

Freedom

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AN URGENT NEED: A Labor Convention.

People begin to realise that the prospects for this country are gloomy. We shall not ask why all this suffering has been inflicted upon the Boers? why a thrifty, laborious nation has been ruined? Men seldom realise the harm they are doing. But we ask how the British workmen judge the results of the South African war which they themselves have now to face?

It was to have been ended victoriously last Christmas; but it is not ended yet, and every additional month that it lasts means for this country new losses, in addition to the 70,000 or 90,000 men already lost. Not all of them, of course, will be buried in Africa; but two thirds of those who return will be incapacitated for life, and about one half of them are already invalids who will have to be cared for for the rest of their days. Roberts, Methuen and Kitchener are great men-destroyers who have killed more English soldiers than all the Boer commandoes.

As to the money cost of the war, it will be realised soon when the income tax is raised next winter to 1/8 in the pound, and other taxes are levied. In addition to the £75,000,000 already squandered, there are the large stores of war material, accumulated for years and valued at £50,000,000, which have been destroyed through this war. They will have to be refilled, and in one shape or another the tax-payer donkey will have to pay the £50,000,000 as well, and to learn that the waving of flags is the costliest of all amusements.

Then, every sensible man understands that if the Transvaal and the Free State are "annexed," an army of occupation, 50,000 strong, will be required to keep South Africa in the sort of "order" that Russia keeps at Warsaw. The War Office has no illusions upon this point, and knows that 50,000 men in South Africa cost as much as 100,000 at home.

Then, the misdeeds of the missionaries, of the railway engineers, and especially of that gang of plutocrats at Shanghai, who are anxious to begin in China the landgrabbing and the "going to Brighton" (to use Salisbury's *simile*) which the Chamberlains, the Rhodeses and the titled bankers have carried on in Africa—the misdeeds of all this precious lot have proved to be too much even for Chinese patience. The mass of the Chinese people have had enough of those Catholic and Protestant swindlers who played upon the inexperience of a boy, the Emperor, making him issue edicts against the habits, customs and religion of a civilisation much older than ours; and the old land was aroused by the cry: "Down with the foreigners!" The Harmsworth-Rhodes' lies-shop at Shanghai is hard at work to induce the British to rush into a war in the far East. This is precisely what the eastern Rhodeses and the local Harmsworths, Kynochs and Chamberlains want. They want war and annexations in the East.

But there is so much inflammable material on those coasts of the Yellow Sea, that one fine morning the country will perhaps awaken and find itself at war with some new foes, not so deadly in earnest as the Boer heroes, but only the more dangerous on account of their proximity.

Be it as it may, coal stands already at famine prices, and everything will rise in price in proportion. The fifty or hundred thousand workers who may find employment in the making of war material are but a trifle in comparison to the 5,000,000 workers engaged in supplying the daily needs of the British nation, and the sum total of purchases of what they manufacture is sure to fall to an immense extent within the next year. Strict economy is already the watchword of the richer classes.

Another crisis, much worse than that of 1886, is thus at our doors. Every sensible man in the country feels it and foresees it. What have we, then, to do in these circumstances?

If the Boer war had been the work of the fatal Chamberlain family, of Rhodes and of banking dukes and lords only, the evil would not have been so great. The confiscation of the British es-

tates and of the South African spoil of these war-promoters might have helped to cover the expenses of the war. The independence of the Transvaal would have been recognised, and so on.

But the worst is that all the nation—and the British workers above all—are responsible for the South African war. To plead ignorance is of no use: the British workers did not want to know the truth; and instead of making their mighty voice heard in the matter before, during the war, or even at this last moment, they stoned, or allowed to be stoned, the few daring enough to tell the truth.

This abdication by the British workers of their right and duty to control the affairs of the nation, this surrender of the workers to the upper ten thousand is not of yesterday's date. It dates from 1886.

Everyone remembers the great awakening of Socialist thought which took place in that year, amidst the then prevailing crisis.

Two roads were opened then before the British working men: One was to boldly hoist the flag of the Social Revolution, or at least of an era of great social reform. Speaking of reforms only, and only of those which were already ripe in the minds of the thinking portion of the people, the nationalisation of land, the socialisation of mines and docks, wide municipal enterprise in a Socialist direction, and a powerful organisation of all trade-unions for wresting from the capitalists substantial concessions: these were the points upon which a formidable agitation could already be started. It was started; but the workers turned their backs to it.

The other road was to follow the leadership of the capitalists.

And this the workmen did. "Only remain quiet, only support us," the capitalists said, "and we promise you that, with the formidable resources for robbery which England possesses, we shall make so many annexations in all parts of the world, defying all principles of international law and custom (we are strong enough to do so), that we shall prepare for you an era of prosperity which has never been witnessed in the history of England. Only fancy the spoil of Egypt, the riches which millions of black slaves in Africa, and yellow slaves in Asia, will pour into the country when we compel them to work for us. All this will enrich us capitalists first; but streams of gold will flow into your pockets as well! Leave all that Socialist trash for starving foreigners on the Continent. We shall conquer the world, and rule the world—and pocket all the money. You know by experience that nothing is more profitable than to be the ruling class! So follow us! Give us a free hand! And—Britain for ever!"

And now, thank to these Boer heroes, all this splendid picture of world-robbery falls to pieces. The *prestige* is gone. "Two hundred and fifty thousand British soldiers cannot conquer forty thousand Boer burghers," is whispered far and wide in Asia and Africa. And where formerly a few red uniforms would do "to keep order," scores of thousands of khakis will hence be required. As soon as India recovers from the present famine, the plague, the cholera and all the other blessings of British rule, we shall see so powerful a Mussulman movement beginning in Asia against the Europeans, that in comparison with it the Boxers will appear mere babies.

The climax of the policy of robbery has been reached. Annexations no longer pay. And the Cains of the family—the Kynoch-Chamberlains—will take care to supply with small and big arms, the Mussulmans, the Negroes, the Hindoos and all other "annexed" nations, British or otherwise. *Annexations will not pay any more*; and the British, like all other nations, will have to look to their own work and their own land to get from them the well-being which the workers strive for.

The country is thus bound to revert to the point at which it parted with Socialism in 1886, and to undertake a complete revision of all the principles of our present economic life. Otherwise it will have to go where Holland, Genoa and Spain went in the centuries past.

We think, therefore, that the convocation of a general Con-

vention of all those who take to heart the question of Labor and Capital is now of absolute necessity. The results of the elections prove its urgency.

The Land-nationalisers, whom the Socialists have hitherto treated with insufficient attention, ought to be invited. All the Socialist organisations, of all possible shades of opinion (Independent Labor Party, Social Democrats and Anarchists), the Trade Unions, the Co-operators and all those who care to revise the present conditions of Labor and Capital ought to be asked to join that Convention.

It need not be formal: it cannot. All those who are revolted by the policy of annexation followed for the last few years, all those who see that the time has come for completely revising the relations between land-owner and land-tiller, capitalist and worker, middleman and consumer, could say much that would go to the hearts of those who toil for the rich. They ought to be invited individually.

It is evident that such a Convention ought to keep free from all party and electoral politics. We don't mean that the political parties should abandon their policy. This is not possible. What is wanted—supremely wanted at this moment—is to sound the alarm before the nation, in a voice that would be heard far and wide, above the party divisions and factions.

The Convention need not be numerous, but it must be outspoken. What is wanted at this moment is a frank, bold voice coming from men of all advanced parties, which would arouse the workers all over the country, to whatever party they belong, and show them that *their* interests are separated from, and opposed to, the interests of *all the money-makers*, Tory, Liberal, Unionist or whatever their names may be.

Party discussions may be totally avoided at such a Convention, and they will not be introduced if only the great questions of nationalisation, or rather Socialisation, of land, coal mines, railways, docks, dwelling houses, stores and so on, are seriously brought under discussion, and if a few men, at least, come to it with the earnest desire of making a new and a great effort to awaken the workingmen and to unfold once more the banner of Socialism in its broadest and widest sense. And if we leave the Convention with the firm intention of working hard after it, of convoking local conventions in every city and every county of Britain for the same purpose, *all* the advanced parties will feel the effect of a new life beginning in each of them.

We earnestly submit, therefore, to our friends of all advanced parties who feel the necessity of a Socialist awakening, the idea of a LABOUR CONFERENCE. All those who understand the need of a Socialist revival, all those who accept, however partially, Socialist ideas, without distinction of creed and party, ought to come together—not to a formal congress, but to a private conference for a couple of days to settle what is to be done for widely spreading Socialist ideas and ideas of Socialisation amongst the British workers. All advanced parties, we repeat, will only gain if such a conference takes place and if it pledges itself to do its utmost to spread Socialist ideas broadcast through the country.

[P.S. These lines were written before the International Socialist Congress took place at Paris. Now that it has taken place and half of the time has been wasted in futile disputes, while the questions of Socialism proper were dispatched in the Commission without even being discussed at the Congress, and now that the elections have shown how little English workers have hitherto assimilated Socialist ideas, the necessity of a Conference for the promotion of Socialist propaganda appears only the more urgent. Nothing but Socialism can put a stop to the growth of Imperialism.]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Comment upon the death of King Humbert would seem to be unreasonable in face of the reams of paper and gallons of ink expended by journalists and scribblers of all sorts in eulogising the memory of the deceased monarch and execrating Gaetano Bresci, the man who laid him low. Also, it must be confessed, it requires courage to stand with lifted head and front the torrent of abuse and misrepresentation that, like a deluge, pours steadily from the pen of the world's press, or venture a word in defence of Anarchism when to admit belief in Anarchist ideals is to proclaim oneself a lunatic, and to be an avowed Anarchist is to be anathema, more especially at a time when the trenchant phrase learnt from the revengeful lips of English and American soldiers when contending with an indomitable foe—*Give 'em hell!*—rings through the civilised world. That cry, mark, was also hurled against the Nihilists of 1881, and hell in the shape of prompt death or lifelong deportation was given them until to all appearance Nihilism, root and branch, became extinct. To all appearance, we say. The heart, the brains, the body politic was killed; but neither emperor nor policeman can kill Truth. No prison, no torture, no quicklime grave can stifle the spirit that prompts revolt against tyranny, or the craving after individual liberty that has reddened the universe with blood since government of

man by man and the eternal struggle of Liberty with Authority began. The Nihilists were silenced by brute force brutally administered. So were the Waldenses killed. But as to day in the religious world heterodoxy abounds the more because of the extermination of that very breed of heretics who were the early pioneers of freedom in religious thought, so too today does the spirit that permeated Nihilism live and, known as Socialism, run in deeper, wider channels than were ever dreamed of—channels whose shores broaden with the empire and deepen with every throb of the moujik's and artisan's heart; whose hidden currents boil up in Warsaw, in Kazan, in every place where the grasp of government seems strongest, defying repression by prison, by exile, by death. To each Nihilist, and he the outcome alone of the hideous system of police espionage and persecution that Alexander II. sanctioned, there are today twenty secret or confessed Socialists. Nihilism was killed; but the Nihilists' fierce love of freedom and all that freedom means, was not killed—could not be killed. In the breast of a new generation it awoke another and responsive chord and now vibrates from heart to heart, reaching limits that Nihilism, born from a special cause and for a special purpose, never could have reached.

Neither will all the persecution governments and police are capable of suppress Anarchism. In England it flows in a placid stream enough, because here as yet a man may breathe to some extent freely; he is not muzzled and garrotted by police-made laws at every turn as in the Continental States; consequently a vindictive spirit against the heads of the State remains unborn. Not so elsewhere. The man who has studied the past and present history of Italy can understand the temper that so quickly sends an Italian's hand to pistol or knife as the only reliable means by which to bring State officials to a sense of the appalling misery to which their heartless tyranny and misrule condemn thousands of their fellow countrymen. So also with Spain. But the ordinary bourgeois mind, the mind that does not read, cannot grasp the problems of liberty, justice, mercy, fraternity, summed up in the dread word Anarchism. The English bourgeois who reads only *Tit-Bits*, who finds his politics ready-made for him in his favorite sporting daily, who will always vote for the snob with money as against the man with brains—can never be brought to understand that the Social System on which he breeds and fattens is approaching the condition of an inverted pyramid trying to get straight. He has whipped the Boers, he is whipping the Chinese, he will whip the Anarchists before the year is out. So, as *No quarter!* is the German emperor's mandate against a race in arms for the integrity of its country, it has also become the cry of the English press against the Anarchist—be the purity of his ideals or the inoffensive tenor of his life what they may. Well, we do not pose as martyrs even in the cause of Liberty; yet that rabid *Give 'em hell!* seems somewhat akin to the *Christianos ad leones!* with which the Roman populace, that prototype of the British people, were wont to greet the little band of slaves, workers and middle class folk who dared to question the government's right to suppress the liberty of religious thought, but who were thrown to the lions less as seceders from orthodox religion than as members of a supposed secret political society.

And Bresci? What can we say of him other than was said two years ago of Luccheni? An Englishman is averse to blood, except (according to the newspapers) when it tastes of Boer. But for the Italian it has for centuries been as natural to strike as for the Englishman to deliberate. Their character and temperament cannot be gauged on the same plane. Yet here and elsewhere we see this anomaly—that hundreds may die daily of semi-starvation, may have life crushed out while earning a pittance in mine and factory—yet who, outside the ranks of the workers, says a word even of passing pity, since it is workers only who are concerned? But strike at the embodied symbol of the Might that could but does not choose to lighten the misery of millions, and no fate is too hard for the man who dares or does. Thus there is a roar of execration against all Anarchists for the act of one. The international police hunt down, imprison, or keep under their vindictive microscope all who come within their ken, their very action in this regard showing the sense of impotence that has seized them in their conflict less with a party than with a spirit. Will they never learn that persecution breeds resistance? That such action does not stifle but whet activity? Imprison every Italian Anarchist—there are little children growing up who will not forget their parents' fate. As to Bresci's act: there is a bereaved widow—yet all Italy hails its new king with a shout of hope and rejoicing, as though it tacitly acknowledged that worse than the so-called crime of regicide were the acts of mingled severity and weakness that characterised the late king. Bread will be close upon sixpence a loaf this winter in Italy; the peasant's ass is taxed, whereas the nobleman's four-in-hand rolls free; the peasant in his wretched poverty cannot buy salt for salt is taxed—if he scoop up seawater in the rocks in order to extract the precious grains, he is flung into prison. Two years since, the workers—men, women and children—sank dying on the stones of Milan while bourgeois "ladies" stood on their balconies urging the soldiers to shoot straight. All this by permission if not the order of Humbert; all this, and how much more? Men torn from their homes and left to rot in prison; men banished without trial for a written or spoken word; men on the flimsiest pretext thrust into *domicilio coatto*, unknowing whether it was to last one year or twenty. And yet we are told Bresci killed King Humbert for the sake of *notoriety*. Heaven save the mark! when every would-be Italian regicide knows that the death that would be merciful will be denied him; that his punishment will be solitary confinement for life, without work, without books, in absolute silence for all the time, and for the first ten years in semi-darkness in a cell too small for movement and which he knows by the fate of Passanante and others he will quit insane. The *Daily Chron-*

icle, when quoting our extracts from Dr. Barry's work, suggests that killing a king will not remove the miseries under which the Italian nation is groaning. Time will show. At least, so far this has been the immediate result—that the first act of the Ministers was to demand a Coercion Act against the Anarchists, and that the first act of the new king was to refuse it.

Sipido, it appears, is to be hounded down by the Belgian government as a sop to the British desire for vengeance. Ruled by Jew capitalists, England like Shylock must have its pound of flesh, the bullet must be paid for. The boy will probably be hunted from pillar to post till captured, and then housed until of age in a Belgian reformatory. If he has Anarchist convictions, it is more than probable that by the time he leaves that institution he will have sown seed among the lads who were his companions—so that Sipido suppressed means the growth of Anarchist principles. So it ever will be. Acquitted by his countrymen for an act of admitted boyish bravado, England's press and executive are in hysterics, urging that because this boy of sixteen was not hung, drawn and quartered, the life of every royal unit is today endangered. The nation's commonsense which fled at the crash of the first Boer shell, has not yet come home to roost. The Workers' International Revolutionary Congress, which was to have been held in Paris from the 16th to 23rd September, was suppressed a few hours before its first preliminary sitting by an order emanating, not from the Prefecture of Police, but from the French Ministry. Many foreign delegates had gathered together for the occasion, but the action of the government did not come wholly as a surprise and, though the Congress could not be held in public, there was deliberation in private. We hope to have more to say on this point in our next number. Salson remains an enigma; some thinking that he was Maitre Labori's assailant during the Dreyfus trial, while others state as in the plot to kidnap Roberts—the police are behind it. This is probable; for, if there is joy in heaven when a sinner repenteth, what can equal the joy of the plain-clothes gentleman when he nets his Anarchist, and what will he not do to net them by the score? Said an indignant Socialist: if you killed off the chiefs of police in succession or the spies who sell you to them, WE could understand it—but why attack Kings? "Perhaps for the same reason that Fabianism busies itself with the municipal milk-pail," was answered; "a microbe with no sense of proportion and a king with no sense of justice create fever, the one in the blood the other in the brain; in either case is it the patient who is responsible for the acts of delirium? Or is it the microbe, or is it the king?"

AMERICAN NOTES.

News comes to hand through *Free Society* and by letter that my old friend and comrade, N. H. Burmin, is dead. The history of a life is often better propaganda than speeches, books and papers; that of Burmin's life is one. He was the soul of modesty, so his name is, perhaps, not very well known to the readers of *Freedom*. A Russian Jew, he went to America some fifteen years ago, as he told me, "to see the Social Revolution there." He worked as compositor on the *Freiheit* for three years, he was with Dyer D. Lum on the *Alarm*, Merlino on *Solidarity* and with Edelmenn on *Solidarity* the second time it was published and we worked together on *The Rebel*. Voltairine de Cleyre knew Burmin very well, so her sketch of his life in *Free Society* is a modest one, she knew his taste. Burmin was the editor as well as compositor of *The Rebel*. C. W. Mowbray was nominally the editor Burmin was the real editor, yet he would never allow his name to be used. Since the death of *The Rebel*, he has contributed articles now again to *Free Society*, mostly anonymous, such was the modesty of the man who after fifteen years of unceasing toil for Anarchist Communism in season and out of season, died a madman in Chicago, July 18. His life in America was a stormy one, and the fifteen years he spent there were made up of cold, hunger and privation. It wore him out at last, his mind gave way and he suffered twelve days of torture before death released him. He was one of the most honest, intelligent and enthusiastic comrades it has been my good fortune to meet, and the movement in America has lost one of its most devoted workers.

The newspapers have been telling us for some time past that Anarchy was rife in New York City and in Akron, Ohio. A mob of ten thousand people went out on a negro hunt because a negro had killed a policeman, scores of inoffensive negroes were maltreated and some seriously injured because some negro—very likely unknown to them—had killed a policeman. It transpired afterwards that the police instead of protecting the negroes from assault, were the instigators of it. And yet when we tell people that is what they must expect, they tell us we don't understand human nature, we must have authority!

In Akron, Ohio, a negro was accused of having assaulted a white girl; he was arrested and gaoled.

The negro had been removed by the sheriff, and the mob, unaware of the fact, ransacked the gaol and then besieged the mayor in the City Hall.

The police finally fired and killed two children, whereupon the crowd, insane with exasperation, dynamited the City Hall and burned the public buildings and a portion of the neighbouring residences.

When the firemen attempted to extinguish the flames they were shot at. Six persons are dead and 23 are wounded. Soldiers are now on the scene, but serious trouble is expected tonight.

Usually Akron is a quiet, peaceful little town, and the townspeople are quite hospitable. They vote the regular Republican ticket and go to church twice on Sunday. I remember how shocked they were, when

I was there in 1894, at Caserio killing the "good President Carnot." But then, hunting niggers is different. It is a pretty place, however; and one can only express regret that the people are so law-abiding.

The street car strike in St. Louis is still on, although it is a lost cause as far as the strikers are concerned. Gompers, President of the Federation of Labor, tried to settle it; but failed.

The *American Federationist*, for July, furnishes some interesting reading in the Legislative Committee's report. Several years ago this Committee was appointed to go to Washington and look after Bills which were more or less in the interest of labor. It was called a lobbying committee, and so it was. Its expenses for one month were \$292 (not much, considering where they were and whom they had to associate with). The report of their work during the last session of Congress occupies 16½ pages of the *Federationist*, about 14,500 words. The last paragraph reads as follows: "In conclusion, we desire to say that of the sundry measures above referred to, it is worthy of note that when they passed the House, they were buried in the Senate; and when they passed the Senate they were, with one exception (the abolition of slavery in Hawaii), buried in the House." And yet they believe in legislative action to remedy the wrongs of labor!

Wall Street is excited over the fabulous profits of the Standard Oil Company. So far this year they have paid three dividends (amounting in all to \$38,000,000, or 38%) and another dividend is expected before the end of the year. On this basis, the Standard Oil Company will, it is expected, earn over a million dollars more than all the National Banks in the United States earned last year. No wonder Wall Street stands aghast. In 18 years, including this year, the Standard Oil Co. has paid in dividends something like \$221,250,000 (£44,000,000). J. D. Rockefeller, President of the Company is credited with owning about one third of the million shares of the corporation. On that basis, his share of the present dividend would be approximately \$2,660,000; and, should the dividends continue at this rate, Rockefeller would draw annually about \$10,000,000 from his Standard holdings alone.

Nothing like "honest toil," is there?

THE "ANARCHIST NEWSLETTER."

The appearance of the above on August 31st will, we trust, prove a most important departure in the reorganisation of the Anarchist movement in England.

The following quotations will give an idea of the objects of the *Newsletter*; but every comrade should obtain a copy for himself, which can be done by enclosing a halfpenny stamp to W. MacQueen, 79 Markham Avenue, Harehills, Leeds.

It is as well that comrades who were not at the annual conference of the Midland Anarchists, should understand plainly what the appearance of this *Newsletter* indicates.

It was felt there was a lack—especially during times of reaction, when we should be doing more of common action which could at many times make our movement much more influential than it is. As an instance of this, all our comrades have been engaged in the Anti-War agitation; how useful to us would have been a *Manifesto* emanating from the whole of us, we could have flooded the country with it at a very little cost and would thereby have had a most excellent chance of propagating our view of things under conditions that could not fail to have been favorable.

So we agreed to federate, to have some loose sort of tie that would help us in the future. Our comrade Barton consented to act as Secretary, and we are bringing out the *Newsletter* to be the means of communication between comrades.

What we want is a discussion on the unfinished points on the agenda mentioned by Barton below. At the Conference we did not discuss the name of the Federation.

We must also have reports, suggestions, hints; in short, anything from groups or individuals that will help along the spirit indicated.

Let us make our list of speakers complete, and if thought desirable let us publish a list of the groups.

This is why we appear, to bring the movement together, to bring the individuals together, to chat and to discuss as at our firesides, in order that our cause may grow the richer, that we may be able to fight the harder for the *REVOLUTION*.

We will discuss these questions in order. In the first place, we had sufficient of a general discussion at the Conference—enough to show, at any rate, that there was a real desire to get some active work and understanding. In fact, the general impression was: The reaction shows signs of passing away; the cost of the war in taxes and loss of life, and the fact of trade dropping down from its inflated condition, all tend to kill the stupid jingo spirit and to rouse the dormant to protest.

The revival of the movement is in the air, and we must prepare for it.

(*Agenda, item 3*) The next matter was federation. We were glad to see that this was taken up with enthusiasm. Some comrades seem to think that federation is superfluous. On the contrary, if it only keeps the groups and individuals of free ideas in contact, it is of a value both as an inspirer and a ready means of common action when such may be desired.

We would point out that cash is needed for postage expenses, etc., which mount up in the total, and while insignificant if each comrade does a part, form too large an item to be paid out of the pocket of a single comrade.

In conclusion, the main purpose of this report is to act as a medium whereby to provoke a continuous exchange of ideas, feelings and sympathies, to inspire and encourage one another and to lay the foundation of common action in the future. We cannot send it to every individual of free ideas as we should like; but we earnestly ask all comrades to help us in this respect and to spread it in all quarters where they think it will do good. And we further ask all who may receive it, be they members of groups or isolated individuals, to communicate with us in return, to let us have their views on these and other matters of common interest, to help forward the union of all those who are interested in the Cause of Freedom and thereby make the Federation useful as a powerful instrument in the great movement for the liberation of Mankind. ALF. BARTON (Sec.)

12 Olive Terrace, Owlerton, Sheffield.

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NOTES.

"HERE BE TRUTHS."

We have very little satisfaction as a rule in quoting the sentiments of modern journalists; but Jerome K. Jerome, though not free from the faults of his profession, has given such bold expression to his opinions that, in this case at least, we can make exception to the rule.

We quote from the *Sun* (July 23rd) the following extracts, regretting we cannot quote his "Idle Ideas" in their entirety:

In the cause of Humanity it might be suggested to Japan that she should send a few missionaries over to Christian Europe to teach some among us the elementary principles of decent and manly behaviour. Japan has suffered far more from China than have any of the European nations. The danger to Japan from Chinese fanaticism is not to be compared to the danger to the Christian nations. China is at Japan's door. If the European nations minded their own business and kept their thought from stealing other people's land, China would be no bogey to them.

.....Humanity should thank God there are nations in the world that are not Christian. Left in the hands of modern Christianity, the world would soon reach pure savagery.

Mr. Rider Haggard thinks it very sad that country laborers should leave the rural districts, where they can earn a fairly steady ten to twelve shillings a week, and drift into the towns. He attributes the movement to a love of gregariousness, of getting together, and of amusement. Very sad, indeed, that Hodge should want to get together and have some amusement in life—terribly sad! But Mr. Haggard has a remedy: he would have school teachers inculcate a love of nature. You point out to Hodge—who, by the way, has probably been working in a wet field from five o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night—the advantages of a moonlight stroll. You teach him the value of atmospheric effects upon the hills, where he contracts rheumatism and sciatica, leading to paralysis and the workhouse.

When Mr. Rider Haggard's school teachers have taught Hodge a love of nature and simplicity, perhaps they might be spared for a few lessons to Hodge's superiors—the gentlemen who get something out of the land besides rheumatism and paralysis; who get huge incomes out of the land which they spend in London and Paris restaurants.

Wages are scanty in the country and cottages have holes in their roofs, because our social system demands that the rich landlord shall live in idle luxury far away from the scene of his duties. A love of Nature is excellent. Let Hodge's masters and owners set him the example of it, and it will not have to be taught in Board Schools. A love of amusement, too, is very shocking in Hodge and such creatures of his class. It interferes with the amusements of his betters. Let Hodge dig and plough; the amusements of the world are not for the likes of him.

What are Tommy Atkins' blood and sufferings to weigh against this copper, cobalt, gold and diamonds? So our pulpits ring with the glory of this war, and our Press call England's sons from every quarter to shed their blood that Mr. Robinson and his like may garner in more silvée, cobalt, lead and coals. It is a grand idea. Son and husband and father they stretch dead in their thousands on the veldt, or rot in English workhouses. But what of that? Their blood and sufferings have purchased "great stretches of gold-bearing land" for the benefit of their betters, and some of us are foamed at as unpatriotic for not shouting ourselves hoarse with enthusiasm over this glorious Christian war! It would be an amusing world if one could only watch it without occasional anger.

J. H. Edelmann.

By the sudden death in New York, on July 12th, of John H. Edelmann, Anarchist and architect, the movement loses a staunch and fearless supporter and his friends a warmhearted and faithful comrade. Born 48 years ago, the final decade of his life was one long struggle against an insidious disease and the attendant difficulty of obtaining adequate employment, that to a man of his energy and mental strength must have been little short of daily martyrdom. The earlier part of his life was spent in the western States, Chicago containing not a few specimens of his skill as an expert architect; later he came east and settled with his mother in New York, where, one of the victims of a recent heat wave, he has died a comparatively young man. Edelmann was a warm partisan of more than one revolutionary movement, not the least being the Clan-na Gael. Deeply stirred, as were all just-minded men, by the fate of the Chicago Anarchists and working hard in their behalf, he yet was a professed Anarchist only in later life. German by parentage, it was not natural or easy for him as an inheritor of Teuton instincts to believe that honest and humane government in America or elsewhere was, under present conditions, impossible. Thus, he drifted into the Henry George and Socialist movements; but the tyranny of the latter cut his last thread of hope in government of men by men, and after studying Bakounine, whose memory he revered, he became an avowed and able exponent of Anarchist doctrine. He used to relate with dramatic force the episode that made him

once for all realise the horrors of the present social and economic systems and the tragedy of the worker's life beneath them. The erection of a building in a large city brought together numbers of the unemployed. They were told no extra hands were needed. One man was very importunate, demanding a job day after day; at last the foreman said angrily in Edelmann's hearing; "Look here now, we don't want any men. If you want work, why you'll just have to wait till one of my masons gets killed. See?" The man said no more, but the next day and for two following was seen standing from morning till night on the opposite sidewalk, watching the builders intently. On the fourth day a man slipped on the scaffolding and fell five stories. He was picked up in pieces. Instantly, before his blood was wiped from the stones, the silent watcher was at the foreman's side with the words: "Now, boss, you promised me the job of the first man killed;" and to his dying day Edelmann said he never would forget the hunger in that man's voice or the look of content that settled on his face as he climbed to the dead man's place. The mere struggle for existence had beaten out all sense of humanity from him, so that he could wait patiently for days in the hope that a man might die for his benefit.

Without any pretence to being an orator, Edelmann always spoke to the point and had the great and unusual gift of presenting an obscure thought or abstract idea in a few simple words that were remembered long after the oratory of good speakers was forgotten. His caustic tongue, however, made him bitter enemies amongst the leaders of the Socialist Labor Party, who never forgot or forgave him: their slanders following him even to the grave. An independent thinker and large-minded man himself, with broad views on the liberty of the individual and the rights of the workers, he could not work amicably with the narrow, prejudiced office-worshippers of the German and Hebrew section of the Socialist party. Finally, when he would not bend to the will of the majority, he in company with other rebels was expelled. At once he formed a group known as the Socialist League of America, which gave weekly lectures in Cooper Union and elsewhere, at which some of the foremost thinkers and workers in the American liberal movements were speakers. Anarchist though he became, his old friends the Single Taxers never forsook him, and down to this day in company with the Populists have proved themselves the one party in the States who refuse to listen to the slanders of press and Socialist demagogues, but judge a man by his works and not his personality. A well-read man of strong artistic temperament, whose pen-and-ink sketches done in the haste of random moments will be long treasured by their possessors, whose unfailing kindness and hospitality towards strangers will never be forgotten by those who met him, there was yet a point in our comrade's life that would redeem every fault, and that was Edelmann's devotion to his aged mother, of whom he used to speak as the most fearless and wonderful woman he had ever known. Her own indomitable courage was her son's; for, though physically unable for several years past to take a prominent part in the movement either by pen or speech, Edelmann did both as far as he was able, nor ever let sickness be a bar to his work as an architect. To her and his young wife, now left with two children to battle for bread as she best can, we stretch out a hand of heartfelt sympathy across the Atlantic.

A FEW NOTES ON PROPAGANDA.

It is a long time since I sat down to tell you about the movement up North and, now that I have mustered up enough energy, I have to confess that there is not much to write about. With the exception of Liverpool and Leeds nobody appears to be doing much.

Well, the Liverpool boys do play blazes! In all ways. At the picnic we caught one of them—an Irishman too—trying to sing (?) a song in Yiddish. He ought to have known better. But every one of them, lads and lassies, works hard; meeting after meeting, paper selling and distributing; they have raised the town, so much so, that a local paper (just to hand, and rejoicing in the name of *The Porcupine*) calls them: the Liverpool Redcaps. They have now formed two groups, the object being to work different parts of the town. This is not a bad idea if they are strong enough to do it; but I trust they are not weakening too much the original group.

In Leeds the propaganda has gone well; unfortunately, the outdoor meetings have had to be given up owing to the lack of speakers, and this has had rather a bad effect upon the finances of the group. Otherwise everything is healthy. The group had Emma Goldman down and held a number of good meetings, both in and out of Leeds, which had a good propagandist result although they resulted in the inevitable financial loss. They started a fund for the Paris Congress, but this has not reached expectations owing to the facts mentioned above and also to the state of trade with some of the comrades.

The great effort of the year has been centred upon the anti-war agitation; a number of very large and successful meetings being arranged for the local branch of the South African Conciliation Committee. Barton, Stockton, Turner, Pete Curran and the local comrades have been the principal speakers. To wind up these meetings we had a monster demonstration which, unfortunately for the health of some of the comrades, turned out to be a Jingo demonstration. It was a day! All the scum of the pubs in Leeds were turned out—being called up by means of placards inviting them to give us a "Scarborough welcome." And they did.

In Sheffield, Alf Barton and Stockton are doing all they can; very little is to be done there on account of the apathy of the erstwhile comrades, some of whom had been infatuated, unthinkingly, by the wordy logic of a certain Individualist. That time is, however, now passing, and I believe that from all accounts some good work will be done there yet.

I was in Manchester the other day, and although I could not hear of any direct Anarchist work going on, I heard that a great deal of most excellent work has been done by our comrades Kelly, Warwick and

Stockton in connection with the Peace movement. It seems a pity that the comrades in Manchester and Salford do not wake up and reform the group; for I am sure there are plenty of comrades only waiting for the initiative to be taken.

I cannot help but feel that we are very largely to blame for the slump in the movement here. Of course, we cannot expect wonders while there is such a terrible reaction as at present, but we certainly ought to have been able to have kept together better than we have done. As a matter of fact, the Anarchist movement in England is by no means an insignificant thing. With a little cohesion it is capable of taking its place as an influential factor toward change. But we have got careless, and the perfectly correct suspicion of officialism and centralisation resulting from artificial organisation has led many of us to rely upon fighting "on our own"—a good thing in its place, but which is as absurd as centralisation when used everywhere and as a remedy for everything. It is to be hoped that the loose organisation resulting from the newly-formed Federation of Anarchists will be able to make up for what has been lately a most lamentable deficiency. Another thing that we should look to is the fact that "all work and no play, make life a dull day," our groups have for the most part looked only after the outside agitation, with the result that they have only attracted those whose abilities happened that way. If, on the other hand, some attention was given to the social side of life and a comrade newly joining looked to the movement for his enjoyment, his latest literary or artistic or scientific ideas, it seems as though the result might be different to the present. We have ample testimony of this truth in the French and the Bohemian movement. But of this more another time.

The *Anarchist Newsletter*, the organ of the recently formed Federation, is now ready. It needs to be in every comrade's hands. So far as we have addresses of groups and individuals connected with our movement we will send them out; but there are many whom we do not know, so will they kindly send in their names and addresses inclosing a stamp (if they can afford it) and we will send it to them. All news and correspondence is to go to the Secretary: A. Barton, 12 Olive Terrace, Owlerton, Sheffield; and orders to W. MacQueen, 79 Markham Avenue, Leeds. MAC.

"A Rich Man's War and a Poor Man's Fight."

"I can tell you when the very downfall of the Confederacy began," said General Floyd King, of Louisiana, as we sat down at breakfast a few Sundays ago, "it was when the men of the Southern army got it into their heads that it was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

"That was a strong expression," I remarked, "when did it first become current?"

"I will never forget the time when I first heard it," continued General King.

"In the winter of '64 I was colonel of artillery and we were in camp near Richmond. I gradually began to notice that the men had fallen out of the habit of gathering about my quarters. I asked one of them what it meant and received no satisfactory answer. Late one night, when I was asleep in my hut, I was awakened by the tramp of men. I got up and dressed myself wondering what it all meant. Can it be mutiny? I asked myself. For a moment I thought of putting on my pistols but quickly discarded that idea and stepped out of the hut obviously unarmed. There, standing together in perfect silence, was a great crowd of soldiers of my own command.

"I stood and gazed at them in silence and they, as silently, returned my gaze. Presently, one of the men stepped forward and clearing his throat with a nervous 'Hem!' I can almost hear that 'hem' now, and I distinctly remember the soldier. He was quite a small man.

"'We uns,' he began, 'has somethin' we want to say to you, sir. We've been with you now, more'n three years. We want to say in the beginnin', that we've nothin' agin you and we don't mean to get up no mutiny, nor nothin' of that sort; but we're o' this we've marched with you barefooted often without nothin' to eat. We've fit with you and aren't afraid of fightin', but we don't see nothin' in it for us. This is a rich man's war and a poor man's fight.'

".....It seems to us that this war is all about negroes and property. Now, we don't own no niggers and as to property, we've got but mighty little of that, and so, as we told you sir in the beginnin', we don't see nothin' in it fer us, and we're thinkin' we'll quit.'

* * * * *

".....The idea that it was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight spread like wildfire through the army and desertions rapidly ran into thousands. You know how our men loved Lee. Yet even their love for General Lee could not stop them from deserting him, when the idea got firmly lodged in their brains that this was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. That was what broke the Confederacy before Grant began his final hammering of our army."

THE PYRAMID OF TYRANNY.

By F. DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

THE VIOLENT MEANS OF EXERCISING POWER.

These, too, may be divided into three sorts, which we shall treat of separately.

I. THE LAW.—In a State of classes, as ours is, every institution bears the imprint of it. So that it is quite natural that we have a class law. This is proved both by the persons appointed to administer it and by the sentences pronounced.

Who are our judges?

Persons, of course, belonging to the possessing classes; for only these are able to send their sons to the university, and if a few among them are of lower descent we shall soon perceive that these were clever and intelligent boys, educated at the expense of wealthy men who expected them to become willing tools working with heart and

soul for their class interests. And how can we expect them to do otherwise than defend the class to which they belong?

For example: if several members of some tribunal are passionate sportsmen, as a matter of course, these judges consider every offence against the game law as a capital crime and, consequently, are sure to punish all so-called poachers severely when they are caught. But, as a rule, they will be treated more gently when they appear before judges who are no lovers of sport themselves and who consider a game law as a sort of mediæval institution of which we ought to be ashamed in an age claiming to be known as "civilised." Involuntarily the judge will be disposed in favor of or against an accused person according to his personal opinion. You may be sure of finding a man severe toward all working men—who are known to be leaders in strikes or who are bold enough to oppose their masters—when the judge is the son of a factory owner. The atmosphere in which he has been brought up is so corrupted, that he is anything but the right man to give an impartial legal decision in disputes between masters and working people. The reverse would be the case as well. Suppose that the tribunals consisted of laborers in such disputes, which of us would not be convinced that the sentences in most cases would be pronounced in such a way that either acquittal or at least a much less rigorous sentence would be the consequence. It cannot be otherwise, and one moment's reflection will make it clear to us that justice must necessarily bear this character. The persons cannot help it themselves; in most cases it will never be borne upon their minds that they are unfair and unjust by their class point of view; but it does not alter the fact that it is so.

And the saddest thing for the workers is that, in most cases, they do not fall into the clutches of the best, the most intelligent of that class, but into those of the least intelligent and most stupid.

For, who are the persons who choose the office of a judge? By no means the most learned and clever lawyers. And why not? Because they can earn more money as counsel. So all who fail as barristers who feel that they will not get on either by want of sagacity and smartness or by want of the necessary eloquence, all these try to get situations in the legal profession. And so we are satisfied that at every turn we fall into the hands of the least intelligent and least clever.

There is not the least security for the honesty and impartiality of the judges; in support of which we need only to be reminded of the revelations in 1885 in our Second Chamber (the House of Commons in Holland) concerning members of different tribunals by experts, men who had belonged to them for years. One of them, Mr. de Vos van Heenwyb, informed us that neither ability nor fitness turn the scale of appointment, but friendship, political calculation, family relationship, etc. Another, Mr. du Tour van Bellinchave, then Minister of Justice, assured us that in most cases no information was given about ability and zeal. And a third, who had been himself a member of different tribunals for twenty years, told how it sometimes happens that one is sitting on the same tribunal with persons who are not only totally incapable, but even with men who are brain-sick, a euphemistic expression for madmen.

And the sentences themselves furnish irrefutable proofs of how much a legal decision is influenced by class judgment. How unjustly are laborers locked up for the least offence, nay, when there is only an appearance of offence, whilst rich rascals have "accidentally" an opportunity to make their escape! How great is the difference in the way in which gentlemen and laborers are treated! How little allowance is made for the circumstances under which the deed was done that is taken to be an offence! How sharp and severe are the sentences for offences against the "holy right of property," compared those against persons! Poverty, far from being regarded as with an extenuating circumstance, in many cases is considered to be an aggravating one.

It would lead us too far if we were to mention a large number of proofs of mercilessness in small offences, which under the same circumstances, would have been committed by us as well. But on these tribunals we see gowned gentlemen paid by capital to see that the working classes are frightened in order that they will suffer themselves to be employed and ground by the possessing classes.

Enemies to the human race—as such the Christians were regarded in the beginning of our era, because they objected to the social order of that time, based as it was upon injustice. By that same name all those are called who will not submit to the order brought about by capitalists and maintained and supported by means of violence. In a legal way persons are tried and sentenced to the greater glory of the social order, which is nothing but the greatest disorder.

The mother who kills her child—and this is always a deed of the greatest despair; for what must she not have felt before having recourse to such a crime—is condemned to the severest punishment, and the judge who made her a mother and who, after this, abandoned her and the child, the result of their intercourse, remains the "honored" man in the world, who, though he knows very well himself that he is the true culprit, shrouds himself under the article of the law which prohibits inquiry as to who is the father. And the other judges, his colleagues, even though they know this, will remain with him on the same tribunal without expelling him as an unworthy member or going away themselves as they would be in honor bound to do—at least, if they were not devoid of honor.

The wrong-doers are permitted to walk about unpunished, whilst those who unmask evil and call it by its true name are sentenced for contempt! Did we not see it when some people were publicly accused of ill-using and permitting the ill-usage of poor lunatics (e.g. in the asylum at the Hague). They were not punished; and the guardians,

morally compelled to resign, yet kept their places and walk about as honored and respected citizens, some of them even as members of the town council? Was not the "orphan tyrant," Job van Linderhout, of Neerbosch, retained notwithstanding very aggravating things had been brought to light and he had been condemned by a committee of inquiry? Was not the violator of children, Baron van Kieckeren, released from prison because his health would suffer too much; and is he respected the less for it?

No wonder that justice does not stand in high esteem, and that the expression has become popular that one has to pay for one's right. Hence all sorts of proverbial sayings: "Little thieves are hanged and big ones may walk about," "Money rules the roost," "It is money makes the mare to go," "rich men's spots are covered with money," "one man may steal a horse, when another may not look over the hedge." These are all proofs that the people feel it is not easy for laborers to receive justice, a consequence of the indefinite consciousness that justice serves and must serve as an accomplice of the possessing classes.

The following fable may illustrate this:

A pack of wolves had surprised a flock of sheep. A great many lambs were devoured by the gluttonous and bloodthirsty animals. Among the lambs there was much lamenting, and one ram especially cried out vehemently against the wolves and urged the flock to defend themselves against these beasts of prey. One day he was dragged before the court of justice charged with insulting the wolves. Lambs as well as wolves were summoned as witnesses. All the lambs declared that the ram had been right and had spoken the truth; and a horse, which had seen everything, joined its evidence to that of the lambs. But the wolves that had attacked the flock pretended, and confirmed by oath, that on the contrary they had been attacked by the lambs and, therefore, were compelled to defend themselves against that attack.

And what did the court do? It rejected the evidence of all the lambs as well as that of the horse, and believed the wolves. The sentence ran as follows: "In the name of King Lion, one of the ram's legs shall be beaten off for insulting the wolves." There was a general grumbling in the animal world at this sentence, and every animal was indignant at it. An old fox, however, hearing all this, with the coolest cheek addressed the lambs thus: "Are you astonished at this sentence? Why, I am astonished that you have got off so well and that you have not all been devoured. For just think who were the judges. THEY WERE WOLVES THEMSELVES!!!"

Whoever has ears to hear, let him hear!

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of FREEDOM.

[A foreign correspondent writes concerning the *Appeal to English Anarchist Communists*, which appeared in No. 149, as follows.]

The letter from two Liverpool comrades (*Freedom*, June-July) proves to me that others, too, feel and resent the deadlock in our movement, and I beg to be permitted to make some remarks on this subject, which I divide into reflections more or less imaginary first, and proposals, intended to be more or less practical, next.

We assist today in an unprecedented international circulation of the cup of infamy. Turkey held it first massacring the Armenians; then it went westwards to France and led to the triumph of officialism, militarism and Jesuitism in the Dreyfus case. America then craved for it and the largest and nearly oldest republic strangled the youngest republic, that of the Philippine Islands. Now came England's turn, supported by the young countries of Canada, Australia, etc., colonials themselves; all went on their knees before Rhodes, Milner and Chamberlain who made them their accomplices in a capitalist raid on two small, independent republics which—one to ten—heroically defended themselves and are not yet quite crushed. Next, the cup of infamy wandered to Germany, where King Attila and the Huns are now held up as the right models for modern patriots to spread "Christianity" and "civilisation" in China. What country is going in next for the cup of infamy?

All this wave of infamy is supported and greatly embittered and increased by the vilest of the vile: the daily press which, these last three years, told more lies than throughout the previous century; the Anti-Dreyfus lies of the Rochefort and Drumont press are greatly surpassed by the Anti-Boer lies of the London press, and these again by the Anti-Chinese lies of the united European and chiefly the German press. The public becomes more gullible every day. Our education in crime and blood proceeds rapidly; we almost look on the Sultan, who only massacred a few thousand Armenians and whom Mr. Gladstone naively called the "Great Assassin," as the model of a fine old gentleman—to such a degree are we steeped in blood ourselves and so much have the crimes of "barbaric" Turkey been surpassed by those of "civilised" Europe since that time!

The saddest fact is that the European and American workers are, on the whole, more asleep today than ever before; the efforts of a century's propaganda seem to be lost.

On the other hand, peoples in the farthest corners of the globe instinctively rise to reject the capitalist system which Europe and America try by all means—by "peaceful" commercial fraud and, if unavailing, by massacres—to impose on them with ever growing impudence and cynicism.

This revolt against capitalism seems to become intercontinental and gigantic. The Boers, the Filipinos and the Chinese will someday, per-

haps, be joined by the Indians and by the latent forces of Islam from India and Arabia to the Soudan and to Morocco. Perhaps smaller nations, now in peril of being crushed by larger ones, will follow some day: Abyssinia, Armenia, the Caucasus, Finland, Ireland, Cuba. Of larger European countries only Spain and Italy seem ready to rise almost every day.

But—the capitalists need not be afraid. The bulk of the people of the really strong countries—England, the United States, Germany, France, Russia, Japan—is quite at peace. It is these countries who carry on wars for the extension of capitalism, and the workers of these act—whatever some of them may think—as their accomplices. The result will be disastrous to these workers themselves: the extension of capitalism into China means the creation of Chinese competition, the competition of the coolie's handful of rice with the European standard of comfort. That will be China's revenge on the modern Huns! However, they seem to want this, and we cannot hinder them. We have even ceased to occupy ourselves with such international affairs, and believe in spontaneity—almost like the Marxists believe in the automatic collapse of the capitalist system by the mutual absorption of capitalism.

At one time this was very different. An early Anarchist, Michael Bakounine, had the fancy always to try to combine and unite revolutionary movements; so in 1848-49 those of German democracy, the Poles and the Austrian Slavs, Hungary, Italy and France; in 1862-3 those of Poland and of various parts of Russia, Finland, the Caucasus; and during the years following, chiefly from 1870 to 1874, those of France, Spain and Italy. If he were to come back among us he would be at this old game again, and would at once dream of uniting the immense anti-capitalist revolts in Asia and Africa with an imaginary movement of the European proletariat. But he would not succeed, I am sure. We would all tell him that since his day we had greatly advanced in theory, that we no longer believe in combined action but trusted to spontaneity; he would be described as an old, authoritarian fossil, and (the gravest reproach) as an organiser; and he would have but to return to his old grave in the cemetery of Berne, beneath the cypress and the rose bush.

Both he and we would be right. We are sincerely unable to march again on his old lines of organisation; we are sincerely convinced to hold a still higher idea of freedom than he held himself—though both ideas may finally coincide, as freedom is manifold but unalterable. At the same time, we feel (or I feel, at least) that we are utterly powerless and lost even the small force which organisation temporarily gave us in Bakounine's time. We are, or believe ourselves to be, more perfected individually than at that time, but have lost in collective force.

We are like little birds in a forest, each singing more or less beautiful songs of freedom, but our songs pass away in the air like those of little birds. It gives us pleasure, but no strength. But we would not and could not miss it. To find again a way of collective action which corresponds to our PRESENT ideas of individual liberty is the great problem which I feel unable to solve.

This want of power is not disheartening at all. My belief in Anarchy is continually strengthened by all I see around me. I am unable to change that which I abhor; but my confidence in freedom permits me to pass through it unsoiled and to be comforted by the solidarity with friends and comrades and to enjoy memories of a better past and dreams of a brighter future. Anarchism is not a thing that will benefit us only in a distant future when it is introduced "officially"—probably by that time we shall aspire to a still higher ideal—but it benefits us in our minds and daily life; we have opportunities to act up to it in endless small matters and, whilst we hold to it, there is no room for despondency nor despair.

But we will discuss the best methods of propaganda. When Bakounine's system of combined action had been ineffective—the people on the spontaneous and momentary co-operation of whom he reckoned did not stir—a period followed during which higher claims for personal and economic freedom were elaborated theoretically (no organisation, spontaneity, free communism). To this corresponded practical action by the free initiative of individuals or groups (from 1887, chiefly from 1886 to 1894). This period ended by immense persecutions which almost stamped out the generation of this heroic age of Anarchism and it has not yet been replaced. It was followed (from 1895), by a period of economic efforts—trade union action, co-operation, experimental colonies. The next way of action, not generally accepted, was that of joining to some degree progressive popular movements like the anti-military and anti-clerical movement of France and the anti-monarchist movement of Italy. Here we hold at present.

One word on our friends the enemy, the Social Democrats. They too arrived at a deadlock, but a far more critical one than we ourselves. We are removed from our object by mechanical obstacles, chiefly by the reappearance of prejudice and stupidity which always existed in a latent condition in the immense majority of mankind and which, at this moment, capitalist reaction has successfully evoked from the depths where it slumbered. This is even good for us; for we lose our illusions and face the enemy as he really is. The Social Democrats, on the contrary, suffer from over success. They have theoretically reached some of their aims; they sit on nearly all elective bodies and in many offices, including that of a cabinet minister in France; State Socialism realises gradually their practical demands, and yet they see well themselves that the people remain as bad off, as miserable and as prejudiced as ever. The more they approach their aims, the more they see that their remedies are ineffective and their labor lost in the wrong direction.

The more apparent power they obtain, the more the State absorbs them, assimilates them and the more the system remains unchanged at the bottom. From this we see how right we are, but also how isolated, and how essential it is to lose nothing of our energy on ineffective work and side issues.

This is my way of looking on the present situation and, based on this, I venture to make three more theoretical and two more practical suggestions:

(1) *In propaganda, at present, more stress might be laid on the ideas of Anarchy and freedom than on the economic question and free communism.* It seems to me that we are really overgorged with economic theories and talk and today the necessity of economic changes is hardly contested by anybody. Only, everybody looks at it differently. We ourselves are thoroughly agreed on the principle of Anarchy or freedom, but differ on the question of the extent and practical application of Communism (which some consider, I believe, as an end in itself, and others only as a means) and we all know that practical experience—impossible at present—will give some day not one but many solutions to this complicated and ever-changing problem. We feel repelled by the dry, pedantic and commercial individualism of the Boston school, but that is no reason for denying that the claims of serious individualism must be fully satisfied before any Communism can be called free or Anarchist and be acceptable to us. This is no occasion to discuss this question and the higher unity which might be found to exist between Communism and Individualism. But it results that the economic solution which we offer is to some degree controversial, if only because we have no means to prove it by serious experiments; above all, because every body's conception of Communism is dependent on his conception of freedom, and not the reverse.

On the other hand, the infamy of authority and the benefits of freedom, humanity and self-respect are clearer to us every day from all we see, and we can demonstrate this strikingly to everybody from their daily experience. And everybody needs freedom and self-respect above all. *If a man is only economically interested, he will leave us when other means, another party or an ordinary success in practical life better his position.* We must be hard on this point and see that free men are better men; but that men simply requiring an economic change are not better at all merely by this demand. They are starving unemployed today and may enlist in the army tomorrow; a free man will not do that—he he starved or fed.

From this it seems to me that our efforts ought best to be concentrated on a mighty call for freedom, humanity, self-respect, initiative, tolerance; only men, free themselves, will be able to obtain economic freedom and not the reverse, in spite of Marx.

(2) *We ought to win definitely those whom our general propaganda [just described (1)] attracted, by serious freethought information.* By this I mean, not that superficial kind of Secularism which makes its adherents feel to have done a very courageous and naughty thing if they pull the beard or the nose of Moses or Jehovah, but the serious insight into the origin, nature and evils of religious belief, such as Bakounine e. g. laid before us in the *Anti-theologisme, God and the State*, etc., and the growth of knowledge of the real results of contemporary science. This is not something out of the way and speculative for Anarchists, but something absolutely essential. Bakounine remarked once "that these two principles, these two evil-doing, historic fictions—God and the State—are the intellectual and moral source of all slavery" (*Théol. pol.*, p. 105); they cannot be separated. Social Democracy committed a fatal error by leaving religion alone to win votes. The votes they won; but Clericalism—considered as played out thirty years ago when these tactics began—regained, thanks to them, strength and influence greater than before. Likewise, the State gained immensely in strength by the power of interference and the monopolies which State Socialism, patronised by Social Democracy, lavished on it. On this field, also, we are alone, and must face both enemies: the State and the phantom of "God."

(3) Whilst the money-bag press spreads the lie of the solidarity of "civilised" nations (armed to the teeth one against the other, by the way) against so-called "barbaric" nations, Chinese, Sudanese and the like, we must make it clear to ourselves that we can only feel solidary with these so-called "barbaric" nations against European capitalism; and we need not be proud of our "civilisation" in comparison with their "barbarism," since we have to admit that they are in the midst of revolt against what we execrate ourselves but are enduring patiently at the same time.

Of more practical means I will speak but of two, besides the support of our papers which we ought to value as delightful meeting places, welcome oases in the desert of reaction and meanness, where even when living at a distance we meet friends and comrades.

(1) I consider essential *the publication of pamphlets on current topics.* Not dry, theoretical expositions, but the application of our ideas to many practical questions. Of theoretical pamphlets and books, English and French, there are plenty; but striking pamphlets of a practical character are quite absent. It would be instructive for us to write them; this would help to destroy the idea that Anarchism is some system to be applied in the distant future, whilst in reality it might pervade our daily lives to some extent even now if we seriously wanted it.

(2) We might make it a point to start afresh, by deliberate action, our local propaganda every one or two years. At present this is only done accidentally, spasmodically. A group, once formed, goes on work-

ing for months or years; comrades necessarily get tired of elementary propaganda, and discuss more difficult and sometimes abstruse subjects. By this they become unintelligible and less attractive to the new comers. The group dwindles and becomes extinct if not renewed accidentally by a new effort. Now, accident ought to be replaced here by deliberate action; and the group ought to try this renewal, this starting afresh, just when it is strongest and in full life, and not only when it has broken down. We must remember that every year a new generation is before us, which before, and perhaps afterwards, is lost for us. So each group might set apart a few months every year for a special effort of elementary propaganda on the largest scale; or some comrades of each group might devote themselves to such elementary propaganda during one year; or in whatever way this may be arranged. In any case, the opportunities to join our movement ought to be largely increased and not left entirely to accident. If a local group was formed, let us say, in 1890, it ought to have formed other local groups in at least half-a dozen of the years following—if efforts had been made similar to those which created it first in 1890.

I know how difficult the present situation is—and worse may come. We hold a real treasure in our Anarchist ideas, and the more we spread the true essence of these ideas, freedom on the broadest lines, avoiding monotony and doctrinairism and applying freedom to all the manifold phenomena of real life the better it will be for our cause and also for ourselves; for our action will give us strength to pass unscathed through the horrors of the present day. June 30, 1900.

A TALE OF A WET TRIP.

"Going to be wet?" "No, my boy, it's bound to look up for the picnic; it couldn't rain then; perhaps a few drops just to damp our ardour a little in case we seek to emulate Bresci upon the person of the village policeman!"

"Well, then, we won't need capes?" said Arthur. "Well," I replied, "perhaps we had better borrow Kit's."

So we did, and with glad feelings started for Monsal Dale; for there we were to have high jinks, meet old and new faces, and do good work for Anarchy.

On the road, we sighted a murky blotch on the beautiful landscape of hill and dale; it was Sheffield, that modern pocket edition of Hell: great, ugly chimneys belching forth smoke, great furnaces roaring with flame, smelting the iron—not for any useful purpose, but to make Guns and other means of destroying human life.

We surveyed it from a safe distance and thought that, as a minor evil, we would go and see Alf Barton. And we rejoiced that we did; for who should we find there but our comrade Marsh. Our regard for him would not permit us to leave him alone in such company, so we expropriated Alf's dinner and his couch and sent him to buy cigarettes.

There were now five of us: one Londoner, two Sheffielders and two lean and hungry-looking Leedsites. So what could we do but sit down and set the whole of the affairs of the movement right? We managed to do this extremely well, at any rate to our own great satisfaction; because we knew, from our experience of former years, that if everything were not ready there was a danger of nothing being done; for many of the comrades have only a few hours to spend on their trip, and under the influence of old faces and old associations were apt to grow garrulous and forget altogether the main work. And, as things turned out, it was a good job that we did; for the weather—! I wish all the comrades could have been there; for we had a rare talk and cleared up many things in connection with *Freedom* and the movement that I feel sure have brought us closer together.

The next day, after I had woke them all up, us men of Leeds valiantly went into the hill-country surrounding Sheffield and after mounting what appeared to be several mountains rolled into one (no pun), were able to sit down, and over a glass of lemonade(?) reflect upon the glorious tidings that we were only five miles from the rendezvous. We sped on for another ten minutes, and found that we were ten miles off. And it rained! rivers! We turned our machines into paddle-boats and after many and divers adventures we were rejoiced to find ourselves overlooking Monsal Dale.

But we couldn't see the 'narchists. We did see a couple of artless damsels, one long and the other short, who informed us that the rest were down below in the valley. We went below; but nary a sign of them could we see. We passed an antiquated cowshed, and heard strains of "Yes, Jesus loves me," and *knew* it couldn't be our folk. But, then, we heard a sound that fairly shivered the marrow in our bones. It was an Irish-cum-Yiddish song! And then light dawned for us; we sought again, and found about eighty comrades trying to rival the harmony of a church choir, who had also got stranded. Needless to say, they did not succeed.

Well, what a waterlogged lot they were! It was true that we could not tell which was we and which was mud; but them! Ugh!

There was Tommy Cantwell, the only jolly-looking chap in the lot (he always was merry over other people's misfortunes). He had some ham sandwiches, we took charge of them for him. Gorrie—trying to get warm I suppose—discussed "non-resistance"; but we settled him. (There was a non-resistant in Leicester who punched a man's head at a peace meeting. Of course, I don't say it was Gorrie!)

There was a good turn up, considering the weather; although I have since learned that there were a few who started to come, but got waterlogged on the way. It was a treat to be among all the old faces, and we very nearly forgot the weather.

Someone proposed the Conference, and we tried to hold it. But it was a terrible job: we had the competition of the church choir and the ceaseless swish and pitter-patter of the rain to contend with. We had the agenda to discuss that we had talked out the day before in Sheffield: (1) The general Propaganda; (2) The Press; (3) Federation; (4) The Paris Congress; (5) Easter Conference; (6) Next Picnic.

Here, indeed, was something important to do; but we could not properly deal with it; Marsh had with him a most important article from a foreign correspondent, dealing with the question of propagating, extracts from which were going to be read, throwing as they would a new light upon our methods and they would have been very helpful to all of us. But the Sheffield contingent had not yet arrived, and Marsh was with them; they had started by rail to a station about ten miles from Monsal Dale and were having to walk all through that pitiless deluge; so we started the Conference, and as time was very limited we practically confined ourselves to the most important item of all: the question of Federation. Everyone seemed to think that by it we would be able to do more and effective work, and although we were not able to do more than indicate the lines upon which it would work, i.e., exchange of speakers, collection of reports, assistance of groups in their local work, the taking of joint action where such action would redound to the benefit of the movement, etc. We had managed to agree upon the idea when Sheffield arrived, sopping wet and presenting a most pitiful sight. We let them dry, and promptly made Alf Barton secretary by way of getting the chill off his bones.

A most important suggestion was to have been put to the assembled comrades anent *Freedom*, but all of a sudden a fire broke out in the adjoining farmhouse and helter-skelter everyone rushed to put it out (to be blamed afterwards, when mine host awoke to the fact that we were Anarchists, as the cause of it). The fire out, it was time for tea. (Not even a radish to it this time.) Then it was time for the Leicester comrades to catch their train and for the Sheffield folk to commence their dreary walk—which, by the exercise of much ingenuity and a "short cut," they succeeded in increasing from ten to seventeen miles.

It was a glorious day! the rain never ceased for long together, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled; we were cooped up in an apology for a cowshed, wet through and shivering; it was impossible to hold a set Conference, and yet we are happy that we went, because with all the difficulties we accomplished a great deal of work and believe that the movement will be stronger as a result. In the *Newsletter* (now being printed) we shall be able to discuss all the points that were not brought up and those that were only partially dealt with. It remains with the comrades to see that the Federation is made a success, to co-operate heartily with the Secretary, and we will be able to have as the result of a wet day something even more satisfactory than the colds we caught: a better and healthier movement in the North. MAC.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Freedom Guarantee Fund.—N. 10s., Kampffmeyer 10s., N. W. T. 10s., D. 10s., W. T. 6s., A. M. 10s., A. C. 4s., J. M. 4/6.

Annual Subscriptions.—McLoughlin 2/6, J. Eley 1/6, Oxford 5s., Holland 1/6, Hill 1s., A. Lass 1/6, C. Eley 1/6, W. Dutt 7½d., Liverpool 1/6., Holt 1s.

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Sales of Pamphlets.—Hall 1/6, Anderson 3/8, Roche 9s., Office 8/6.

LABOUR AND ITS FRUITS.



WHEN WILL HE GET THERE?

REPORTS.

On Sunday, September 2, by invitation of The Cosmopolitans, at the Enterprise, 96 Long Acre, comrade Malatesta gave an address on "Anarchism and Crime." The room was crowded some time before the chairman, Morrison Davidson, opened the proceedings. Malatesta gave us a brief statement of the general condition of the Italian workers: unable to buy bread, it being 5d. a loaf and wages 7d. a day; and the multi-millionaire, Saint Humbert, lately deceased,—who protected and countenanced the bank thief Crispi, while sending troops to dragoon into submission the workers who wanted a little more pay. Humbert did not mind the workers killing each other; but when some Italian comrades formed an association for the discussion of social questions, the members of which were pledged not to carry knives or other deadly weapons generally carried by Italians in Italy, the government dissolved it as imperilling the maintenance of order, etc. The police, too, were allowed a wide indiscretion; they tolerated no liberty of press or public meeting, they would even arrest a man who looked sympathetic, and it was not wonderful under these circumstances that Humbert—in whose name this was done—came in for a little attention occasionally. Malatesta then gave a summary of Anarchist principles; and after numerous questions, more or less relevant, an interesting discussion followed which by general request was resumed on Sept. 9th, the opener being Mr. John Lane. He "wanted to know" a great deal for about 1½ hours, and some of us endeavored to inform him. Malatesta's speech in the discussion was received with applause, which culminated in a remarkable burst of enthusiasm. The discussion is to be continued on the 16th as a sort of quadrilateral debate—Martin Judge, Malatesta, Amstel and Needes being the speakers in rotation.

Malatesta has certainly made a good impression, and overcame the difficulties of the English language to a degree surpassing our expectations. A good number of his audience took some Anarchism home with them to be studied at leisure.

T. C.

La Commune de Paris, by LOUISE MICHEL,

3fr. 50c., published by P. V. Stock, 8-11 Galerie du Théâtre Français, au Palais Royal, Paris.

Attention is called to the above as the work of an active and living witness of that stirring epoch, and as being not only a prologue of the present times but the best biography of the writer.



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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.

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- No. 2. THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
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