

Freedom

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THE COMING REVOLUTION.

The *Daily News* of June 25th contained a leader on "The United States and the Trusts" which is of great interest to all who are observing the remarkable economic development of that wonderful country. The rapid evolution that is in progress makes us forgetful of the stirring events that have happened there in quite recent years. How often do we recall the Homestead Strike, the famous Coxe March or other significant happenings that indicate the coming storm? How economic forces have surged on since even those recent times to a near-approaching cataclysm can best be seen by quoting the *Daily News*: "Events move fast," it says, "and utterly unforeseen changes may upset all calculations..... Indeed, the sudden and startling development of the industrial phenomena of Trusts, will if it has not done so already, lead to an entirely new arrangement of party divisions. It will be mainly one between rich and poor. Not only in America, but in every country in Europe, Society is tending to the formation of itself into these two great hostile camps. In the United States are not to be found the same obstructions to this new social and political grouping as European countries present, and, as the change has first manifested itself on the other side of the Atlantic, it will there more rapidly grow to large dimensions and assume a definite form."

Certainly, the rapidity of the formation of the two "camps" and the bitter antagonism between the bosses and their employees when quarrels arise, indicates the acute condition the class struggle is assuming in the New World.

But the *Daily News* continues, after speaking of the struggle between the political parties possibly leading to a great social struggle:

"Indeed, it is very doubtful, while such a struggle may be staved off for a time, whether it can now be prevented. In the genuine interests of a true civilisation, in the harmonised development of the interests of all classes, it is fervently to be hoped that this internecine social struggle may be rendered impossible. But if it be rendered impossible by the complete triumph of the Trusts and the defeat of industrial freedom, the fight might as well proceed now, as burst forth after a period of suppression in a destructive revolution. That such a revolution would come is absolutely certain, for undoubtedly the lines of anything like a lasting progress are not in the direction of the division of society into beasts of burden and beasts of prey. The trend of events may quite conceivably lead to a State Socialism, which at present is not practicable, and which no sensible reformer would seek to establish. But it is, at all events, a possible goal. It need not be the objective of any school of reformers or of any series of reforms; but it does not lie out of the line of march of the forces of progress. Let them reach it if they can; but all that men should concern themselves about at present are changes which are practicable, which are needed, and which are just. But a change which will divide a community into two hostile camps, and merge all class distinctions into one deep ugly chasm between rich and poor, may be for the time a possibility, and, indeed, seems likely to be realised; but it can never become a permanent condition. That it should make its first appearance in the United States is one of the strangest ironies which political history has ever presented for the amusement or amazement of mankind. The foundation of the United States Constitution is universal freedom and universal equality. The Trusts, of course, do nothing, say nothing, assume nothing which contravenes the theory of equality; but they create circumstances, fix an environment, bring into play an influence which tend to place poor men—and must eventually result in placing them—at the absolute disposal of the rich..... For, disguise it as we please, wealth always means power—political and other. There is a theory, which has not a little to say for itself, that all political power consists in having capital. At any rate the mammoth capitalists in the United States, without contradicting one letter of the Constitution, bid fair to erect a power which, under the forms and draped with the phrases of freedom, instead of being the tree of liberty, is likely to be its gibbet. As yet this issue is not clearly distinct to the American people, or to any other. It is, however, seen looming through a mist."

Such, then, are the developments taking place under our very eyes, so to speak, from day to day. It would be well if Socialists of all nations would take to heart the full significance of the sit-

uation as seen in America. Her object lessons are unmistakable. While we, for example, have been subject to the new Imperialism for fifteen or more years and have not yet learned the lesson of its crimes, in the States it has, in the past few years, been tried, has quickly shown itself to be the hideous curse we know it to be, and has caused that revulsion of feeling we look in vain for here. As to Social Democracy, let it digest the facts of the political situation and learn wisdom. The platitudes of Bebel, Jaurès, Van der Velde, Hyndman and the rest are given the lie direct by events as they unfold themselves in the political life of the United States. Indeed, if Social Democracy possessed a temple, we should suggest that these words, just quoted, be inscribed over its portal: "Disguise it as we please, wealth always means power—political and other."

SHADWELL.

Never heard of Shadwell? Well, well! It's a delightful little spot down Stepney way. In London, of course; but hidden away as it is between Commercial Road and the river you might pass the place twenty times without knowing it was there. It is composed mostly of warehouses, factories, tenement houses and dirty, narrow streets, with a goodly number of public-houses and a churchyard or two. The inhabitants seem to be made up for the most part of tired women and puny children. There are men, of course, but not many about in the day time, except those at work in the factories and warehouses, and these are not much in evidence from the outside.

Business took me that way last week, and the place impressed me very much. Strange to say, the most peaceful and cheerful-looking place in the entire district was a churchyard. Funny that, isn't it?—to talk of a churchyard looking cheerful. But then you haven't seen the rest of Shadwell. The church stood far back in the yard and the trees gave the place quite a pleasant appearance, and seemed to say to the passer-by: We grew up here to protect our friend the church from the squalor and despondency of the neighbourhood. Gloom was everywhere—in the streets, on the buildings, on the faces of the people, and had even crept inside the churchyard and threatened soon to darken the leaves of the trees, which now looked fresh and green from the rain that was falling softly. A few steps past the churchyard, down another turning, and a factory looms up. It is about eleven in the morning and a brief stop is made for the workers to regale themselves on boiled tea, ha'penny buns or some other such luxuries as they can afford. A number of girls rush out and scatter like a flock of sheep, but not so gracefully. The girls are in their working clothes, but the fashion papers have never seen such styles. Their heads are uncovered and their sleeves rolled up. It is raining; but it matters not, there they go clattering along in their heavy boots, shivering as if they had not enough clothes to keep them warm or time to even pull their sleeves down.

A little farther on and I reach my destination. It is a large confectioners' and I have some labor-saving machinery to sell (a fine idea, this). The gatekeeper is polite, obliging and, as if to flatter me, he summons one of the fair sex from a work-room close by to take my card to the manager. She returns and bids me follow her. I do so, observing her meanwhile. Her head was bandaged up with a white cloth, completely covering her hair—to protect it from the sugar it appears; her sleeves rolled up, arms bare, a gunny sack for an apron, and hobnailed boots made up her costume. Women, we are told, are vain creatures. It may be so; but this is at least one vice that the women of Shadwell do not seem to be afflicted with. This young woman might have looked picturesque. She didn't; she looked wretched. The manager met me with smiles; what did I want? Oh, all such luxuries as labor-saving machinery were bought by one of the directors. Where was he? Away on his holiday; back in two or three weeks.

People who live or work in Shadwell cannot be blamed for taking a holiday; but, as the bus bore me back to the city, it occurred to me that the girl needed a holiday—probably more than the director; but perhaps that is merely a prejudice of mine.

Afternoon. Where shall it be this afternoon? Ah, yes: Kensington, via Piccadilly, Hyde Park Corner and Sloane Square—one needs a bit of fresh air after Shadwell.

Why is it that the women and children of Shadwell do not seem to smile much? What pleasure have they? What are the pleasures of the poor, anyway? they seem wretched from the cradle to the grave.

The bus reached Tottenham Court Road. The only other occupants besides myself were a woman and a baby of about two years. She had that tired look peculiar to working people. The baby had been fretful and began to cry still louder. The woman looked very tired, yet she could do nothing with the child. Just then, along came a funeral procession; the horses moved with a slow and stately walk, with their plumes nodding in the breeze. The woman was all attention and a look of eager interest shone in her face, as she lifted baby in the air and said: "Look baby, look; see the pretty funeral!" My question, "What are the pleasures of the poor?" was partly answered—this was one of them.

THE EVOLUTION OF ANARCHISM.

The following extracts from a remarkable article appearing in the *Contemporary Review* for May deal with matters of the deepest interest and importance, and for that reason we quote extensively.

Only five out of a hundred workmen taking part in the recent strikes at Barcelona and other Spanish cities are said to have been previously compromised in the Anarchist movement. Yet the strikes and the violence accompanying them are attributed to Anarchist agitators, to whom the mass of Spanish workmen is accustomed to listen. One of the Anarchist organs of Barcelona was named *The General Strike*. The international character of the agitation has also been suspected with reason. An Italian Anarchist withstood alone a police charge in the streets and deliberately sacrificed his life in a *beau geste* dear to his religion; and a German "companion" was held for trial. Simultaneous troubles in Trieste and Turin are supposed to have been sympathetic manifestations of the same international movement. Under the circumstances, the rise and progress of the Anarchist movement in Spain, its present position and international relations have become a subject of actual interest, quite apart from the passing outbreaks of a revolutionary spirit, in which Anarchy counts only for a part.

From the beginning, the Anarchist faith has found devoted disciples in Spain; and it is certain that they have exerted an important influence over the movement in other countries of the civilised world. They have come the nearest to solving the problem which is the most trying and practically the most important in the conflict of Anarchy and Civilisation.

How to reconcile united and orderly effort, which requires some sort of organisation, with the absence of authority, is a problem that French Anarchists have not even begun to solve; hence their comparative failure in gaining over to themselves the revolutionary elements of Socialism, and the undue relief in which the individual element has appeared among them, often with insane violence. This criminal element is even more disagreeably prominent in the Italian movement as it comes before the public, and it is common enough in Spain. But, apart from individual and erratic violence, the Anarchist movement in Spain has grown with a certain orderliness and even organisation, which go far to solve the problem inherent in Anarchy as a system of social existence.

It should be added that the entire Socialist movement in Spain has developed under Anarchist auspices from the beginning.

In 1868 Socialism had practically no existence in Spain. It was the time of the vital dissension in the old Internationale—"The International Association of Laborers"—when Bakunin was demanding free federation without central authority against Karl Marx, who would have reformed the world by centralised absolutism. Bakunin, through disciples like Janowski and the Reclus brothers, set up an active propaganda of his opinions, and this was extended to Spain. Fanelli, who had been one of the chief emissaries of the Internationale, founded sections at Madrid and Barcelona, from which other sections soon spread over the country.

In 1871 also, at Valencia, and in 1872, at Saragossa, other congresses were held in which the Anarchist tendency was yet more pronounced. The Spanish workmen then finally broke loose from the influence of Pablo or Paul Lafargue, the French-Cuban son-in-law of Karl Marx, who was endeavouring to bring the Socialist movement in Spain into line with his own ideas. Lafargue was even accused of denouncing the whole movement to the Spanish authorities when it definitely turned from his father-in-law.

The trouble between Bakunin and Karl Marx came elsewhere to a head. In 1872 the Internationale was summoned to a Congress at The Hague. This was a manoeuvre of Karl Marx, for Bakunin could not leave his refuge in Switzerland without crossing countries in which he was an outlaw. The Marxists used this advantage to expel the partisans of Bakunin from the Congress. Bakunin opened a rival Congress in Switzerland at Saint-Imier, where he was joined by all the delegates of the Spanish Socialists, with the exception of a few from Madrid who sided with Karl Marx. At Saint-Imier two fundamental principles of Anarchy were laid down. First, the majority of a Congress cannot impose its will on the minority. Second, all political power is to be destroyed, even though it be favourable to revolution. In all this the French and the American delegates united with the Italian and the Spanish.

As early as 1871 the Spanish Chamber of Deputies brought up this question of the progress of Communist ideas in Catalonia and of the legality of newspapers like *La Federacion*. No effective measures were taken, and for two years the new doctrines went on spreading among the workmen of all Spain. In February 1873, when another attempt was made to bring in the Republic, these Socialists distinguished themselves by their violence in many parts of the country. They adopted the name of "Communalists," and, as such, were crushed out by the army—at Seville by General Pavia, and at Valencia by General Martinez Campos. This does not seem to have set back the progress of the "Anarchist-Collectivist Federation," which, in September of that year, reported 270 local federations comprising 674 trade unions.

From these early years dates another vital difference between the Internationalists of the Bakunin type and those of Karl Marx. All look for the Social Revolution; but, for those who have developed in the direction of Anarchy, it is not to come through political action. Economic action alone can bring about the desired result, and this is interpreted to mean the exertion of individuals upsetting society from within. The essential distinction between the two principles may be seen in the development of Revolutionary ideas during the thirty years which have elapsed. In Germany and France International Collectivism has subsided into what is scarcely more than a National political party—Parliamentary Socialism. In Spain, and for the most part in Italy, the Social Revolution eludes political observation and follows Anarchist leaders.

The practical measures which have given to Spanish Anarchists a cohesion like that of any well-organised secret society, and which long ago made Spain the real centre of the international propaganda of Anarchy were the result of the Congresses of 1881..... In Barcelona, in the same year, 1881, what is called the first exclusively Anarchist Congress was held to organise the Federation of Laborers of the Spanish Region. From this Congress, for the first time, were excluded even the extremest revolutionary Socialists that still admitted any State authority whatever.

This first organisation was slight and purely voluntary, according to the essential principle of Anarchy. Group was to be united to group, after the favourite model of the wasp's nest; but here in Spain a living connection was instituted among the cells—something which has always been wanting in France and elsewhere. The Spanish form allows local federations, uniting sections and groups, as well as the mere informal grouping of individuals which constitutes almost the only union of the French companions. It leaves each group free to manage its own affairs. The only centralising is not in the line of authority, but in mutual communication to secure that close understanding of Anarchists among themselves which has been the life of the movement. It has consisted from the start in a Federal Committee of correspondence among all the local groups, but without executive power. This committee takes the initiative only in organising new work and in calling the annual Congress; it also receives the money contributed for the expenses of delegates, whom it recognises from the reports of the local sections, but without in any way controlling their nomination.

The original Anarchists, who dropped the name Collectivist for Communist, and later, in the face of dangerous complications, went back to the safer obscurity of Socialist in general, have had the most periodical organs and are open revolutionists. But they have never openly defended the propaganda by deed on the part of isolated individuals, although in consistency with Anarchist principles they may refrain from condemning or justifying. These were the leaders of the Federation after 1881, and were reproached by the French and Italian Anarchists with still recognising the principle of authority in practice. They also became obnoxious to the violent element in Spain; but after what may be called the criminals of the movement had joined with the infamous Mano Negra in organised brigandage and murder, these leaders published a protest in all their newspapers, maintaining that crime would be crime in any state of society, even in that according to the Anarchist ideal.

In 1889, at the Congress of Valencia, it was found necessary to renew the entire organisation in the Spanish Region. Four theoretical principles or formulas were adopted as a basis, to be made practical by a fifth article of association.

First, Anarchy being non-government, entire liberty must be conceded to each member of the association.

Second, an association cannot be Anarchist so long as a shred of authority subsists in it.

Third, in consequence, there are admitted to form the Anarchist organisation all individuals, groups, associations that accept Anarchy, without distinction of revolutionary methods and schools.

Fourth, each individual, like each association, is free to manifest Anarchy as he chooses; and entire liberty is left to everyone to act as he thinks best.

Fifth, a centre for mutual relations and statistics is created, with the object of facilitating communication between individuals and groups, but with no other power or initiative of its own.

The last article has been sufficient to give the strength and unity which are essential to the constitution of a national party, and which have been of constant use in the international movement.

In 1889, the Spanish Anarchists succeeded in assembling an International Congress during the Universal Exhibition of Paris. Here Torrida, the editor of the Barcelona paper *El Productor*, renewed the protest of the old Federation against robbery as a means of propaganda. The succeeding years saw even greater international triumphs of the Spanish organisation. In 1891 the Congress of Capo Lago in Italian Switzerland extended to Italy the close understanding of the Spanish Groups. In 1893 an International Congress of Anarchists was held during the Chicago Exhibition. The original proposition for the Congress came from the New York paper *Solidarity*; its international character was due to the Spanish Anarchist journals—*El Despertar* of New York and *El Productor* of Barcelona. The closing session (October 8th, 1893) was a testimonial of sympathy with the Spanish companions and a glorification of "heroism of Pallas."

The mysterious unity which underlies many of the Anarchist manifestations in widely different parts of the world—refuge and mutual aid in money, information, and services of every kind—has been the work of this central bureau of Spanish Anarchy quite as much as of the unlimited liberty allowed to international refugees in London, or of the uncontrolled gatherings of born conspirators in Paterson, Chicago, Buenos Ayres, or other American centres, North and South. The Spanish influence has also been regulated and constant, in spite of the irregular appearance of isolated crimes. Its vital tenacity and steady growth, for a length of time during which Russian Nihilism has all but worn itself out, is perhaps a sign of another evolution that may also be inevitable—that of Socialism itself. In this case, Spanish Anarchists would represent a far greater menace to the present constitution of society, as a whole, than do the assassinations perpetrated by a few isolated companions. In any case, they make manifest the difficulties in the way of the proposed outlawry by Parliaments or Congress of men who reject all State authority, wherever Anarchy is not factitious but a spontaneous development in the masses of society ripe for its production and increase. —STODDARD DEWEY in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1902.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

[A sketch of the French Penal Colony of New Caledonia, condensed from *In an unknown Prison Land*, by G. Griffiths. Continued.]

Then, after a look into the two little exercise-yards, we mounted to the second story. Here I noticed that the cells had no windows and no gratings in the doors. Some of them had little cards affixed to them. I went and read a couple of these; they contained the names of the prisoners, their first sentence, their subsequent offences, and their present sentences. In these two cases it was *ten years solitary confinement in the dark*. Then I knew that I was standing in front of the terrible *Cachot Noir*, or Black Cell—that engine of mental murder which the sentimentalism of French deputies, some of them amnestied *communards*, has substituted for the infinitely more merciful lash.

I asked for the doors to be opened. My polite Commandant demurred. The Black Cells were *never opened, except once in thirty days* for an hour's exercise and medical inspection—but the wording of my credentials was explicit, and the doors were opened.

Out of the corner of one came something in human shape, crouching forward, rubbing its eyes and blinking at the unaccustomed light. It had been three and a half years in that horrible hole, about three yards long by one and a half broad. I gave him a feast of sunshine and outer air by taking his place for a few minutes.

After the first two or three the minutes lengthened out into hours. I had absolutely no sense of sight. I was blind. The darkness seemed to come down on me like some solid thing and drive my straining eyes back into my head. It was literally darkness that could be felt, for I felt it, and the silence was like the silence of upper space. When the double doors opened again the rays of light seemed to strike my eyes like daggers.

We went along the galleries, looking into other cells and at other prisoners. Then we came to a corridor cut off by a heavy iron gate. There were six ordinary cells in this, the cells of the condemned, and it is here that the last tragedy of the convict's life on Ile Nou begins.

Let us suppose that, as often happens, there are four or five men lying in these cells under sentence of death. The English murderer knows the day and hour of his doom. These men do not. On some night, when the prison doors are locked, the parts of the guillotine are brought in and set up on a platform under the supervision of "Monsieur de l'Ile Nou," who is always a convict released from his other duties in consideration of performing this last function of the law. Soon after three the next morning, accompanied by the Chaplain and the Chief Surveillant, the Commandant mounts the little hill on which the

prison stands. The black doors open and they ascend to the corridor of the condemned; a key clicks in the lock, and the bolts rattle back... Which door will they stop at? Think of the agony of apprehension that is compressed into those few seconds!

Then the footsteps stop. Three men wipe the sweat from their brows, and fall back on their plank beds. They at least will not die for a day or two yet. The fourth hears a key rattle into the lock of his cell door. The door swings open and the early morning flows in. The condemned man is already off his bed and standing to attention as steadily as he can. The Commandant says gravely: "*C'est pour ce matin!*" (This is the morning!)

Then he steps back and the priest takes his place. Meanwhile... a company of infantry with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets have been marched in and surround the scaffold; they are joined by the other head officials. The gates and doors of the prison are thrown open, and columns of convicts file into the yard. They take their places in ranks inside the hollow square of soldiers. On the arrival of the victim with his little procession. The Commandant hands his warrant to the Director, and then gives the order: "Uncover and kneel!"

The broad-brimmed hats come off and the grey-clad ranks sink on their knees around the Altar of Justice. The living sacrifice is asked if he has anything to say. He usually makes a short speech. When all is over the comrades of the deceased are marched back to breakfast and to their daily tasks.

I found the French officials quite as much surprised at the rigours of our system as I was at first at the leniency of theirs—always saving that horrible *Cachot Noir*. With us, three days' dark cell and bread and water is the maximum punishment. There it is five years, and sentences may run consecutively. The Chief Surveillant was entirely of my opinion as to the pitiless iniquity of the dark cell; but he took some pains to point out that it was not the fault either of the French Government or the Administration, but simply of certain politicians in France who wanted a "cry" and got up a crusade against "the brutality of flogging bound and helpless prisoners far away from all civilised criticism." *Bien, monsieur*, he said, "you have seen the Black Cell—now you shall see what it does; and when you see that I think you will say that the lash is kinder."

The Disciplinary Camps in New Caledonia have no counterpart in the English penal system. "Incorrigibles," who won't work, who are insubordinate, or have a bad effect on their comrades, are sent into them partly for punishment and partly for seclusion. They have poorer food and harder work, no "gratifications" in the way of wine or tobacco. They sleep on plank beds with their feet in anklets, and if they don't behave are promptly clapped into a cell for so many days' solitary confinement on bread and water. For graver offences they are sent back to the central prison as hopeless cases. I found several men in the camps I visited working in chains, but they weighed only about six pounds, and were of no inconvenience to the wearer. "After a few days one gets accustomed to them," was a prisoner's answer to my query. "Very likely!" I said. "If you got the chains in an English prison, you would have them on both legs and arms, and you wouldn't be able to take more than a half-stride." The chain is usually a punishment for gross insubordination or attempted escape. This man, I was told, had tried three times with the chain on, and once had used the loose end to hammer a warder with, for which he got twelve months' *Cachot Noir* and the chain for life—and a little more, since he would be buried in it. With true French economy the price of the chain is charged against the convict's savings that he may leave behind him.

After I had made the round of the cells, I was taken to a very curious punishment chamber, in great vogue in New Caledonia. It reminded me of the treadmill, though by no means so severe. Here, after a scanty meal at 4.30 a.m., the convicts are lined up in a big shed about 60 feet long by 40 broad, which is empty, with the exception of a dozen flat-topped pyramids of stone placed in straight lines about ten feet from each side. If there are 24 convicts condemned to this particular kind of weariness, 24 are taken in, in single file. Then the word "March!" is given, and they begin. Hour after hour the dreary round-and-round is continued in absolute silence. Every half-hour they are allowed to sit on the pyramids for a couple of minutes, and then on again. At eleven the bell rings for *soupe*, which means hot water and fat with a piece of bread. In half an hour the promenade begins again and continues till sunset. I was assured that those who could stand a week of this with the chain *did* feel its weight, and I don't wonder at it, for a more miserable, weary, limping, draggle-footed crowd I never saw in all my life.

We drove across to the western side of the island and presently came to a magnificent sloping avenue of palm trees.

"The avenue of the hospital," said the Chef. "Now you will see the best and the worst of Ile Nou."

In the midst of a vast, shady garden, brilliant with flowers whose heavy scent was pleasantly tempered by the sweet, cool breeze from the Pacific, stood the houses that formed the hospital. Grey-clad figures were sitting or lying about. A few reading or doing some trifling work. As prison hospital it differed little from others I had seen in England. From this little flowery paradise of rest and quietness we went across the road to another enclosure in which there were two long, white buildings, a prison and a row of offices. This was the "bad" side. On the other side there had been invalids and invalid lunatics; here there were only dangerous lunatics—men who after being criminal convicts had become madmen.

(To be Concluded.)

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NOTES.

VOICES IN THE WILDERNESS

Many are the warnings that have been uttered by some of the foremost thinkers of the day as to the probable consequences of the reaction which holds England by the throat, as it were, at the present time. Spenser, Smith, Sully and many others have spoken courageously, and we suppose—though this is problematical—they have found some listeners. At any rate, here is another voice crying aloud, and this time from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the second volume of that work, Edward Dicey (writing on a "General Survey of Recent Political Progress") says it is not altogether pleasant how many of the ideas and sympathies which held sway in the earlier Victorian era have disappeared. And he adds: "If any successor to the mantles of Kossuth, Garibaldi, Schamyl, Ledru Rollin or Mazzini were to appear in England he would be received with absolute indifference or handed over to the police..... Where is the amiable belief that self-government under Parliamentary institutions was a sort of universal panacea applicable to all countries at all times? The Parliamentary system no longer excites the admiration it formerly obtained." No doubt; and this latter would be a hopeful sign if the people were only clear-minded enough to understand that their interests require no parliaments to control and direct them, but only their own thought and intelligence. But at present they neither think nor act.

VOLTAIRE AND MILITARISM.

In view of the recent barbaric displays of imperialists and court flunkies, it would be interesting to quote the following from Voltaire. Writing to Thiriot, he says:

"When I have asked you for anecdotes about the age of Louis XIV., it is less about his person than about the arts which have flourished in his time. I like better details of Racine and Boileau, Quinault, Lulli, Molière, Le Brun, Bossuet, Poussin, Descartes, &c., than of the battle of Steinkirk. Nothing but the name remains of those who have led battalions and squadrons. The human race gains nothing by these pitched battles. But the great men I have mentioned have prepared pure and durable pleasures for posterity. A canal which joins two seas, a picture by Poussin, a fine tragedy, a truth discovered, are a thousand times more precious than all the annals of a Court, all the records of a campaign. You know that, with me, the great men come first, the heroes last. I call great men those who have excelled in the useful or the agreeable; the pillagers of provinces are mere heroes."

THE PROMISED LAND.

The eminent chemist, M. Berthelot, writing on the "Chemical Synthesis of Aliments," gives his views on the most pressing of economic questions: the food supply of the future. Briefly stated, it may be said that he sees in the chemical laboratory of the future the means for the economical emancipation of mankind and the conversion of this toiling world into the promised land of plenty without the degrading toil of merely grubbing for a living. The ideal is beautiful enough, because the free man can always find outlets enough in science and art, in inventions and discoveries, to absorb his energies.

But while we have full confidence in the immense benefits that await us from the chemistry of the future, as indeed we have from all sciences, it nevertheless must be clear to all observers that M. Berthelot fails to note that the gifts of science are intercepted by the monopolists, and just as the advance of electrical science has for the most part only brought additional terrors to the majority of the workers, so we may be sure the discoveries foreseen by M. Berthelot will be monopolised by the capitalist and used as another means of exploitation and enslavement while the present system remains.

For that reason alone the promised land remains as far distant as ever. But in reality the food supply of the future will not rest in the hands of the chemist, whatever help he may give in

the "conquest of bread." In other words, mankind will never be nourished and sustained by artificially manufactured food-stuffs, any more than an artificial atmosphere could replace the free air, or the electric light the sun. To leave "science" and come to the economic question as it faces us today, the fact remains as clear as before that to gain the "promised land", the worker must take hold of the means of production and use them for the benefit of all.

TRIFLING.

Is the great art of trifling becoming one of the accomplishments of Socialist and Democratic editors? It is certainly a great feature of the present age and enters into so many phases of social life that it is probable the above-mentioned persons may be unconsciously infected with it. Any one who read the ridiculous manifesto the Social Democratic Federation addressed to the king, would, according to their views, either be disgusted or amused at these stalwarts of the revolution clowning in this fashion. For no one is deceived into supposing there is any sincerity in the whole production. It is simply a craving to advertise the organisation at the cost of all decency and self-respect. But the propaganda? Well, who believes anything is gained by the publication of such rubbish? No, it is simply trifling, and trifling with a great cause. For the whole business of this national mummery with its drinking and feasting, marred as it was by the course of events, was a stupendous exhibition of national servility and stupidity. Who wants to talk of it? Who wants to mingle in it? Not the man to whom Socialism appeals as the remedy for all the social ills that kings and governments must ever perpetuate with the aid of the priests, the politicians and the whole army of officials and capitalist thieves who support them. No! One might at least have hoped that a stupid opportunism would not have dragged even Social Democracy into this insane vortex. But compromise leads folks into strange highways and byways.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

An almost parallel example is supplied by *Reynold's*, a paper purporting to stand for a democratic republic—whatever that may mean—and which licks the boots of royalty to get a donation (and advertisement) for its sandwichmen's fund.

Who would not like to do something for these poor victims of a vicious system, as one would wish to help all who suffer under present conditions? But for a Republican paper to go hat in hand to a "royal pauper" (to use a favorite expression of its own), could only happen in an age when "reformers" have become mere triflers, and the worship of the golden calf and love of self-advertisement have replaced an honest and manly adherence to principles.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL PICNIC

of the Midland Counties Anarchist Communists

will be held in LATHKILL DALE, which lies about one mile west of Rowsley village.

Comrades will not muster at Rowsley Railway Station, but will meet in the Dale.

TEA will be ready at 4 o'clock, prompt, at Mrs. HENSBERGH'S, Rowsley, and the usual Conference will be held immediately after Tea.

VAN DER VELDE AT HOME.

M. Adolphe Brisson has been writing a series of articles in the *Paris Temps*, entitled *Contemporary Prophets*; amongst these he gives the Belgian Socialist leader and parliamentarian a place by reason of his recent prominence in public matters. The account of his interview with Van der Velde as reproduced in *La Bataille* (of Namur) is interesting, and as one reads one understands why Socialist deputies of his class prefer words to blows. M. Brisson having reached La Hulpe, where the deputy for Charleroi lives, was granted an interview, and thus describes the renowned "leader's" surroundings and home:

"The house has an appearance of opulence. It is not flanked by towers or girdled with a moat like a feudal castle, but at a pinch a modern prince could accommodate himself in it. It stands on the summit of a grassy wooded slope, from whence there is an extensive view. The park round it is carefully maintained; vast conservatories rise on all sides, within whose crystal walls rare flowers bloom in a perennial spring." The *conciierge* having taken the visitor's card, he is introduced into the reception room of the Collectivist lawyer, which charms him by "the grace and elegance of its arrangement. Everywhere roses, lilacs, violets, in beautiful vases. Through the great bay window the sun's rays flood the room and play amongst the crystal ornaments, the dim gold of old silks, the brighter gold of new, the soft tones of pastels, the greens and browns of tapestry, the mellow colouring of the wainscot,

the dazzling white of carved brackets. An indefinable perfume lingers about these things—the elegance of woman is reflected."

Passing into the "work room," the chronicler continues: "Although rather more severe than the *salon*, the eminent leader's study is arranged with equal taste. A tall mahogany cabinet is filled with richly bound books; there is an immense fire place, and a monumental mantelpiece above, ornamented with handsome *faience*; the carpet is thick and soft; English armchairs in red morocco invite to repose. I throw myself into one of these luxurious seats and involuntarily my thoughts fly back to the angular chairs and the melancholy little house in which M. Anseele had received me the other day."

The workers of Charleroi (says *La Bataille* by way of comment), especially the puddlers and those who run up and down all day in the grimy, windswept mill-yards for a salary of two shillings, must rejoice to think how comfortably their deputy is lodged. Meanwhile the great man chats with his interviewer. The contrast between the mansion of the leader and the modest home of Anseele, the deputy for Ghent, surprises and is disquieting to M. Brisson. He hides his discomfort under some bold questioning which Van der Velde meets frankly.

"I talked a long time with your colleague, M. Anseele," ventured the journalist. "He lives in a very modest way among the members of *Vooruit*, contenting himself like them with a small salary, disdaining the luxury to which his talents and position give him the right to aspire. I was informed that the simplicity of his life had endeared him to the people—may I ask then how it comes that they pardon you for being—what shall I say—too rich?" Van der Velde was not shocked at my effrontery, or concealed it, and his answer indicated that he possessed much ingenuity and suppleness of mind, also that he was a good psychologist.

"Let us distinguish, please... Edouard Anseele, for whom I have great esteem and respect, is of the people. He is an old artisan, the son of an artisan. Myself, I come from the bourgeois class. I took my degrees at the University. My father was a magistrate. He left me means. Now, the workman who is offended at any ostentation made by a fellow-worker, feeling himself secretly humiliated thereby, is yet quite willing that a bourgeois who comes to him through conviction or sympathy, should retain the outward forms of life to which he has been accustomed and continue to make use of such riches as he may enjoy. The point is of no importance... I would even go further...."

He paused a moment as if thinking.

"I do not believe that wealth and education destroy the prestige of a leader of the people or weaken his authority. On the contrary, the proletariat likes to have someone to come to it from another plane; it is flattered by its conquests. Give it proofs of loyalty and devotion and it asks nothing more." M. Van der Velde cited some twenty examples in support of his theory.

When he was elected to the Chamber for the first time, the zeal with which he threw himself into his work did not, on the other hand, prevent his taking part in more frivolous things. And although his family disowned him because of his political opinions, some of the Society ladies were less harsh, and allowed him to discuss Proudhon in their presence since it was this philosopher's books which had converted him. Probably Proudhon was not the only subject discussed. His extreme youth rendered this dissipation excusable, and his electors, the Charleroi miners, were not affronted by it. Still better, his successes made them happy, so that one of them rose up in his defence at a meeting, crying with enthusiasm: "*Our deputy sees swell people!*" Yet these same electors could not pardon one of their own number for having accepted a position on a committee of management worth a few hundred francs a year.

It is ever the same story. These simpletons of workers are never shocked at the inequality of material conditions, even when presented before them with glaring impudence. Van der Velde himself gave judicial proofs of the fact. Alas, no; wealth does not destroy the prestige of a people's leader nor weaken his authority! Rather, even among Socialists, it increases the importance of those who already possess it, confers importance on those who gain it, and as to authority, far from lessening, wealth adds to it. So true is it that men have not yet attained to the true spirit of equality, and that habit is still second nature even with Socialists. Be rich, talk folly and you will win applause; be poor, talk sense and you will be mocked. M. Van der Velde knew the situation thoroughly or he would scarcely have stated facts that to the unenlightened worker come with something like a rude shock.

Has the deputy a touch of the jesuit in his composition? Some such idea seems to pierce through the lines dedicated by M. Brisson to a personal description of him: "While the orator enters into details I study his features. They show irony and intelligence rather than strength. Unlike Anseele, he has none of the sallies, the quick turns that all at once show the heart of the speaker. He is more watchful. The furtive light of malice glints from under his eye-glasses. This man is not one to be duped. He believes in precise definitions...." "The Belgian worker," he informs me, "differs immensely from the French. To appreciate the situation in this country you have only to pierce his mentality. Our worker is less advanced than yours, less quick-witted, less impetuous and able to take the initiative. But, on the other hand (fire seemed to glow behind the glasses), we possess virtues that you have not so strongly. We have patience, calmness, and above all we understand discipline. The different sects in our body do not excommunicate or devour each other. They work together fraternally, in spite of division, towards the construction of a new future."

Then as if suddenly remembering the nationality of his interviewer, he added: "That does not lessen the fact that it is from France all

light comes. France is always in the vanguard. She it is who bears the colours and clears the road...."—just as if France was a united compact mass, a block cut in a piece, forever going forward; as if the France of the fugitives and traitors of 1870, of the forgers of "the great affair," of the Panama and other scandals, was that of Michelet, Hugo, of Vaillant, Louise Michel, Zola, Anatole France, the France of courage, devotion, abnegation, industry, of well-doing and of talent.

AMERICAN NOTES.

It is not a pleasant thing for an Anarchist to discuss the shortcomings of the trade union movement; but it does make one sad to see the workingmen of one country clamouring for laws to protect them from the workingmen of another. But if such a spectacle makes one sad, the spectacle of men who know better—men who know perfectly well that if an ironclad exclusion act was passed, and the impossible occurred: such as an honest enforcement of the law keeping out every foreign workingman, the lot of the workers in that particular country where the law was passed would remain about the same—leading such a movement.

To those who are not aware of the fact that Sam Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, is an English Jew who came to America when he was four years of age and, if not actually raised in the Ghetto of New York, certainly spent a great many years of his life there; furthermore, he has been a labor leader (?) and has drawn a salary of from thirty to forty dollars a week for about twenty years besides some years of free board and lodging, during which time he has educated himself at the expense of workingmen in America—I say, if one did not know all this, one might be inclined to believe the hysterics Sam indulges in from year to year on the dangers of Chinese invasion.

The present number of the *American Federationist* devotes no less than twenty-three pages (inclusive of an editorial by Sam) to this subject, showing how the American Federation of Labor and the Chinese Exclusion Commission of California have worked up this question, the law that was passed in consequence, and the opinion of legal experts employed by the A. F. of L. to define the exact status of affairs. And after the representatives of an organisation of a million workers have grovelled at the feet of capitalists (asking these vultures to protect them from other workers), spent one doesn't know how much money (first, to work up the agitation; second, to "lobby" their bill through), this is what Gompers himself says of the product: "Taking the entire law as it now stands, it presents one of the most conspicuous pieces of bungling or vicious legislation, or both, ever enacted by Congress."

The fact that government implies class legislation in no way absolves the A. F. of L. for asking Congress to exclude all Chinese workingmen while giving the right of entry to the parasitical class.

The following clause will show to what extent the A. F. of L. was prepared to go in its definition of exclusion:

"SEC. 3.—That the term 'laborer' used in this Act shall be construed to mean both skilled and unskilled manual laborers, Chinese persons employed in mining, fishing, huckstering, peddling, or laundry work, and those engaged in taking, drying or otherwise preserving shellfish or other fish for home consumption or exportation; and every Chinese person shall be deemed a laborer, within the meaning of this Act, who is not an official, a teacher, a student, a merchant, or a traveller for curiosity or pleasure, as hereinafter defined."

They would not only extend the Exclusion Act to the two hundred and fifty thousand Chinese in the Philippine Islands, but to those of mixed Chinese and Filipino blood. What a sight for the gods! The President, Cabinet, Senate, House of Representatives, and the judges of the Supreme and United States Courts are composed of about ninety-eight per cent of capitalists or exploiters of some sort, and the other two per cent are doubtful. It is to these people that an organisation of workingmen go to ask for protection from workingmen of another country who are, they admit but instruments used by this same class to reduce their standard of living. What a comedy, and yet what a tragedy! What sycophants and Pharisees we are, to be sure! We grovel at the feet of our exploiters for protection against our own class and urge, as one of our reasons, that "From common observation they foster vices peculiar to their race and most degrading to humanity." To attempt to discuss this question seriously after such an exhibition of hypocrisy is impossible. After all, it is ridicule that kills, and the best answer to these Pharisaical labor leaders—who know that the American workingman is suffering from capitalism and not Chinese labor—is the following, by our friend Mr. Dooley:

"An' so th' meetin' if th' Plymouth Rock Assocation come to an end. But if ye wud like to get it together, Deacon Hinnissy, to discuss th' immigration question, I'll send out a hurry call f'r Schwartzmeister an' Mulcahey an' Ignacio Sharbaro an' Nels Larsen an' Petrus Goldvink, an' w'll gather tonight at Fanneiloviski Hall, at th' corner iv Sheridan an' Sigel sthreads. All th' pilgrim fathers is reyquested f'r to bring interpreters."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessey, "divvle th' bit I care, on'y I'm here foorst, an' I ought to have th' right to keep th' bus fr'm bein' overcrowded."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "as a pilgrim father on me gran' nephew's side, I don't know but ye're right. An' they'se wan sure way to keep thim out."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"Teach thim all about our instichoochins before they come," said Mr. Dooley.

That's it: teach them all about our institutions before they come.

In connection with the above, it is interesting to note that a strike has just broken out among the coal miners in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. One hundred and forty-seven thousand men are out, and the latest news is that some of the strikers called at a mine and requested the men at work there to come out. Upon their refusing to do so, dynamite was thrown down the shaft and some five or six were killed and a number injured. As usual the miners demands are very moderate: an increase in wages of ten per cent; a ton of coal to consist of 2,240 pounds; and the appointment of a man by the miners to witness the weighing of the coal.

Of course, the owners refused; and from what the miners told me in that district five years ago, the idea of fair weight is probably more repugnant to them than the ten per cent increase. At that time—and probably now—the miners had to fill a large car with coal and heap it up as high as was possible. For this they were paid at the rate of two tons per car; but, considering that the car when simply level with the sides contained two and a half tons, when heaped up it contained from three and a quarter to three and a half tons—so it is not difficult to understand why the owners object to a fair ton and a man to watch the weighing. The men are robbed and swindled in a fashion that is simply incredible and would surely be denounced as the exaggerations of an Anarchist if given here.

After reading the before-mentioned twenty-three pages of twaddle about Chinese exclusion, one would naturally expect that the miners' troubles must be due to this dreadful evil(?); but, strange to say, there is probably not a single Chinaman engaged in such work in this entire district. The miners' degradation is due to capitalism; and a little less of the cant about "American manhood" and the "lawful and honorable way of American citizenship," is due from Messrs. Gompers and Co. and the American Federation of Labor.

The writer of "American Notes" in the London *Daily News* would do well if he would learn something of trade unions before he attempts to write about them. In discussing the negro question recently in that paper, he quotes a letter (which he seems to accept) that negroes are debarred from trade unions on account of racial prejudices. Whoever wrote that letter is either deliberately misrepresenting the trade unions or is absolutely ignorant of their aims and methods. One of the cardinal principles of the American Federation of Labor—which represents nearly the entire force of organised labor in the United States—is that no man shall be refused admission to the union of his craft for race, creed, nationality, religion or politics. The American Association of Machinists (Engineers), which was organised first of all in the South, had the colour line in their constitution and were refused admission to the A. F. of L. for some seven or eight years for that very reason, and were only admitted when they abolished the colour line. It gives one pleasure to say this, for there is undoubtedly a frightful amount of hypocrisy in America over the poor negro; but the greatest criminals in the matter are the Republican politicians and capitalists, who ride into power by the poor fellow's vote and yet despise him in everyday life, and not the workingman.

It is interesting to know that, law abiding as he is, Mark Twain considers the action of General Funston (the modern hero who with some of his troops effected the capture of Aguinaldo by treachery) in appealing to Aguinaldo for food to keep him from starving, and by that means effecting his capture, was worse than the act of poor Czolgosz in killing McKinley. Says Mark: "Yet, bad as he (Czolgosz) was, he had not—dying of starvation—begged food of the President to strengthen his failing forces for his treacherous work; he did not proceed against the life of a benefactor who had just saved his own." We should say to Mark: There is no comparison between poor Czolgosz and this vulgar scoundrel Funston; but we appreciate even this small favor to this poor boy who gave up his life for the downtrodden and exploited.

The following squibs will serve to show the high opinion we have in America of the honesty of our politicians. The first relates to the offer by Carnegie to pay the United States government the twenty million dollars for the Philippine Islands that she paid to Spain, and so give the Filipinos their independence:

"If Carnegie had offered that \$20,000,000 to the campaign (election) committee in return for having the Philippine treaty defeated, he might have got action on his money."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"There are always two political parties; not so much because there are two sides to every public question as because there are two sides to every office, viz., the inside and the outside."—*Life*.

A BOER WOMAN.

[From the *New Age*.]

I met some women out of the camps last week (April 29, 1902) and had some conversation with them. They only spoke Dutch and had little acquaintance with the newspapers.....

These women were country people, and they looked upon me with great suspicion when we first met. My acquaintance with

their language, and expressions of sympathy for the sufferings of the women in the camps, soon gained their confidence. The principal speaker was a very tall, finely-built woman, with eyes that were capable of a great variety of expression; generally, they were only half-opened, while the speaker's soul veiled itself under an appearance of calm and indifference. I inquired as to whether there was an improvement in the general condition of things in the camp she had just come from. Most assuredly there was—the food was better, the aged and infirm and delicate were dead. She attributed the terribly high death-rate of the past to the way in which the people had been dragged from their homes and exposed without food or shelter to the inclement weather. On arrival there was, as a rule, neither shelter nor food, and the continued exposure and exhaustion led to severe outbreaks of sickness, with the result that numbers died.

"Are the women losing heart?—are they willing that their husbands should surrender?" I asked.

A light spread over her face, and welled up in her eyes, as she said: "There are some Africanders—hounds I call them—that have given in; but there are numbers of women in our camp that will never give in; that will never bid their husbands give in. I say my husband must fight to the last; if only two men are left he must fight on; if he is left alone while he can hold a gun he must fight on. It is a sore thing to part with your husband—to know that he is fighting; but I would rather he lay dead on the battlefield than give in."

"And what about the women themselves—about their sufferings?" I asked.

She threw back her fine head and said: "I have never had anything the matter with me: the harder I get it, the stronger I seem to get—strength comes as you need it. It is true I have seen whole families die out in camp; but there are also others together who have lost none, who are still all together. But if I die—I die—it matters not; never, never, will I give in. It is my light," she continued, "that every one must do what they can for their own land. I cannot do otherwise. I cannot understand those who do give in. I do not hate the British. I have no hate in my heart; but I can never forget nor forgive what we have gone through. We have had it too bitter. We have suffered too much—too many have died—too many tears have been shed. I can't cry any more—there are no more tears left in me. I have to laugh sometimes. There is no one to help us, so we have to keep each other's spirits up. But the poor 'Tommies';" she went on, "I will always do all I can for a Tommy. They get it too bitter—they get it as we do. It was awful to see them when they first came to our town. They were starving. They crowded round our ovens when the bread came out to get a morsel. They ate all the green fruit off the trees. One poor 'Tommy' was found dead at his post. His body was opened; he had filled himself with green mealies."

I asked whether the negotiations which had been going on would lead to peace. She replied: "There will be no peace unless we get what we want—unless we get what is right." Then the same strange beautiful light spread over her face, and filled her eyes, as she said: "We may get it still more bitter, still more hard; I may be without a petticoat at last; but if everything is gone—that day that we get our independence I will dance and play like a little child."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BELGIUM.—In Paris, in 1900, the proposed Anarchist Conference was suppressed. In Liège, Belgium, apparently the authorities seem less susceptible to the terror inspired by a meeting of peaceable revolutionists than are their colleagues in France. It has remained for a kingdom to permit what a republic with Socialist tendencies dares not! At Liège 160 comrades lately held a Conference and discussed the following points: Anarchists and Trade Union propaganda; Industrial Reforms; The Anarchist Press; Provincial propaganda; Organisation of a Revolutionary Workers' Federation. Sympathetic addresses were sent to those struggling for liberty in Spain and Russia—and all this without an arrest, a show of police brutality or a call to arms of the National Guard. Moreover, the Conference will be resumed in November in another city, and the further discussion of the subjects above named continued. It seems a pity that comrades in England do not also initiate an annual or bi-annual meeting for the discussion of kindred topics and the fostering of a strong spirit of international solidarity.

ITALY.—*L'Universita Popolare*, the review edited by L. Molinari of Mantua, proposes the following questions to its readers and the general public: 1. Is it really true that a civil society is in need of laws framed by a legislative group or any other authority? 2. If the answer is yes: state to whom the right should be given to discuss, formulate, and establish laws for a civil society? Replies in any language to be addressed to the editor, Via Tito Speri, 13, Mantua.

EGYPT.—Cairo is not exactly an out-of-the-way place, still it is not one usually coupled with the name of Anarchism; it is pleasant, however, to think that like the Salvation Army, Anarchists are everywhere! Scarce a town or city in the known world now but a budding or full-grown Anarchist dwells therein and quietly sows the seed or prepares himself to do battle for his opinions when the time shall come. At Cairo the other day the Cigarette Makers and their masters held the annual gathering in honor of their Association. The bourgeois employers counselled submission to the law and obedience to masters. Then up spoke a Greek, a German, and an Italian; comrades who, in spite of interruptions, nailed the red flag to the mast and insisted that workers who entered into relations with their exploiters would never win either freedom or justice. Cairo, like Alexandria, is a very Babel for languages, which somewhat nullifies active propaganda. One would like to know whether those three intrepid comrades are still in work.

SPAIN.—The Anarchists arrested prior to the king's taking the oath, still remain in prison in Madrid without being brought to trial, although it has been clearly shown their arrest was due entirely to a plot concocted by a police official for the express purpose of ensuring the imprisonment of suspects during the state procession. In Barcelona, also, six comrades remain in prison for having taken part with thirty others, representing various workers' societies, in a meeting called to suggest a revision of the late Montjuich trial, when the government exonerated the officials who had tortured the prisoners of 1898. All who attended the meeting were arrested on the spot; but, with the exception of the above six, were subsequently liberated. In spite of news to the contrary, Barcelona still remains in a state of siege owing to the fear of a renewal of the late general strike. Meetings of every kind are prohibited; notwithstanding which active propaganda continues, especially in an educational sense. There is not a school in the city or its suburbs which is not dominated by the priests, and great efforts are being made to found classes outside of their influence. With many sacrifices a sum of several thousand francs was collected and a school of 86 boys started. This has done so well that subscriptions are being raised to enable another to be initiated for girls. Family reunions are held to promote this object, as many as 700 persons being frequently assembled together, the proceedings always being inaugurated by the singing of the Spanish Anarchist hymn. As the government censors are continually busy it is difficult to glean or transmit unofficial news from any part of the country—but there is scarcely a district without its local strike or other serious movement demonstrating the misery and discontent of the population. The agrarian agitation is just now particularly strong, most of the productive land being the private property of large landowners who never reside on their estates but squander their wealth in Madrid or elsewhere, while the sturdy peasantry unable to buy holdings or pay the rent and taxes on farms are forced to work as common laborers at a miserable pittance.

RUSSIA.—From here also definite news does not reach the outside world easily, and such is the panic among the authorities that strict orders have been lately issued to the official world to prevent leakage at all cost of news bearing on the present state of the country or the daily events occurring in it. Nothing is to be printed, nothing whispered. The Tsar reigns if his ministers perish—all is well in Russia. Still, we know that every province breathes rebellion in one or other form; that Siberia is famine-struck; that where a peasant or workers' revolt is suppressed one day it breaks out elsewhere on the next; that Minister von Plehwe has ordered the noose for every man or woman who aims a blow at a government official, whether such blow touch him or not—Hirsch Leckert, the man who slightly wounded the brutal Governor of Vilna in one hand, being his second victim within his first two months of office. He has begun well—we have his portrait before us as we write: it is that of an obese, coarse-lipped bureaucrat, with overhanging jowls and an air of obstinate self-satisfaction overspreading his broad, round face—a personification of unintellectual brute force. The actual terror of the Russian official and bourgeois world is evinced by a statement from Paris that the famous Third (police) Section has inaugurated a secret *League for the Safety of the Russian Empire* with headquarters in that city. The same thing was done in 1881 in St. Petersburg, the salary of every officer who entered the League being doubled. The League is naturally simply a league of spies able to insinuate themselves into every grade of society. Their work in Paris is more especially the persecution and supervision of the large and increasing colony of exiled students and incidentally of revolutionists and suspects of every nation, the present international solidarity between such being thoroughly appreciated by the secret police of the world. Circular letters inviting incorporation in the League are being received by many Parisians as a proof of the reality of the Franco-Russian alliance. The foreign consulates in London seem to have added so largely of late to their male and female *clientèle*, that one might almost suspect a branch of the parent League had also been founded in our midst by the famous and infamous Third.

UNITED STATES.—Comrades will be glad to hear that W. MacQueen had to suffer no penalty for so rashly sending the American government to a sulphurous habitation during his recent speech in New York. The Grand Jury threw out the bill and refused to indict him. Most has, however, now been sent to the Island to serve out the year's imprisonment to which he was condemned some months since for reprinting the "Murder against Murder" article in *Freiheit*. Our last news of MacQueen comes from Paterson, N. J., where according to the press on

June 18th he headed a strike contingent bent on a demonstration against the capitalist silk-weaving mills. As is usual in American strikes shots were fired and the militia called out. No particulars are yet to hand, although a lively reporter in a London paper stated that MacQueen led his forces on horseback resplendent in a crimson sash. MacQueen has of course been arrested as one of the demonstrators, but further details are lacking.

LONG LIVE CUBA!

[From the *Coast Seamen's Journal*, San Francisco, May 21.]

Yesterday the United States formally relinquished its authority and control in Cuba, and the Cuban Republic became an entity in the family of nations. Thus ends the first four years' lesson of the war with Spain. It has cost a good deal and taken a lot of money to "free Cuba," more of both than most persons had anticipated; but, after all, it has been cheap, practically free, education. The big lesson of the war, as we see it, and one that is just beginning to be appreciated, is that warfare will have its way with the character of any nation that goes into it. And that way is ever the same—the way of brutalism. No man or nation can take up the sword without at the same time laying down the senses. Civilisation is a volatile element—the higher the more so—that evaporates at the touch of steel. Horse the soldier and you unhorse the reason. Which of all the millions of Americans who, four years ago, shouted: "Cuba Libre!" reflected that in the space of a few months we should be putting Weyler of Cuba and Kitchener of Egypt to a care for their reputations for bestiality? We went into the war with "Cuba Libre!" on our lips and "Remember the Maine!" in our hearts. We went into a "war for humanity" and are staying in it for purposes of subjugation!

If you look around you will find that there is hardly an ideal, institutional or intellectual, that went the making of that beautiful, yet fragile, thing we called Americanism which has not suffered at least partial eclipse during these four years. Certainly you will be hard pressed to find an instance in which the national, not to say the human, traits have been in any degree lustered by these experiences. Many men have made fortunes, it is true; others, have gained lots of glory of certain kinds. But where will you find the American whose respect for himself or love for his country has been strengthened by the events in Cuba or the Philippines? The war has produced its heroes(?), and heroism is a fine thing, no doubt. But who among the liberty-loving, fairplay-loving, decency-loving citizenship of these United States shall vouch for the pabulum dispensed at the shrines of the Funstons, Wallers and Smiths?

It is useless to criticise the American soldier, rank or file. The man of arms is a soldier first and a man of his country afterward, if at all. Put a rifle in a man's hands, and that moment he becomes a pre-Adamite, a creature subservient to the purely animal instinct. Much that is inspiring to the passions and alluring to the senses has been written concerning the valour of the field. But we notice that these writings are mostly *ex parte*. We need never expect to know more than one-half of the truth concerning the valour of the Philippine field, for instance, until that country produces a writer equal to the best of our own in the power to stir the blood and the disposition to write one side up and the other side down. War and warriors are the same in all times and under all standards. War is force, and the warrior part freebooter and part fustian. Both are governed by a law of nature that is as inexorable to the platitudes of statesmanship or the dictates of humanity as are the heavens to the appeal of a mole. We may admit that war is sometimes a necessity, without ceasing to regard it as a colossal misfortune. But war, when not necessary—that is, when it can be avoided by any stretch of the reasoning faculty—is a crime.

The people of the United States, in every calling and class, have suffered losses, in some instances imperceptible as yet, by the war so far as it has gone, and they will suffer the more the longer it continues. Well may we rejoice that one page of that history has been turned over, and hope that "Finis" may shortly be written to the story of a dreadful and discreditable experience.

What shall we say to the Cubans? What can we possibly say to them, except to wish them luck of their new birth and to fervently pray that they may prove themselves strong enough to make needless, and to resist further intervention by others in their own affairs and great enough to declare against intervention by themselves in the affairs of other peoples.

MORIBUND SOCIETY and ANARCHY, by Jean Grave. Paper 1s. net.

The Reformers' Year Book.

This volume appears somewhat late in the day, but it is evidently produced with great care and must need an immense amount of labor to gather all the information concerning the advanced, progressive, labor and Socialist movements which is here given. It is a most useful volume for all persons, but for the active propagandist in these various movements it is absolutely indispensable. It has something to say and some information to give on subjects between the two extremes of Temperance Reform and Anarchist Communism. It is well printed, well bound, and well worth the shilling for which it can be obtained.

It is published by Joseph Edwards, Glenlea, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow, and can also be had at the *Clarion* office, 72 Fleet St.

Cecil Rhodes.

"A great man, Cecil Rhodes. After his death I should like to have a piece of the rope as a souvenir."—MARK TWAIN.

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM*: Its Aims and Principles.

[From the *Reformers' Year Book*, page 26.]

Anarchism may be briefly defined as the negation of all government and all authority of man over man: Communism as the recognition of the just claim of each to the fullest satisfaction of all his needs, physical, moral and intellectual. The Anarchist, therefore, whilst resisting as far as possible all forms of coercion and authority, repudiates just as firmly even the suggestion that he should impose himself upon others, realising as he does that this fatal propensity in the majority of mankind has been the cause of nearly all the misery and bloodshed in the world. He understands just as clearly that to satisfy his needs without contributing to the best of his ability, his share of labor in maintaining the general well-being, would be to live at the expense of others—to become an exploiter and to live as the rich drones live today. Obviously, then, government on the one hand and private ownership of the means of production on the other, complete the vicious circle—the present social system—which keeps mankind degraded and enslaved.

There will be no need to justify the Anarchists' attack upon all forms of government: history teaches the lesson he has learned on every page. But that lesson being concealed from the mass of the people by interested advocates of "law and order," and even by many Social Democrats, the Anarchist deals his hardest blows at the sophisms that uphold the State, and urges workers in striving for their emancipation to confine their efforts to the economic field.

It follows, therefore, that politically and economically his attitude is purely revolutionary; and hence arises the vilification and misrepresentation that Anarchism, which denounces all forms of social injustice, meets with in the press and from public speakers.

Rightly conceived, Anarchism is no mere abstract ideal theory of human society. It views life and social relations with eyes disillusioned. Making an end of all superstitions, prejudices and false sentiments it tries to see things as they really are; and without building castles in the air it finds by the simple correlation of established facts that the grandest possibilities of a full and free life can be placed within the reach of all, once that monstrous bulwark of all our social iniquities—the State—has been destroyed, and common property declared.

By education, by free organisation, by individual and associated resistance to political and economic tyranny, the Anarchist hopes to achieve his aims. The task may seem impossible to many, but it should be remembered that in science, in literature, in art, the highest minds are with the Anarchists or are imbued with distinct Anarchist tendencies. Even our bitterest opponents admit the beauty of our "dream," and reluctantly confess it would be well for humanity if it were "possible." Anarchist Communist propaganda is the intelligent, organised, determined effort to realise the "dream" and to ensure that freedom and well-being for all *shall* be possible.

* It would be only fair to state that the Individualist school of Anarchism, which includes many eminent writers and thinkers, differs from us mainly on the question of Communism, i.e., on the holding of property, the remuneration of labor, etc. Anarchism, however, affords the opportunity for experiment in all these matters, and in that sense there is no dispute between us. We have purposely refrained from alluding to the burning question of assassination, as we think it will be time to deal with that when government has explained to us all the moral advantages of its wholesale massacres, slaughtering and plundering.

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