	3 0 0	H. Swinscoe	1 0	A. H. H.	2 0
R. F. M.	2 0 0	W. Chapman	6	A Socialist friend	2 0
A. H. Lowe	6	Anarchist	6	Westley	1 0
T. Shuter	1 0	S. Wilson	3	Nelson	3 0
T. F. E.	6	J. Murry	6	Carter	1 0
W. E. S.	1 0	A. Williamson	6	K. H.	2 0
Primmer (two lists)	19 7			Total	£9 13 7

T. CANTWELL.

THE RUSKIN COLONY.

It is generally an unprofitable business to discuss the dissensions that arise in experimental colonies and communes except when something may be gained by a knowledge of their causes.

Our knowledge of the split in the Ruskin Colony has been obtained from the accounts in its journal, *The Coming Nation*, and assuming them to be a fair statement of the facts we can only express our surprise and regret that presumably intelligent persons should be led to make such an estimate of Anarchism and Free Love as therein appears.

We enter our protest first with regard to their misunderstanding of the Anarchist position.

We do not know whether the few persons who are supposed to have caused the trouble consider themselves Anarchists, but we affirm that no *true* Anarchists can ever appeal to the law for legal protection, least of all in disputes between comrades. For to do so is to give away entirely the Anarchist position. It is therefore necessary to point out to friends in the Ruskin Colony that, as a matter of fact, it is the law that has dealt them this deadly blow. "The disappointed minority" who applied for receivership brought the law into the dispute; and if the Ruskin Colonists prefer the law to Anarchism we do not see that they have any right to complain: certainly not to blame Anarchism for the stupidity and injustice of legal methods.

Then comes the question of free love; and we are told that this, too, has been cast out by the "200 who stood piously for law, order and morality." Free love cast out? Then what have they remaining: legal marriage? If this is so, we are sorry for their morality. Do they think, then, that man should be free in all his relations except where love is concerned, the very one that needs it most if life is to be healthy, pure and free? Perhaps some people are foolish about free love, as they are about other things. That is inevitable perhaps; but foolishness in that respect is earlier remedied than foolishness in marriage, and goodness knows we see enough of that to disgust us with an institution which has encouraged even more cruelty and domination of man over woman than our economic system, with which, however, it is inextricably interwoven.

Speaking of the quarrel, the *Coming Nation* asks, "Have we made any gains? Yea, verily: Anarchy and free love have been utterly stamped out." Well, then, so much the worse for the Ruskin Colony.

A Comment on a Commentator.

George Bernard Shaw has recently written a book, *The Perfect Wagnerite* with the avowed object of explaining to the Philistines in general Wagner's chief work, *The Ring of the Nibelungs*. It is needless to say that the book is excellent, and affords a pleasant after-noon's reading, full as it is with the Authors brilliant and scintillating wit. Somewhat fortunately for some of us, whose struggle for existence has prevented the cultivation of the finer arts, the subject,—an intensely interesting one to the Anarchists— is not dealt with from the strictly musical aspect.

As one might expect from Wagner, the comrade of Bakunin in the Dresden rising, *The Ring of the Nibelungs*, is largely permeated with Socialistic and revolutionary philosophy. Here comes the special interest of Shaw's work to us, for he endeavours to explain, partly from Wagner's standpoint, but mainly from his own, this underlying philosophy of the *Ring*.

The ordinary person will regard the *Ring* as a curious medley of giants, dwarfs and gods arranged in quite the orthodox fairy tale manner, but in reality they are dramatisations of the three main orders of people: lustful greedy people; the patient, toiling money-worshipping people; and the intellectual people who devise and administer States and Churches. Above these, and superior, is Man, typified by Siegfried "an Anarchist, a young Bakunin." The world of the gods having got tired of the trickery introduced by the great lie-law, yearns for this Anarchistic spirit, which in the course of the tale comes. Of course, combats and blue and red fire, and all that sort of thing happen; but we need not bother about that, but come down to Shaw's criticism of Siegfried the Anarchist. After all, as Shaw *himself* admits he knows more about Wagner than Wagner did himself, so we must look at him from a standpoint that we do understand: that of Anarchism.

This Man spirit, this young Bakunin, is a totally unmoral person, the type of the healthy man "raised to perfect confidence in his own impulses by an intense and joyous vitality that is above fear!"

Without the makeshifts of morality that the sickly and sentimental Law-monger invents he is free, honest and decent, and, devoid of hypocrisy, makes for real progress. This spirit—which Shaw names, Neoproteantism, or Anarchism—has been responsible for such progress as the world has made hitherto. As this spirit has grown, as the Siegfrieds or young Bakunins have appeared, the devastating fury of their self-consciousness has swept Church and State before it, leaving mankind free to make another step in advance.

So far, so good; but now Shaw, with characteristic "Irishism," proceeds to demolish the structure that he has so well built up. Lest the youth of the world should be inspired by what he has pictured, lest, fired by its delightful romance, they begin to emulate the young Bakunin, Shaw addresses a word of warning: Do not turn Anarchist, he declares in effect, read my *Impossibilities of Anarchism*, Anarchism may be desirable, but we must breed a new race of men. There are no men to-day; and in spite of the fact that we have been previously shown that God-heads or Governments are impotent for good, we are to entrust the breeding of the future race to the State!

If Shaw were the ordinary man in the street, and told a tale like this, we should no doubt say that he was talking nonsense or, mayhap, we might say something stronger. As it is, Shaw must be having a little joke, all on his own! His conclusion is too grotesque to be taken seriously, yet he reiterates it. The fact of the matter is that in his attempt to pose as the cynic of the century, Shaw has stumbled. The very rottenness and lack of character among men, that he so cordially detests, is a direct product of the very remedy he proposes with so light a heart to apply. Men, in so far as they are back-boneless, are so because the State in its capacity of Property-protector has compelled them to be false to the innate nobility of manhood, to be servile, to be hypocritical, to be slavish. The trust in Man possessed by the Anarchist is not, in spite of all Shaw's sneers, a foolish one. Every one who has mixed among his fellow-men—in the feeling of a comrade; not of a cynic—knows how on every possible occasion the innate goodness of man comes to the top. Let one but fall into such a position as calls for the sympathy and practical help of his fellow man, do we find that mutual aid is dead? Give a chance, says the Anarchist, and the budding nobility of manhood will burst forth with an effluence not to be equalled. Let the spirit of Siegfried take possession of the hearts of men, sweeping away for ever Shaw's shibboleth—the State,—and man will come out in his true colors; noble, honest, because free.

W. MACQUEEN.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SITUATION IN SPAIN.

The present revolutionary situation in Spain is due to many causes, the most conspicuous being the new Estimate presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Don Raymundo Fernandez Villaverde.

The budget of this clerical Minister is a cowardly one. It does not reduce the interest on the foreign debt, interest at the rate of 7 per cent, because the debt has been largely placed in Europe and the nations

who have assumed it might protest. Castilian pride, moreover, forbids the minister to open the eyes of the world to the misery of his country. But at home there is no reason to conceal it. The people are tractable at will. Also, there is no idea of reducing the budget-list of honors, nor the allowance for the Royal Family, nor the Ministerial appointments; it is easier to snatch the last mouthful of bread from the people. For, when extraordinary taxes are imposed on property, rent is raised; the landlord's principle being that he must never be the loser in such transactions. If taxes, again, are imposed on industries, wages are lowered; employers being precisely of the same opinion with respect to their interests. Finally, in crushing agriculture, provisions are rendered so dear as to be inaccessible to the purse of the poor.

Of all things, surely it is the ruinous and useless War Budget that might have been attacked. The tiger, Polavieja, assassin of Rizal and the heroic Tagals, friend of the Pope and the Jesuits, demands thirty millions of pesetas (about £1,000,000) extra for the Army Estimate. In face of the resolute attitude of the country he has consented to reduce from 120,000 to 80,000 the military contingent for this year. But that is too many, since no one dare dream of a war which could but mean certain disaster. Against whom, then, is the government preparing to battle? against whom is it organising its forces, if not against the people, its aim being to compel them to accept an inquisitorial regime which takes us back to the good old days of Philip II?

But so well have the people learned to defy and mistrust, that noting the discontent of the smaller bourgeoisie, it has seized the occasion to demonstrate its long-contained wrath. The recent attempts against the convents of the Jesuits at Saragossa, Valencia and Barcelona, against the fraternities of Reus and Tarragona, against the monks and priests almost everywhere, against the military circles of Andalusia, and against the police and gendarmery in the chief cities of every province, prove clearly that if the people understand the significance of the financial crisis of which they are the first victims, there are other matters which concern them much more.

Exactly on the eve of the day on which these troubles broke out with cries of, "Death to the Inquisitors! Revision of the Montjuich trial! Abolition of the Anti-Anarchist law!" the Minister of Justice(?), Señor Duran y Bas, had announced to the parliament that he had appealed to the military authorities of Barcelona for a revision of the trial of the Anarchists of Montjuich. Now, is it known of whom these authorities consist? Lieutenant Portas, Chief of the Barcelona police and Grand Inquisitor; General Despujols, Captain-general of Catalonia and organiser of the torture system; Colonel Garcia Navarro, military governor of Barcelona, the same who, at Montjuich, declared that his eyes were closed to reason and who demanded the death penalty for 28 innocent men and penal servitude for the remainder of the accused. In parliament a Catalanian and Catholic Deputy, Señor Ferrer Vidal, whose name merits public execration, declared that what had been done at Montjuich was not enough—the majority of the Conservative-Clericals applauding the sentiment!

The riots thus provoked, and which broke out on the morrow, at least proved to these ministerial wild beasts that the slumbering nation had awakened, and it is to be noted that the disorders which occurred at Valencia, Barcelona, Saragossa, Seville, Murcia, Granada, Reus, Tarragona, Sabadell, Badalona, etc., had one and the same origin. Everywhere agitation commenced by legal demonstrations, by meetings in favor of the condemned of Montjuich, and by timid protests against the financial scheme of the Ministry. Everywhere on quitting these reunions it was sufficient for a small number of the revolted to display their energy to draw the crowd after them. Every morning telegrams (revised by the censor) proclaim that order is re-established. Every night information from private sources tells us that the agitation is daily increasing.

Will this movement be once more crushed? Will it end by spreading until transformed into a social revolution? Future events alone will tell us. The interesting point is that, as shown by recent incidents, this movement is not a political one. It is anti-clerical and anti-bourgeois. I may even add that it is libertarian. For the rest, the Spanish proletariat is essentially anti-parliamentary and anti-political. Under the peculiar conditions of the country it cannot logically be otherwise. This, we shall hope to prove in our next article.

T. del MARMOL.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

To the long list of Spanish political martyrs we have now to add the name of Francisco Gana, news of whose recent death in Barcelona has reached us. Known as a revolutionist and a speaker of considerable power and influence, he was one of the first to be arrested after the Barcelona incident of 1893 and subjected to ill-usage by Portas in Montjuich. Liberated after a year's detention, without ever having been brought to trial, he spent some months in France and England, arousing interest and sympathy everywhere by his plain unvarnished statement of his own and comrades' sufferings at the hands of the Spanish Inquisitors. Formerly a vigorous man, his health was permanently injured by the brutal treatment he experienced; and when he finally returned to Spain, it was to die. More than 3,000 sympathisers followed his body to the grave, where Teresa Claramunt—once a fellow prisoner—delivered an eloquent and spirited address.

The death of Gana in the prime of life is apparently the direct result of barbarities practised in a Spanish prison; yet prisons are not the only

places where authority, whether elected or self-constituted, ill-treats at will, nor are Anarchists the sole sufferers. Some weeks since, in a mine in the Caucasus owned by Belgian capitalists and worked by Bohemians, ill-feeling arose in consequence of the bad treatment of the workers. It was passing over when the mysterious disappearance of a sum of money from the manager's cash-box called for investigation. Suspicion fell or was thrown on ten young lads, and the mine authorities, too benign to send for the police, took the law into their own hands. The boys were imprisoned for three days without food or drink; when, hunger failing to extort the desired confession, they were subjected to almost incredible barbarities: first beaten until a mass of festering sores, their eyelids were pierced with needles, their teeth torn out, their mouths filled with stones and their heads belaboured with the butt-end of a revolver until the poor wretches became unconscious.

From Hungary a similar case is reported, fourteen innocent men and women being arrested on the charge of breaking into the town hall of Komorn and clearing out the safe. Four local dignitaries assisted by four policemen took the matter in hand and tortured these unfortunate people for days; until, the story leaking out, the real culprit had the courage or humanity to give himself up and end the business, when they were released in a pitiable condition. The main point that strikes one on reading the sickening press accounts of these facts, is that, in neither of these cases, although the victims outnumbered their tormentors, was there the faintest effort at resistance. These workers, men, women and children, even where wrongfully accused, were so impregnated with respect for authority and law, so demoralised by centuries of enforced ignorance, slavery and subservience to others, that they had lost every grain of self-reliance and audacity. If the man in uniform meant to scourge their life out—amen to it! If the capitalists' foreman chose to tear out each individual tooth from its bruised socket—why not? Curse, O heart; but down, down, thou strong right hand! Would the horse or the elephant remain man's humble servant did either know his own strength? Is the spirit of men so completely broken that to assert themselves is daily growing more difficult? We know not; we only know that where he has the courage to revolt against authority that galls and injures, he has the world, and not unoften his enemy, with him. The Georgians are a conquered race, but their spirit of sturdy independence has so asserted itself that to-day no Russian gendarme or soldier will strike a Georgian, he respects that strong right hand too much—even when the Georgian is a hapless prisoner in a disciplinary corps in Siberia; while, in their own country, they carry arms, which a Finn may not do in his.

The Peace Conference at the Hague, like the late Police Conference in Rome, has ended as all foresaw it would—in smoke. The life of no tyrannical monarch or unjust governor is made the safer because the police of Europe rubbed heads together in secret conclave and arranged for an international system of espionage; what has been done before can be done to all time, given a heretofore official, a despot, and a committee of one. War has not been relegated to the limbo of the future because Europe's delegates banqueted together nightly for a month and sat round a green baize table in the daytime dissecting an olive branch. A few clauses have been added to the Geneva Convention, wounded soldiers will be better cared for; but the horrors of war can not be mitigated by any civil or military *pow-wow*, and every Peace delegate knew that when he sat down at night to Dutch "genteelnesses in sugar" (as Queen Elizabeth's ambassador called them) or dissected his special olive leaf by day. For what about the peasant whose crops and farm may be fired for purposes of aggression or defence? What about the citizen pierced by a ball as he flies from his shell-shattered home? We hear of no clause for them. These are the mere incidents or exigencies of a campaign which never concern the executive of any government bent on the war-path. So the Congress decrees that everything should be done to save life in each respective army, because one drilled veteran is worth ten raw recruits; but the people who through no fault of their own happen to live on the line of march of contending armies must look after themselves, compensation to non-combatants not being recognised by the law of treaties; if it were, that sooner than anything, might put a stop to wars. The suggestion of Arbitration would be excellent, did not one know that it will not be compulsory, and that, so far as the Peace Congress went, every nation is as much at liberty to wage war against its weaker neighbour as it was before those star bedizened diplomats sat down to sugary talk and "genteelnesses" at the Hague.

Perhaps it is in view of wars, which, autocrat though he be, he is powerless to avert, that the Tsar is about to raise a new regiment—a regiment which, even if its units are dispersed singly amongst others, we yet fervently trust to see expanding into the nucleus of a revolutionary brigade—for into the Tsar's army are in future to be forcibly drafted for from one to three years, according as a council of the college authorities assisted by delegates from the Ministries of War, Justice and the Interior may direct, all high-school and university students in Russia who create or instigate disorders within or without the walls of any educational institution.

What punishment is to be meted out to girl students who revolt against petty official tyranny, we are not told; but probably they will be deported to Siberia as was the case with Miss Golde a few weeks since; because with the courage of youth and conviction she dared to talk Socialism. All this by permission, if not the order, of the man who poses as The Pacifier and commences his proclamations with the phrase: *In our unwearying care for the general weal*. So unwearying is his care, by the way, that recently he permitted the Minister of Education to alter the Fifth Commandment to "Honor thy father and thy

mother, the Emperor and his officials, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Aye! honor the Emperor, honor the officials who with government funds in their pockets will see all Russia starve sooner than keep the Eighth Commandment! And Brother Stead can still lick the Imperial boots.

In Italy, under the fostering care of a handful of courageous men heedless of the obstacles placed in their way by the indifference, sometimes cowardice, of many calling themselves comrades, the Anarchist movement slowly but surely revives. Police persecutions are so ceaseless as no longer to arouse the interest of the press; while it seems impossible to make the Italian government or its officials understand that when inoffensive men are prevented from discussing the social or political events of the day in public, they will find means to do so in private. So uneasy is the reactionary and seemingly resistless executive, that every building suspected of being a meeting place of men of merely progressive ideas, let alone Socialist or Republican, is at once closed by the police. Lately, at Venice, a restaurant was shut up because a few Socialists happened to dine there; and at Milan the owner of a phonograph show was compelled to remove the instrument that recorded a speech of Cavallotti's. A section of the people is actually getting so accustomed to petty tyrannies of this nature as to be astounded if the police fail to break the law when violating the liberty of the individual. But if the present iron regime has stamped out the spirit of some, on the other hand it has aroused the bitter and undying hatred of the many, and given birth to a determined resolution to wreck the monarchy at the first opportunity.

To the outward eye at the present moment Italy lies bathed in peace and sunshine; but the cloud no bigger than a man's hand is rising, and the tempest that succeeds a long calm is sometimes one to be remembered. Now, if ever (writes a comrade), has arrived the time when revolutionists of every shade should give over hair-splitting and academic discussion, and organise; or they may be swept into action before they are prepared for it.

NORTHERN NOTES.

Propaganda still goes on apace with the Leeds group. The open-air meetings in Armley Park are well attended and the interest seems to deepen from mere curiosity to inquiry. One of our comrades has had to leave the town and has found work in Otley, where we hope soon to start some propaganda. D. B. Foster, Arthur Wormald and MacQueen were speakers at some meetings on the 23rd, arranged by the Trades Council in support of the locked out Danes. The organised labor movement is not afraid of Anarchists, that is one good thing. But there if one wants pleasing signs one can find them everywhere. There is another one in connection with the Joint Socialist Committee of this town, recently formed to agitate on purely local matters. They have discarded the political basis and are resting upon the purely economical, with the result that several Anarchists are working with them. I look upon this as being especially good, as it gives the comrades a chance of associating themselves with the popular spirit without compromising their principles at all.

The Sheffield folk seem to be having quite a rough time of it. Barton and Stockton have invaded the Monolith—which, since Dr. Creaghe's departure from the town, has been exclusively monopolised by the cranks—and their sturdy common sense has been disliked by those who have come only for a little "fun." However, they will no doubt fight it down. But, all the same, it is terribly discouraging to think that Sheffield, which formerly stood first as a propagandist centre, should have degenerated so much. At present the two comrades mentioned are working without any aid worth mentioning.

I have another good bit of news. You have heard of Conisborough, that old-world half village half town, its castle quite a centre of military glory centuries ago? What a change has come over it since those days! You approach it from one side and, seeing the castle ruins perched up on the rocks, your mind goes back to the days of robber barons and their raids upon the peaceful Yorkshire peasants; when, lo, you behold the other side with its huge coal pits—the largest in Yorkshire—and realise that the barons have changed, but not the conditions. And now Anarchy has invaded the town. George Barber has gone there to live, and of course has to let everyone know about the "good time coming." He has arranged several meetings there which have been attended with a deal of success. He has great hopes of forming a nice little group before long. Vive Conisboro'.

The Osgoldcross division (East Riding) has just been terribly agitated by the political jobbers, who have in many trivial ways instructed the "free and enlightened electors." Local Veto was the burning question! Of course, the Liberals were in favor of this; but unfortunately there are a number of watermen in the district who, to say the least, are not teetotalers. So the Liberal candidate got an idea from somewhere; he found out that he had a conscientious objection to the infringement of the liberty of the subject. Labor leaders galore, fresh from advocacy of Prohibition also found out serious objections to the measure and left the poor teetotal folk in despair. At a demonstration held in the teetotal interests, one of the orators declared that he was beginning to lose faith in politics and could in a manner understand what the Anarchists were driving at. So, in many and devious ways the idea moves.

I had forgotten in my last notes to mention that the headquarters of the Leeds Group were at the Central Socialist Club, New Briggate. This was formerly an I.L.P. club, but the admission of a number of Anarchists speedily led to a broadening of ideas, with the result that the club was declared to be a common meeting ground for all sections of the Socialist movement. An excellent notion too; for it affords a place where men of different shades of opinion may meet and exchange thoughts, leading to mutual advantage.

Before seeing Oldham, one might wonder why Nunquam located John Smith there; but after one visit one would perfectly understand. It is the typical Lancashire factory town; chimneys fouling the air, and an everlasting din of machinery are the impressions mainly gathered. Just the kind of place to produce the machine-cut, hard-headed (or thick-headed) British worker; for if man can rise under the conditions prevailing, man is capable of more than one would imagine.

At the invitation of the local I.L.P. MacQueen spoke twice on the 23rd,—in the morning at the Hollinwood I.L.P. Club on "The European Situation," and in the evening at the Park-gate, Oldham, on Communism and Anarchism. This is the first time, or one of the first times, that Anarchism has been presented in Oldham, and judging from the favorable manner in which the ideas were received—both by the audiences and by the I.L.P. comrades—it should not be the last time. A decent amount of literature was sold, and a regular order for some obtained. To the best of my knowledge there is but one avowed comrade in Oldham; but he is not active, being thoroughly wrapped up in his books.

It is a pity that our resources are so limited, the people seem ready enough to receive and assimilate our ideas, but we lack somehow the means of getting at them. W. M.

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:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 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> | X. <i>Politics: their corrupting influence on Man.</i> |
| III. <i>Patriotism.</i> | XI. <i>Strikes and their effect on the American Worker.</i> |
| IV. <i>The Basis of Morality.</i> | XII. <i>Marriage.</i> |
| V. <i>A Criticism of Ethics.</i> | XIII. <i>The New Woman.</i> |
| VI. <i>The Origin of Evil.</i> | XIV. <i>Sex Problems.</i> |
| VII. <i>Authority versus Liberty.</i> | |
| VIII. <i>Why I am an Anarchist Communist.</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,
127 Ossulston St. London, N.W.

REPORTS.

The concert organised by Mrs. N. F. Dryhurst on behalf of two comrades in distress, took place at the Athenæum Hall on July 24th, and in more ways than one—but especially financially—was crowned with success, every seat in spite of the great heat of the evening being occupied, and the hall from stage to door appearing a sea of interested faces. Mrs. Dryhurst's program was original, its scope being to illustrate by international songs the revolutionary fervour past and present of the European nations. The idea as it developed had, however, to be modified. England, with beef and ale enough for all who can pay and with little dread since the Armada of armed invasion by foreign tyrant or despot, has never learned to spell the word revolution in a fiery sense; riots there have been, riots there still may be, but one policeman could stem an English revolution nowadays by merely raising his hand or politely suggesting, *Move on there!* in the same way that he controls the street traffic; if, as might be, a shower of rain followed, it would swamp the business to the complete satisfaction of law and order. Englishmen can fight "niggers"; they have run away from Boers; but to fight Law for the sake of a suffering minority at home—that is quite another pair of shoes, one that has never fitted a British foot. So no English revolutionary song was to be found; and, as in other instances where wanting, it was replaced by a genuine old ballad. There are hundreds of both beautiful and inspiring ballads lying by on dust-covered shelves, which few lovers of music even deem it worth while to resuscitate in these days of popular music-hall and sentimental parlour ditties. Mrs. Dryhurst resuscitated some, two being Irish, and they were sung with fine effect by a daughter of Erin—notably *Coolun* and the impassioned *Dark Rosaleen* (*Róisín Dubh*, Little Black Rose) a song translated from the Irish by Clarendon Mangan and which, coming to us from the last days of Elizabeth, is said to commemorate in the veiled language of a beautiful love-song, the deep attachment of the hero-rebel Red Hugh O'Donnell of Tyrconnell for Ireland and his determination to wrest her from her conquerors. Red Hugh made many of the men under Essex and Mountjoy bite the dust; but, when the last-named finally crushed the Irish rebellion of those days,

there was nothing left him but to fly to Spain, where he soon died of a broken heart. We give one verse, but the intense fire, the agony of appeal that breathes through the whole poem can perhaps only be rightly gauged by a Celt, who whether (Fenianism being extinct) he drifts into Socialism or Anarchism, feels, however he may strive for the realisation of the common brotherhood of nations, that "Ireland was old Ireland when England was a pup; And Ireland will be Ireland still when England's broken up." Happy in that belief, the Irishman of to-day will do everything but *fight* for the freeing of his Dark Rosaleen. Yet he never forgets her:

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Wherever he is, in prison or out of it, an alien in a foreign land or treading his own haggard, reverence and relentless love for Ireland is sucked in by the Celt with his mother's milk and cannot be torn out of him. A friend of the writer's is sentimental enough to carry about a bit of Irish turf; once, thousands of miles away, it was in a fit of "foolishness" shown to an Irishman. He took the small, brown, fibrous lump in his hands and suddenly went a-crying over it like a child. Drunk? No, dear, level-headed English comrade; or, if drunk, drunk with memories, not with Kentucky Rye. He had been a wanderer for years, he hankered for one more glimpse of holy old Ireland, the Celtic "foolishness," as it has been pathetically called, came upon him as he handled the bit of brown stuff, and "the wild tears fell." He never got that glimpse he hungered for. Fate sometimes hits hard. There was a railway wreck—there is a lonely grave; that tear-soaked bit of turf was the last he ever saw of his country, and now, inanimate thing that it is, it represents in miniature the complete history of Ireland—tears, failure, hope dying or dead. But there! we are reporting an Anarchist concert and have got tangled up in a bog. Forgive us friends; it is the "foolishness."

The songs, according to their nationality, were introduced by short, descriptive sketches, the speakers being Mrs. Dryhurst, Louise Michel, Malatesta and Marmol. Kropotkin, although expected, was, to the disappointment of all, not present. One of the most interesting items was the Revolutionary Hym sung by Spanish trade unionists, some, if not all, of whom had survived incarceration in Montjuich. The song composed by Ramon Carratala, a young worker of Alicante in 1889, has stirring words set to a very spirited melody, and owing to its popularity is now forbidden to be sung in Spain. In 1891, the Barcelona workers paraded the streets of the town singing it. Singing it, too, the laborers of Andalusia attacked the town of Xeres in 1892, and the men who were executed in consequence of this Anarchist movement died singing it, said Marmol. Every singer appeared to exert himself to the utmost to give an effective rendering to his or her especial song, being accompanied by the able pianist and musician, Mr. M. F. Shaw. A Hyde's violin solo was greatly appreciated, and if this clever young bower has any intention of taking up a musical career we wish him every success. Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Marsh presided over the refreshment counter with their usual kindness and skill, and secured enough to pay expenses and add a contribution to the general fund. Considerable addition was made to this by the sale of photographs of Louise Michel, the pictures comprising three eras in her life: in Communeur képi and coat as she defended the Commune in 1871, in prison dress at Cayenne, and as we know her now in her busy if less exciting life in London. There were also photographs of a memorial card, designed by Louise Michel, being a sketch of the fortress of Montjuich, which is true to nature, but with the addition that comrade Michel saw the scene with the eyes of a revolutionist and flames are bursting from the gloomy walls, throwing into high relief a batch of prisoners toiling up the road and illuminating a slab on which is engraved the names of the Anarchists lately shot in the ditches of the fort. Copies of these photographs may be obtained at the *Freedom* office.

When expenses were settled a substantial balance was found in hand, and this has proved not only sufficient to relieve the immediate distress of the comrades in whose behalf the concert was arranged, but there is a surplus which will be devoted to some equally good work. Sincere thanks are especially due the comrades who undertook the sale of tickets, as their hearty co-operation contributed greatly to the success of the concert.

We subjoin the program:

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

Nationality.		Composer.
German	<i>Flea Song</i> from Goethe's <i>Faust</i>	BERLIOZ.
	Mr. G. T. SHAW.	
Scotch	<i>Loch Lomond</i>	Traditional.
	Mr. A. B. MUIRHEAD.	
French	<i>The Marseillaise</i>	ROUGET DE LISLE.
	Mr. MANCINI.	
Irish	<i>The Coolan</i>	Traditional.
	<i>My Dark Rosaleen</i>	
English	<i>The Poacher</i>	Traditional.
Hungarian	<i>My Brown Boy</i>	Traditional.
	Mr. G. T. SHAW.	
Italian	Two selections from opera.	VERDI.
	Mr. SQUILLONI.	
Spanish	<i>Revolutionary Hymn</i>	RAMON CARRATALA.
	Sung by chorus of Spanish trade unionists.	
German	<i>War March</i>	MENDELSSOHN.
	Violin Solo, Mr. ALBERT HYDE.	
	Accompanist: Mr. MARTIN FILLAS SHAW.	

LIVERPOOL.

Since our last report the outlook has continued as favorable as can be expected in this stronghold of Toryism, which may claim to be the most apathetic spot in the North. Still, for all that, our meetings at the Column are pretty well attended and the sales of literature encouraging. We have had a visit from our comrade Jack Turner, and those who frequent the Column had the pleasure of listening to his short but spirited address on "Anarchism and Anarchists." We have also had a visit from comrade Tom Cantwell, who also spoke at the Column. At present we are busying ourselves in raising money in aid of our Walsall comrades, and expect by the time the lists are sent in to be able to forward a decent amount as we have made it a point at all our meetings to make collections for this object.

Hallo! I had quite forgotten to mention that the Liverpool group are thinking about starting a paper, which they intend to be a regular "Cock o' the North." So let the *Freedom* Group look to their laurels.

M. ROCHE.

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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 September at the same price—1s. We shall have some for sale, and those who would like to read it can send us their orders.

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