

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

VOL. XIII.—No. 142.

OCTOBER, 1899.

MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

"Let the Voice of the People be Heard! O——"
PARSONS.

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE CHICAGO MARTYRS!

All lovers of liberty are earnestly requested
to attend the

Mass Meeting FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10,

at the

WORKMEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE,
CLERKENWELL ROAD, W. C.,
(Next to Holborn Town Hall)

TO COMMEMORATE THE

Martyrdom of

AUGUST SPIES, ALBERT R. PARSONS,
GEORGE ENGEL, ADOLPH FISCHER AND
LOUIS LINGG,

—judicially murdered November 11, 1887—and the imprisonment of

SAMUEL FIELDEN, MICHAEL SCHWAB
AND OSCAR NEEBE.

Special arrangements have been made for Miss JENNY
ATKINSON to sing "Annie Laurie" and other songs
appropriate to the occasion.

Speakers: P. KROPOTKIN, LOUISE MICHEL, J. TURNER,
EMMA GOLDMAN of New York, W. TCHEKESOV, W. WESS,
LOTHROP WITHERINGTON, N. TCHAYKOVSKY, T. del MARMOL.

Doors open at 7.30 p.m.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

The Rule of the Money-Bag.

It is not often we can quote a bishop with approval, but the Bishop of Durham certainly gave out a very important truth when he said that the threatened war with the Transvaal was "another attack by the capitalists on the liberties of the world."

It requires little observation to prove the truth of this; for, on every hand, we see how gold is poured out by the moneybags to maintain their power and protect their interests. Take, for instance, religious institutions, churches and chapels. Here the capitalist is to be found subscribing liberally to the man who preaches most successfully to the poor the gospel of contentment with their lot. But let some earnest man come forth

and denounce the evils which he sees around him, and the falling off in the collections and donations will speedily remind him that if he wants to make his way he must alter his tone.

In the political sphere he is, of course, predominant. He finds even the extension of the franchise has done him no harm; even manhood suffrage would have not the slightest terrors for him. He would oppose it, no doubt, as he would oppose many so-called political "reforms"; because unless there is some political fight to amuse and excite the stupid people the political game would be played out. But, for all that, he is master of the situation; and it is simply astonishing to us how the S.D.F. and I.L.P. can ever expect to beat him at his own game. Independent of the degradation and corruption it would bring into the Socialist movement, it is financially impossible. The god of politics, like the god of war in the present day, fights on the side of the well-filled purse.

Again, look how he controls the press. It would probably be impossible to point to any other period in our history in which such a large section of the English press was owned and controlled by purely financial people. Like a pack of hungry wolves they are at this very hour howling for war, conscious of one fact: that the louder they howl the richer they will be by the loosening of the purse-strings of the infamous wretches whose doings in South Africa have already given some of the blackest pages to the history of the nineteenth century. In his battle against the proletariat the capitalist discards no weapon that may serve his end. He buys the politician, the priest, the press. He uses them as his immediate interests demand; and at this particular moment they are serving him as only such hirelings can serve such a master. Human misery, human life itself, are nothing to him when gold is in the balance. The wailings of conscience-stricken reformers he despises; the votes of Social Democrats he laughs at. There is one thing only that he fears and detests: that is, the rising of the revolutionary spirit amongst the workers.

Strikes like that of the dockers, marches like that of the Coxeyites on Washington, or like the threatened march of the Le Creusot strikers on Paris—these things he dreads because he is baffled in his efforts to check them, and because he knows full well, as we all know, that no one can tell where they will end. It is by revolutionary methods alone that he can be fought and his infamous rule overthrown.

TRADES UNIONISM.

One of the lectures organised by the Libertarian Lecture Society last winter was by comrade Shepherd on Trade Unionism, from the adverse standpoint. During the lecture, and in the discussion following, trade unions were severely criticised by a number of speakers. Complaints were numerous; but the chief ones were that trade unions were becoming narrower each day; they were subdividing, quarrelling as to which trade certain work belonged; and, in general, exhibited an entire absence of solidarity which, it was contended, should animate all workers. They ill-treated the blackleg, who had as much right to live as the unionist, and were tyrannical on the question of apprentices; the unions were bossed by paid officials; and last, and worst of all, they were conservative.

As to trade unions being narrow and devoid of a feeling of solidarity for other workers in distress, let us see. We are all aware that for some months past the Trade Unions and the Federated Employers of Denmark have been engaged in what was a life and death struggle for the unions. The fight has been long and bitter, and has no doubt resulted, and will result, in sending a good many men, as well as women and children dependent on them to their graves as a result of the excessive privations suffered in this as in other struggles of a like character, taxing their vitality beyond endurance, causing the thread of life to snap. But they have won the battle! And that is something. The reason why victory perches on their banner is because there is a very strong feeling of solidarity among the organised workers, not only of Denmark, but the organised workers of other countries, and an entire absence of any narrow local or craftfeeling; for had not the trade unionists of Denmark been absolutely united among themselves and

had assistance from other countries, they could never have withstood the employers in this struggle.

At the last meeting of the London Trades Council the secretary, J. Macdonald, reported that £900 had been sent to the Danish workers who were locked out, and on the day of the meeting he had received a cheque for £600 from the Durham Miners with the promise to contribute £100 per week as long as the strike lasted. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers had written that they were about to levy an assessment on their entire membership, which numbers more than 80,000, and figuring on a basis of six pence a week for 80,000 members, it would amount to £2,000 per week. Other organisations had written in a like spirit. It is true that the £1,500 actually sent, and on hand when the strike was settled, was very little; but as the representative of the Danish unions has written that several thousand men are still out through the dislocation of trade as a result of the strike, we expect the contributions to still continue. That the unions seem slow to respond in cases like this is not through a lack of willingness to give assistance; but because it requires time to set the machinery in motion. I am told that in the Engineers struggle the longer the strike lasted the heavier the contributions became each week, and so it would have been in the case of the Danish workers. The large unions, which are necessarily the heaviest contributors, nearly all have to have referendum votes on the question of assessments, which, if it has the disadvantage of being slow, shows the workers are unwilling to delegate the authority to their officials of spending thousands of pounds without questioning those who are to contribute, and it wouldn't suit the critics of trade unions who are always crying out against officialism (and to a certain extent I agree with the critics). Of course the capitalist has the advantage, for he has more money and can summon his forces together quicker, and that's the reason why we Anarchists who are trade unionists advocate the general strike; but because they don't accept our advice quicker than they do we should not blind ourselves to their good qualities.

Undoubtedly, if more Anarchists entered trade unions, not only to spread their ideas there, but to show the workers by our very lives that we have the cause of the masses at heart, that we do not aspire to lucrative offices, political positions, or self-aggrandisement, we should create more friends and gain more adherents than we do, and the unions soon show the effect of our presence. The Chicago Martyrs did this, and Emma Goldman and Jack Turner can testify how their memories are revered, not only in Chicago, but throughout the entire country where they lived and died, and how men are proud to say "I knew Al. Parsons," or "Louis Ling belonged to my union." In every case where American trade unions have been appealed to within my memory by Anarchists they have responded, whether it was the inviting of Mowbray, Turner or Emma Goldman to lecture to them, an appeal for funds and resolutions of sympathy for Berkman, or assistance towards the organising of a mass-meeting to condemn the tortures of Montjuich. It was the same with the Hazleton massacre, and if the unions of New York did not actually co-operate with the Anarchists it was the Anarchist Communists of New York, assisted by an Individualist Anarchist, who inspired the Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union of that city to hold a huge meeting in Cooper Union; and it was our old friend Ben. Tucker who wrote the resolution for the meeting. But, some may say, it is not so with the English Trade Unions. To that we reply *it would be* if the Anarchists went among them as the Chicago Martyrs did, fought their fights and shared their sorrows and our ideas in season and out of season as we should.

Trade unions are more or less influenced by their leaders; and so we must classify the leaders. There are those who believe that their unions should enter politics; there are those, who *pretend* that they do not believe in their unions entering politics, yet who utilize their positions as "leaders" to enter parliament or legislature; and last there are those who believe in the economic organisation of the workers along trade union lines and that no man who holds political office should be allowed to hold office in his union. This last named is by no means the smallest in number and he is by far the most useful and effective; it is he who bears the brunt of the battle in the early days of his union when there are but a handful and he works and works until his union becomes a power, and even though many do believe in politics as a remedy for social-economic evils, he knows that while his union is small it is powerless to invoke the aid of the politician. What a glorious opportunity for the spreading of our ideas if our comrades would only join the unions of their craft whenever and wherever they can, not to capture them after the Social Democratic idea and then stultify them, for we aspire neither for their votes or their jobs, but we would have that intense moral satisfaction of knowing that we are advancing our ideas and that the revolution is closer.

While the Social Democrats are concocting schemes and deluding themselves that they are going to smash the Liberal Party by voting for Tories, let us devote our time to the trade union and *not* deceive ourselves by thinking that they are going to accept our ideas put forth by less than a score of comrades in a twelvemonth. Our French comrades have spent fifteen years agitating the unions of France, and the Labor Syndicates are a power there; so much so, that the far seeing politicians have given Millerand the Social Democrat a post in the Ministry and issued a simple decree making 8 hours the day's work and the Social-Democrats are paying the price of Millerand's admission to the Cabinet by advising the workers not to go on strike for by so doing they are assisting the enemies of the Republic and they are assistously circulating reports that the Labor Syndicates are in the pay of Duc D'Orleans. Let us not deceive ourselves we are small in numbers but if each one of us joins a

union he will find work there to inspire him and give him courage and he will have hastened the day of the revolution.

H. KELLY.

SCOTTISH NOTES.

It has been some time now since any report of propaganda going on in Scotland found its way into the columns of *Freedom*; so that a few paragraphs here will not come amiss. To many, I daresay, the absence of reports often signifies the absence of the subject matter which goes to form them. On the other hand, it may be taken as evidence that there has been so much propaganda going on that there is very little time to spare for anything else. The latter is, perhaps, our position—at least so far as Glasgow is concerned. Now, however, that the summer propaganda is nearly over, a brief summary of the season's work and of the position the movement in Scotland generally may be of interest to readers of *Freedom*, and perhaps help to encourage those who at great odds are keeping the old flag flying despite the difficulties they meet and the *discouragement* they encounter.

So far as Glasgow is concerned, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the progress which we have made. On starting the summer propaganda we had many misgivings as to our ability to gather a crowd together, so we decided on speaking at St. Enoch's Square after the Clarion Scouts had finished. But the police came along about the first week in May and ordered the Clarion Scouts to "move on"; which they accordingly, and obligingly did. Elated with their success, they came along to the Anarchist meeting; expecting, I suppose, to be obeyed in the same blind, unquestioning fashion. But neither Doris nor Blair Smith were built that way, and their request to "move on" was met with a strong and unqualified refusal. Names and addresses were asked and given; and crowds came, Sunday after Sunday, to witness different inspectors and sergeants getting Smith's name and address, until all the books in the Central police office must have been filled with them. However, the weekly visit grew monotonous, and Smith turned round on an inspector and told him that if he intended prosecuting he had better get on with it; but that he (Smith) was not going to have his meeting interrupted every Sunday by policemen. Since then we have been left alone. They had done no harm; in fact, they did us a world of good. By our action we won the sympathies of the crowd, which in nearly every case is instinctively opposed to authority, and our meetings (at first small) soon swelled, until I am perfectly safe in saying they were the most successful advanced meetings held in Glasgow.

The great lack in Glasgow is the lack of speakers. The greater part of the propaganda has been carried on by Smith and Doris, and who were assisted towards the end of the season by Levenson. Yet despite that it has been the most successful summer in my recollection. The literature sale, considering how we are limited—has been enormous. We have cleared out over 3,000 pamphlets and papers, which is, I think, sufficient evidence of healthy propaganda. There are numbers of young men joining the movement and the outlook for the winter and spring is very encouraging. We have secured a hall in the centre of the city—Old Secular Hall, Ingram Street—and I think the success of our winter propaganda is assured. As well as the propaganda carried on in Glasgow, Smith, Brown, Bullions, Hillman and various others have visited, on Saturday afternoons, almost every town within a twenty mile radius of the city; and, while occasionally meeting with hostility, they have had many kindly receptions, and requests to come again. Altogether, the future for Glasgow and the West of Scotland is encouraging; the ideas spreading fast and gaining ground on every side.

When the spring comes, if we can make sufficient money out of our indoor lectures, socials etc., (our debt now being wiped out, and a little balance to the good) it is our intention to put a propagandist on the road to assist groups in places where there are no speakers, and to attempt to form groups where there are none at present; to generally extend the propaganda in a way impossible under present circumstances.—We recommend this idea to comrades in the north of England.)

With regard to the other cities of Scotland, I am afraid that I cannot speak with the same optimism.

In Edinburgh, Hall keeps pegging away with the assistance of Godfrey; but the other comrades seem to be scattered about, and no attempt has been made to draw them together. Were it not for the fact that they found it impossible to leave Glasgow, both Doris and Smith would have gone there during the summer; indeed, the same might be said with regard to Dundee and Aberdeen as well. It would have been folly for them to run the risk of spoiling the Glasgow propaganda by breaking the continuity of the meetings for the sake of a flying visit to those cities. The limited number of speakers has retarded the movement on all sides; but as we expect to have a few young speakers ere the spring, the difficulty of carrying the propaganda farther afield will not be so insuperable next summer. Still, Hall is doing very well and Godfrey, although not a speaker, is an active energetic chap, and I do not think that the formation of a strong group in Edinburgh presents many difficulties if they have but the resolution to tackle it. Hall is well known and fairly well liked in Edinburgh; his meetings are certainly large and attentive, and if the effort is made to draw comrades together for the sake of common action I have no doubt the movement would spread and increase.

In Dundee there are a few comrades who do their utmost in the way of spreading literature abroad; but as there are no speakers among them their opportunities for so doing are very limited. Of course, when you understand that Dundee is a woman's city, that the opportunities of decently remunerative employment for a man are decidedly few compared with other cities, and as men (owing to this) are not prepared to take the same risks as elsewhere, you can understand the backward condition of the movement there. Towns and Conolly work hard; but, as I have pointed out, they are hampered by their lack of ability for public speaking. What is really wanted in Dundee is a fair speaker for about a month during the summer. This would develop the local speakers, so that by the end of the month they would be able to carry on the propaganda themselves. Towns, Conolly, Fraser and some others are members of the Secular Society and were instrumental in bringing Blair Smith to lecture on Anarchism, last February. The hall was crowded; the questions came pouring, and the discussion was sufficient evi-

dence of the quiet unobtrusive work of our Dundee comrades. With two or three speakers there could be a splendid movement, and let us trust that ere long a healthy living movement will be established in Dundee.

Now I come to Aberdeen, and it is with feelings of reluctance and sorrow that I write. For who that remembers Aberdeen of five or six years ago could do otherwise. When one thinks that five or six years ago Aberdeen was practically, so far as numbers and enthusiasm go, the stronghold of Anarchism in Great Britain; when one remembers the events of those days; the great crowds which came to the Broad Hill; the crowded audiences which packed every Sunday night the Oddfellows Hall; the sympathy of the public, the scenes of enthusiasm; and above all the happy, genial comradeship which pervaded the group, the energy and determination which characterised the comrades, one would rather remain silent of the present. One certainly does regret the past when we think of the Aberdeen group of the old days with its wealth of talent—literary, musical, artistic; the happy social evenings, and the splendid concerts. While in Aberdeen last July I called on Harry Duncan, and found him rather despondent about the future of the movement in Aberdeen. He, finding himself unsupported, has gone into the trade union movement; where, he thinks, if the returns are not so great, they are at least quicker. His ideas have undergone a change; he has, perhaps, less faith in the future, but I think when he arrives at the "summing-up" process, Harry will once more take his place in the Anarchist movement, and will be warmly, heartily welcomed by everyone who has known or spoken to him. I well remember the encouragement and help he has given us in the past, the hard and thankless work which he has performed; and it is the memory of those old days which instils in me the hope that ere long Harry Duncan will take his place in the movement for which he has already done so much. When that day comes, I am certain—knowing as I do his energy and perseverance—Aberdeen will resume its old place in the Anarchist movement.

J. B. S.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Labor Day in the United States this year has come and gone; and we still continue to labor. There's no disguising the fact that, since Labor Day has become legalised, the vim and spark has gone clean out of it. Since it has been legalised it is celebrated annually in all the workhouses, penitentiaries and gaols. Fancy convicts celebrating Labor Day! This is almost as good as that fact—not generally known—that the Fourth of July (Independence day) is also celebrated in prison. Poor Berkman wrote me once that no citizen of the United States could celebrate the day when we threw off the yoke of George the Third more than those poor convicts in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania.

What a comedy; and, alas, what a tragedy! What more pathetic sight than that of a man who marched on Labor Day in Chicago—his face haggard and his figure gaunt and lean, clothed in a borrowed coat and tattered trousers. This man carried a banner proclaiming to the world that "Labor is King." And he was going to listen to a lot of corrupt politicians and labor "skates" talking of the wrongs of Labor! Awake, ye slaves, awake!

The *American Federationist* for August says that more charters have been issued to local unions and more unions organised within the six months preceding August than in twice that time previously in the American labor movement. This is certainly encouraging; but the serious question for us is, how much have the Anarchists done in this work? Trade Unions are far from perfect, but they are capable of grand things if Anarchists set themselves to work, not to capture them, but to point out the humbug of "No party politics," denounce the scheming labor "skates" like Powderly, Pomeroy, and Co., who preach "No party politics!" in order to sell themselves to the highest bidders at election times. If every Anarchist who is eligible to join a union would do so to aid and assist the workers to better their condition and at the same time preach the doctrine of Anarchist Communism, we would have a strong revolutionary movement in the country; for, make no mistake, the same conservative trade unionist we hear denounced so often is just as anxious to see the day of emancipation as the Anarchist, and, what is more, a large number of them are willing to work for it. All they want is *light*.

Henry White, of the Garment (ready-made clothing) Workers' Union of New York, has a nice, terse little article in the *Federationist* entitled "Not built that way." It is a reply to an article in the *Evening Journal* of New York. The *Evening Journal* is advocating John Burns' doctrine, that trade unions should enter politics, and the editor tells of the wonderful things that would happen if they could get a million men led by some genius to "march in a solid phalanx" and put their pieces of paper (votes) in the ballot-box. Henry asks, *who* is to do the swinging? and how are we to be swung? and points out the difficulty of getting a million men to agree upon a political program. So far, Henry is talking good sense; but, judging from this article, it does not seem to strike him that here is where the farce of the political platform of the American Federation of Labor comes in. That platform is adopted by a majority of the delegates only, and in no sense represents the opinions of the individual members of the affiliated unions; it does not even represent the opinions of a majority of them.

Take the International Typographical Union, for example. It is one of the largest in America, as well as one of the most conservative; and, therefore, most likely to agree with A. F. of L. politics. The forty-fifth annual convention of the I. T. U. was held in Detroit this year, August 14 to 19. Out of some 300 local unions affiliated only 130 were represented, by 179 delegates. Assuming that all the large ones were among the 130 represented—and we will be generous, and say that they

represented one half the total membership, which according to the *per capita* tax paid to the A. F. of L. is at least 35,000—half of that would mean 17,500 who *voted* in these 130 unions. Of course, the delegates were elected by a majority vote of these 17,500 members. If we say the delegates got 55 per cent of the votes cast we shall be near the mark; and thus the 179 delegates represented 9,625 members out of the 35,000. Now, then, we come to the election by these delegates of the four delegates to the A. F. of L. convention. Here again majority rules; and if these four A. F. of L. delegates got 55 per cent of the votes cast at the I. T. U. convention, they would represent 5,293 I. T. U. members at the A. F. of L. convention, or a little more than one-seventh of their total membership.

This is a fair calculation, and the I. T. U. is a fair specimen of the unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. The delegates represent only one-seventh of a million workers; and then we have another division of this one-seventh when the political platform is adopted, and even if they get 60 per cent of that one-seventh of a million, that political platform is voted by less than 100,000 instead of the boasted million. The crime of it all is that the nine-tenths of that million, who have no voice or vote in this question, are represented by Gompers and Co. as believing in that which they do not.

Now, Henry, don't you think it is about time to smash that political platform to smithereens, and stick strictly to the economic organisation of the workers—not only on *non-party* lines, but *non-parliamentary* lines? Ninety-five per cent, at least, of that million agree upon the economic principles of the Federation; while not 10 per cent agree as to its politics. The impotence of the A. F. of L.'s political platform can be summed-up in Horace Greely's words: "Platforms were made to spit on." Do you agree?

A NOTABLE BOOK.

In his volume on *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, Kropotkin has compiled a work eminently fitted to appeal to the mind of the so-called "practical" Britisher. It is, for one thing, a storehouse of facts and figures—the figures marshalled and used in a masterly way.

There are but nine chapters in the book. The first two, on the "Decentralisation of Industry" are a deep note of warning, even to the capitalist himself that great changes are rapidly approaching in the industrial world, the effects of which he cannot escape. "Each nation," we are reminded, "becomes in its turn a manufacturing nation; the time is not far off, when each nation of Europe as well as the United States and even the most backward nations of Asia and America will themselves manufacture nearly everything they are in need of." And then comes the very pertinent question: "Why the British worker whose industrial capacities are so highly praised in political speeches; why the Scotch crofter and the Irish peasant, whose obstinate labours in creating new productive soil out of peat-bogs are occasionally so much spoken of, are no customers to the Lancashire weavers, the Sheffield cutlers and the Northumbrian and Welsh pitmen?" The same question applies to the workers of other nations, and we all know the answer: the poverty of the worker.

The three chapters on the "Possibilities of Agriculture", the key to which as we all know, is the system of "intensive" culture, again, it seems to us, bring conviction to the unprejudiced mind by the clear statement of facts and the irrefutable array of figures—which unfortunately we have no space to quote. Suffice it that the evils of landlordism receive a scathing condemnation, as also does our ignorance of subjects connected with the land. But the practical conclusion stands out clear: that England *could*, if she would, support double her present population without importing food-stuffs—if our land was cultivated all through as the best farms are to-day.

We have space only to mention the two chapters on "Small Industries and Industrial Villages," which are a powerful plea for the "integration" of human labor, that is to say: for the bringing together of the field and the workshop, so that each one may have the advantage of outdoor and indoor work.

The chapter on "Brain Work and Manual Work," it seems to us, must have an absorbing interest for all who are not dead to the life that surrounds them. We wish we could reprint it in full; at least we hope that all who have the chance will not fail to read it. We are shown how we go wrong physically, intellectually and even morally by the pernicious system of making a hard and fast division between brain and manual work, between the architect, let us say, and the laborer who digs the foundation, neither of whom, probably, ever exchange a word. It is the old story of the "superior person" claiming for himself a different world to live in from that which is assigned to the "common" workman.

We firmly believe this volume will have a deeper and a wider influence than its reception by the press might at first indicate. It is just the book for the English people; it cannot fail to "come home" to them. But, for us, it has another interest also; for we have no hesitation in saying that it leads us by unfaltering steps, not from the theoretical, but from the practical side, to Free Communism.

FREEDOM, FROM 1891 TO 1898 (INCLUSIVE),

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NOTES.

PATRIOTISM.

If, as Dr. Johnson said, "Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel," there must be a few of them about at the present moment. Probably, however, those who are shouting loudest for war come more directly under Carlyle's category of the "fools" who make up the majority of the Jingo crowds who catch on to the slang phrases of music-hall noodles, and are led by the nose by the vile war-press, the craven catspaw of the cowardly South African capitalists.

As a rule, those who shout loudest think the least, and it is only fair to these patriotic gentry to say that in a month's time these loud-mouthed supporters of the "supremacy" of the English race will be shouting to another tune.

After all, in questions of this kind a deal of the blame for the rampant rowdyism which passes itself off as "public opinion" falls upon the indifferentists and the stay-at-homes who will trouble neither to think nor to act, and who have not even enough energy to shout for any cause, right or wrong.

"O would some power the giftie gie us" to wake these people up to a sense of their shame.

ENGLISH CHIVALRY.

Trafalgar Square on Sunday Sept. 24th, was an interesting study. We strolled down there with the object of selling some literature presenting an unorthodox view of things in general to the intellectual British public; and we were amply rewarded in being able to view a scene which it would take W. S. Gilbert to successfully portray. A number of people had come there to state their objections to war with the Transvaal, and a number of others had come to prevent them doing so by any means in their power. The peace party was commendably pacific, and the war party displayed a terrific lung power—and, being chiefly sporting crowd, seemed to appreciate things where the odds were 100 to 1 in their favor; but another one slackened their enthusiasm quite 50 per cent. The war party professed a chivalrous anxiety for the welfare of the women and children who have at no time formed a reasonable proportion of the population of Johannesburg; but, when some women in Trafalgar Square wanted to express an opinion different to their own, those who could howled one verse of "God save the Queen" with a religious fervour (it being Sunday), and those who did not know so much hooted vigorously. There were, scattered about, some woebegone and tattered "Englishmen" who deplored in moving terms the want of patriotism among the peace party, and there were fat Jews and corpulent "Anglo-Saxons" waddling about, saying "BOO" with great perseverance to nothing in particular.

Having, by this laudable display of "British pluck", and love of "fair play", prevented anyone hearing what the other side had to say, they were suddenly seized with a desire to scramble up on the plinth of the Nelson column and help the speakers off it; but the only two who remained on the plinth at that moment displayed a churlish deprecation of their benevolence, and one turned and smote the first man up so that he retired on the heads of the perspiring patriots, while the other one promptly masked the horrid visage of the next man with a chair, so that he also retired from the scene quite satisfied. The rest of the microcephalous patriots—their enthusiasm having moderated considerably during this performance—seemed unable to evolve any fresh project from their brain-pans, so we then left.

T. C.

WAR ON THE PRIEST.

Not since Swinburne wrote his famous lines attacking the late Czar, —which by the way were considered a direct incitement to tyrannicide

by maudlin respectability—have we read anything so hotly and so justly denunciatory as his sonnet on the Dreyfus case. "After the verdict," will be widely read, and will have its due effect. The last two lines will we fancy make the clericals "sit up" a bit:

But shame falls full upon the Christless cross
Whose brandmark signs the holy hounds of Rome.

This is a good start for the campaign which must now be waged against the baleful influence of the priest—in France first perhaps, but in all countries sooner or later. The rôle he has played in the Dreyfus case proves he is hand and glove with the infamous spirit of Militarism which he would be prepared to use, as indeed he would anything else, for his own power and ascendancy.

"The holy hounds of Rome,"—what phrase could better describe the sly, sneaking Jesuits with their cunning, their plotting and their cowardly hunting down of those who still strive to help on human enfranchisement.

Social Democratic Intolerance!

From Germany the exclusion of persons of free and independent character has now spread to Norway. In Christiania a Socialist Club existed in quite idyllic peace and concord until, some time ago, a comrade deposited *Der Arme Conrad* in the reading room. In a little while it disappeared; but there was much whispering and agitation amongst the "faithful," and in the General Meeting held recently the following resolution was proposed:

"Whereas, the Socialists and Anarchists can not work together and can not realise their ideas of how to make a fundamental change in the present social order; and, whereas, all our Party congresses have refused to work with the Anarchists, as their efforts only have a harmful effect on the Socialist ideas. Therefore this General Meeting resolves to refuse all Anarchists admission to membership of this Club."

This was carried by 24 votes against 12. Six members immediately seceded; and now idyllic peace and quietude reign in this auxiliary sheepfold of the great flock of red sheep. The seceders will found a free discussion club.

TO THE CITY OF LIGHT.

Again in the van, again!
In spite of the hypocrite's scorn!
Again unloosing the chain!
Again unveiling the morn!
Not the wrongs of the one thou'rt redressing,
From the whole thou art tearing the mask:
'Tis again the future thou'rt blessing;
Toward the truth is, as ever, thy task!

All the capital curs of the earth
Are yelping a chorus of shame;
And finding thee wanting in worth,
And brazenly shifting the blame.
As though they are free from all sores!
As though they are spotless as snow!
As though they have not at their doors
Wherewithal for their heads to hang low!

They, too, have their fabrics of lies;
They, too, have their stifled appeals,
Where the wrongs of the victim who dies
No tongue to the sunlight reveals.
They, too, have assassins in state
Who plot against freedom and peace,
Who fling to the mob mouthing bait
For its cackle of cowardly geese!

Then on! till the cutthroat is cow'd,
And the fakir to silence appall'd,
And national myths disavow'd,
And our brotherhood's era install'd!
Flash forth thy electrical shock!
Awaken the conscience of man,
Though all of the frauds in the flock
Put thee and thy works under ban!

London, September, 1899.

LOTHROP WITHINGTON.

POLITICAL OR REVOLUTIONARY METHOD?

Anarchists are often derided for their supposed lack of practicality, and it is a source of supreme pleasure to the so called "scientific" Socialists to profess to regard Anarchical proposals with an air of amusement, and to murmur, "utopian." It is scarcely needful to enter into a discussion over the respective values,—as applied—of the terms "practical," "scientific" and "utopian," the world is somewhat "topsy-turvy," and adjectives oftentimes acquire a meaning exactly opposite to that intended by a well regulated dictionary.

Unfortunately, shadowy substances—especially when clothed with a respectable halo—appear far more acceptable than the more substantial—if more homely—facts that are before us every minute of our lives.

To advise people to vote, to capture the political machine in order to achieve industrial emancipation, sounds delightfully easy, and certainly has the merit of not entailing too much exertion. All that one has to do, is to sit down and wait until election day comes round and then by voting, to carefully put nails into the coffin of misery, and, hey presto! you wake up some fine day and find that the sun is shining upon an industrial commonwealth. What is easier? You need not bother your head about trade unions, except in so far as you may *scheme* to use them for political ends: your vast co-operative movement—child of mighty growth of the spirit of association—is nothing; *use* all these movements, capture them, such is the lesson of "scientific Socialism."

As a matter of fact, I suppose that Anarchists are as desirous of being practical and of getting down to the concrete things of life as most other people. But a mere shibboleth does not do this. The difficulty is to get our reforming friends to see that you cannot change a society by merely changing its forms. Surely it does not require a very brilliant intelligence to see that the organisation of society is dependent for its character upon the economic condition of the peoples. The economic condition is the basis upon which rest the forms of society and unless you tackle and alter this basis you can effect little permanent good. One may be ready to admit that some temporary amelioration may be effected by legislation, say as with the Factory Acts, but it is only a temporary respite and in the long run has but the effect of lengthening the reign of exploitation. To make exploitation bearable is to lengthen its life, for all men are more or less conservative, and stick with avidity to that which serves their present turn.

Anarchists are not foolish enough to imagine that "talk" alone is needed; that the Revolution will come of its own accord; they recognise that it needs working for. But they recognise that Society has to be attacked from its only vulnerable side:—the economic. The workers produce all, they have to be taught to control the results of their labour. If a large percentage of the workers refused to produce for the exploiters, they would have at once the means of cutting off their supplies, no matter how great the number of these exploiters may be. It is not the place of the Anarchist to suggest any particular schemes, for conditions are so changeable that what may appear suitable for to-day may be decidedly unsuitable to-morrow, but Anarchists can and do work arduously in the various economic movements for the furtherance of such schemes as come forward from time to time.

Without at all attempting to lay down programs, it does appear to most of us that our place is to enter into the working class movement not to "boss" it, not "use" it, but to take our part as comrades and fellows.

Let us imagine the idea of federation—National and International—carried through, a not unlikely thing, and a corresponding growth of the co-operative productive spirit among the unions, what would be the result? Revolution, undoubtedly! Through federation the workers would have learned the power that they possess; through co-operation they would be able to withdraw their support from the drones, and in their very midst start the nucleus of a Communistic society.

Were this to happen, it is clear that the worker would have an opportunity of realising Socialism that he at present does not possess.

Here, then, is the plain issue before the Socialist: you have a decided trend of organisation on the part of the working-class movement. What place should we occupy? Should we go to them and ask them to vote, and in the pursuit of legislation destroy the labor movement and transform it into a political one? Or should we not rather go amongst them and here and there fan the smouldering fire of economic common sense, so that each step made by them toward the future may be a step to the Social Revolution.

Yes, the economic method is the *practical* one; the political weapon is a chimera, a "will o' the wisp," invented by rogues and used by dreamers, fools and knaves.

A Letter of a Suicide.

Oh, what a wonderfully bright night!

The sky is so blue, the stars sparkle like pure brilliants; you hear in the distance the sweet trill of a nightingale. All is so beautiful—just as in the French romances I read in my passionate youth.

Once would I, on such a night, dream of love; of two gentle, loving hearts beating together in harmony. Now, it is otherwise. Now I dream of death; of a cold, quiet, peaceful grave, where passion burns no more either in the heart or in the brain; where you no longer carry dark, heavy thoughts, like black storm-birds, about. No; in the grave all is quiet, peaceful, cold—dead.

Now, I am quite a different being. Once I used to bow to nature as if before a holy goddess; now I look at her as I would at an old, ornamented coquette, or—why deny the truth?—I look at beautiful nature as I would at some bejewelled prostitute who gives herself up to the rich.

Oh! the fine, delicate aesthetes grind their teeth; how *dare* I compare these to holy nature; they, so unnatural! And yet it is so.

Who enjoys the beauty of nature? who tastes her wine? who is happy on her bosom of flowers? The rich man—he who can pay. The poor man she only tempts with her beauty. But why am I talking of nature just as if it could feel or think? Oh, this is old habit, an old superstition; I have read and heard so much of "holy mother nature" that I have always looked upon her as something human, sensitive.

Holy mother nature! No; a mother would not shine so gay and glorious with her thousands of stars, would not decorate herself in a

dress of flowers, while her child takes the last departure from her. What say I? am I, then, the only one who takes leave of the world while in the full bloom of his life? How many sons of man, innocent, gentle, curse the hour they were born, in all parts of the world, large and small? And she, nature, the mother of the human race, she is dressed up, very smoothly adorned in flowers and brilliants just like a cold coquette who has got herself ready to go to a Court ball, where her rich lovers are awaiting her arrival.

Yes, if nature is our mother, is she a mother who kills her best children: those who have yet a conscience; those who yet carry in their hearts a spark of human love, righteousness? who kills them with a proud smile on her heavenly face, and accompanies them to the grave with the song of birds and sunshine?

What drives me to death? Disappointed love? No. I have never loved; I have only dreamt of romance, knightly love; I have imagined woman as a bewitching ideal, as the purest pearl of beauty, gentleness, humanity. When I got acquainted with women I have not found in them my ideal; they were not pretty; they walked, talked, looked just as if on a stage. Natural simplicity they lacked. They admired my enthusiasm, my love for suffering humanity; but when I talked to them of duties to the suffering and downtrodden, they looked at me like children at their nurses when they are telling them a tale out of the *Arabian Nights*. Principles, sincerity, uncommon every-day life they could not grasp. They were interested to know how much I earned, rather than to which idea I served. I did not blame them for their littleness, I have pitied them; but love them I could not.

Does poverty drive me to an untimely death?

No. Poverty could not drive me from the world if I were to feel only my own poverty. What drives me from the world is the poverty of thousands of downtrodden, miserable, groaning and bleeding children of mankind. Say not: "This is only a phrase," (I do not wish to make of my death an advertisement for my "noble" person). No! I hate the world too much to feel any interest as to what the world will say of my death. In truth, it is not my personal grief which drives me to a voluntary death; I am used to suffer since I was a child, to struggle against starvation. But, also, since childhood there grew up in me a love for mankind and a strong desire to study their life, to understand what they think, to know what they feel; nothing in the world interested me so much as man himself. I have never thought of riches, of a great name, of social title; but I have always thought about men. I have looked in their faces, in the windows of their dwellings; I tried to study how they live, what they are striving for, who is helping them in their strivings and who hinders them from reaching their goal.

A day without seeing a man was to me unbearable. I could only feel well among a big crowd. Every human face was to me an interesting book; every new pair of eyes, holy windows of a human soul which I have looked into with a burning intensity, just as we would look at an interesting panorama.

My power of observation grew quickly.

I used to notice tears where others have only noticed a sweet smile; I have heard sighing and groaning when others have only heard frivolous laughter. My eye got used to pierce the veil behind which took place the saddest life's dramas.

My friends were occupied with their studies, with their career, with their private business, with romancing, with money troubles. I have, with great perseverance, learned a trade which enabled me to earn my bread, and have never thought more about myself; I could not quietly read a book or spend my time with studies. Before my eyes there was always the picture of the unhappy, downtrodden, miserable human beings whom I knew so well. I have learned to know their poverty. I knew how the poor froze in winter and how they were roasted in summer. I knew how they hunger; how they suffer from sickness; how they die of starvation and continual struggle, the heartrending pictures and awful cries of poverty followed me like horrible visions, bleeding corpses.

I got impatient; a burning hate for the rich, of the satiated, of the lightheaded got hold of my whole soul; I ground my teeth and tore my hair seeing the awful suffering of the poor and feeling how powerless, how lonely I am.

I have called for war, for revenge; my hand drew toward the sword, my heart thirsted for blood.

Yes; for the blood of those who brought into the world poison, awful unbearable misfortunes; to turn their palaces into ashes, to trample their crowns under foot, to answer their groans under my sword with a devilish laughter: this has become the passionate longing of my broken, suffering soul.

Oh, what? You look at me like a savage: "What bloodthirsty, mad thoughts that man had!"

I know you, you respectable hypocrites! you peaceful cowards! Tell me, do you know the poverty of the people? do you know it? have you ever felt it, as I have? Have you counted the tears of the unhappy; have you ever seen the blood of their wounds? Imagine your own sister selling herself in the street; imagine your own aged mother washing clothes for a young bourgeois lady; that your father cleans the boots for a rich business man! Imagine a father who looks for means to stifle his own child, while it is yet underneath the heart of the poor mother; because he has neither bread for it nor a corner in this great world! Imagine for a while that your only little child is dying in a stifling tenement house because it had not enough air or pure nourishment; there it struggles before your eyes in the last minutes of its life, its innocent eyes are still looking at you just as if they would ask: "Why, father, why?"—Can you imagine all this? Can you tell me

(my heart not being of stone) that I could stifle within me that thirst after bloody revenge which rings so wildly in your ears? Yes, I have thirsted for the blood of those who are answerable for all these awful crimes against mankind. But why have I not *done* this? why have I not pierced through with my sword the viper hearts of the hypocrites—of those whom I recognise as guilty?

I have not done it because I am a weakling, a coward like all of you. The difference is: to me it is tormenting, agonising, this knowledge of how weak and how powerless I am; that this bitter feeling burns in my breast like a hellish fire and drives me into the grave. But you, you are satisfied weaklings; you will yet long remain on the world's stage to play the mournful rôles of cold philosophers, of peaceful hypocrites and vapid liberals. You are also self-murderers; the only difference is that I will commit self-murder in one second, and your self-murder will take years. You will gradually kill within yourselves all that is human, gentle and sublime; money troubles will finally catch you in their dirty claws and you will die inch by inch.

Shall I regret it? No! we are too old for the new struggle.

New, fresh and vigorous fighters are coming to the front, to the rescue of the poor people. I, too, dreamt I would be one of them, wear proudly on my head the wreath of flowers of a powerful champion. But it turned out otherwise; I have lived too fast, too quick, my mental hunger developed quicker than I could find nourishment for it; my soul starved within me, my heart hungered through not seeing human happiness—because I could not find human love. My whole being struggled towards life, to do good, to see light; and around me all was cold, sleepy, dark, drenched with tears—dead! Enough; the last hour has struck!

What shall be my last word? Shall it be a curse, a threefold curse upon the cold hypocritical world which robbed me of my golden dreams, my holy hopes, my right to live, to love and to enjoy? Should my last word be a cry against the mad, damnable society that tramples under foot all that is humane, noble and beautiful?

No, my last word shall not be a wail; because cursing and wailing belong to the present slavery, and I was always with my heart, with my every thought, a child of the future—that free, golden future!

No! my last word to the hypocritical world will be a prophecy.

I die, but the spirit of freedom, which was my whole joy, my only consolation, remains alive; him you cannot drive to suicide, you cannot kill him either. He will live and conquer you. He will break his flaming sword on the thrones of governments, and will demolish you. He will smash the chains which have chained millions of human beings to poverty and unbearable suffering. That storm is near; but after that storm will come a free, quiet, peaceful, sunny day, the spring flowers will build a glorious wreath for emancipated humanity; this holy wreath will also fall on the lonely grave of this suicide, because he also died loving freedom and sunshine.

The clock strikes three, the silver streaks of the pale moon are playing on the handle of my revolver. Shake not, my hand; from life to death is but one second's journey!

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

October breaks with a sky as brooding and sullen as the nations under it; and, though there is no striking news to report, the pulse of unrest beats on and the voice of discontent is nowhere silenced. To France every eye has been turned during the past weeks. Zola's indignant protest (*Le Cinquième Acte*) which appeared in *L'Aurore* of Sept. 12th, expresses to the full the horror experienced by the universe and all that is best and bravest in France at the outrageous verdict of the Rennes Court-martial. The subsequent pardon by the Ministry can neither remove the stain nor whitewash the fact that for the second time Dreyfus has been condemned to live under the ban of a crime of which he is innocent. It is quite possible that, but for the sustaining courage of his noble wife, the persecuted man would have succumbed to the injustice of a sentence of moral condemnation that, coming from his countrymen, must, to one nursed upon the breast of Patriotism, be worse to bear than death itself. No man however coldblooded by nature or indomitable in will can calmly submit to be branded as a traitor to his country or his friend when every heart-beat rings true. Apart from strengthening a sinking spirit, of what value to him the kindly expression of the world's opinion? It is but the touch of a gentle hand upon an open wound; it may soothe, it cannot heal. To men of the stamp of Dreyfus their country is all-in-all. Surely the bitterest sorrow a patriot, or indeed any man, can suffer, is to be misjudged of his own.

Let the world cry *Innocent!* and hold out the warm hand of friendship, it yet cannot quench the sting that drives home with the thought—"to them I am innocent, but to my people guilty." So deeply does the venomous fang of injustice bite into the being of an honourable man, that, once felt, even complete rehabilitation in the eyes of his foes fails to wholly heal the sore. Human and finite, we may forgive, we cannot forget. *The incident is closed*, says Gallifet with the brutal cynicism of some modern Frenchmen. Perhaps so, despite undaunted avenging spirits like Zola and his standard-bearers of Truth; but the results of the incident are not closed, they have only begun. For there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in human philosophy; there is a Nemesis that dogs the false, that brings home every lie to the teller or doer of it; however men may scoff at the supernatural they know that Nemesis has a wheel as Justice has a sword, and that while the wrong is yet warm or years after, it may be, when to the doer of that wrong all seems still and well, she of a sudden flings down her wheel and breaks him upon it. The mishandling of Justice and Truth

is never expiated save by tears of blood. And tears of blood it seems likely France will be called upon to shed before the lie she hugged to her bosom can be washed out. For to her it seemed better that one, the insignificant artillery captain, should be immolated upon the false altar of Patriotism than that the baseness of many generals should be laid bare.

Yet today, five years later, it is bare, and all the world knows with as infinite pity as scorn, that the once famed army of France is rotten to the core, and that few men are so steeped in moral degradation as its chiefs, content to filch the wages of the Republic with one hand while tendering their sword to the decadent house of Orleans with the other: who sip their *petit verre* on the boulevards today, and to-morrow were all things ripe for Monsignor would as readily whet their thirst in Republican blood. So much for Nationalism which exudes a Deroulède, a Guérin, a Max Regis, men who while swearing fealty to the Republic would none the less gladly see her red with the reddest of all struggles, the fight between brother and brother—Civil war!

Few Anarchists but will admit that many cruel deeds were committed during the French Revolution. A noted English Socialist of anything but a bloodthirsty type has stated that should a revolution break out in London, these deeds would not only be repeated but outrivalled, thanks to a Christian community that cares not how it brutalises and degrades a population by enforced overcrowding and sweated labour, that flaunts ever increasing luxury on one side and compels into abject poverty on the other. One quite concurs with him. Englishmen when their ferocity is aroused do not bang each others' heads with the Bibles they talk so much about, but with brick-bats. They will pitchfork the wealthy *roulés* in the Piccadilly clubs just as readily as the sans-culottes piked the aristos. In the cauldron of social revolution it is outraged humanity that always rises first to the top. Nemesis lifts the hatches, bids the galley-slaves come forth and breathe, intoxicates them with the unaccustomed wine of Liberty and bids them collect her debt. They do it and are not over-nice in the doing of it. Why should they be? The landlord, the employer of labour, the policeman, the municipality, are not over-nice in their handling of the poor. Only dig deep enough into the earth and you will find fire; plunge the rowel of your spur but deep enough into the flank of man and you need not be surprised to find a tiger. But within the fire, and beneath the tiger-glare, and at bottom of the cauldron lies a substratum of all that is best and noblest in the individual or the nation.

The Italian groups in the eastern United States are just now rather hotly discussing a subject not unknown to the English groups, viz., Organisation v. Free Initiative. Those connected with our well known contemporary, *La Question Sociale* of Paterson, New Jersey, have differed upon the all-absorbing point, with the result that the editorial staff is changed and that the seceders are to publish another sheet under the name of *L'Aurore* as the exponent of their individualist ideas. "There is no harm in taking different roads provided we reach the same point," state the seceders in their long declaration in the *Question Sociale* of Sept. 2. A remark in which all can concur; for, though a split in a group is often regrettable, it does not follow that the influence of the group is wholly lost; diminished it may be. The dread, as usual, seems to have been that propaganda for organisation "would have a tendency to suffocate the spirit of the initiative, autonomy and individual independence, thus preparing the ground for authoritarianism. . . . For this reason we separate ourselves from the comrades of the *Question Sociale*; and as we look upon it as a rigid duty to explain and propagate our own ideas because we believe them true and just, so we have initiated the publication of a new Anarchist periodical, *L'Aurore*, which will see the light at Paterson, N. J., on Sept. 9." The declaration is signed by Ciancabilla, Barile and Guabello, whose editorial address will be Box 409, Paterson, N. J. Malatesta, who is at present holding meetings at Barre, Vermont, will meanwhile edit the *Question Sociale* from the old address.

An article in a current magazine upon "The Assassin of the Empress," from the pen of U. S. Consul Ridgely of Geneva, and from which we cull a few details, gives us our latest news of Lucheni. "Seven months alone in his cell, finds him demoralised and repentant. . . . and if the spirit of repentance which appears to have recently taken hold of him works as effectively upon his conscience as those who are watching him hope, it may result in revelations which will not only bring about the exposure of his accomplices but may lay bare the secrets of the Anarchists for the past ten years." This can scarcely be probable; a "poor, misled fool," as the consul styles Lucheni, is not usually taken into the complete confidence of the "designers of such plots" as the consul morbidly hints at: the very name by which he alludes to the fraternity—"the awful Brotherhood"—sufficiently defining the extent of his knowledge on matters Anarchistic. "He has declared at last that he had accomplices, and it is believed he will tell who they were and all about them." Not improbably; the torture of a solitary cell has broken down braver spirits than Lucheni's, and if, say, a lie will bring a little respite, he may tell it. Most of the largest burglaries in England have been planned, it is said, in the silence of the solitary cell; thus does Nemesis retaliate upon prison brutality.

Lucheni "has a neat and clean cell, much larger and better ventilated than any cell I ever remember to have seen in an American penitentiary," continues the consul, with a rap at his beneficent Prison Boards. "The convict has a good, clean bed with a straw mattress, a small table and a chair. He is comfortably clad, not in convict stripes, but in good woollen garments, and is, in short, living under better conditions of cleanliness and wholesomeness than he ever knew before in his life. . . . He

works at paper-box making twelve hours a day. At 8 a.m. he is served a litre of *café au lait* without sugar. At noon he has a dinner of soup and vegetables, and, if he behaves himself well, a goblet of light red wine. For supper, at six, he has only soup. He is allowed a kilogram of coarse, dark bread a day. Twice a week, all the prisoners of the Evêche, Lucheni included, are given a generous portion of some sort of boiled meat at the noonday repast. Thus, it will be seen that the Anarchist is very well fed—better, doubtless, than he ever was before in his life, and *much better than the great majority of the lower classes of his country-people.* Twice a day he exercises with the other prisoners in the yard, and he may read any book he chooses from the library on Sundays and during his dinner-hour.

We have already given in *Freedom* our estimate of Lucheni; but the italics above, which are ours, give the impelling cause for his act. Lombroso himself, in an exhaustive paper on Lucheni's temperament, deliberately admits that the transformation in Italy of ordinarily gentle men into "Anarchists of the revengeful type," is due solely to "the misery that weighs upon our unfortunate country, evidence of which comes in from every side—even upon those who are not miserable themselves. If even in the latest days Lucheni had been living comfortably, he could not, with the excessively morbid altruism that dominated him, have failed to feel this misery, which is so profound and general in Italy. Not much erudition is required to demonstrate the immense economical embarrassment of Italy as contrasted with other countries, when it is known that we pay about five hundred times its value for salt, that bread is growing dearer every day, and that the amount consumed diminishes one tenth every year in these lands. . . . A good fifth of the population of Italy are still living in a savage state, dwelling in cabins that the Papuans would not live in, accommodating themselves to a food which the Shillouks would refuse, having a vision and an idea of the world not much more ample than that of the Kaffirs. It may be added that it is because of this condition—that is, of the defective civilisation that results from it—that there is everywhere a weakened revulsion and diminished horror at blood-crimes, so that there are now 60 homicides for every 100,000 inhabitants. . . . The idea of conquering Anarchy by killing Anarchists is not valid. It is, rather, necessary to change the direction of the disease by changing the miserable conditions in which it originates." But when will Humbert and his ministers look at the Anarchist question in this light? A bullet or a long rope, a solitary cell or an addition to the police force—*sapristi!* these things cost so much less for the moment, and Her Majesty's new villa is building; reforms may come to-morrow. But some to-morrows never come, and some come too late.

NORTHERN NOTES.

As an instance of what the desire for power will lead even good honest Socialists to, one may turn to a recent occurrence in Bradford. The local I. L. P. and the Trade's Council decided to hold a meeting of protest against the idea of a war in the Transvaal. Had it not been for the political Socialists with their vote catching Jesuitism, desiring to get the support of certain radical elements, the meeting would have been a complete condemnation of the war spirit and an affirmation of the Brotherhood of man. The Trades Council were in favour of having this so, but were outnumbered by the radical and I. L. P. schemers. However, J. C. Kenworthy who spoke there, had the opportunity of driving home a few good solid truths from our standpoint.

It is really disgusting to see how low this silly notion of opportunism and politics will drag men. No matter how lofty their ideals may be to start with, they cannot touch the political weapon without being degraded to an almost inconceivable extent by it. Alf Barton has been seeing a little of it in Sheffield as well. The Trades Council there, had in a full meeting decided to take no part in the elections. At the next meeting the politicians, finding a small attendance, rushed through a motion rescinding the resolution and pledging the Council to a certain political position. Protest was of little use, it was immediately ruled out of order.

Honesty may go to the wind, ideals are impracticable; give *them* a free hand, and you have as a result dishonour and roguery. This is what their "practical" methods come to in every case. Diogenes would have to get his lantern replenished a good many times before he found an honest politician. And yet they are good enough fellows before they touch the game.

I hear of very little outside propaganda up this way. Sheffield, Leeds and Liverpool seem to be the only places where it is carried on. It is to be hoped that comrades elsewhere are finding out other channels for the propagation of our cause. New ground has been broken by Stockton and George Barber at Mexborough, where they had a very successful meeting and received good help from the local I. L. P. The Leeds comrades are arranging a big Anti-war demonstration for the 1st Oct., when *nine* Anarchist "spouters" take the platform! Where's everybody else? Then there's the big International Ball coming off; they all say that they're going to clear a host of money by it to pay for a rousing winter's work. Emma Goldman and Domela Nieuwenhuis are to come if the needful cash can be raised. Nor is discussion amongst the group to be neglected. Every Tuesday, budding orators and others are to talk about the phases of our ideals. The first meeting of this character was held on the 19th and was attended by about 40 comrades.

The Jewish Comrades in Leeds have also been very busy. They arranged three good meetings during the "Holydays" and have incurred

thereby the wrath of the "unco' guid." Their main offence is that they posted the placards announcing the meetings on Sabbath, when their beloved compatriots were prevented by religious scruples from tearing them down. "Anti-Semitism" formed the subject of a very big meeting held on the 16th.

A sound suggestion has been made by George Barber and Barton. They suggest that on next Easter the Northern Anarchists should meet in conference and endeavour to cement their forces together with a view to more earnest and effective work. They suggest,—and the Leeds comrades have fallen in with the suggestion,—that the conference take place in Leeds; the Sunday to be taken up in "demonstrating" and the Monday by the Conference. It certainly would be of immense service, and would stand a chance of being eminently successful now that a wave of enthusiasm has set in. We have isolated comrades in Hull, Oldham, Colne, Halifax, Huddersfield, Bradford, Otley and York, besides the groups in Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield and Liverpool, and a conference would be a means of getting them all in harness and enable us to open out many places where we are unable to work now.

Walsall Relief Fund.

Our comrades Charles and Battola are both in good health and spirits and send their greetings to all comrades, and wish to acknowledge the kindness of all those who have come forward to help them to the rest and reaction that may fit them to face the struggle for existence once more.

I have received the following sums in addition to £9 13 7 acknowledged in the last issue; and I would be glad if all friends who still have lists out will send them in as soon as possible, to enable me to close my accounts in the next issue.

Houghtons' list		Proceeds of concert at Enterprise Sept. 30		£2 12 0	
S. A.	6	E. B.	6	P. Kilshaw	2 0
T. Gutzmer	6	C. D.	6	Liverpool, col-	
J. Nuttall	6	Banton	6	lected at Column	1 8 0
T. Cook	6	A. C.	2	Kavanagh's list	
W. Moss	6	J. Greenhalgh	2 0	H. Clemston	6
J. Ellison	6	A. R.	1 0	W. H. Potts	6
A. Lee	3	M. C. T.	4	W. H. Chapman	7 6
J. Lee	6	Holt's list		Rosenfeld	3
E. J. Wood	3	S. A. Holt	1 0	Marchfield	1 0
J. Winkle	6	Mrs. E. Moses	1 0	Manning	1 0
E. Somerset	6	C. Moses	1 0	Brew	6
M. H. Green	1 0	C. Whitely	1 0	J. Ross	1 0
H. W.	6	James	3	Cox	6
J. Kirk	6	Feix's list		Hammond	1 0
A. Holmes	6	J. Brown	1 0	M. Sinnott	2 0
Thomas	3	E. Roberts	3	L. Murray	6
Mrs. James	2	J. Rowney	3	Lear	3
Mrs. Gutteridge	3	T. Hand	3	Kavanagh	6
J. Bond	6	E. Feix	5 5	Roche's list	
J. Vaughan	3	T. H.	4	J. Walker	4 0
A. Whittaker	6	Scarratt	3	W. Makin	1 0
T. Minshall	3	Evans	3	M. R.	1 6
J. Binns	6	Clifford's list		H. Chiverton	6
W. H. H.	3	J. Clifford	1 0	J. Roach	6
G. S.	3	W. H.	1 0	H. Makin	6
R. Brown	6	Callaghan	6	J. Gavin	6
J. Royle	6	Carpenter, 2nd list		H. R. Batley	6
A. G.	1 0	G. E. Hukin	1 0 0	J. Lewis	6
A. Crooks	6	W. Reynolds	2 6	Coldrick	6
W.	10	J. K.	10 0	L. A. G.	6
MacQueen's list		J. H. Allen	5 0	W. Parkin	6
J. Ratcliffe	5 0	J. O. F. & E. H. F.	2 0 0	C. Whelan	6
W. MacQueen	10 0	Raymond Unwin	1 0	Bert Kavanagh	6
J. Badley	5 0	J. Potter's list		Silverstone's list	
H. Pleiger	6	S. Hickton	1 0	R. Silverstone	3 6
Isakovitch	6	Hopkinson	6	Kodoshof	2 0
Bojansky	1 0	W. E. H.	1 0	Horovitz	1 0
J. Gough	1 0	R. Jones	1 0	D. Schäffer	6
F. Fox	1 0	Mrs. P.	1 0	G. Mollet	1 0 0
H. Levi	2 6	R. Potter	6	Perski	6
Folinski	6	J. P.	10 0	Hudson	2 0
Gordon	1 0	Frank Twaite	1 0	Cohen	6
J. W. F.	2 6	Kirkpatrick's list		Rhodes' list	
J. Brierly	5 0	J. Kirkpatrick	2 6	E. Rhodes	1 0
J. Bardin	2 0	R. A. Bevan	2 6	Jones	3
E. Kelly	1 0	A. G. C.	2 6	Abrams	3
A. Wormald	2 6	Warhurst	1 0	Cunol	1 0
A. Madden	1 0	Jackson	6	Reece	6
M. Sollitt	1 0	Mrs. Uttley's list		Miscellaneous	
D. Wormald	1 0	Mrs. Bedford	2 0	Profit on Tea at	
Gordon	1 0	J. Bingham	1 0 0	Darley Dale	5 10
Miss Goldie	6	C. & M. Uttley	1 0 0	Collection	16 6
Holdsworth	1 0	Mrs. Usher's list		Collection, Sheffield	4 10
G. Gordon	1 0	C. Milner	1 0	Barton	1 2
L. Elstein	1 0	W. Shaw	1 0	Kahn	2 6
Warwick's list		W. T. F.	1 0	Teherkesov	5 0
Clarence Webb	1 0	Malfew Wilkes	1 0	Ommanney	4 0
P. J. Kelly	1 0	J. Millward	1 0	Lassassie	2 6
G. Smith	4 6	W. Snowdon	2 6	F. J.	5 0
E.	1 0	Friend	1 0	Glasgow	1 6 0
W.	2 6	F. Taylor	2 6	Per W. Warner	1 0 0
W.	2 6	Friend	1 0	Louise Michel	
L. Warwick	6	Louisa Usher	8 0	sale of photos	1 0 0
J. Warwick	1 0	Canning Town list		Surplus from con-	
Taylor's list		Subscriptions	4 7 9	cert, July 24,	1 0 0
H. Taylor	2 6	Hull comrades	1 0 0	Social Democrat	10 0
A. Fleming	1 0	Collected at		F. B.	2 0
A. Fleming	6	Beckton Rd. 1	1 9	Per D.	16 3
P. H. E.	6	Stratford	13 6	Total to date	£47 7 2
E. Honnty	6	Canning Tn. S.D.F.	5 0	Battola £10	
G. Ware	1 0	Kilshaw's list		Charles £10—20	0 0
An Old Friend	1 0	P. Milne	1 0	In hand	£27 7 2
Hell	6	W. Brady	1 0	T. CANTWELL.	
		P. C.	2 0		

To the Editor of FREEDOM.

Is the State the Enemy?

Ever since Adam blamed Eve and Eve blamed the serpent, there has been an universal tendency to "shift" responsibility. MacQueen, last month, in endeavoring to carry G. B. Shaw's position, saddles the State (that "aggregation of governors" as per Malatesta's definition) with the direct production of all the ignobility, servility, slavishness, hypocrisy and characterlessness that disfigure society.

To MacQueen, apparently, man is originally and innately Good and Noble; but somehow from somewhere this STATE has descended upon him and enslaved him. This is the doctrine of irresponsibility and automatism taught by our friends at Bradford, and is a reversion to and a variation of old theological misconceptions.

It would be interesting to learn when these innate virtues were first breathed into man—at what point in the chain of Descent. Was it at the particular moment when the *pithecanthropus erectus* ceased to be—or earlier or later?

The real facts of the case appear to be that man is but slowly casting off vestiges of his wholly animal derivation. The State, with all its detestable features, reflects the average man. He made it and he supports it. He is at fault—not the thing he made.

THOMAS REECE.

INTERNATIONAL GROUP FOR THE PLENARY AMNESTY OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the League for the victims of unjust laws:—

The name of this group sufficiently indicates that it is not composed of those who shout for death and war, but of those athirst for humanity, justice and peace.

The cruel old world has had its day. As evidenced by our keen desire for the liberation of Dreyfus, before Death, the supreme liberator, should have freed him, as occurred in the case of Girier Lorion and so many others, we hereby declare ourselves in full accord with the comrades of Brest and wherever the crusade against legal injustice is taking place, whether in respect of Meunier or others.

For the Group: L. MICHEL, Sec.,
127 Ossulston Street, N. W.

ATTENTION!

DEAR COMRADES,

Since it became known that Emma Goldman was going abroad she has been requested by a number of comrades to visit their respective cities and lecture to them before leaving the United States. She has accepted a number of these invitations, and this will delay her departure for some weeks. She will not arrive here until early in November; but I trust that comrades in the provinces who have expressed a desire for her to visit them will not discontinue their preparations or grow anxious because they have not heard from me. They will do so in due course; and, in the meantime, I should like very much to hear from Leicester, Sheffield and Nottingham.

Our comrade is just finishing a most successful eight months tour in the United States, doing glorious work for the cause of freedom. She sends greetings to all comrades.

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> | |
| 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> | |
| VII. <i>Authority versus Liberty.</i> | XII. <i>Marriage.</i> |
| VIII. <i>Why I am an Anarchist Communist.</i> | XIII. <i>The New Woman.</i> |
| | XIV. <i>Sex Problems.</i> |

H. KELLY, *Freedom* office,
127 Ossulston St. London, N.W.

REPORTS.

LIVERPOOL.

We continue to make things hum at the Colum, having a lively time of it altogether, as the Holy Romans that are located here do not feel inclined to forget or forgive the sacrilegious behaviour of the people of Paris for the unholy way they have handled the "Blessed Vargin"; for which they seem to think us in some way responsible. But, for all that, we are still hammering away. On Sunday, September 3, comrade Barton paid us a visit and spoke at our afternoon and evening meetings. At the first meeting he spoke at considerable length on the position of affairs in the Transvaal, and in the evening gave an able and eloquent address on "The Real Causes of Crime," and finished up by a severe criticism of the police methods for the prevention of crime.

The battle between the Seamen and the Shipowners is still going on, and up to the present there is nothing remarkable about it except the apathy of the seamen who stand idly around the shipping offices calmly watching the officials of the Shipping Federation filling their places with scabs (in many cases boys scarcely out of their teens), while they themselves are depending on the union officials who, I venture to say, are not very energetic. J. H. Wilson has lately arrived here and his visit seems to have woke up the seamen; so we may expect something to be done in the near future.

At our last group meeting a comrade suggested that good work might be done by the distribution of leaflets, or any kind of revolutionary literature,

at the Liverpool dockside; with that object in view, we have decided to make a special appeal to our comrades in the provinces to help us and to parcel up any old literature they may have lying about and send it, addressed to M. Roche, 6 Sykes Street, Liverpool; paying the carriage if they can afford to do so. But, carriage or no carriage, send it on, and by so doing you will greatly assist the propaganda in Liverpool.

FREEDOM PAMPHLETS.

- No. 1. THE WAGE SYSTEM. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 2. THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 3. A TALK ABOUT ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM BETWEEN TWO WORKERS. By E. MALATESTA. 1d.
No. 4. ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM: ITS BASIS AND PRINCIPLES. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 5. ANARCHY. By E. MALATESTA. 1d.
No. 6. ANARCHIST MORALITY. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 8. ANARCHISM AND OUTRAGE. By C. M. WILSON. 1d.
No. 10. ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL. 1d.
No. 11. THE STATE: ITS HISTORIC ROLE. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 2d.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

Other Pamphlets.

- LAW AND AUTHORITY. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 2d.
EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION. By ELYSEE RECLUS. 1d.
AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
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, at the same price—1s. We shall have some for sale, and those who would like to read it can send us their orders.
GOD AND THE STATE. By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE. Price fourpence.
THE TABLES TURNED; OR, NUPKINS AWAKENED. A Socialist interlude. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1s. each.
(Only a few of these original copies left.)
THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. By WILLIAM MORRIS, E. BELFORT BAX and VICTOR DAVE. 2d.
SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY. By GUSTAV LANDAUER. 1d.
MONOPOLY; OR, HOW LABOR IS ROBBED. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE L'ANARCHIE par M. NETTLAU. Preface d' ELYSEE RECLUS; Brussels, 51 rue des Eperonniers, 1897; 294 pp. 5 francs; post free for 4 shillings prepaid.
DIRECT ACTION VERSUS LEGISLATION, a new pamphlet by J. Blair Smith. Price one penny.



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