

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

The General Strike in Italy.

The general strike in Italy was one of those lessons which the toiling masses occasionally give both to their masters and to their would-be leaders. With a unanimity which none, even amongst the greatest enthusiasts, could foresee, the working men all over the country left their work, and declared to their rulers that they would no longer permit them to treat them as slaves.

In three or four days, over the whole of Italy, the general strike was declared—not only in the big industrial centres, but in the smallest ultra-bourgeois towns as well; and it was joined not only by the large organised trades, but precisely by those little trades which the labour politicians had treated as hopeless, while their labour is most praised by the exploiters, because they depend upon it in their daily life. Even in such hopeless spots as the little towns of the Riviera, where the bourgeois come to lounge about, the bakers, the cabmen, the tramway men and other trades attached to the personal service of the lazy rich, abandoned work all at once, leaving the rich without bread, without light, without means of communication, without papers, and the like.

For several years in succession and again lately we had been told by the politicians that no revolution is possible now, because the masses of the people could never be brought to a joint action. "Of course, if the people could rise in a hundred cities and villages on the same day, or only during the same week, no Government could stand that disorganisation; but that is absolutely impossible"—so we were told by those wise men who claim to be the leaders of the masses.

Not longer than a very few years ago, when the question of a general strike came once more to the front, the Parliamentary Socialists declared most emphatically that a really general strike is nonsense—a dream of the senseless Anarchists. And lately, again, at the International Congress of the Parliamentary labour leaders at Amsterdam, pails of cold water were thrown upon those who dared to speak of a general strike or of the revolution.

And then, a few weeks later, the general strike broke out in Italy with a quite unsuspected vigour and unanimity, without preparation, and against the will of the leaders, simply as a manifestation of the hatred against the lazy rich which burns in the hearts of the Latin workers in France, in Italy, in Spain.

It began quite unexpectedly. Since the last slaughter at Milan in 1898, the shooting of the agricultural labourer and the town workers had been going on in Italy as a matter-of-fact business. "Only workers! Only peasants!" The Conservative Crispi and the Radical Giolitti joined equally in that sport. But the seed sown for the last thirty years begins to germinate. Hopes of delivery are growing . . . and the shooting of the miners at Bugerru, which took place in the first days of September last, and was closely followed by the slaughter of the peasants in Sicily, at last broke down the patience of the proletarians.

All over Italy the cry, *General strike!* resounded. The Parliamentarians of course, once more, did all they could to appease the workers—in fact, let us say frankly that none of those who are usually the spokesmen of the workers (Republican, Socialist, or Anarchist) was at the head of the situation. As always happens on the great revolutionary dates, the unknown, the men of the crowd, came to the front, and forced the so-called leaders to follow.

Lo Sciopero generale! The general strike! was the shout that came from the breasts of the workers.

In such cases it is always the cities and towns which have had a revolutionary past that take the lead. Milan—the city where the last King, with his friend Crispi, had slaughtered the people six years ago—rose at once. The crowd took no heed of those who once more tried to disorganise the movement by preaching quietness; and meetings of the people itself, growing every day in numbers, began to be held—20,000 on Thursday, the 15th; 30,000 on Friday; "from 50,000 to 70,000" on Saturday.

It was the people who rose this time, drowning the voices of the "opium-doctors" under the thunder of its revolutionary exaltation.

The strike spread like wild fire. No bread, no light, no

papers, no tramways. . . . and—the masses, sarcastic here, menacing there. . . .!

We have before us the *Avanti* of those days, and more remarkable reading could not be imagined. No telegraph in Italy; but in one way or another the good news was transmitted to Milan, and we have before us a list of more than fifty towns of different provinces, from every one of which there comes the same news:—

"General Strike declared. Most important. Full unanimity. Most striking aspect. The red flag floats on the municipality. Tremendous meeting. Glorious enthusiasm!"

You see now why the British papers were so mute about it.

And so it goes on for three large pages of the paper, and the next days twenty, thirty, fifty other small towns are added to the list, each of them joining the movement with the same enthusiasm.

It was—everyone felt it—something more than a strike. It sounded like a declaration of war.

The Government was frightened. In Turin and in a few other small places the working men had again been fired at. . . .

Thereupon the Minister Giolitti issued his famous circular, prohibiting the military "to interfere in the conflicts between Labour and Capital," and ordering a court-martial to investigate the case of the Turin slaughter. . . .

For the Parliamentarians that was enough. Since the beginning they had been busy at work trying to stop the movement, of which they felt they had lost the control. Already on Saturday, the 17th—before the movement had yet shown its full extension—they were persuading the workers to resume work! At the great Milan meeting the crowd imposed silence upon these traitors, and reluctantly they had to withdraw their treacherous proposition. But they continued their work, and by Monday and Tuesday the strike was over—under the fictitious pretext of "promises" having been obtained from the Ministry.

But let us not grumble too much. It is a striking feature of all popular movements that the true one, the serious one which will do something, is always preceded by a sort of tentative movement, in which the forces of the people are tested, so to say.

The 14th of July, 1789, was preceded by the risings of the end of January.

The 10th of August of 1792—the taking of the Tuileries—was preceded by the 20th of June, when the people peacefully invaded the King's palace, and thus tested its force.

The 18th of March, 1871, was preceded by the movement of the 31st of January, and so on.

The general strike of September 16-18 was, we believe, the 20th of June of the Italian people: a warning in due form to the middle-classes, and a test of the forces—and the hatred—of the people.

To those who go about preaching that a revolution is impossible, and a general strike is a dream, the people of Italy have given the lie direct.

Most certainly the revolution has now to overcome great obstacles, but the greatest of them is not the magazine rifle: there are moments in the life of nations—and 1848 and 1793 were such moments—when the rifles don't shoot, but are turned butt-end upwards, in sign of peace, or with muzzle towards the rulers, in sign of a popular war.

There are such moments when there is in the exploited and down-trodden ones an intensity of will and a unanimity of purpose which paralyse chiefs and soldiers, and terrorise the monopolist classes for the defence of whom armies and State are kept.

A glimpse of that unanimity was given to Europe in those memorable days of September.

An Appeal for "Freedom."

The difficulty of printing *Freedom* in these times of depression compels us to ask all friends and sympathisers to render what financial assistance they can to enable us to appear regularly.

Much voluntary work must always be given to help the paper along, but as we are only workers ourselves, our pockets will not meet the deficit on each number.

Any subscriptions will be thankfully received, and should be sent to J. TURNER, 127, Ossulston Street, Euston Road London, N.W.

Freedom

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THE MANAGER, 127 Ossulston Street, N.W.

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NOTES.

"JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

It is not often we can enjoy the spectacle of a judge turning Anarchist—*pro tem*, of course—and defying the law, but Justice Grantham is affording some amusement in this respect, and his rebellious and defiant attitude reminds us that there is more "unconscious Anarchism" about than we are apt to imagine. Our honourable judge in building some cottages (with an eye to rent, we presume) has come into conflict with the local council at Barcombe, which declines to accept his plans. No doubt the council is acting as such bodies usually do, and exercising its petty powers in a tyrannical way; but then it is the law, and we are told by judges that it must be obeyed, no matter what our own personal feelings may dictate. Justice Grantham, it seems to us, wishes to enjoy all the privileges of his position, and to act the rebel when it suits him. To us it is amusing, but we expect "the powers that be" will hardly indulge him so far. A judge as a rebel is a pretty object-lesson, and we need not trouble as to whether he will consider himself in good company or we shall consider ourselves in bad.

THE CLOVEN HOOF.

The strike of the tea-packers at the Co-operative Wholesale Society has happened none too soon. We have for a long time foreseen that the dividend-hunting policy of a large section of the co-operators would bring about these conflicts. It is the cloven hoof of capitalism showing itself again, and we heartily admire the splendid spirit of the girls, who acted unanimously, courageously and decisively. It will be noted that no officialism was necessary to "organise" this fine display of solidarity, as at the moment the girls had no union. We emphasise this point because we begin to grow weary of the constant announcements that Mr. or Miss So-and-so has been asked to organise a union amongst this or that section of workers, as if nothing could be done without them. We are heart and soul with the trade unions in so far as they are non-political; but they are already so frightfully official-ridden, and we know so well what officialism means, that it is necessary that these people should be kept in their proper places.

THE FREETHOUGHT CONGRESS.

We are not surprised to read that "profound disquietude has been caused in the Roman Catholic world by the great Congress of Free-thinkers held in Rome last month," when we remember that Socialist and Anarchist speakers took part in the meeting. It seems, indeed, that the discussion of revolutionary ideas was the means of putting warmth and life into the gathering, and it says something for the progress and influence of Socialism that Furnemont should have been secretary to a Congress of Freethinkers, the majority of whom look askance on revolutionary proposals. As a matter of fact, the sterility of the Freethought movement has been largely due to their studied aloofness in avoiding the discussion of social and economic questions.

MEREDITH ON MARRIAGE.

The amount of moral courage required to attack the institution of marriage in England is well known, and George Meredith's boldness in speaking his mind on the subject should win the approval of all who are not blinded by ignorant prejudice or religious superstition to the intolerable evils arising from forced relationship between the sexes. Here are some truths worth thinking over:—

It is a question to my mind whether a young girl married, say, at eighteen, utterly ignorant of life, knowing little, as such a girl would of the man she is marrying, or of any other man, or of the world at all should be condemned to live with him for the rest of her life. She falls out of sympathy with him, say, has no common taste with him,

nothing to share with him, no real communication with him except a physical one. The life is nearly intolerable. Yet many married women go on with it from habit, or because the world terrorises them. He then goes on to predict that present conditions of marriage will be changed, and some arrangement in the direction of free unions will be recognised. He turns, as usual, to the State to guard the children—a suggestion that will not bear a moment's consideration.

He truly remarks that there will be "a devil of an uproar before such a change can be made." The first note of this uproar has been sounded by the *Church Times*, which says that he has "deliberately put himself outside the pale of civilisation." Well, that is a step in the right direction. How many millions of unhappy creatures would be glad to lead a decent life outside of this inferno called "civilisation?"

THE WRATH OF THE UNJUST.

We notice that *Justice* is much annoyed with *Reynolds's* for the publication of an article explanatory of the position of Trade Unionism in France, and pointing the moral of the Italian strikes. We are not proposing to defend *Reynolds's*, which has shown no partiality for Anarchism. Many a time and oft have we suffered misrepresentation at its hands, just as we have from the other paper above-mentioned. But it seems to us the question is not whether certain developments favourable to Anarchism are printed in this or that paper, but whether the facts are true. Now in this case the facts are undoubtedly true, and consequently *Reynolds's* has done right in publishing them.

Everybody knows, and the Governments as well as we, that the French Trade Unions have made an overwhelming anti-political pronouncement. And everybody knows, none better than the Italian Government, that the General Strike in Italy was immense in its significance, and has given to the workers an object-lesson in spontaneous organisation and solidarity that will probably prove historical. If these facts cannot be explained in the light of Social Democracy, well so much the worse for Social Democracy. In any case, let us have the truth whatever happens, and in this instance it is all in favour of true Socialism. Political ambitions may be shattered by the revolutionary developments, but are we striving to please politicians or to free humanity?

BAKUNIN ON POLITICAL ACTION.

The following is an extract from Michael Bakunin's letter to the editor of *La Démocratie*, Paris, 1868, as translated in the *Social Economist*, (editors G. J. Holyoak and E. O. Greening), London, August 1, 1868. It is directed alike against political Socialism as we see it to-day, and against that kind of political abstention which is often imputed to Anarchists by opponents. There were in France at that time workers who were ready to submit to the Empire! if they had only some possibilities of economic improvements left to them. It is against those and the like that Bakunin writes and proposes, not submission, but struggle—struggle not for the conquest of State power but for its destruction.

... "I am happy to see the standard of 'anti-theologism' so bravely put up in France. A spirit enveloped in theological and metaphysical fictions, and which inclines before any authority other than that of rational and experimental science, can but produce the political and social slavery of a nation. Whatever your representatives of official morality and your spiritualistic democrats may say, scientific and humanitarian materialism is alone capable of founding liberty, justice, and also in consequence morality, upon really large and indissoluble bases. Is it not a truly remarkable thing, that spiritualists, taking their point of departure in free will, terminate fatally in the doctrine of authority, that is in the negation more or less open or masked, but always complete, of liberty? We materialists start from fatality, natural as well as social, to proclaim the progressive emancipation of humanity.

"You are a Socialist. One has not the right to call one's-self Democrat to-day, if, at the side of the most complete political emancipation, one does not also wish largely for the economic emancipation of the people. You are perfectly right in not choosing to separate these two great questions, which in reality form but one—the political and the social question.

"I deplore, as you do, the blindness of that part (for the rest, it is to be hoped, not very considerable) of workmen in Europe who imagine that in abstaining from all intervention in the political affairs of their country they but serve the more their proper material interests, and who think that they can attain equality and economical justice, to which the working classes of to-day aspire, by another means than that of liberty.

"The unanimous testimony of history in all times, and in every country, shows us that justice never gives itself to those who do not know how to take it themselves. Logic confirms, while explaining, this demonstration of history. It is not in the nature of a privilege, of a monopoly, of a power existing, to cede or abdicate without being obliged. In order that right may triumph it must become a force in its turn. This truth is so simple, so well proved by the experience of every day, that one has a right to be astonished if there are people who yet doubt it. Equality without liberty is an unhealthy fiction created by knaves to deceive fools. Equality without liberty is the despotism

of the State, and a State despotism cannot exist for a single day without having at least one speculative and privileged class: the bureaucracy, an hereditary power as in Russia and China, or, in fact, as in Germany, and with you in France.

"The great and true master of us all, Proudhon, has said in his distinguished book upon *Justice in the Revolution and in the Church*, that the most disastrous combination that could be formed would be that which united Socialism with Absolutism—the tendencies of the people towards economical emancipation and material well-being with the dictatorship and the concentration of all the political and social powers of the State.

"May the future preserve us, therefore, from the favours of despotism; and may it save us from the disastrous and brutalising consequence of 'authoritative Socialism, either doctrinaire or from the State!' Let us be Socialists, but let us never become people of the flock or fold. Let us seek justice, entire political, economic, and social justice, but upon the road of liberty. There can be nothing vital and human without liberty; and a Socialism which discards it from its bosom, or which does not accept it as a principle and as a base will lead us straight to slavery and bestiality.

"One may cry about the difficulty of organising society according to justice, but one cannot, without denying all logic, mistake that it is an absolute condition of true justice. And we who have renounced all theological faith to have the right and the power to embrace the human faith, we shall maintain, at any cost, the programme of justice."

LITERARY NOTE.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

That such a novel as Lieutenant Bilse's, *Aus einer kleinen garnison* should have been so closely followed by F. A. Beyerlein's *Jena oder Sedan*: that each should have instantly attained a sale almost unprecedented, and produced the most intense excitement, not only in military circles, but throughout Germany, this is a portent of no mean importance.

Each book has a very definite message, and their message is the same: dissimilar in the details of their method, there is quite remarkable similarity in the main outline of their picture. The motif of the one as of the other is the decadence of the German Army. It is depicted as corrupt within: the officers are profligates and gamblers; the whole system saps any idea of honour; the result is inefficiency, in spite of a magnificent show, for the whole attention of the staff is concentrated on mechanical perfection of drill rather than on real adaptability and strength; finally, the consequence is a gradual sapping of the loyalty of the individual soldier to his Government, and a decay in his sentiment about the army.

Since militarism pervades Germany, when any bacillus attacks the army, the disease is spread, through the medium of conscription, to each family in the country. When Bilse and Beyerlein show the causes that are creating the gradual rise of a Social-Democratic party in the army, which is drawing in the best men there, they also show the gradual spread of the same force throughout the land. Revolution has ready to its hand a mighty slumbering force, ready at a spark to wake into fire. The gradual revolt from militarism has long been gathering strength: these two novels show that the institution is menaced from within. The German Empire has its basis in militarism: it rose with it and must fall when it falls. It is an integral part of the fabric of the German Government; and when it goes, the whole is ready to collapse.

Are the German Social Democrats using to the full their great opportunity?

M. A. A.

The *Centro de Estudios Sociales*, at Villanueva y Geltru (Spain) asks Anarchist and connected papers to forward their forthcoming issues, which will be on file in the reading room recently opened by this society.

* * Any books on Anarchism, Socialism, or kindred subjects forwarded (if obtainable) on receipt of order and cash. Inquiries answered on receipt of stamped envelope.

"The Folly of Voting." This Leaflet will prove of great service in the coming General Election, and should be read by all Anarchists, Socialists and workers generally. May be had from J. TURNER, 127, Ossulston Street, London, N.W. Price 1s. 3d. per hundred, or 7s. per thousand, post free.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Italy.

The effect of the General Strike in Italy last month (September) has been to greatly clear the party air. Thousands of waverers are dropping away from the Socialist Party, and if things go politically as "badly" as they promise, many more will drop away from it, but on the other side of the fence, and the people will cry "Finis!" to all political actions. And haven't they a fine lesson before them now? A quarter of a million of the finest young men in the country under arms and *disfranchised*? This total includes the two levies of 1879 and 1880, called out specially for the elections! Italy is surely getting pretty ripe. The discontent is only being kept down by the Socialist leaders in some of the larger cities, and winter is coming on, a sorry season even in this fair land. All the political parties are in a fuss, and none of them know what to do; but the chief of police does, and his crew are sending in fresh lists of "dangerous Socialists and Anarchists."

Melbourne, Australia.

Dear Comrade,—The political Labour Party has formed an alliance with the Protectionist capitalist Jews. Watson apes the "Fat Man," and boasts that Socialism has not "dawned." Senator Findley stated at a meeting that the Labour Party were loyal to God and the King, and he runs the only labour paper in Victoria, *The Tocsin*, a vile political barracker. The people are coming round to Anarchism; they are commencing to see through the organised brigands who rule them. In four years there have been four Federal Governments, which is nothing more than a rush for the spoils.

J. W. FLEMING.

Comrade Fleming sends us the following manifesto, for which the printer was prosecuted, the case being dismissed after a farcical cross-examination.

ANARCHIST MANIFESTO.

Our enemy, it is our Master. Anarchy, that is to say, without Rulers. We fight against all who are invested or wish to invest themselves with any kind of power.

Think; Australia, with a population not exceeding four millions, is burdened with Seven Governors, Fourteen Houses of Parliament, Six Agent-Generals, Fifty-five Ministers, Seven Hundred and Sixty-nine Members of Parliament. Parliament follows Parliament—and the people die of hunger.

Our enemy is the Landlord. A few people own Australia and make the workers drudge for their profit.

Our enemy is our own Employer, who owns the workshop and has filled it with wage-serfs.

Our enemy is the State, Monarchial or Democratic, with its services of Magistrates and Judges.

Our enemy is every abstract authority, whether called Devil or God, in the name of which priests and parsons have so long governed good people.

Our enemy is the Law, always made for the oppression of the weak by the strong, and for the justification and consecration of crime.

COMRADE J. W. FLEMING speaks every Sunday Afternoon at the Yarra Bank on the Truths of Anarchy.

People, come and hear him.

The following from the *Melbourne Argus* for September 3rd, describing the meetings at the Yarra Bank, will be of interest to our readers.

"YARRA-BANKERS."

By BUSHWOMAN.

Singing hymns to the accompaniment of a tiny harmonium under the shade of a pine tree is a knot of religious people. A "brother" stands forward, bare-headed, and testifies as to his soul having been saved. They are earnest creatures, these, and I find myself hoping that their prayers and exhortations may do good to many.

Further on is a Celtic Irishman, with a ready wit, and a fine fruity brogue. He is inveighing against Orangemen. Reading from a book, he gives extracts from the text. Then he closes the book, and whacking it with his fist he says, tilting his hat to one side, "There, bhoys, what do ye think av ut? Will the argymint hould water, do ye think? Not it, bedad."

Next is a little grey-headed man giving a religious discourse. He interlards his sermon with football slang, leaping into the air, and clenching both fists, says, "Play a live game, lads—play a live game." He gets a good hearing till a crowd of lads gather close to "George," as they familiarly call him. Then he charges them scientifically, and for a little there is peace. We pass on to the next and largest concourse.

All sorts are here—artisans, tradesmen, baker and butcher boys, factory hands, jockey boys, shop girls, ordinary middle-class people, and a good percentage of the unemployed. They press close to listen, and applaud and cheer, and climb to the crest of the hill, so that not one precious word of the orator shall be lost upon them. There are plenty of foot-police about amongst the crowd; mounted police are pacing up and down, keeping a bright look out on the meeting.

With the red flag of Anarchy waving behind him in the breeze, a cadaverous, collarless "orator," mounted upon a platform, is pouring forth his views.

"What happiness do I get in my life?" he says fiercely. "None, friends, none but just this. I come here on Sunday afternoon to open your eyes for you. I am the only man that dares to do it, and for doing it my coat has been torn from my back. I've been in gaol three times, and I'll be hung yet, friends, in the cause of Anarchy."

He proceeds to rail against the Pope, the King, "the Royal parasites," Parliament, every member almost coming in for a crack; above all, he denounces the capitalist "fat man." He clenches his fists, and hurls scorching invectives amongst the crowd. His eyes glare, the perspiration drops from his forehead, and the cords of his poor lean neck work.

"I'm not a turkey and champagne man," he says; "do I look it, friends? No, I'm one of the lean kind, like that cove Cassius Shakespeare wrote of. Caesar says, 'Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights; he thinks too much, such men are dangerous.' That's me, friends, I think too much. Why—why? Because I'm hungry for justice. A revolution is coming; the time is at hand when the workers will fold their arms and refuse to work. We want no masters over us. Let every man be his own master. We want no priests or parsons to be masters over us. I'm my own master, I'm my own pope, I'm my own king, I'm my own law. We want no churches. Let the churches and cathedrals be made into boarding houses and soup kitchens for the poor that are starving in hundreds round us. Let the priests and parsons take off their good coats and work like the working man."

He gives as a "shocking incident" how a Member of Parliament offered a man and his wife £1 a week to work for him. "A pound a week," he roars; "a paltry pound a week, friends!"

"Well," says a comfortable woman beside me; "suppose he did. These hard times a pound a week ain't too bad."

At last, after much haranguing, his voice fails him, and he comes down off the platform.

Another collarless man, with a jolly face, and wearing his felt hat fantastically twisted, takes the vacant place. He discourses on all subjects, from the Butter Commission to Saturday's football match. He revels in phrases *a la* Mrs. Malaprop, at which the crowd roars. He is frequently interrupted, but goes on good-humouredly, till his voice gets husky, when an admirer passes him up a lozenge, which he accepts, lifting his hat courteously by the crown.

When the programme is over, the first weary Anarchist, assisted by a ragged follower, takes down the flaunting red flag, and carrying it and the platform between them the two disappear over the hill into the gathering dusk.

"Hey, Jack," says one lad; "if them's red-hot Anarchists, pity help us. They look as if they wanted a tog out and a square feed. They can have their job. Anarchy don't seem to pay 'em much of a divvy."

REPORT.

Neath, South Wales.

Dear Comrade,—You ask me in your letter to give you a few facts regarding the movement down here, but I may tell you that I can only speak with knowledge within a radius of ten or twelve miles. Well, we get meetings down here, but they are all Socialist and political; but as for an avowedly Anarchist meeting, that is unheard of, as among the Socialist comrades here at Neath (who, by the way, are very few), Briton Ferry and Swansea, I do not suppose that there are more than two or three avowed Anarchists, including myself. Then, again, as regards propaganda work among the uninitiated workers, the very mention of the name Anarchist or Anarchy frightens them, so they have to be approached by other and more devious means. Speaking, however, of the Socialist movement in the broad sense, the situation is very encouraging, as branches of the I.L.P. have been started in several places, and they have been getting up meetings and demonstrations. Until recently I was a delegate on our Trades Council, but as I work night and day on alternate weeks, and the meetings are held every fortnightly Tuesday, I cannot attend as I work night through a change of shift; but I may say that during the short time I attended I kept our position in front, and was instrumental in getting the Council to take action in several respects, including a demonstration of protest against Chinese labour. There are three of the Council's nominees on the Corporation, but as far as I can see very little good has been done. But I think I will mention one change: "the wearing of top hats by the three on every municipal function."

I am by occupation a tinman and in the tin house department of the tin works. Well perhaps you are aware that the men engaged in the tin houses throughout the trade are members of the Dockers' Union, of which Ben Tillet is general secretary. Twelve months ago there was a strike of the trade, and while it was on there was a meeting of the masters and men, and it was decided to submit all the questions in dispute to arbitration (on the casting vote of Ben Tillet, who was chairman); so work was resumed, and with what result? We lost on all points, which amounted in some cases to between twenty and thirty per cent. You can be sure that we are pretty bitter against arbitration; and ever since victimisations have been going on, and the victimised get no help from the union, as Tillet says that he does not believe in throwing hundreds out of work for the sake of one or two, and that in face of the union motto, which is, "Each for all, and all for each." And while men are being thrown out on the road to rot and starve he is going about on the Continent. At the Trades Congress he brought forward his compulsory arbitration in the name of the Dockers' Union, which I was glad to see defeated. Well, no doubt, the next number of *Freedom* may have something to say on the Congress and on this arbitration question, and I hope it will state that Tillet was not authorised to bring it forward in the name of the Dockers' Union, as the greatest percentage of that union are bitterly hostile to it.

Down here we have, in addition to the cricket and football madness, the Nonconformist conscience to contend with. I believe that up at Dowlais and parts of the Rhondda Valley, where the foreign element is strong, they hold meetings very often.—I remain, yours fraternally,

S. M.

A MASS MEETING

In Commemoration of the Judicial Murder of the

CHICAGO . . ANARCHISTS

On November 11th. 1887,

Will be held at the

EMPRESS HALL,

128A, CAMBRIDGE ROAD, MILE END, E.,

On Friday, November 11th.

Doors Open at 7.30 p.m.

SPEAKERS:

W. TCHERKESOFF, J. TURNER, R. ROCKER, W. WESS, E. LEGGATT, F. KITZ, K. MORLEIT, and others.

Admission Free.

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