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"TOWARDS THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION."

On the front page of *Le Matin* for March 1 these words were printed in bold type. The people of Paris on this day—so near the commemoration of the Commune—could read this message and understand its true significance. Yet there has been no political uprising, no *coup d'état*. What had happened was nothing more than a strike of 1,800 employees in the electrical industries. And in this comparatively small event a paper like *Le Matin* could see that Paris is approaching the Social Revolution.

Let us try to understand the real meaning of it all. The Syndicalist—that is, the Trade Union—movement in France has within the last few years assumed a different character from that still held by the Unions in England. In this country Parliamentary representation is largely occupying the attention of the organised workers; in France this phase of the Labour movement is rapidly passing away, and is giving place to a new method of defence against capitalist exploitation, a method that will eventually—as is beginning to be clearly understood both by the workers and the masters—end in expropriation. Direct action in place of political action; the strike in place of the ballot box; this is the order of the day with the French workers at the present time.

With these new tactics Labour struggles are now animated by a spirit that was not to be found in those of the past. We need not say that all important strikes have had their influence in teaching the workers their weakness and their strength. But with the new developments Labour is learning wherein its real strength lies. It no longer endangers its solidarity by leaving everything in the hands of political time-servers and interested busybodies. Understanding that the capitalist must be treated as an opponent, and becoming individually more and more conscious of the responsibilities of each in the economic struggle, the workers in France are displaying a courage and an intelligence that capitalism, backed by a "democratic" Government with a Clemenceau at its head, cannot conquer.

The strike of the electrical workers of Paris is a revelation to the Trade Unionists of all nations. Such organisation, such decisive action came as a thunderbolt, not only to the capitalists and the Government, but also to those in the ranks of Labour who stupidly imagine the best way to prepare a strike is to allow a few fussy officials—"leaders" they are called precisely because they are behind the rank and file—to advertise themselves in their haste to publish their "plan of campaign," which is "carefully considered" by the employer, while he calmly takes his own measures to entrench his position. Such an example was given in the recent strike of boilermakers in the North of England, where the employers simply played with the men who had shown their hand weeks before the strike. And while these "loyal" slaves in their blindness were expressing their solicitude lest the King should be inconvenienced by the strike, the employers had them absolutely by the throat, and knew that these slow-witted mortals had their funds tied up in investments that could not be touched.

As to the deeper significance of the Paris strike, that was made manifest by the interviews with the chief organisers published in *Le Matin*. We give here as briefly as possible the chief points of their remarks.

Pataud, general secretary of the Syndicat des Travailleurs des Industries Electriques, says frankly that the gang of monopolists who control the electrical supply of Paris must understand the workers are no longer a negligible quantity, but a very important element in the problem which has to be solved. As to the replacing of the workers by the military, he

exclaims: "Is it not the Government who are forcing on anti-militarism by throwing the soldiery into the strikes, either for brutal suppression or to replace the strikers? . . . Well, this is equivalent to depriving us of our right to strike, and will oblige us to resort to *sabotage*."* "That which has been accomplished in our particular industry," he concludes, "can it not also be accomplished by our fellow-workers in other important industries: amongst the gas-workers and railwaymen, for example? That would be at once an economic revolution by means more certain than the bad guns and ineffective barricades of our forefathers."

Passérieu, the assistant secretary, also spoke strongly as to the necessity of the strike. The evasive replies of the Prefect and certain of the Councillors made it clear, he says, that financial influences held sway at the Hotel de Ville. With the strikers were no leaders, no place-hunters, no farcical politicians—the cause of all the checks and defeats in Labour struggles. They were simply a union of workmen conscious of their duty, and prepared to carry it out at all costs. They understood the methods of direct action. They also understood that in all this wealth claimed by the company their labour was incorporated, and they asked for their share. "When the worker, standing before the wealth he has created, feels the pangs of hunger, he replies to the crime of the capitalist with just reprisals."

Space does not permit us to quote the equally clear and forcible conclusions drawn from the strike by such ardent workers in the cause as Griffuelhes and Merrheim, but for English readers we must not omit the important conclusions drawn by Yvetot, secretary of the Confédération Générale du Travail.

He begins by pointing out the advantages of the general strike. "The general strike, without barricades, without the spilling of blood, is the certain and all-powerful arm of the Revolution. Putting out the lights has sufficed to make our opponents begin to see clearly. The electricians were not ingenuous enough to believe that the politicians had helped their success in any way. The menace of direct action had done all. Let the people organise themselves alone, without the politicians, away from the politicians, in spite of the politicians. If the electricians had counted upon the 'elected,' who would have preached patience, have demanded blind confidence in themselves, and then have lulled them to sleep, they would have been duped. But they acted for themselves; they are the strongest."

Yes, the French electricians were intelligent enough to take full advantage of the new forces that organisation and experience have placed in their hands. To the murderous weapons of the rulers and exploiters the worker answers with the moral weapon of the strike in all the varied forms it can assume as the struggle intensifies. And let us clear our minds of sophisms. In every phase and development of these tactics Labour, and Labour alone, stands on moral grounds. If it lays down its tools to gain a little more food, a little more freedom for the toilers, that is a moral act. If "ca canny" is the order of the day, that is a moral act—doing as you would be done by. If *sabotage* must be used, that also is a moral act, an answer to the brute force of the oppressors with a revolt of the moral nature of the worker, whose relationship to his work is outraged at the point of the bayonet or the mouth of the machine gun. Whatever the consequences, the responsibility will rest, must rest, with the ruling class.

One cannot but express admiration at the bold action and the clear insight of these organisers, who have worked through good and ill repute to educate their fellow workers in the new tactics of Trade Unionism. When will the English workers learn to make a new departure? Here they are ridiculed by the ruling classes; in France they are feared, and even a Radical paper can see they are "marching towards the Social Revolution."

* Literally, "careless work." But as careless work leads to mishaps and disasters, *sabotage* is now understood by the masters as a menace that may endanger the whole of their machinery of production. It is an act of defensive war in reply to aggressive war.

A REVOLUTIONIST.

(From *Temps Nouveaux*.)

On August 27 of last year (1906) General Minn was shot dead by a young Russian girl, Zinaide Konopliannikova, whilst waiting for a train at the Peterhof Railway Station. On September 9 the court-martial took place, and two days later, September 11, she was executed.

The following is the declaration she read to her judges at her trial. It epitomises the sublime devotion for the cause of the people, the courage and holy fire that characterises the younger militants in the Russian revolt, raising them far above the rebels of the French or of almost any other revolution.

I am a member of the Revolutionary Socialist Party; at the present moment I belong actually to the flying detachment of militants operating in the northern districts. I killed Minn. The causes that compelled me to this deed are the following:—

Everyone remembers, I think, those days in December when at Moscow Minn and Rimane acted as though in an enemy's country. I will not linger upon those days; much has been said, much written about them, both in the papers and in the reviews; whole books have been dedicated to them. Briefly, in Moscow hundreds of persons were butchered.

And why, one asks, were these persons in Moscow butchered? Because the people, crushed beneath ignorance and misery, deceived by the provocative manifesto of Nicolas II. and the reactionary policy of the Government—because the people, I say, dared to raise the standard of revolt against their oppressors and persecutors. I shot Minn because he was the murderer of these insurgents, of revolted men fighting for liberty, the murderer of those innocent beings whose blood had bathed the streets of Moscow.

During his intervals of inactivity Minn occupied himself with the education of his soldiers. He tried to become intimate with them, to exercise direct influence upon them, to rouse in them sentiments of servile submission and blind devotion to a criminal Government. He thus formed them into future parricides and fratricides. I killed Minn because, as commander of the Semenovski Regiment, he inspired the peasant soldier with an effective hatred of the movement for freedom.

Like Ivan the Terrible, Nicolas II. has surrounded himself with satellites. The Minns of Moscow, the Orloffs of the Baltic, the Trepoffs, organisers of pogroms, encircle his throne. Their hands have been steeped in the blood of the people. In shooting one of the satellites of Nicolas Romanoff, I wished to remind him that, like his supporters, his throne may fall.

During my examination I was asked who gave us the right to kill. A member of the Revolutionary Socialist Party, I answer as did my comrades who preceded me: the party has decided to reply to the White but sanguinary Terror of the Government by the Red Terror. And as I come from the people (I am of humble origin, my father was a soldier, my mother a peasant), I would ask you, speaking the same language as these people, who gave *you* the right to keep us for centuries in ignorance and misery, to immerse us in prisons, to exile us, to send us into penal servitude, to hang and shoot us by dozens, to slay us by the hundred? Who gave you that right? You took it yourselves, by the right of the strongest; you have sanctioned it by laws invented by yourselves; the clergy have consecrated this right. But now there has risen a new right, the right of the common people, unquestionably juster than your inhuman right. You have begun a struggle unto death against this new right, for you well know that the loss of yours means individual loss to yourselves, since you are nourished by it as the jackal is by carrion. And we who come of the people, who fight for the freedom of the people, we feel within us the strength and the right to struggle for our future welfare, arms in hand, against you—against you, the representatives of the autocratic and bureaucratic regime.

As regards my biography I will be brief.

From the school bench, from the teachers' seminary, I was sent to teach in a lost corner of Livonia, among the Estonians, in a ministerial school. The Government was occupying itself with the Russification of the Baltic provinces. For this purpose it had instituted ministerial schools, staffed by Russian male and female teachers, in order that instruction should be given exclusively in Russian. The country in which I was obliged to teach was not very attractive; on three sides was the forest, in front a lake—Peipus. As regarded Nature, the outlook was melancholy: fir trees and aspens. The misery of the inhabitants was frightful. They had no land. They had been released from serfdom by, I believe, Alexander II., but they had no land. All the land had remained in the hands of the lords of the Baltic, or is kept for Treasury purposes. They lived on what the lake provided them by fishing. Brought up in misery myself, I yet wondered at theirs. One fact then struck me, I said to myself: how can people live like this without struggling for a better future—how can they live on without a single ray to brighten that future, to illuminate their sombre horizon?

But outside the school I could do nothing; I did not know the language of the Estonians. Within the school walls I suffered, not physically but morally. All instruction had to be given in Russian. How painful it grew to see the way in which a little pupil, when I

exacted Russian only from him, would gaze at me with sad, forlorn eyes. "Why may I not speak my own language when I am between these walls?" This was the silent question I would read in his wistful eyes. How painful it was to hear young people of 17 or 18 years of age, belonging to the upper classes and ignorant of the history of their own race, full as this was of stirring deeds and events, reciting instead the struggles between the Olgovitches and Rurikovitches. I cannot say, recalling these facts, that it is not useful for two neighbouring races to learn the history and language of each other—all I do say is that, thanks to this method of Russification, the development of the country has been retarded by many years.

After having worked thus for one year in Livonia, I was next among the Russian population in the district of Peterhof, in the Government of St. Petersburg. The conditions under which I now found myself were the following:—In front of the school lived the gendarme; behind it, the constabulary sergeant; on the neighbouring common the pope; close by, his chanter; and all the four wrote reports upon me. If I arranged discussions or readings for the people, however innocent in character, the chanter reported to the inspector that "the school teacher occupied herself in giving lectures and 'explanations' which have nothing to do with school work." The pope informed the proper department that the teacher was fomenting sectarian schisms, was spreading Tolstoyism and corrupting youth. If I contrived plays for the people, the gendarme or the police sergeant would put in an appearance.

Five years have passed since those events. Owing to the reports, I was from time to time called before the school inspector, the school Council, or the Governor. For two years and a half I taught in that village solely, as might be said, "through Providence." Finally, the Council dismissed me.

I left the profession of teaching with little regret. In the various turns of fortune that have marked my life I have become convinced of the following facts:—I cannot share with the people even the meagre knowledge that I possess, I cannot open their eyes to the situation, I cannot bring home to them the real causes of their misery. I saw that under such conditions it is no longer possible to believe in the peaceful, intellectual and moral development of man (as the pedagogues say). I understood the necessity of first creating conditions that will permit one to think of the general development of the human race. I became conscious of the necessity to struggle against the autocratic and governmental tyranny, against despotism. I became a revolutionist.

Shortly after I had been dismissed from my profession I was arrested. They kept me in a remand prison and a fortress for altogether about a year. I was then released, only two weeks later to be re-arrested. This time I was kept in prison for eight months. On being freed for the second time I fled abroad; then, returning to Russia, I worked as a member of the Revolutionary Socialist Party. In consequence of my imprisonment and persecution, the revolutionary spirit took firm hold of me. I understood that the Czar, if not a tyrant and a despot, was at least the instrument necessary for reducing the people to slavery. From the Russian point of view, to govern signifies to pillage, to burn, to kill. The history of the Russian people is written from annals of blood. I saw that the autocratic and bureaucratic superstructures remained standing solely by virtue of the power of force, the White but sanguinary Terror manipulated by those who rule the administration. Life itself had led me to the conviction that one can create nothing new without first destroying what is old, that if ideas cannot be repulsed by bayonets neither can bayonets be repulsed by ideas alone. I became a Terrorist.

The autocratic and bureaucratic régime is now breathing its last. The defeats during the course of the Russo-Japanese war proved that its song is ended. The October strikes startled the Government excessively. To calm the country the Government declared it would give freedom to the people. But while granting privileges with one hand, with the other it sent formidable expeditions against the villages; in the towns it organised pogroms. This strange period of "liberty" lasted one month. A rain of lead then passed anew over the country. The people grew no calmer. The Government decided to call together the Duma "to prop up the rotten supports." But neither the organising of Black Gangs, nor other intrigues and plots of the Government could manufacture a Conservative and Monarchist Duma. The Duma assembled. It was Liberal. For some time the Government tolerated the just attacks hurled at it by the Duma—arrows do not always reach their mark—but Governmental animus overflowed when the "doumisi" decided to place an appeal before the people acknowledging the principle of compulsory expropriation of private ownership in land. The proprietors cried out, those who held the reins in the administration moved, and the Duma was dissolved. Now once more we endure anew a period of repression. But all the efforts of the Government are futile. Neither repression, nor arrests, nor imprisonment, nor deportation, nor punitive expeditions, nor pogroms can retard the advance of the risen people.

You will condemn me to death. What matters the manner by which I shall die—be it on the gallows, at hard labour, in the torture chamber, wherever I may die, but one thought will possess me: Farewell, my people, to whom I have been able to give so little of my life! I die believing that the days are near—

"When the trembling throne shall fall,

When o'er Russia's steppes shall rise

The golden sun of Liberty."

(Signed) Z. V. KONOPLIANNIKOVA.

"FATHER" VAUGHAN AND HIS BLAB.

"Father" Vaughan (though why they call him "father" is tricky to say, for his very religion denies him that blessing) has been having another go at the "smart set." This time it has been on that very important subject: "Truth." Well, we are not going to object to Vaughan telling this "smart set," so called, what he thinks of them. But it is difficult to conceive how he has dared to say as much as he has from the pulpit, especially so on the matter of truth speaking. If society to-day is made up of one string of lies—who is to blame? The Church. And, to say the least, it seems odd that a priest should harangue his foolish victims, because they are not scrupulous enough in telling the truth. We say it seems odd for the sole fact that the institution to which the priest belongs does not—and cannot—tell the truth. Lies, it matters not how big, have been the only means of keeping up such an institution as the Church. If the Church were to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, its foolish followers would soon become sensible people, for they would learn that that ever menacing bogey "authority" is nothing more nor less than a wild phantom. And a phantom created and upheld, to the detriment of human happiness, by that very Church. First came the "authority" of the Church; then came that of the kings—or in truthful language, that of brutal plunderers—whose great ally has always been the Church; then came that of Government, always until late years in some countries allied to that same Church. But if Government in some countries has separated from the Church, it does not make one iota of difference. The qualities of the mother are there just the same; those cursed qualities whereby by lying it has enslaved its subjects, spiritually and materially.

Yes, Vaughan might do worse than start to speak the truth himself. The Church has told too many lies already. But, fortunately, the people are beginning to read through the lines, and the healthy consequence has been a decrease of worshippers of an abstract God. Well, the Church's child—Government—has likewise told too many lies, and we trust that soon—and very soon—people will in this case also begin to read through the lines. We shall then have no more worshipping of phantoms, and that bogey "authority" will be as dead and as harmless as Methuselah himself. And only then will human beings realise what life is—for they will be free.

G. C.

THE FOUGERES STRIKE.

Never before in our capitalistic French papers has a conflict between Labour and Capital been reported and illustrated with such careful attention. Never before have the timid journalists so openly taken the side of the strikers.

What is the real cause of this unusual display of generosity? At first, the rights of the workers were so obvious that assuredly the majority of the public would have blamed the press for an attitude of hostility. Secondly, the men remained as quiet as could be all the time, and the writers found in this "model strike" the most magnificent example of a passive attitude ever given to the working classes. They tried to mislead the workers by praising their peaceful temper. And the "dailies" were largely helped in doing so by a lot of remorseless "red" Parliamentarians. During three months Deputies and journalists cunningly congratulated the workers "for their having struck without any kind of violence."

The strike had its origin in the fact that, in accordance with alterations in machinery, many male and female workers were compelled to stop work, and that newly-created factories opened their doors to the unemployed, paying them a much lower rate of wages than the former factories. At first the secretary of the Bourse du Travail of Fougères and the Syndicate of the boot-workers thought it good tactics to ask for an increase in wages from factory to factory. But after the elaboration of a general tariff for all of the factories by the "Syndicat jaune," and the failure of the negotiations with the employer Pitois, the workers decided to adopt a new general tariff, higher in wages than that of the "Syndicat jaune." Informed of this, the Syndicate of employers immediately answered it by threatening the strikers with a general lock-out of the twenty-two boot factories under a week's notice. In doing so they had reckoned that the 1,500 men who belonged to the Boot-workers Union would have been instantly overwhelmed by the 6,000 people out of it. On the contrary, a mass meeting of the workers was held at the market-place, and there 4,000 workers outside the Union agreed unanimously with 1,000 Syndicalists in their decision to abandon work immediately.

During the whole length of the conflict the funds of the strike were maintained by the generous sympathy of the organisations, so that "Communal soup" remained abundant all the time. As a result of the strike the financial gain to the workers was small. As a reward for their peaceful attitude, one of them was murdered by the son of an employer. Some also tried to make political capital out of the strike by praising the ballot-box as the best means to gain their ends. But happily there is a great, a beautiful lesson to be drawn from this strike. Owing to the initiative of the Bourse du Travail of Laval, the organisation of the Communist soup kitchens has been as perfect as could be wished. Owing to the admirable devotedness of hundreds of men and women, dry wood was cut, meat and vegetables were cooked, and food was distributed on the largest scale possible.

Yet for another reason the strike of Fougères will have its place in the annals of the working class movement. Owing to the intelligent initiative of Comrade Bougaud, of the Bourse du Travail of Rennes, several hundreds of children of strikers were sent away into the families of other workers. At Rennes, Laval, Rouen, Paris, etc., there were many more demands for children than offers. Everywhere they were treated most tenderly. At Paris festivals were given in their honour and for their benefit. Nothing more than their exodus contributed to the universal current of solidarity towards the strikers.

For our guidance in the emergency of the vast upheavals that may occur in the future, we may hint here that such initiative taken by the workers of a nation for the help of the strikers of a neighbour-nation would largely contribute to strengthen and intensify the universal solidarity of the working class. English, German, Italian, Spanish and French comrades, let us bear in mind the moral of the strike at Fougères, and put it in practice at the first opportunity.

A. PR.

PLENTY FOR A'.

Plenty for a' is nae idle dream
While the fruits o' oor toil sae abundantly teem;
Ne'er a sowl i' this warl' need hunger ava,
For if richtly dividit there's plenty for a'.

There is bread in abundance that each ane might share,
There's plenty o' claes an' hooses tae spare,
An' tho' bairfited barnies maun tread the cauld snaw,
There are boots in galore—there's a pair for them a'.

Our "tight little island" is weel tae the front
I' the scam'le for riches—the fierce Mammon-hunt;
Faith, I'm tell'd she's the richest this warl' e'er saw,
Yet millions maun sterve i' the midst o' it a'.

But sic terrible scandal nae doot has a cause,
An' that cause is Monopoly upheld by laws—
Laws ower which the workers aye stumble an' fa',
While the idle rich revel in plenty for a'.

Nae a single industry but they hae in hand,
Frae the rinnin' o' banks tae the produce o' land,
While we hew the wood an' the water we draw,
An' contentedly sterve amid plenty for a'.

Think o' him we ca' landlord, wha maun hae his rent
Ere labour on agriculture be spent,
Gin twa-thirds o' ilk shillin' gangs intae his paw,
Its nae won'er we sterve amid plenty for a'.

Syne there's him wi' the capital (i.e., the tools),
I' his heart he maun think us a' assets an' fools,
While he and his cleek hae their fit on the ba',
Starvation's oor doom tho' there's plenty for a'.

An' the priest, ah! he too has a han' i' the pie,
Wi' his yarns o' salvation i' the mansions on high.
He has shor'd us sae weel wi' the Lord an' the law,
We complacently sterve amid plenty for a'.

O' political humbugs lets ever beware,
They raise up oor hopes but tae fa' i' despair,
Oor freedom they crib while they blin' us wi' jaw,
An' they keep themselves canty wi' plenty for a'.

But haud ye, my maisters, juist keep on yer hair,
Bricht day is noo dawnin' an' by it we swear,
That the bit that's nae ukie we'll yet gar ye claw,
We'll nae sterve for aye when there's plenty for a'.

Edinburgh.

G. R.

* Itchie.

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NOTES.

CRIME AND CORRUPTION.

The Thaw trial in America and the Whiteley case in England will probably sow more corruption and be responsible for infinitely more harm to society than either of the men whose acts have brought them within the clutches of the law. The former case in particular must have aroused a mass of morbid curiosity that will bear its evil fruit long after the case is forgotten. One's feelings of disgust at the callous and brutal examination of witnesses by the legal jackals who simply revel in pricking the ulcers of a rotten society is not lessened because many of those involved in the case are wretched parasites and morally diseased. There is here no attempt to discover and remove the ultimate social cause of this crime and corruption. The whole case is simply an orgie of shameless hypocrisy, in which the law drinks its fill and pockets its fee. Meanwhile the people suffer the moral contamination without realising that the outrageous extremes of poverty and wealth inevitably produce men of the White type and supply his victims.

WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?

A little reflection over what we see passing for justice in our courts of law makes it easy to understand the terrible curse hurled by Shelley at the law lords of his day—

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile,
By all the acts and snares of thy black den,
And—for thou canst outweep the crocodile—

By thy false tears, those millstones braining men;

—by this, and much else, he cursed the infamous Eldon. No doubt future criminologists will estimate the criminality of the machinery of the law as we suffer it to-day. Then they will be able to paint in its true colours the crime of doing as it has done with Rayner. Shelley might have found another reason for his curse had he seen this man nursed and tended, and eventually snatched from death, in order that "justice" might have the satisfaction of hanging him. The pitiable sufferings of this wretched man through his weeks of slow recovery; the still greater suffering of his unhappy wife, who in spite of her illness came trembling before the Court to sob out her broken-hearted appeal for her doomed husband—the misery of these wrecked lives is nothing to the ruthless minions who administer a barbarous law. Well, let us give the savages best. They hav'n't learnt the refinements of "civilised" cruelty.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Mr. Halel Halend in his book, "The Crescent and the Cross," which gives us an Orientalist's views on Western civilisation, has the following trenchant remarks on European rule of Eastern nations:—

Freedom is, of course, a great blessing which is desired by everyone. Nevertheless, the enjoyment of freedom depends on the way in which the people upon whom freedom is bestowed understand it. To suppress the national independence of a people in the interests of your civilised rule; to undermine their time-honoured national institutions under the plea that they appear to you corrupt and antiquated; to disarm the people or put the existing forces of their country under your own control, and then give them freedom of speech and of the Press, so that they may shout out whatever criticism they like—this is the kind of freedom some of the civilised Powers of Europe bestow upon the Oriental countries which they go to rule, and this is the sort of liberal concession which does not make a gratifying impression on the Eastern mind.

We suppose this is pretty much what the Indian people

must feel about us, who have sent a Kitchener to teach them how to love their neighbours as themselves. As to what a decent-minded Chinaman thinks of Christian England pocketing two millions a year out of the opium traffic, it would no doubt require Chinese language to express.

A DEBT UNPAID.

Major Coates, M.P., happened to speak the truth when, at the annual festival of the United Kingdom Railway Officers and Servants Association, he said he was afraid the public did not do their duty by the railwaymen. He would have been speaking an even greater truth if he had said the companies rob, injure, and (indirectly) kill them. "The whole of the railway servants of this country," he remarked, "down to the humblest platelayer, were possessed with a spirit of unswerving loyalty to duty." We agree, and we ask what better argument could there be in favour of socialising the whole of our railways? Here is a splendidly organised body of workers, inspired with the highest sense of duty. If we could turn out the thieving directors and the grasping shareholders, and assure to these overworked and underpaid railway slaves reasonable hours and a share of all that life needs to make it healthy and human, would they not in return give us a service beside which the present muddle would be regarded as a relic of the dark ages?

BRITAIN'S BLACKLEGS.

There is a black disgrace hanging over the Labour movement of England, a disgrace that ought to take some of the conceit out of a people who, in their insular stupidity, have regarded themselves as the salt of the earth. How is it, we ask, that no efforts have been made by the "leaders" to stop the outrage now being perpetrated by British blacklegs at Hamburg? Is the honour of Labour nothing to these mouthing M.P.'s? Are we to become a nation of strike-breakers while these dandies of the Labour Party, paid to guard the cause of the workers, show this cowardly indifference to the real economic struggle raging outside their gilded chamber? Every possible protest should have been made by those who were in the best position to make such demonstrations effective. Instead of this, we find Hardie & Co. venting maudlin sentimentalities over the Rev. Mountebank Campbell, who has come to potter with the movement. What a vogue the gospel of humbug still has! For our part, this ex-Jingo can go to the devil which ever way he prefers: we are not concerned with him—he has been sufficiently advertised. But the Hamburg strikers—is their fate in the hands of merciless capitalism nothing to these elected persons, who prate of international brotherhood? Are the Trade Unionists of England content with this shameful indifference of their paid "representatives"?

THE DUMA AND THE REVOLUTION.

The curse of political parties is hindering the Russian revolution. We see here an oft-repeated example of the Revolutionist going into politics—and forgetting the revolution. Then follow all the divided counsels that render nerveless the arm that might strike the blow. It is deplorable to watch the course of men who have fought for the people breathing the same air as an assassin like Stolypin. Fortunately, there is still a body of earnest and devoted men who work and fight for the true, the economic, struggle. The workers and the peasants will learn that under the eyes of a Stolypin the present Duma will prove as sterile as the last. Meanwhile the Labour struggle and the General Strike must be organised for the revolution. But not by the politicians.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"To the true and honest Revolutionist, I repeat: Separate yourself from parties. Break away from tradition and nationalism. Tread your own path without looking to see if anyone precedes or follows you. Wait for no man's order; he who gives it will become your master. Cry aloud your thought as it comes, when it comes, in such terms as appear to you to be just; proclaim it aloud in the streets and from the house-tops. It is not good for a man to remain mute; he who listens is quickly disarmed. Write your reflection with your own hand, in your own words; sign your name to it, and cast it to the four winds. Do not say that you are not wise enough, not celebrated enough for that. Have you measured the height of the great men of to-day and yet deem yourself by chance to be smaller? Spread through the air every word that may rise to your lips, whether it be light or flame. We must walk with a torch in one hand and a lantern in the other.

Disinherited man! Assert yourself through your personality, your dignity!"—(Ernest Coeurderoy, 1854.)

Marx and Engels and the International Working Men's Association, 1872 to 1876.*

II.

The minority of the Hague Congress protested against the resolutions voted by the fictitious Marxist and Blanquist majority (political action made compulsory, the expulsion of Bakunin and Guillaume, etc.); they met with Bakunin at Zurich, later at St. Imier (Swiss Jura), where an International Conference was held (September, 1872). This action was confirmed by National Congresses held in the Jura, in Spain, Belgium, and, in March, 1873, in Italy. They prepared an International Congress which took place in September, 1873, in Geneva, of which an extensive report has been published (Loche, 1874). The New York General Council voted their "suspension," but as they never recognised this Council at all no notice was taken of its doings in their regard.

Marx was furious at these mild proceedings, "suspension" only, which would have permitted them to appeal to the next General Congress. He tells Sorge (February 12, 1873) that by their action they put themselves outside of the Society, and, being no longer members, could not in any way interfere with any future Congress. "The great result of the Hague Congress was to compel the foul elements to *expel themselves*, that is to leave." This is just what they did not do; they continued in the Society and disregarded the ridiculous New York dictatorship and its European agents.

How little Marx and Engels knew these men! Engels, always brutal, dreams of "chucking out by blows" (*hinausspruegeln*) (May 3, 1873), just as in 1870 when he wrote about the Congress proposed at Mayence. "In Switzerland," he says, "there is only *one* locality possible [for the General Congress] and that is *Geneva*. There the masses of the workers are behind us, and there exists *a hall belonging to the International*, the Temple Unique, from which we simply chuck out the gentlemen of the Alliance if they present themselves.... The Alliancists make every effort to come to the Congress in great numbers, whilst our people all go to sleep." After the French arrests no French delegates can come, and the German delegates were greatly disappointed by all the bickerings and quarrellings they saw at the Hague Congress; moreover their actual leaders, during the imprisonment of Bebel and Liebknecht, were old Lassalleans, York and others, who—as Engels implies—did not dance to the tune of the London Marxists, the bitterest enemies of Lassalle. "The Geneva people themselves are doing nothing, the *Egalité* [their organ] seems dead [it had been so a long while already], thus no great local support may be expected—only we sit in *our own house* and among people who know Bakunin and his band, and will turn them out by blows if necessary. Thus Geneva is the *only* place to guarantee a victory for us"; but it is further *absolutely* necessary that the General Council declares that the Belgians, Spaniards, part of the English and Jurassians have *left* the Society, and that the Italian Federation never belonged to it! Under these precautions then Engels hoped that a successful Congress should be held in their last mousehole in Europe, the hall of the Geneva International! But this is nothing in comparison to what really took place.

Johann Philipp Becker, an old and very active Socialist, who affected patriarchal airs, but with all this was an unscrupulous schemer, had at the last moment to fabricate this General Congress of Geneva (September, 1873) almost out of nothing—for against all expectation neither Marx nor Engels nor any of their London friends went there, nor any foreign delegates except Mr. Oberwinder, of Vienna; a Dutch delegate, who had been sent to the Anti-Authoritarian Congress held at the same time, also assisted.

This Oberwinder, a Frankfort journalist, had helped to introduce Lassallean Socialism in Austria; after some years, however, he leaned towards the Liberal Party and reduced the once vigorous Socialist movement to a mere suffrage question. At last the great mass of the Party, headed by Andreas Scheu, rose against this, and Oberwinder's followers were soon reduced to a small and vanishing clique. We should have thought that here, at last, Marx and Engels would have seen their way clear, but now, blinded by their fear and hatred of Bakunin, they did the wrong thing also here. Engels (May 3, 1873) writes: "To us Scheu is suspect: (1) he is in relation with Vaillant [the Blanquist], and (2) there are signs that he, like his friend and predecessor, Neumayer, who went mad, is in relations with Bakunin. The great phrases of the latter obtrude somewhat from Scheu's articles and speeches, and you will remember how his brother bolted at the Hague, when the affair with B. [Bakunin] was transacted." So many words, so many wrong statements! Heinrich Scheu and other delegates left the Hague because they had to attend a German Congress which immediately followed. Oberwinder, in his unscrupulous polemics, often denounced some Russian students whom Scheu knew in Vienna—and from this Engels puts him down as a Bakunist and a Blanquist at the same time, and does all he can to excuse the behaviour of Oberwinder, of whom he writes himself but a little later (July 26): "Oberwinder has always been a trimmer."

Anyhow, Becker reports on the "Congress" as follows (September 22): "Even before the bad news arrived about Serrailier and the English Federal Council [who did not come nor send delegates], in order to give the Congress greater renown by a larger number of

delegates, and to secure the majority on the right side, I had, so to speak, raised from the dust thirteen delegates (*aus der Erde gestampft*), and things went after all far better than I expected. As to sober attitude and practical results the sixth Congress may even be an example to all the others—especially considering the difficulties caused by a certain disruption of the Roman [Swiss] Federation."

The old humbug must have chuckled to himself when he wrote these lines. He was furious at heart at the London and New York Marxists who had deserted the Congress, and at the Geneva Internationalists, of whom more anon. When Sorge took the part of the former his wrath breaks loose, and he then revolts against the cowardice of the clever people in London, who, fearing a defeat, did not turn up. "They ought to have come twice over if they saw danger ahead," he writes (November 2, 1873), and these are good words well worth remembering.

The Geneva Labour politicians for whom the International was but an electioneering cry, and against whom, in 1869, Bakunin and his friends fought bitterly but unsuccessfully, the friends of Outine, tools of the General Council in all the machinations against Bakunin—these people had, up to 1873, discredited the Geneva International to such an extent that it could no longer keep together, and, as a last remedy, schemes like an International Federation of Trade Unions were ventilated—ideas which, because coming from *these* people, unsuccessful politicians and schemers for office, no one seriously considered at that time. They would have liked to polish up their lost reputation by having the New York General Council transferred to Geneva—and it was just Becker, an intriguer but an old Socialist at the same time, who counteracted these schemes of Henri Perret, Duval and friends. Marx believes Cluseret to have been at their back (September 27)—an interesting bit of information if correct, but men who fancied Bakunin was at the back of Scheu are not reliable witnesses.

Under these circumstances, no foreign delegates arriving, Becker took it upon himself to fabricate delegates, which he writes about at full length in the letter of November 4. Oberwinder, who took the name of Schwarz, wrote out Austrian credentials, which were presented by people living in Geneva, and Becker and his friends passed these "twelve delegates made one after the other" ("*12 nach und nach gemachte Delegirten*") and "secured for us a strong majority."

"After this we had to use the position with great circumspection and moderation in order to do away with all pretext of charging us with dictatorship and majorisation, broad hints of which were soon thrown out. Therefore I myself spoke very little, and only when absolutely necessary." So this curious Congress passed silently away; after many delays some of its minutes were sent to New York, which none there could make out. The General Council was to remain in New York and the next Congress to take place in 1875, which it never did.

Marx himself writes to Sorge (Sept. 27, 1873): "The fiasco of the Geneva Congress was inevitable. When it became known here that no American delegates would come the thing went immediately. You had been represented as my puppets. If you did not come and we had gone [to the Congress] this would have been declared a confirmation of the rumour anxiously spread by our opponents. Besides, it would have been said to prove that the American Federation existed only on paper. Moreover, the English Federation had not the money for a single delegate. The Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, announced that under these conditions they could not send direct delegates; from Germany, Austria, Hungary news equally bad arrived. French participation was out of the question.... From Geneva we had no news: Outine is no longer there, old Becker kept an obstinate silence, and Mr. Perret wrote once or twice to mislead us."

After explaining why none of his London friends went to the Geneva Congress, Marx gives the game up and says: "From my opinion of the European situation it is essentially useful to relegate to the back for the moment the formal organisation of the International, and only to hold on, if possible, to the New York centre, to prevent idiots like Perret [the Secretary of the Geneva International] or adventurers like Cluseret to get hold of the direction and to compromise the cause. Events and the inevitable evolution and development of circumstances will by themselves provide a resuscitation of the International in an improved form." And Engels (September 12, 1874) writes to Sorge: "By your leaving [the General Council] the old International is quite finished. And it is well so.... With the Hague Congress it was over indeed—and for both parties...." He puts forward an elaborate theoretical explanation for this decay, but we have seen in his letters too much of his intimate work of intrigue and abuse for these *post factum* theoretical explanations to be considered of historical value.

The Marxist part of the International was indefinitely suspended at a meeting held in Philadelphia in July, 1876. Marxism had then arrived at its lowest depths since the fifties. Marx looked with discontent at the amalgamation of the German Socialist Labour Party with the Lassalleans (Gotha, 1875), and his letter tearing to pieces the new party platform adopted at Gotha is now fuller explained by the mass of evidence we have of his hatred against Lassalle and his followers. In France the few who were the tools of Marx against Blanquists and Anarchists, were discredited in his own eyes. Mrs. Marx writes in January, 1877, to Sorge: "Of other acquaintances I can tell you but little, because we see few now, especially no Le Moussu's [another member of the Hague majority, now completely discredited, see Engels' letter of September 17, 1874], no Serrailier's, above all no Blanquists. We had enough of them...." The indefatigable Mesa, living in

* In the first article (*Freedom*, February), p. 11, col. 1, line 22, for *letters* read *letter*; col. 2, line 46, for *Marxist* read *Anarchist*, for *Becher* read *Becker*.

Paris, sent a New York circular to Spain (Engels, August 13, 1875); the *Plebe* of Lodi joined pretty much the "Alliancists" (the same); the German Club in London, even, by the admission of Lassalleans, etc., appears less reliable; "the other sections in England have all gone to sleep," etc. It is tedious to follow these last particles of flickering life.

To what a degree all this quarrelling blinded even persons of undoubted activity and experience like J. Ph. Becker (his letter of May 30, 1867, is the 2,886th letter for propaganda purposes since 1861, he says), is shown by the following remark of his (November 25, 1873) to Sorge, the General Secretary of the International: "Enter without delay into relations with C. Terzaghi, editor of the *Turin Proletario*... for I have reasons to believe that with this fellow... something might be done for Italy." At that time Terzaghi, a recognised police spy, had been long since exposed in Italy by Carlo Cafiero, had been refused admittance to the Geneva Anarchist Congress, and was even denounced in the Marxist pamphlet "L'Alliance," published two months ago. Yet old J. Ph. Becker recommends him to the General Council.

These letters by Marx and Engels prove up to the hilt that wherever these men personally interfered with any movement, quarrelling and a public scandal were the inevitable result. This was the end of their participation in the German Communist societies of the forties and in their International and in other movements. The haughty contempt of Marx for all who did not follow him, as well as for those who became his tools—the brutality of Engels—made all fraternal co-operation with self-respecting men impossible. That in spite of this their theories met with wide acceptance is a fact the importance of which I do not deny, but the reasons of which I do not investigate here either. All I wish to say is that their correspondence placed side by side with that of Lassalle, Proudhon, Bakunin and others makes a deplorable effect. If this was generally recognised, we should not need to insist upon it, but as those who publish and commend it give out that it glorifies them and endorse all the insults they heap on their opponents and take little trouble to add any information to correct their libels, I thought it well to show how things went in those years within their own movement as described by their own words.

In a concluding article we shall consider them as observers and critics of movements independent of them, and see whether we arrive at a better impression of their character.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

United States.

Upton Sinclair, author of the "Jungle," has written a new book called "The Industrial Republic," which is to appear as a serial in *Wilshire's Magazine*. Mr. Sinclair owns to a belief in Socialism, and, like Bernard Shaw, follows the principle not only to be great, but to tell everyone you are great. Although but twenty-eight years of age, he gravely informs his readers of his qualifications for the role of scientific prophet which he plays in his new work. The Socialist battlefield is strewn with the corpses of so many prophets that one would think it a hazardous occupation, but youth knows neither fear nor discretion. "The Industrial Republic" is written, therefore, on the assumption that the "Social Revolution is due in 1912," or just after the Presidential election, which assumption again is based on the hoary, old exploded theory of the "concentration of capital," coupled with the growing Socialist vote in America and elsewhere. There is not space to enter into his arguments, but unfortunately the facts upon which they are founded are either wholly false or grossly distorted, especially such as are connected with the present status and power of the Socialist vote. He writes with sincere belief—but he is young. Experience will teach him the real worth of the "Socialist vote."

The species of Communist boarding house, Hellicon Hall Home, which he started lately near New York, was burnt to the ground a few weeks ago. It was more a literary than a strictly-speaking Socialist experimental colony, and if report is true, was not too harmonious and disruption imminent. However, he intends to rebuild and form it anew. Meanwhile dreamers of American Utopias have to face present problems—the yearly massacre, by preventable accidents, for instance, of some 500,000 men, women, and children. In the last railway accident just outside New York twenty-two were killed and some fifty injured. A coroner's jury investigated and found the company responsible. The coroner ordered certain members of the board of directors before his Court; they were W. K. Vanderbilt, J. P. Morgan, H. K. McTombly, and others. The order was treated with contempt, none appearing or taking other notice of it, any more than such vampires do of their victims. This also is another problem for Utopians to face. The threatened strike along the system of the Pennsylvania Railroad will not now take place, an agreement having been reached between the men and the company. The men number 16,000, and the increase in wages will amount to nearly (according to the company) eleven million dollars annually. This shows what pay meant to the men before.

H. M. K.

France.

Theodule Meunier, accused of bomb-throwing in the Restaurant Véry (1894), was arrested in England, brought back to Paris, tried in the Court of Assize, and in spite of considerable evidence in favour of his innocence,

condemned to penal servitude for life. During the whole course of his hard-labour captivity Meunier endeavoured to remain a free man in his acts. He was obedient to the regulations, but he refused to hand over his human dignity to the caprice and arbitrary will of his guardians. In accordance with the penitentiary regulations, a convict who remains unpunished for a long while is allowed to enter another class of convicts, where the régime is not quite so hard. Notwithstanding his good conduct, Meunier has been transported to the Salvation Islands, which have the reputation of being a hard labour inferno. Merciful rules are never applied to Anarchists!

The second martyr, Grangé, had two young children. His crime has been to think he had a better right to feed and attend to them than to enter the barracks for drilling. He was what is called a "refractory." When denounced, he fired at the gendarmes who came to arrest him, but injured no one. He was sentenced to twelve years' hard labour. At present he still remains in New Caledonia. His twelve years' punishment is over; but the French law compels him to remain in the penal settlement and see his wife and children no more.

In the *Temps Nouveaux*, Comrade Jean Grave asks the advocates of justice and truth in the Dreyfus case, who are now masters of the Government, if truth and justice can be granted to the poor, in the same way as they were granted to the rich. Every honest man will agitate in common with our comrade until the two martyrs be released from the penal settlement.

Owing to the continuance of the vigorous anti-military campaign, which renders our soldiers ever less reliable for the duty of repression, the capitalists have been forced to find some other means than the Army by which to master their slaves. For this purpose a new breed of watch-dog, a species of Cossack, to be called "mobile gendarmerie," has been evolved, and will be made use of in strikes. It has received the approbation of our gentle Clemenceau. The *Voix du Peuple* especially comes under castigation for its anti-military articles, and the *Echo de Paris* is kept busy denouncing it, and recording the daily proofs of the increase of the anti-militarist spirit. In Paris, red posters inciting to desertion and defiance of officers appear on the walls, sometimes close to primary schools—it is well to begin with the children! At Toulon many soldiers coming from Paris seem to be incurable anti-militarists. Some defy their officers. At La Flèche a soldier set fire to the barracks, in order to help the escape of a comrade who was under arrest and about to be sent to a disciplinary battalion. From Lamhalle a military riot is reported. The artillerymen working at the Langres Arsenal refused to work on the plea of insufficient food. Two fires within a few days of each other broke out at the arsenal of Rochefort. And the *Echo*, weeping, says, "While this goes on here Germany continues to marshal troops and cheers its warlike emperor!"

War is always in the thoughts of Governments, and the only genuine remedy is to provoke in the minds of soldiers a spirit of revolt against it. M. Edmond Pottier, however, who has been interviewed by *Le Matin*, claims to have invented a hollow gun bullet that will effectually muzzle war. It has the power to pierce extraordinary thicknesses of timber and armour plates, and can be fired from a small cannon that any man or woman can carry. Shell filled with two pounds of melinite have a range of three miles, so that one regiment armed with this new weapon could master an army of 500,000 men. I feel sceptical myself, however, as to Pottier's invention preventing war, for every time we are stupid enough to offer scientific toys to our masters they only endeavour to turn them to military account, be it wireless telegraphy, steerable balloons, aeroplanes, or toy cannon.

A. PR.

Eastern Europe.

The various small states and principalities jumbled together between the frontiers of Austria and Turkey are just now in a ferment of discontent and restlessness, due, as usual, to the rapacity of the ruling classes. Austria has lately passed a law further muzzling the press in Bosnia and Herzegovina; after this month political periodicals appearing fortnightly or upwards will have to deposit a sum of about £130 as security, weekly issues double that sum, and dailies over £400. No papers will be allowed for sale on the street, and the confiscation of any issue will be placed in the hands of the police or Government prosecutor, with the right of summary proceedings in the case of press trials, the verdict to be delivered within three days. Since the assassination of his reactionary Premier, Ferdinand, the German ruler of Bulgaria, prefers to continue his travels. His adopted (for pecuniary reasons) country has seen little or nothing of him for months, and does not mourn his absence, for he is one of the most cordially detested of modern princelings.

In Sofia the University was closed for six months last January owing to the students having openly fraternised with the railway strikers when they ceased work at that period. Originally caused by a refusal to increase their wages, miserable in the extreme, or to rescind a new law threatening railway strikers with dismissal and loss of pension, the men were soon joined by other trades, until a general strike developed. Out flocked the students instantly, to encourage the fighters with revolutionary songs as well as with a helping hand. By way of revenge, the Government since then has dismissed all the professors and forced the Minister of Education to resign, his Socialistic instincts being blamed for the political tone of the University. It is, perhaps, only ten years since Socialism invaded modern Bulgaria, but it has spread rapidly, although the party is already split up into three sections, which naturally diminishes its influence; they have, however, one good point in common—they do not believe in giving their members Parliamentary seats. As many of the Government employees struck from sympathy, mobilisation was ordered for an indefinite period, and finally the men returned to work on a promise of increased wages. Still, great bitterness remains, and Ferdinand, who seems to think the kingship he is eagerly trying to coax from the Powers will flatter his people into submission, does well to be absent from home at present.

In Roumania the peasants have been in open revolt for some days, and many sinister reports are spread abroad regarding acts of cruelty on their part. Being human, a lust for revenge is hardly to be wondered at, seeing what their wrongs are. The farming system of their country is much like that of Italy and Spain. The landowners sublet to large tenant farmers, who again sublet to the peasants. Between the landlord and tax-gatherer the farmers are so placed that they are forced to grind their peasant sub-tenants in equal fashion, with the result that an appalling state of misery and starvation exists in rural districts. Revolt from these barbaric

conditions has at length broken out, and the Government, instead of attempting to pacify the poor people with a promise of just remedies or investigation, is pouring lead into the roving bands of half-crazed agriculturists. As always happens in those Eastern lands of mingled races, the unfortunate Jews have been the chief sufferers as yet, although probably not one is a landowner. But a man whose wrongs are beyond speech will, if he have a stick in his hand, strike out blindly at whatever bars his way, whether it be misery's scapegoat, the Jew, or the innocent unknown. Not that the landowners have altogether escaped. Many have been forced to sign documents conferring their acres on the starved labourers. The neighbouring Austrian peasantry have crossed the border to join the insurgents, who are already, in spite of bullets, laying siege to some of the towns. In some of the collisions with troops, the soldiers, one is glad to hear, have sympathised openly with the peasant fighters. King Charles, again, is a German. Wherever the Prussian reigns, it seems that he must bring petty tyranny and oppression in his train, or wink at it if already existing.

Switzerland.

Members of the Federation of Labour Unions here seem determined to lead the way as pioneers in trade Communism. Lately at Lausanne a group of printers co-operated to start a business on their own account without master or foreman, and now some hairdressers in Geneva have followed suit. They intend to live together over their shops, holding everything in common, "without master, subordinates, parasites, or exploited," as the Swiss *Voix du Peuple* puts it. They will work six days a week, and as far as possible keep to an eight-hour day; no "tips" will be accepted, but each will receive the maximum Union wages. The bye-laws of the association are instinct with the essence of a truly fraternal and Communist spirit.

From Geneva comes the news of the expulsion of yet another Russian student, who, according to his story, upon arrival in that city handed his passport to the police, in order to receive his "permit of residence." Apparently someone (perhaps a persecuted fellow-compatriot or exile without papers) visited the police-station soon after and claimed the passport, which was handed him. At least, that is the police story. In vain the rightful owner begged for his permit. He must legalise himself once more or leave the canton, in spite of his having lived in it for a year and his identity being easily ascertainable. As he says, this is only another proof that even if a fraction of power is put into the hands of a State or other official it is used chiefly to persecute the helpless or weak.

Japan.

There was a lively labour riot at the copper mines of Ashio in February. The mines are about a hundred miles from Tokyo, and worked by a Japanese Copper King and his company, Hara, the Home Minister, being once if he is not so still, its general manager. The papers do not state the precise reasons for the "mutiny," but as men, even when slaves, do not jeopardise life or liberty for nothing, it is evident that "Western" methods prevailed—i.e., low wages, long hours, and the other usual hardships. At any rate, the miners revolted simultaneously. Dynamite was freely used to destroy portions of the works and surrounding buildings, the head manager was seriously wounded by the enraged men, the magazine blown up, and the town fired. Then troops and police arrived, and every Socialist on the spot was arrested. Socialism is spreading among the masses, and the Ashio miners were learning the benefits of trade organisation. The offices of Socialist papers in Tokyo were raided by the police in consequence of this, but nothing was found to inculcate them as accessories to the fact. A hundred miners were arrested as ringleaders, and martial law proclaimed in the mining town. We can only hope that terror forced the owners into making such concessions as were demanded.

ANARCHISM AND SOCIALISM.

The following brief report of Comrade Turner's lecture on Anarchism and Socialism appeared in the *Croydon Citizen* of February 9:—

Last Sunday evening Mr. John Turner, organiser of the Shop Assistants' Union, addressed the Croydon Social Union on the relation between Anarchism and Socialism. The lecturer himself claimed to be a Socialist, though his Socialist friends would not own him. Some denied the possibility of being at once an Anarchist and a Socialist—he wished to show that it was not only quite possible, but quite logical to be so. Anarchism was political equality—the union of order with absence of control of man by man. The first principles of Socialism were discussed more by Anarchists than by Socialists. They also held the economic ideal of common ownership of the means of production. Anarchism was a political ideal, Socialism an economic one. Democracy had nothing to do with Socialism as such, but had been tacked on to it because Socialists held that their ideal was realisable only through Democracy. It was strange what hard things were said against Anarchists by Socialists for not believing in Democracy. Mr. Turner confessed he was no Democrat: he did not accept the opinion of the majority, but tried to think for himself. Majorities were generally wrong. Socialists sought the votes of Democracy, but it was not the electors who chose the candidates. Democracy was territorial, for all votes were based upon property or recognition of the rights of property. This old feudal conception was not in line with modern progress. It was reactionary because national. What recognition of equality was there between Hindoos and Englishmen? Even the Socialist soldier learned when in India to look down upon cultured Hindoos, and negroes were everywhere treated with hatred and contempt. All national politics were reactionary and degrading.

Political enthusiasm had, of late, taken hold of the workers, but there went along with it another view—that of the Anarchist, who said the old methods were no use. The workers of the world had already begun to build up an institution of their own with no territorial basis.

Future progress would not be national, but would be based upon the individual. The Anarchist saw that what was excellent to-day might if made into a law be bad ten years hence, and very difficult to get rid of. He saw also the lingering tradition of the right of somebody to coerce others. We were afraid of ourselves and therefore chose someone from among ourselves to keep us in order, thus giving him the power to do wrong. But the Anarchist believed that order was instinctive, not enforced. It existed among animals and birds, whose morality was sometimes superior to our own. Conscious order would be possible when men recognised the artificiality of the order of the policeman. It was not fair to call Anarchists Individualists when 90 per cent. of them were Communists. They stood for free individuality, but were opposed to the economic Individualist, who claimed the right of exploiting others. Anarchists were trying to find a new political bottle to hold the wine of Socialism.

ESPERANTO.

DEAR SIR,—

Before "M. N." attacked Esperanto in your issue of December it was his duty to have studied the subject. Instead of so doing, however, it is clear that he had not carefully examined even the alphabet, else he would not have gravely informed readers that the auxiliary international language of the future possessed "three kinds of c," a statement which, of course, is quite contrary to fact. A Brussels journal (*Ideï international*) suggests that the critic is a distinguished German literary man. Now this I doubt, because it seems to me improbable that such a well-known writer would descend to such intemperate language as the following: "If it [Esperanto] does not make dogs howl when spoken I do not know what will, or what dogs have come to!" Sneers in this country, at least, are not recognised as arguments, and wherever used are despicable weapons.

Let us next pass to consider the plain facts.

By the frequent recurrence of the long Italian vowels—the clearest and the most decided that the human vocal organs can produce—Esperanto is extremely euphonious, and resembles when spoken Italian or Spanish. Not only do I write for the immediate readers of this journal, but for the wider circle of progressives who still feel the thrill of spiritual aspiration. "M. N." writes about dogs. Well, in the city of Geneva—whose very atmosphere is a benediction—the stately public prayers of pious Romans have recently ascended to the saints of God in musical Esperanto; while my own brethren of the Calvinistic cultus, concurrently assembled in the adjacent chapel of Knox, have in the same sonorous tongue joyfully proclaimed anew the good news of the White Christ.

We are further told that "Neutral Idiom is said to sound like ancient French spoken by a nigger." Confessedly—and this is a grave fault in a public teacher—"M. N." has not investigated for himself; and, by the way, in a professedly "Communist" journal it is a painful surprise to find a term of opprobrium loosely applied to a large and long-suffering branch of the human family. Are Anarchists about to become accomplices of Leopold of Belgium? Neutral Idiomists certainly claim that their tongue is simpler than the one I defend, but owing to the regular construction of the Esperanto grammar, and for other reasons of a purely technical character, I am unable to agree with them.

It is also true that another new language, namely, "Universal," professes to be simpler than either of those just named, and undoubtedly Dr. H. Molenaar (Munich) is a very capable man; but for various reasons in which the general reader is not interested that language, too, has little chance in competition with Zamenhof's. Volapük is dead, adherents of the neo-Latin group of languages are very few, and practically the question is this:—*Aut Esperanto aut nullus*.

"M. N." says, moreover, that Esperanto (may) "be perfected by the introduction of an infinite number of words; [and] these words are likely to be supplied in different countries in different ways." The critic again builds upon a sandy foundation. Every tyro in Esperanto knows that the fundamentals of the language are for ever fixed and inviolable, and that all new words must inevitably be formed in only one way—it matters not what may happen to be the nationality of the developer. Let me illustrate. Your correspondent's chaotic and most misleading article, occupying one-fourth of your entire issue, uses, roughly, 2,500 words. Now that is approximately the total number of radicals in Esperanto, most of them being—and the fact is of high importance—recognisable at sight by educated Europeans. In this basal vocabulary, dispersed over some twenty-five nations, there are many radicals which give

birth to as many as thirty derivatives, thus making Esperanto one of the richest of the rich among modern languages.

When one considers that from 3,000 to 5,000 words meet the needs of familiar intercourse, the value of Esperanto as a precise logical and copious vehicle for human thought becomes self-evident; and I repeat that its words can only be expanded in one way. There is no room in the system for private judgment; hence the confusion which your ill-informed correspondent suggests is absurdly chimerical.

What superficial and slovenly critics like "M. N." write about Esperanto matters little. In the ultimate analysis Esperantism is a great fact, and it has never receded. In the city where I pen these lines (one of the world's great gates) some twenty propaganda lectures have been delivered on Esperanto since September, and in the *Liverpool Daily Courier* alone over sixty letters have recently appeared calling public attention to its claims. In addition to this work performed by the Liverpool Esperanto Club (of which I am vice-president), a Socialistic lady has been delivering a series of lectures to Socialists on the international value of the language to their movement; and during the past few weeks she has eloquently addressed her comrades at Wallasey, Moss Side, Gorton, Eccles, Openshaw, Central Manchester, Miles Platting, West Toxteth, and at the "Clarion" Club, Liverpool. Moreover—and this point I wish in closing to drive home to readers—sectional meetings of Socialists and progressives have been held during the Esperanto Congresses at Boulogne, last year at Geneva, and arrangements are being made for a similar international gathering during the Cambridge Congress of next autumn. "M. N." says, and rightly, that *ideas* form an international language. I put, however, this practical question. Of what value are ideas unless they are conveyed to the minds of others? Esperanto alone, by reason of its simplicity, precision, and by the multiplicity of its adherents, solves *das Weltsprache-problem*, and therefore "*Fine ghi venkos!*"

16a Abercromby Square, Liverpool.
February, 1907.

JAS. M. DOW.

ADDENDUM.

In your January issue a second article appears by "M. N.," with respect to which I wish to make a few further remarks.

"M. N." objects to a committee of scientists collaborating in the production of an Esperanto dictionary. In using his own language, however, he necessarily conforms to rules framed generations ago by grammarians. Moreover, there does not exist in point of fact any "natural language"; inasmuch as every child must learn its own mother tongue, and often after very hard labour.

2. Your correspondent obviously depends upon idle gossip. He ought to have gone elsewhere for his facts. He tells how he has somewhere read that Esperanto was framed specially to suit the Latins. I wish to point out, however, that to educated Englishmen and Germans 70 per cent. and 40 per cent. of Esperanto words are respectively intelligible *at first sight*.

3. Esperanto is *not* arbitrary. With few exceptions, its vocabulary is very old, often as old as Sanscrit; and there is little in its grammar which did not pre-exist in older tongues, but in a less exact and less swiftly manageable form.

4. The remark about the inadequacy of Esperanto to express fine shades of meaning is the climax of a long series of inaccuracies, not to say worse. On the contrary, Esperanto is the richest of the rich among modern languages, and rivals Greek as a precise vehicle for the transmission of philosophic thought.

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