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THE MEUNIER CASE.

"We are ready and anxious," said the Home Secretary, in reply to Col. Howard Vincent, on the 19th February last, "to co-operate with other countries in any practical measures that can be devised for dealing more effectively with Anarchists and similar enemies of society. But, in our opinion, the direction which international efforts can most fruitfully take is to be found, not so much in an extension of the power of expulsion on suspicion, . . . as in a more constant and concerted interchange of information and combined action, both detective and punitive, between the governments and police authorities of the different nations of the world." (*Times*, February 20, 1894.)

In accordance with this new policy of constant and concerted interchange of information and combined action between English and foreign political police, the Scotland Yard political detective department was largely increased. A special detective force for spying upon political suspects was started during the Fenian scare, and has existed on a small scale since the days of the Daly and Gallagher trial. "It is intended now to make a considerable addition to the force, and men will be given the preference who have a knowledge of European languages, and they will be scattered about the country in various great centres." (*Westminster Gazette*, 27 February, 1894.) The politicals, like all the metropolitan police, are of course under the direct control of the Home Office.

The head of this department, which suggests to lovers of English freedom so unpleasant a comparison with the Third Section of the Russian Imperial Chancellerie, is Dr. Robert Anderson, a devout person devoting his leisure to Scripture prophecy, whereon he has lights of his own. A new edition of his book, "The Coming Prince, the last Great Monarch of Christendom," is about to appear, and this summer he intends to lecture on the subject in Scotland—if the Anarchists allow him time. (*Westminster Gazette*, May 17.)

But, if Andersen is the official head of the political police, Melville is their presiding genius. He is an Irishman, from Cork, who came to the front over the Daly-Gallagher business, about which the Irish M.P.'s have such pretty things to say now and again.

If our readers will turn up the history of the Walsall Plot (see *Freedom* for February, March, April and May, 1892), they will come upon the name of the same zealous official more than once. He was one of the individuals of whom David Nicoll was accused of speaking too plainly in the *Commonweal*; result, eighteen months in prison. This personage is now Mr. Chief Inspector under the new arrangements, and has largely filled up the ranks of the considerable force at his command with his own countrymen. We English make very bad detectives, as a rule. Shadowing, and spying, and blarney, go against the grain, somehow, even with the least scrupulous of us. But, amongst the Irish, as amongst all oppressed peoples, there are plenty who have perforce evolved the vices to which the weak are driven to resort for self-protection. The shame is ours not theirs, that it is so.

The first triumph of the new policy of the Home Office and the zeal of the renovated Third Section at Scotland Yard has been the arrest and extradition of Meunier.

Theodule Joseph Constant Meunier is a French cabinet maker, aged 33, charged by the French government with—

1.) Murder by means of a bomb explosion, April 25th, 1892, in the *Café Véry*, at Paris, where the waiter, L'Hérot, who denounced Ravachol to the police, was employed;

2.) Attempted murder, by means of an explosion, which did not take place, at the Lobau barracks.

On the first charge Meunier was arrested in Paris the day after the explosion, but, there being no evidence against him, was discharged. Afterwards, a woman named Bricou, with whom Meunier was on bad terms, arrested on the same charge, turned informer and, contradicting her statements upon her arrest, accused Meunier. She was set at liberty, and Meunier, who had left the country, condemned to death. Sir John Bridge granted a warrant for his arrest in England in June, 1892, but it was only carried into effect on April 5th, 1894, at Victoria Station, where, as Meunier was starting for France, he and J. F. Ricken, who tried to defend him, were taken prisoners by Melville.

Ricken, after being brought up twice at Bow-street, was discharged, on April 12th, with a £5 fine for the attempt at rescue; Sir John Bridge remarking that, "perhaps, he ought not to take the prisoner's Anarchism into account, for a man in England may hold any opinions he likes, so long as he keeps them to himself and takes no steps to carry them out. But a man who propagates Anarchist ideas is liable to punishment," continued the learned magistrate, and added his opinion that no one could say he was an Anarchist from any motive but

vanity. (*Daily Graphic*, April 12, 1894.)

Meunier, after being kept five weeks in prison, and brought up eight times, was committed for extradition, on May 11, mainly on the strength of Bricou's deposition, supplemented by that of another woman, Delange, who lived with her; both declared he had brought a valise containing dynamite to dry before the fire in their house, and gone off, with the valise, in François' clothes. (It will be remembered that François was extradited by Sir John Bridge, in 1892, on the charge of complicity in this affair, and afterwards acquitted in France.) There was no evidence that Meunier had been seen in or near the *Café* on April 25th, and four French workmen swore that he had dined with them in the *Café Meslay* that day, wearing no disguise. Their testimony, however, in Sir John Bridge's opinion, only served to show that Meunier was in Paris.

The Lobau barracks is a stock accusation, which the French government has made against over fifty Anarchists, at one time or another. In the case of Meunier, it was based on the depositions of the same Delange and Bricou, but they were rather more strongly corroborated than with reference to the *Café Véry*. On the other hand, his landlord and landlady swore an *alibi*.

As the Extradition Act of 1876 leaves the magistrate as much freedom of judgment in committing a prisoner for extradition as for trial in England, Sir John Bridge was within his legal rights in accepting the well-nigh uncorroborated evidence of an accomplice, in face of an *alibi*, though the proceeding is an exceptionally harsh and unusual one. Meunier's counsel, Mr. Burnie, contended that the Lobau attempt was a political offence. But, said Sir John Bridge, "hostility to all government is not, and cannot be to my mind, an offence of a political character, and that I am told is what the judges laid down in François' case. It would be a shocking thing for a man to go and destroy the lives of officers of a government and then to escape by saying he had a political object in view." (*Daily Chronicle*, May 5, 1894.)

Against this decision Meunier appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench, and after he had remained in prison another five weeks and more, on June 11th, Justices Cave and Collins, after hearing the pleading of the Solicitor-General against the prisoner and Mr. Burnie's on his behalf, decided to hand him over to the French government. In giving judgment, Justice Cave said, with reference to the attempt upon the barracks, "To constitute a political offence, it must appear that there were two parties or fractions struggling for power, and each seeking to impose its rule upon the other, and here there was no such conflict. The persons with whom the prisoner was connected were rather the enemies of all governments, and their crimes were rather directed against the people generally than the government; he was very clearly of opinion that this was not a political offence, but a crime against citizens." (*Times*, June 12, 1894.)

Meunier was accordingly handed over to the French police, and taken, June 18th, with tremendous precautions, to Paris, where he was committed to Mazas prison.

The Meunier case is a danger signal; it marks a step taken by Great Britain in the downward path. The freedom of opinion we have won is the glory of our country. It is our safety-valve in the coming revolution. On its maintenance depends our chance of averting untold bloodshed and misery during the great social changes now already at work here as well as elsewhere. But the Meunier case warns Englishmen of a growing danger; the danger of an attempt, at this most critical moment, to introduce into this country repressive methods such as it has already discarded, or such as have been the cause of endless injustice, misery and social degradation on the continent.

England is now an active partner in an international system of political police, spies and informers, who exist merely to watch and hunt down rebels, and deliver them over to the governments they have offended. It has been openly stated in the English press that Melville has received £2,000 from the French government for capturing Meunier.

Further, the Meunier case unmistakably exhibits how, in the present vague state of the law as regards political offences, a bias against unpopular opinions may influence the decisions of legal functionaries—e.g., the animus shown by Sir J. Bridge in his remarks to Ricken, and in his exclusion from the ranks of possible political offenders of Anarchists *per se*, simply on the ground of their views as to the desirability of organising society without government on a basis of equality and freedom. A line which was also followed by the Court of Queen's Bench; so that if a Legitimist say had attacked the Lobau barracks, with the view of striking a blow at the Republic in favor of monarchy in France, that, according to Justice Cave's definition, would be a political act; but if an Anarchist strikes the same blow at the same enemy, in favor of a free and equal political organisation, it is—what? Surely not an

ordinary common-law offence? Yet as an ordinary common-law criminal Meunier is extradited by the agency of the *political* police. Certainly there is something queer about this.

Finally, this case marks another step in the curtailment of the right of asylum. The Royal Extradition Commission in 1877 advised that it should be confined to rebels whose offences were committed in time of civil war or open insurrection, and the judges, by their recent decisions, appear inclined to mould the law in this direction. A matter which concerns not only Anarchists but all revolutionary parties; more especially at a moment when the coming Social Revolution is everywhere being heralded by partial or individual outbreaks of revolt.

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD.

By PETER KROPOTKINE.

CHAPTER V.—FOOD.

VII.

ALL the great towns, we have said, buy their grain, their flour, and their meat not only from the provinces, but also from abroad. Foreign countries send Paris spices, fish and various dainties, besides immense quantities of corn and meat.

But, when the Revolution comes we must depend on foreign countries as little as possible. If Russian wheat, Italian or Indian rice, and Spanish or Hungarian wines abound in the markets of western Europe, it is not that the countries which export them have a superabundance, or that such a produce grows there of itself, like the dandelion in the meadows. In Russia for instance the peasant works sixteen hours a day, and half-starves from three to six months every year in order to export the corn with which he pays the landlord and the State. To-day the police appears in the Russian village as soon as the harvest is gathered in, and sells the peasant's last horse and last cow for arrears of taxes and rent due to the landlord, unless the victim immolates himself of his own accord by selling the corn to the exporters. Usually, rather than part with his live stock at a disadvantage, he keeps only nine months' supply of grain, and sells the rest. Then, in order to sustain life until the next harvest, he mixes birch-bark and tares with his flour for three months, if it has been a good year, and for six if it has been bad, while in London they are eating biscuits made of his wheat.

But as soon as the Revolution comes the Russian peasant will keep bread enough for himself and his children, the Italian and Hungarian peasants will do the same, and the Hindoo, let us hope, will profit by these good examples, as well as the workers on the Bonanza-farms of America, if indeed these domains are not immediately disorganised by the crisis. So it will not do to count on contributions of wheat and maize coming from abroad.

Since all our middle-class civilisation is based on the exploitation of inferior races and countries with less advanced industrial systems, the Revolution will confer a boon at the very outset, by menacing that "civilisation," and allowing so-called inferior races to free themselves. But this great benefit will manifest itself by a steady and marked diminution of the food supplies pouring into the great cities of western Europe.

It is difficult to predict the course of affairs in the provinces. On the one hand the slave of the soil will take advantage of the Revolution to straighten his bowed back. Instead of working fourteen or fifteen hours a day, as he does at present, he will be at liberty to work only half that time, which of course would have the effect of decreasing the production of the principal articles of consumption, grain and meat.

But, on the other hand, here will be an increase of production as soon as the peasant realises that he is no longer forced to support the idle rich by his toil. New tracts of land will be cleared, new and improved machines set agoing.

"Never was the land so energetically cultivated as in 1792, when the peasant had taken back from the landlord the soil which he had coveted so long," Michelet tells us, speaking of the Great Revolution.

Before long, intensive culture would be within the reach of all. Improved machinery, chemical manures, and all such matters would be common property. But everything tends to indicate that at the outset there would be a falling off in agricultural products, in France as elsewhere.

In any case it would be wisest to count upon such a falling off of contributions from the provinces as well as from abroad.

And how is this falling off to be made good? Why, in heaven's name, by setting to work ourselves! No need to rack our brains for far-fetched panaceas when the remedy lies close at hand!

The large towns must undertake to till the soil, like the country districts. We must return to what biology calls "the integration of functions": after the division of labor the integration—that is the plan followed all through Nature.

Besides, philosophy apart, the force of circumstances would bring about this result. Let Paris see at the end eight months that it is running short of corn, and Paris will set to work to grow corn.

Is land the difficulty? That will not be wanting, for it is round the great towns, and round Paris especially, that the parks and pleasure grounds of the landed gentry are to be found. These thousands of

acres only await the skilled labor of the husbandman to surround Paris with fields infinitely more fertile and productive than the steppes of southern Russia, where the soil is dried up by the sun. Nor will labor be lacking. To what do you suppose will the two million citizens of Paris turn their attention, when they are longer catering for the luxurious fads and amusements of Russian princes, Roumanian grandees, and wives of Berlin financiers.

With all the mechanical inventions of the century, with all the intelligence and technical skill of the worker accustomed to deal with complicated machinery, with inventors, chemists, professors of botany, practical botanists like the market gardeners of Gennevilliers, besides the plant necessary for multiplying and improving machinery, and, finally, with the organising spirit of the Parisian people, their pluck and energy—with all these at its command, the agriculture of the Anarchist Commune of Paris would be a very different thing from the rude husbandry of the Ardennes.

Steam, electricity, the heat of the sun, and the breath of the wind, will ere long be pressed into service. The steam harrow and the steam plough will quickly do the rough work of preparation, and the soil thus cleaned and enriched will only need the intelligent care of man, and of woman even more than man, to be clothed with luxuriant vegetation, not once but three or four times in the year.

Thus, learning the art of horticulture from experts, and trying experiments in different methods on small patches of soil reserved for the purpose, vying with each other to obtain the best returns, finding in physical exercise, without exhaustion or overwork, the health and strength which so often flags in cities, men, women and children will gladly turn to the labor of the fields, when it is no longer a slavish drudgery, but has become a pleasure, a festival, a renewal of health and joy.

"There are no barren lands; the earth is worth what man is worth"—that is the last word of modern agriculture. Ask of the earth and she will give you bread, provided that you ask aright.

A district, though it were as small as the departments of the Seine and the Seine-et-Oise, and with so great a city as Paris to feed, would be practically sufficient to fill the gaps which the Revolution had made around it.

The combination of agriculture and industry, the husbandman and the mechanic one and the same individual—this is what Anarchist Communism will inevitably lead us to, if it starts fair with expropriation.

Let the Revolution only get so far, and famine is not the enemy it will have to fear. No, the danger which will menace it lies in timidity, prejudice, and half-measures. The danger is where Danton saw it when he cried to France: "Be bold, be bold, and yet again, be bold!" The bold thought first, and the bold deed will not fail to follow.

OVER THE WATER.

THE general conditions of the country continue to go from bad to worse. The attempt to reconstitute a Catholic monarchy, by means of running the horse Boulanger for military dictatorship, having failed—very frank avowels that this was the aim of the Boulanger movement have lately been made by one of its chief supporters, Arthur Meyer—the united Clerical, Bankers', and Monarchist party are now working in another direction. They are simply taking possession of the Republic in an open manner. They rule in the counsels of the so-called Republicans, they dictate the measures of repression, they take possession of both school and administration, and in their press they openly advocate the dictatorship of "the great spade X"—that is, of the great massacer of the Parisian workers after the Commune, General Gallifet.

The legend of Joanne d'Aarc is revived and exploited by the clergy; festivals in honor of the girlish heroine, whose patriotism is now combined with the pretensions of a Catholic saint, are organised all over the country, and the arch-republican, ex-freethinkers are, at those festivals, courting these same clergy who burned poor Joanne at the stake. Napoleon again becomes the national hero; picture exhibitions swarm with paintings intended to revive the worship of the crowned scoundrel; the press is full of him.

The cowardice of the educated portion of society before this upper-class movement is unlimited. For example, some time ago, the butcher Gallifet (those who don't know the man may read with profit the *Times*, *Daily News*, and *Standard* correspondents' reports about his exploits at the end of the Commune) declared the army and its commanders as well as the republican form of government to be miserably inefficient, and rotten with abuses, in an interview on disarmament, published in the *Figaro*. The War Minister flatly denied in the Chamber that this interview had taken place with any one of the six commanders of army corps—Gallifet being one of them. But, the other day, Paschal Grousset, a communist, now in the Chamber, made an interpellation to the Minister of War on this subject, and compelled him to recognise that Gallifet was the interviewed general. Thereupon, the Ministry asked the Chamber to pass a vote of blame for "the infamous calumnies" brought forward by Grousset, and "to express full confidence in the army and its commanders."

Thirty-seven deputies only (there are sixty calling themselves Socialists) dared not to treat their friend Grousset as an infamous calumniator. But there was not one single voice—not even that of the violent Social Democrat Guesde—to refuse a vote of confidence in the army and its chiefs. All, unanimously, voted confidence in the army which shoots the workers, and in the commanders who will not hesitate a moment to repeat the massacres of May 1871!

Happily enough, the upper ten thousand do not represent the country. Just now, there is a movement on foot in Paris to protest against the execrable slavishness of the representatives in the Chamber. A vote of confidence in Gallifet, voted by the Socialists—this was more than the Paris workers could bear, and there is now heard, at the popular meetings, a note of anger long silent in France. Notwithstanding the draconic legislation against those who dare to express sympathy with Anarchists, the name of Vaillant is continually recurring at those meetings, and is greeted with storms of applause. The courageous letter of Mme. Collot is now going the round of the newspapers. This lady has only been liberated a few days ago, after having been kept in prison for over three months; and as they could find nothing to prosecute her for, she prosecutes the magistrate for unlawful sequestration. At the same time, she reminds him that she has boldly confessed having deposited a crown of thorns—"the crown of the martyr"—upon Vallant's grave, and she defies

him to prosecute her for that crime.

Voices of sympathy with Anarchists sound louder and louder in the daily press; first-class writers like Mirbeau, Maurice Barrès, Rochefort, etc., frankly expressing their favorable opinions, and broadly hinting that, in the present conditions of France, Revolutionary Anarchism is the last hope of the oppressed. Altogether, the change which has taken place in the French press is simply astounding, while the more severely shouts of "*Vive l'Anarchie!*" are punished, the more frequently they are heard in public meetings.

The great trial "of miscreants," plotted by the judges against the nearly 100 Anarchists who are still kept in imprisoned for that purpose in Paris alone, does not progress, and provokes such disgust among all but the Social Democrats and the Royalists that one does not well see how it can be arranged. The judges themselves recognise that the Anarchists, having always acted in small independent groups, and that all acts of violence having been individual, the usual recipes for fabricating conspiracies are failing this time. It may come nevertheless: the inventiveness of the jail-and-hangman providers is not bound by any law of humane common sense or common honesty.

The following is a good illustration in point. In the early days of January last, a search had been made in Algeria, at the farm of Elisée Reclus's son-in-law, Regnier. The search took place on a Saturday, and next day, the four young men who work with him at the farm—one of them a Bulgarian—went to see Paul Reclus's brother, André, who has another farm a few miles off. The Bulgarian is a great artist in embroidery, and he had given to his comrades four red Bulgarian shirts of his own workmanship. So they all put on their red garments, took with them an Arabian boy who was beating a drum, attached a red handkerchief to a stick, and marched in this way through the dreary plain. On arriving at André Reclus's farm, they found forty armed gendarmes and mounted police making a search, and the magistrate in an awful temper after a twenty-miles' journey on horseback, which promised no new laurels to the great functionary, because he had found and could find nothing to justify him in arresting André Reclus and his wife.

The ill-tempered official ordered all the five gay travellers to be handcuffed at once. André Reclus protested. An act of accusation was drawn up against him on the spot for contempt of court. The four young men were kept in prison from January 5th till June 15th, half a year; and when released, last week, they were told that they cannot be prosecuted as "an association of miscreants," but will be proceeded against for want of respect to the magistrate. André Reclus is prosecuted for the same, and both he and Regnier have been called several times before the magistrate—each call meaning twenty miles on horseback. The latest news is, that Elisée Reclus's daughter has also been called before the magistrate upon the terrible accusation of being in correspondence with the Anarchist Elisée Reclus, her father. . . . Russian alliance bringing with it Russian procedure!

The following little bundle of news may complete the picture. A discussion is going on in the papers as to whether the shirt of Christ, kept in one of the French monasteries, is authentic or not. One priest has dared to say it is not. Thereupon, grand scandal in the black world, so that, a fortnight later, he wrote to the papers to say that he has some doubts, but that, "after all, it is a matter of opinion." Most certainly!

Laguerre, the radical lawyer, has exhumed the body of the son of the guillotined king. The boy died, as is known, in the Temple prison. But—who knows—he might have escaped, and have descendants! . . . If not, they will have at least his relics. . . . What a lot of money in perspective!

Another interesting correspondence is running through the papers. It is almost proved that the Count of Chambord, who was the pretender to the throne of France till his death, in 1883, has been poisoned—of course, by people who were interested in his death. He was the owner of an immense fortune, now inherited by the Orleans dukes, and of the crown of France, which he was not anxious enough to put on his head for fear of losing one day the head with the crown. Such scruples being out of date, the old man was removed by poison.

The Panama scandals are at an end. Two of the thieves, Reinach and Dr. Hertz, have restored an infinitesimal part of the stolen millions, and the demand for extradition lodged in England against Hertz has been given up.

Meunier, on the contrary, has been extradited, and will be sentenced next week.

And, finally, the great chief of the Paris secret police has discovered that his detectives do all sorts of disgusting things, but are anything but zealous in their special disgusting trade. Therefore—this is splendid!—the detective body will be divided into two parts, and one part will be used to spy on the other. Special detectives will be nominated to spy upon both.

Our readers must have seen in the daily press the fact that Dr. Ranson has been severely wounded by a bomb placed at his door. He returned home at night with his wife and a friend, when they saw the machine.

The doctor lifted it, and it exploded in his hands, seriously injuring his eyes. Müller, who has been arrested for this explosion, is reported by the Belgian papers to have explained that the bomb was intended for Judge Ranson, the same who pronounced the ferocious sentence on Moineau, and who lives in a street of a similar sounding name (Rue des Parcs, instead of Rue des Prés), and that the bomb had been given to him by a person naming himself Baron Ungern Sternberg, who had assured Müller that no harm would ensue of the machine—only a warning to the judge; he had made a mistake in the address.

A long correspondence has been going on since in the Belgian and French papers about this Ungern Sternberg. The Russians who knew him did not trust him, his behaviour being that of a provocative agent. In Basel, he is said to have swindled Russian students. In Liège, he was very much distrusted by the Russians. The last news about this person is from our French comrade Deutschman. He writes to the *Libre Parole* that when he and three other French comrades, with whom he was in Brussels, went to Amsterdam, Ungern Sternberg followed them and made them there very suspicious proposals. They dismissed him at once. Comrade Deutschman saw him addressing a letter to M. de Léonard, 79, rue de Grenelle, which is the address of the Russian embassy at Paris. His real name the Liège police state to be Cyprien Janotescu, a waiter in a coffee-house, who is said to have stolen the papers of Baron Ungern Sternberg. A very suspicious person at any rate.

Permission to visit Moineau in prison is given only once a year to his wife and to his lawyer, who has conceived a great attachment to his remarkable client. "Each time I go to see him," the lawyer said after his last visit, "I go quite depressed, and each time I return full of vigor and hope for the future. He, the 'hard-labor convict, lifts me up.' Numerous are the friends, from all classes, who go to see the lawyer to get news from this comrade, who has produced such a deep impression upon all thinking men in Belgium."

It hardly need be said that Elisée Reclus's lectures in Brussels, in which he is always bringing home his Anarchist opinions as a necessary conclusion from his studies in the development of human races in different physical surroundings, are eagerly followed. This week, he is going to lecture, by request, on Anarchy in the hall of the chief masonic lodge of Belgium.

A new Anarchist newspaper, *l'Idée*, is now being published at Brussels (rue Linée, Saint-Josse-ten-Noode). It appears twice a month, and the foreign subscription is 1s. 8d. per half-year.

More than ten different pamphlets have already been published by our Brussels comrades for gratuitous distribution; amongst them the remarkable speech of Emile Henry.

PROUDHON, in his "*Idée générale de la révolution au XIX. siècle*," has a splendid

criticism of the referendum—that humbug, so dear to the Social Switzerland. Democratic leaders, although thinking men in Switzerland, knowing it from experience, have long since marked it as valueless. The nation is asked to answer by a "Yes" or "No" some question. But the question being always necessarily reduced in such a case to its simplest expression, it involves so many complicated consequences that no serious, thoughtful man deeply in earnest can answer it in this form.

A recent experience only further confirms Proudhon's criticism—if it needs conformation after the application which Napoleon III. made of the referendum before the German war. The Swiss nation has been asked whether it recognises the "right to labor" of every citizen, and by a crushing majority of 300,000 to 85,000 it has answered No.

That such ought to have been the answer is self evident. Every worker understands that he is treated unjustly when he can find no employment for his strength. Every peasant grumbles when he sees land laying waste or made profit of by the land grabber, while he is compelled to emigrate.

And yet, every peasant understands that if the Swiss State were trusted with the organisation of labor, his position would not improve. He would become a soldier in the battalions of labor; and he knows what, even in the Democratic Republic, a battalion means. It means German discipline, German fustigation, the down-treading of all the most sacred feelings of liberty in man.

He knows also what State management means: such a crushing rise of taxes that each time the Swiss give themselves a radical—i.e., a reforming—government, they are compelled after a few years to call back the conservatives, simply that they may not be totally crushed down by taxation, and to put an end to the scandalous Panamist squandering of public money. They easily guess what a dance of millions it would be, and what a ruin of the country, if the organisation of industry should be handed over to the Radicals and Socialists, in addition to the already too numerous functions of the State. And they have voted No.

And if they had voted "Yes," what would it have meant, if not the creation of agricultural and industrial workhouses for those whom capitalists throw out of employment! New prisons for those who might commit the crime of not being wanted by the God Capital!

We are glad to see that our excellent comrade, *l'Avenir*, published every fortnight at Geneva (15, rue du Cendrier; 2s. per year, plus postage) continues its good work, notwithstanding the fearful wind of reaction which blows over poor Switzerland in all directions—political, economical, social, and literary. It has already reached its 16th number.

THE Spanish Anarchist paper, *El Despertar*, published in New York, contains the full text of the memoir addressed by a few republican deputies to the Minister of War, demanding a commutation of the death-sentence pronounced upon our six Barcelona comrades, as accomplices—not in the explosion at the Liceo theatre, as was reported in the English press—but of Pallas, in his attempt against Martinez Campos. This remarkable document, which contains a very clear exposition of the facts, contains also a confirmation of the accusations of torture which are circulating in Spain. Here is the passage relating to this subject. After pointing out that the execution, if it took place, would result in new Anarchist attempts, the Spanish deputies write:—

"The particular circumstances under which the trial took place also must be taken into account. In the daily papers, in public meetings, and in the Chamber as well, the means used in this inquiry have already been denounced as a return to the tortures of the Inquisition. It has been maintained that during the inquiry the most barbarous means of torture were resorted to, in order to obtain invented or real confessions. It would have been absurd to suppose that such horrid proceedings would be avowed in official quarters. And where could the prisoners, continually tortured by their tormentors, find an opportunity to state the outrages committed upon them?"

"The only opportunity they could have had would have been before the court. But what they have said in court remains a secret for everybody. The court-martial was held in the fortress of Montjuich, where no one can enter, according to the law of fortresses. With closed doors was held that council which decided life and death for many human beings. The press was not admitted to it. A circumstance which has only confirmed the opinion that this was done to prevent the declaration of the prisoners being known in the country. . . .

"In the opinion of the signatories of this request, the government is bound, at least, to postpone the execution, and first of all to make clear whether it is true that the prisoners have been submitted to terrible torments or not."

After remarking that Pallas was not a man who would have required advisers or accomplices to make his attempt against Campos, the deputies make the following most significant comment:—

"The government must know by this time (*Advierta ahora el Gobierno*) that the prosecution was in this case not for the Liceo explosion, but for the attempt of the *Gran Via* (Pallas's attempt against Campos), which are two distinct facts very differently estimated in Barcelona."

All the fables circulated by the Spanish government, and duly repeated by the English press, to the effect that the Six Anarchists have been shot for the Liceo explosion, were simply lies.

Most undoubtedly, the laurels of infamy belong now to constitutional Spain, not to absolute Russia.

The very names of those who have been shot were not properly known in many papers, they were mixed with those of their comrades who were sent to hard labor. We repeat them. They must be remembered.

Shot: Mayo Mariano Cerezueta Subies, Jaime Sogas Marti, Manuel Archs Solanellas, Jose Sabat Oller, Jose Bernat Sierrol, and Jose Codina Junca.

Hard labor for life: Juan Carbonell Veges, Rafael Miralles Fernando, Domingo Mir Durich, and Francisco Villanubia Bodin.

Tortured: All ten.

Bernat leaves an old father; Sabat, a wife and one boy; Archs, a wife and several children; Cerezueta, a wife; Sogas, a wife and baby; Codina, his old father.

"Assassins, they have killed my brother! Long live Anarchy!" cried Archs' brother, rushing to his corpse, while the assassins extinguished the last spark of life. "Down with the Inquisition!" cried Codina. "Don't cry, my child," Sabat said to his boy. "See me die, and learn to die. Thou understandest me? I bequeath to thee vengeance!"

TO AMERICAN COMRADES.—Please send us any facts you can about the Coxeyites, Labor War, and revolutionary movement generally. Papers and cuttings, as well as letters, will be most welcome.

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THE EDITOR, 61, ST. AUGUSTINE'S-ROAD, CAMDEN-TOWN, LONDON, N.W.

Notices.

We apologise for the number of reports cut down and held over this month. We have been obliged to do this, as well as to hold over notes on Italy, Germany, America, &c., and much other matter, in order to give Grave's defence in full.

The *Freedom* rummage sale will be held next month, notice of time and place will be given in the August number. Please send in articles as soon as possible to Mrs. Marsh, 3, Alpha Villas, Archway-road, N.

Received.

"FREEDOM" PUBLICATION FUND.—H. G., 10s.; A. M., 5s. 10d.
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NOTES.

EQUAL JUSTICE.

We totally disbelieve in arbitrary punishments for anti-social behaviour, and "equal justice before the law" seems to us a contradiction in terms; but what do those who do believe in the present system make of 5 years' penal servitude for Nurse Gillespie, convicted of most cruelly torturing helpless, friendless children, in the Hackney Workhouse Schools, during 11½ years, while Polti and Farnara get 10 and 20 years respectively, for merely fooling round with bomb castings, and talking big? Evan Williams, at the Swansea assizes, got only 7 years for actually blowing up an hotel, out of spite, seriously endangering 10 persons. But then, Williams was not labelled "Anarchist."

THE CRYING OF THE CHILDREN.

The Gillespie case is a significant warning that the sickening cases of brutality in private families brought to light by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have their parallel amongst the little prisoners in public institutions. Clearly, it is no remedy to rescue children from the authority of their parents merely to place them under the authority of official persons. The most sensible proposal we have heard was made long ago by a bachelor member of the Fabian Society. Let child-lovers open free homes for unhappy children, where any little people who find their parents or guardians uncongenial can take refuge, and where kind neighbors may bring little victims too tiny to run away from home themselves. Only, that this plan may succeed, a fierce fight must first be fought against the legal property of parents in their offspring. We wish the energy of the N.S.P.C.C. were devoted to this, rather than the attempt to terrorise cruel parents and guardians by punishment. What life can a child have with persons who are only hindered from the most outrageous cruelty towards it by fear of imprisonment?

BRAVO, BONNIE SCOTLAND!

The Scots have always been one of the manliest and most self-respecting people on the face of the earth, and the disgraceful flogging report just issued by Parliament shows that even the capitalist system has not ruined their independence of character. From July 31, 1876, to February, 1894, 359 prisoners have received 8,509 strokes in English prisons, 28 with a birch-rod, the rest with a cat-o'-nine tails. But not one has been flogged in Scotland, for Scotch jailors flatly refuse to execute this infamous duty. English warders will do it for extra pay. One is reminded that when the conquering Danes wished to introduce capital punishment into Iceland, not a man in the whole island would execute the sentence. The old plan had been to banish a convicted murderer to some distant farm, where the farmer was willing to help him to make a fresh start and work out his repentance. And when the Danes wished to introduce hanging instead, they had to import a hangman from their own country, brutalised by ages of government and judicial procedure.

VICARIOUS VIOLENCE.

Most English judges very rarely, some never, have prisoners flogged. First and foremost among the floggers, by proxy, stands Mr. Justice Day, who, in 10 years, has ordered 110 convicts to receive 3,287 strokes between them, while Sir W. Charley has condemned 58 to 1,235. We do not desire that these pillars of capitalist justice should have like measure meted out to themselves, but we do most heartily wish that they, and every one else whose pet remedies for social ills are of so brutal and violent a character, should see the absolute moral necessity of applying their panaceas with their own hands, instead of hiring some poor devil to degrade himself by committing outrages upon his fellow-men for money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DENIALS AND EXPLANATIONS.

To the Editor of *FREEDOM*.

Dear Comrade,—I am instructed by the Mile End Branch of the Social Democratic Federation to write to you denying entirely your statement that there was a split in the Branch due to Anarchist ideas. We don't accept the Anarchists' ideal, neither do we believe in Anarchists' methods.

This of course does not prevent us having an open platform whereon Anarchists, Land Nationalisers, Independent Labor Party men, and so forth, may expound their ideas; neither does it prevent us holding those Anarchists with whom we have come into contact in the highest personal esteem. We are no more inclined to leave the S.D.F. and join the Anarchist Communists than to join the Fabians, the Independent Labor Party, or the Land Nationalisation Society.

Yours fraternally,

JAMES SHILLUM,
Secretary.

22 May, 1884.

[We regret that the error has occurred. The writer of the report desires us to publish the following explanation.—Ed.]

In reference to the above, I am, as an informant responsible for the said report. Comrade C. W. Mowbray, who lectured at the above place some little while back upon Anarchist Communism, remarked to me that the sympathy his remarks met with, the expression of the belief in Anarchist Communism by individual members of the said branch, combined with the attitude (practically of hostility in certain matters) taken up by the branch towards the executive council, led him to conclude that, in view of all this discrepancy of opinions, combined with the dogmatic and unsatisfactory action of the council, a split was imminent and all the possibilities in favor of the formation of an Anarchist Communist group. Mowbray has recently visited the above branch and spoken there and is still of the same opinion.

J. P.

To the Editor of *FREEDOM*.

Sir,—I am directed by my branch to contradict the report that this branch had declared for Communist Anarchy, or Communist Anarchism, as reported in *Freedom*.

Fraternally,

G. HOWIT SMITH,
Sec. Canning Town Branch S.D.F.

[To which a member of the Canning Town Anarchist Communist Group sends the following reply.—Ed.]

Dear Comrade,—Your letter to hand, with the copy of the resolution enclosed, from the local S. D. F. branch; what appeared in *Freedom* was correct. The majority have accepted Communistic principles without rulers; what is that but Anarchist Communism. The General Council passed a resolution calling on all branches not to have any Anarchist or person who had once been a member of the S. D. F. to lecture for them. The Canning Town branch voted for that and now their delegates have instructions to move the rescindment of that resolution at the next council meeting; there was also a resolution passed asking all those who held Anarchist opinions to leave the branch, and plenty of the members have openly admitted they only remain in the S. D. F. because they believe that political action will hasten it forward. When Quinn lectured they told him that his Anarchism was their Social Democracy.

Yours fraternally,

R. PEDDIE.

The Trial of Jean Grave.

(Concluded from last number.)

PART II.

THE DEFENCE OF M. DE SAINT-AUBAN.

Gentlemen of the Jury,—Those of you who have served on the trial of Léauthier will verify my recollections.

Yesterday, at three o'clock, the Attorney-General said: "Gentlemen of the Jury, Léauthier is a wretch! Strike him without pity!" And he demanded sentence of death to be passed on Léauthier. To-day, at the same hour—after four-and-twenty hours of reflection—the Attorney-General said: "Gentlemen of the Jury, you did not condemn Léauthier to death; you have done well. Your clemency is just!"

Which proves that everything in this world is relative, even the addresses of Attorney-Generals.

I fancy that the four-and-twenty hours which will follow this hearing will produce the same effect upon the brain of the Attorney-General as the four-and-twenty that preceded it.

He will say to-morrow, if business leave him leisure enough: "The Gentlemen of the Jury did not listen to my pitiless address against Mr. Jean Grave—they did well! For, in short, it would be an everlasting reproach to me, a modern lawyer, a *very advanced* man (I mean to praise you, Mr. Attorney-General) to have influenced a jury of our times to condemn a man merely because he thought and because, having thought, he had the courage to write!"

Gentlemen of the Jury, you will avoid this reproach upon the Attorney-General. You will acquit M. Jean Grave. You will acquit him for higher reasons, which will, I hope, force themselves upon your conscience and good sense.

It is to your brain that I appeal; it is your thought that mine solicits. Forget all prejudices foreign to the matter under discussion. The thing on its trial to-day is not a dagger, a revolver, a bomb. The thing is a book. It is a work of intellect; and as I see you are very calm, very kindly attentive, I may, even at the outset of my remarks, recall to you the words of Joubert, who devoted himself to Justice as well as to Criticism: "The things of the mind must be judged by the mind, and not by bile, blood and humors."

This book is not the phantom, the semblance of a book. It is not a misdemeanor hidden under the cover of a book. It is a real book,

accepted seriously by all the people who think and reflect, a book in the doctrinal sense, in the higher sense of the word. Its scientific style, which shuts it off from the vulgar, gives it a rather repellant form, and doubtless at the present hour it would repose learnedly upon the shelves of libraries or in the cupboards of *savants* if the law—mad with passion—of Dec. 1893, which has long claws, had not gone even into the past to seize it in order to satisfy its craving for persecution.

Here is what a contemporary thinks of it. This is an article by M. Clémenceau. It has this moment been passed to me. I borrow from it some lines which express my opinion.

M. Clémenceau is not suspected of Anarchy; he has no interest in its triumph; for if Anarchy triumphs it would suppress, at the same time as the landlords, the deputies, or those who wanted to become such.

"The law against the press," writes M. Clémenceau, "works to the great satisfaction of M. Raynal. It is now the turn of M. Jean Grave, guilty of having written a book entitled '*La Société mourante et l'Anarchie*' [Moribund Society and Anarchy]."

"I do not know M. Jean Grave. I only know what M. Octave Mirbeau has said of him in an article in the *Journal*. He is a working shoemaker, whose soul is moved, whose mind is opened, by the sight of misery and of human degeneracy.

"M. Jean Grave's book appeared more than a year ago. No one saw in it then anything for prosecution. For a whole year it was exposed for sale in the windows of all our booksellers.

"The bomb epidemic supervenes. M. Raynal profits by the alarm of the deputies to make them vote in their fear for a reactionary political law, which cannot arrest the arm of any bomb thrower, but which will perhaps one day force some one of disordered mind into an act of criminal violence, out of hatred to a stupid repression.

"It is generally agreed that the laws have no retroactive power. M. Antonin Dubost does not stick at such trifles. M. Jean Grave, in writing his book two years ago, should have foreseen the reign of M. Casimir-Perier. The book is seized. M. Jean Grave is under arrest. He has already done a month of preventive imprisonment for a press offence. When there was a republican party, that alone would have aroused the most violent protestations.

"I have just read this book, and my opinion of the writer does not differ very sensibly from that of M. Mirbeau. The language is simple, clear and vigorous. The critical power is truly terrible. Let all who live on ready-made ideas, received from the crowd, refrain from opening such a book. It can only shock them violently, without striking any light in them, owing to the lack of suitable elements. For those, on the contrary, who think for themselves, who have ideas of their own, whatever they may be, who do not fear to subject their principles to the most searching criticism, the most radical revision, all their principles—their doctrines, all their doctrines—this book is good, for it creates thought.

"No doubt his book contains some passages of a disconcerting violence, which most men would refuse to write, not from fear of M. Raynal's laws, but because they are repugnant to their way of feeling and thinking. How can M. Jean Grave, a man of peaceful and tranquil temper, who lives as an ascetic, and who, it appears, has won the admiration of hardened bourgeois, indulge in observations unacceptable to the plain conscience of mankind? It is because a man capable of making the Cartesian *tabula rasa* of his mind, of freeing himself absolutely from all received ideas in order to make himself anew, runs the risk of losing in the immensity of his effort not only the prejudices, the false ideas with their accompanying sentiments, but also that portion of plain good sense, right reason, and human sentiment which our ancestors have unconsciously mingled with them.

"Twelve honest men are going to be asked to express their opinion on the case of M. Jean Grave. It is much to be feared that they have not read his book, and judge only by some extracts cleverly chosen. By such means there is no medical book that could not be condemned for indecency. Now, it is of social medicine the author has attempted to treat. I do not hold by all his therapeutics, but in our century there is no institution, no idea, but should be in a condition to face criticism, every criticism. In short, the intellectual hustling that we get from M. Jean Grave is wholesome for us, in that it tests our powers of resistance, and forces us to make sure of our opinions.

"If the jury read M. Grave's book from one end to the other they will doubtless censure it, but they will, at the same time, say to themselves that the slightest refutation will be more efficacious than months or years in prison."

I have quoted this article, gentlemen, because it sums up well the universal sentiment, the impression of the workers, of the intellectual and the learned, whose opinion M. Mirbeau, M. Bernard, and M. Paul Adam have reechoed to you.

Yet for this book the Attorney-General demands a merciless repression. He regrets he cannot demand a still more merciless one.

Why?

Looking, not from an Anarchist's point of view, not from my client's point of view, but from yours, gentlemen of the jury, from the bourgeois point of view, what harm has this book done?

What harm could it do?

The last edition—the only one prosecuted, the only one that can be prosecuted, since the other, the first, is secured by limitation—has been seized before being exposed for sale; it has therefore not been able to incite the soldier to mutiny, nor the worker to murder his employer, since it has not made its way into either barrack or workshop!

I repeat it, the edition has been seized, with the exception of 200 copies devoted to the use of the press.

But these 200 copies, if they have incited any one, have incited only journalists. Now reassure yourselves, Gentlemen of the Jury! First of all, the journalists have but scant time for reading the pamphlets sent them—they are sent too many! Furthermore, if the journalists at times incite others, they are but little sensitive themselves to that kind of incitement; they are *blasé*! . . .

Notwithstanding, the Attorney-General wants to make this book responsible for all the bombs that have exploded. He shows it to you as the cause of recent outrages. Let us consider. If the book is the cause of the outrage, the outrage will reflect the physiognomy of the book. Now the book is logical; the outrage is not: therefore, between the outrage and the book there exists nothing in common. If the book inspired the outrage, the outrage would select its victims: it would strike at the heart of society; it would hit at it through its governing

classes, its exploiters, those who are in possession; for those are the persons that the book points out and brands. Now the outrage made no choice; it struck by chance, it blew up a one-eyed landlady of a hotel or a humble waiter. Therefore, the book has nothing to do with the matter; for the book condemns these useless hecatombs.

Up to this but one outrage has been logical—that of Vaillant. Vaillant's crime belongs to the category of political crimes like Fieschi's, like Orsini's. Fieschi aimed at a king; Orsini at an emperor; Vaillant aimed at parliament—a multiple emperor, a king with seven hundred and fifty heads.

But has M. Grave's book caused Vaillant's outrage?

Vaillant has quoted his masters to you, the authors who taught him. He has not quoted M. Grave. M. Grave is a young man, and the young men are never quoted; it is only the classics that are quoted.

What classics are these? Spencer, Proudhon, Rousseau, Voltaire! Behold the malefactors that, to be logical, you should make sit upon those benches, Mr. Attorney-General.

Now let us summon them to appear. Those of them that are dead have statues.

Summon these statues. Summon Voltaire's: his bronze smile will say much more to the jury than all my pleading! . . .

Has M. Grave's book incited Léauthier?

Léauthier has read some of M. Grave's pamphlets, but "*Moribund Society and Anarchy*" is just the one he has not read!

Besides, it was easy to incite Léauthier. Among the pamphlets which formed his daily entertainment the *Intransigeant* figured, he says, for his instruction. Now, M. Rochefort's journals are not Anarchist journals. They are excellent papers. I am forced to believe this, since M. Antonin Dubost, Keeper of the Seals and hierarchical superior of the Attorney-General, used in former days to save them up; he held them in such esteem!

Incitement is altogether relative! It is altogether subjective! It depends upon the brain which is subjected to it. According to your system, Mr. Attorney-General, there is not a page of polemics, or controversial article, but might be looked upon as an incitement. When I denounce the bandits connected with *La Haute Banque*, the rascals of Finance who forget your addresses to the courts, I incite the people to curse them, to hate them. Be logical therefore; drag me to the defendant's place, put me in the seat of the accused!

The truth is that the book is not the cause of the bomb; but the bomb and the book are both products of an anterior and superior cause; and this cause is despair, the great disease of the century.

Your Revolution promised happiness to the proletariat; the proletariat have been the victims of a gigantic swindle. The bourgeoisie stole, promising to share with them the outcome of the theft; the bourgeoisie have not kept their word; they kept for themselves all the fruits of their plunderings! Not only did they give nothing to the proletariat, they also found means to further dispoil them: they have dried up in their hearts the sources of resignation.

The proletariat saw that to the nobility clad in silk, which formerly succeeded to the nobility clad in steel, had succeeded a third nobility, more merciless and still more oppressive than the other two; the nobility cased in gold!

Deceived and exasperated, the proletariat then uttered a great cry of anguish! This cry of anguish is reverberating in all our literature.

It is Heinrich Heine who cries:—

"This old society has long since been judged and condemned. Let justice be done! Let this old world be broken in pieces . . . where innocence has perished, where egoism has prospered, where man is exploited by man! Let these whitened sepulchres, full of lying and iniquity, be utterly destroyed."

This is Lamennais who curses:—

"We say that your society is not even a society, that it is not even the shadow of one, but an assemblage of beings that can be given no name: administered, manipulated, exploited at the will of your caprices, a warren, a flock, a herd of human cattle destined by you to glut your greed."

This is Victor Hugo blaspheming:—

"What kind of society is it which, at this period, has for its base inequality and injustice. Would it not be well to take the whole thing by the four corners and send it pell-mell up to the ceiling, the cloth, the feast and the orgy, the gluttony and the drunkenness and the guests; those who have their two elbows on the table, and those who are on all-fours under it, to spew the whole lot in God's face and to fling the whole world at heaven."

"The Hell of the Poor makes the Paradise of the Rich."

"Not only has happiness not come, but honor has fled."

Flaubert declares:—

"With the development of capitalistic production European public opinion has stripped the last rag off conscience and modesty. Each nation glories cynically in all the infamy that goes to hasten the accumulation of capital."

The same Flaubert ruthlessly sums up the position of the modern world in these terms, which brand and spit in society's face:—

"We dance, not over a volcano, but upon the plank over a latrine which, to me, smells rather badly."

What would Flaubert have said to-day, after so much infamy, corruption and baseness!

What colors this master of style would have found upon his palette to paint his picture of shame and ignominy! . . .

Here are the instigators of both book and bomb! They are the thinkers, philosophers, poets, who have described, who have sung, the despairs of our century. Now, let us be logical, Mr. Attorney-General. Let these men take their places in the Court of Assize, for M. Jean Grave has only repeated what they have said! . . .

You know well that M. Jean Grave is not the guilty person. You

know well that his book has fired no incendiary! But this Government imitates its predecessors. It profits by crime to assassinate the Idea.

In the Idea you may behold the eternal enemy of those in possession. The possessors want to stay where they are: the Idea wishes them to go out!

A dagger struck down the Duke de Berry: immediately the Restoration mounts the tribune and says to a weeping country: "The dagger which struck the Duke de Berry is a Liberal idea!"

A bomb explodes: immediately the third Republic ascends the same tribune and cries to a weeping country: "The bomb which has just exploded is an Anarchist idea!"

Then in the midst of the smoke of the bomb, which in our times takes the place of the lightning from Mount Sinai, M. David Raynal passes a frightful law, which is nothing else but the resurrection of the old crime of *inciting* to the hatred and contempt of government. Only the formula is slightly modified: it is the crime of inciting to the hatred and contempt of the *bourgeoisie*!

Théophile Gautier was right: what does it matter whether it be a sword, a holy-water sprinkler, or an umbrella, which rules us! It is always a stick!

How logical your accusation is, Mr. Attorney-General. You charge M. Grave with having incited to theft! What then is this new crime? Has M. Grave instigated the pillage of your house? No. You declare him incapable of thinking of another's wealth.

But M. Grave is an upholder of Communism: he wishes to abolish bourgeois property, he believes that the next revolution will have for its mission the abolition of it; it is his doctrine—false perhaps—but a doctrine, after all, of which he is not the first teacher: Proudhon and many others thought of it before him.

This, however, is the crime with which you charge him!

To dream of a society other than that which exists is to incite to robbery. It is to be a criminal!

Then you must put Jean Jacques Rousseau beside M. Jean Grave!

It would pain you to do that, Mr. Attorney-General. Jean Jacques Rousseau was the father of the Revolution of which you are the son; Jean-Jacque Rousseau is therefore your grandfather; you see it, I have you in the family; don't be afraid, I will always leave you there.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau has said:—

"The first man, having an enclosure, a plot of ground, who took into his head to say: 'This is mine,' was the real founder of civil society! What crimes, misery and horror would have been spared mankind if someone had pulled away the fences and filled in the ditches, crying out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this imposter; you are lost if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong to all and that the land belongs to no one person.'"

The irony of things! You indict in the Assize Court the man who, faithful to your principles, wants to overthrow the landmarks set up by the usurper denounced by Jean-Jacques Rousseau! . . . You reproach M. Grave with having said that the next Revolution will destroy the offices of your attorneys and notaries, that it will burn all the title-deeds of bourgeois property. You forget your Jacobin decrees, you forget your decrees of June 18th and 19th and of August 25th, ordering the title-deeds of the ruined world to be burned!

You forget the symbolic tumbrel, which carried to the Place de Grève the charters of the vanquished world, the bonfire that was lit and the dance of the crowd around that bonfire!

You are going then after that, if you are sincere, to put Jean Grave in prison!

You wish to give Jean Grave five years in prison for having spoken ill of our native land and the army, for having incited the soldiers to mutiny, for having instigated the murder of an officer.

Here, again, you should distrust the method of Mr. Attorney-General; it is more murderous than Grave's prose. It consists always of searching through the three hundred pages of the book to find two lines which, taken by themselves, would go to hang a man. It consists in presenting to you as a reasoned-out system, as a cool syllogism, what is in reality the feverish cadence of a period that ends a chapter devoted to the native-land Idea!

I am certainly above suspicion, Gentlemen of the Jury. I am one of those who venerate my country with all my heart; and in the domain of thought I have, by word and by pen, tried to defend it against those who do not desire it, who can no longer believe in it.

But I am forced to acknowledge that brains greater than mine have treated it as a dangerous chimera and a maleficent Utopia.

"When I think," cries Tolstoi, "of all the evil I have seen and suffered arising from national hatreds, I say to myself that it all rests on a clumsy lie—the love of one's country."

Victor Hugo prophesies:—

"In the twentieth century, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, the frontier will be dead: man will live!"

I do not plead this cause, gentlemen: I quote the great men who constitute themselves the advocates of it.

Do we then indeed defend our country against the suspicions of thought? Instead of hunting down the writers who criticise it, shall we not do better by hunting down the bandits who dishonor it?

Is it Victor Hugo, is it Tolstoi, is it Jean Grave—if his modesty will allow me to mention his with such great names—who at this moment are thrusting the Idea of Native-land into the gravest dangers?

Under the title of "*Les Sans-Patrie*!" (The Men without a country), my eloquent fellow-member, M. Viviani, the deputy, wrote yesterday a fine article. He denounced the *chief bandits of finance*—these are his own terms—who are about to flood the French market with the hundred millions

of Italian stock that could not be sold either in Rome or Berlin.

The Stock Exchange is like those birds of prey that degrade everything they touch. It degrades property, it befouls our native-land!

Behold *les Sans-Patrie*! the men without a country who will transform the citizens of the whole world into *Sans-culottes* (the Un-breeched) in the literal sense of the word, for, as things are going, they will soon be left without a pair of trousers.

M. Viviani added these lines, of which I leave him the responsibility, but which I have a right to reproduce as a document since he has poured them forth as public property:—

"The Government does as it likes. It hunts down Socialists, slanders them in its press, dares to reproach them with not loving their country. But it protects the wretches who strip, exploit, betray their country!"

Laws have been passed against evil-doers. When are they going to be applied?

I am not pleading against Government, Gentlemen of the Jury. I have no care for that.

I am not pleading for the Socialists; they have not asked me to do so. But I tell Mr. Attorney-General: we are all conjointly liable. For, under color of hunting down Anarchy, you hunt down human thought. To-day you pursue Jean Grave as an Anarchist, to-morrow you will pursue some Socialists under pretext that they border upon Anarchy; the day after will come the turn of other thinkers, who are neither Socialists nor Anarchists, but whom you will pursue because they are free-thinkers, and you will not allow free-thinkers—you, the free-thinkers of another kind!

You sit in judgment, you will end by oppressing; for judgment is not a plane surface upon which you can stay motionless: judgment is an incline, and this incline is one that is never ascended—we descend it, we descend it until we arrive at tyranny.

Now, to complete your famous law of December 11, 1893, I look forward to an enactment that will define a criminal as follows: Every man who dares to think that all is not for the best in the best of Republics should be imprisoned as a criminal.

Very well! you may imprison me with the others, Mr. Attorney-General. Without espousing either the doctrine or theory of any one—that is not my business here—I take the liberty of saying to you: You defend property: then when will you hunt down the *chief bandits of Finance*? You defend our country: when will you hunt down the cosmopolitan octopus, whose hideous tentacles are wound round every nation and suck out all their blood?

I take the liberty of saying to you with my eloquent *confère*, M. Viviani, the deputy: You have made laws against criminals, you apply them to the Anarchists of the humbler sort; when will you apply them to the anarchists of the higher class?

You apply them to the Anarchists of Thought; when will you apply them to the anarchists of the Stock Exchange?

You apply them to those whom you accuse of blowing up buildings; when will you apply them to those who blow up conscience?

Ah! certain bourgeois who think of our native land as incarnate have strange ways of defending it—our native land!

And we are surprised when our native land is discredited, when writers, thinkers, tend more and more to confound it with the *State*—that is, with casual laws and artificial conditions, which change every century or every half-century, preserving only their common characteristic of always oppressing the weak for the profit a few big men, who in our time are only *big*, for they do not possess any longer even the extenuating feature of being *great*.

We are surprised when Jean Grave, who bears Tolstoi in mind, sees in our native-land only a hypocritical frontage which masks the selfishness of a bourgeois State!

We are surprised that he cries:—
"It was a congenial idea of the bourgeois to substitute the authority of the nation for that of the divine Law."

Before him, a man, who has not, that I know, been disturbed on account of Anarchist propaganda, the honorable M. Yves Guyot, had uttered the following reflexion:—

"Faith in the State is a transformation of the religious Idea."

What would you have? The religious Idea is being transformed once more—and it is not yet finished, Gentlemen who govern! You have killed God in order to make the State his successor. Your successors see that they are being made fools of, and in their turn they send the State to keep company with the old moons!

It is only the first step of necessary evolution.
The further they go, the more the people will break loose from the State.

Chamfort, Mirabeau's friend, one of the soldiers of the French Revolution, has written:—

"A lucky instinct seems to say to the people: 'I am at war with all those who govern me, even with those whom I myself have just elected.'"

The same Chamfort adds:—

"On seeing the brigandage of the men in office one is tempted to regard society as a wood full of robbers, of whom the most dangerous are the archers who are charged with guarding the others."

Of course, you understand that the *archers* in Chamfort's mind are the police, no matter what uniform they may be tricked out in from the national wardrobe!

Thomas Paine, the illustrious member of the National Convention, author of *The Rights of Man*—another great ancestor, M. Attorney-General! for you may remark that I quote only irreproachable men. Members of the Convention, Girondins, members of the Constituent

Assembly, XVIII. century philosophers! I keep you in the family; do not fear, you will stay there always—Thomas Paine thus completes Chamfort's thought:—

"Within the memory of man the trade of governing has always been monopolised by the most ignorant and the most rascally individuals of mankind!"

You see, gentlemen of the jury, that we have not waited for either M. Elysee Reclus or M. Jean Grave to say that to the people. It is more than a hundred years ago since folk began to tell them this, and you see more than a hundred years later it is repeated to them.

The people are convinced about it. They know now that all shades of politicians, whether clad in white, black, or red, will sing them the same anthem and will add a new chapter to the book of human lies already such a long one.

They wish for no more of it. They have undeceived themselves—not more so about one set than the other—about all, whatever they be called. What they abhor is *politics*, that bourgeois science invented to serve as a mask for the bourgeois Parliament.

The worst of it is that the disrepute into which the State has fallen necessarily recoils upon the army.

In fact, in time of peace, the army seems like a sort of gigantic police-force at the service of the State; and the more the State seems to oppress, the more it breeds a dull hatred against the army, the instrument of its oppression.

These words are not mine. They are not M. Grave's. They are a charming poet's, a poet of the *Tour d'Ivoire*; they are M. Alfred de Vigny's:—

"The modern army, as soon as it ceases to be at war, becomes a sort of police force. It feels as if it were ashamed of itself, and knows neither what to do or what to desire."

The word "shame" embraces the word "army." I know nothing more terrible nor more sacrilegious.

Is not the germ of every mutiny contained therein?

You want to give M. Grave five years' imprisonment because if the soldiers had read his book it would have been able "to dissuade them from bowing under a brutalising discipline."

Will you prosecute the next edition of M. Renan's "*Souvenir de Jeunesse*," in which he relates that he should never have been able to submit himself to military discipline, and that if he had been compelled to become a soldier he would have deserted?

This passage is infinitely more dangerous, I assure you, than the one marked out in your indictment. For the prosecuted edition has not got into the barracks; you know that it has only reached the journalists. Whilst in the barrack the books of Renan are sometimes to be found; and the soldier who comes across the lines referred to, to whom eight days of unmerited imprisonment has been given, and who is dissatisfied with his captain, such a soldier will think: "See here! Why, M. Renan is a glory to mankind! The minister said that when unveiling his last bust. If a glory to mankind declares that he could not have submitted to the discipline and would have deserted to escape from it, why should not I imitate this glorious person?"

The syllogism is of the best construction, and it might readily produce propaganda by deed, for it is easier for a soldier to desert than it is for him to stick his captain under the fifth rib.

Has M. Jean Grave ever said to a soldier to smite his captain under the fifth rib?

He says, what is quite true, that to slay him or to strike him in the face would come to absolutely the same thing; for if the soldier slay he will be condemned to death, and if he strike him he will be equally so, according to the terms of the military code, which we are all unanimous in declaring to be somewhat excessive.

But let us once for all be done with this iniquitous method that consists of isolating a couple of lines from an entire book to present as the dominant note of a work what is only the feverish conclusion of a heated period.

If you want to find an incitement to murder for the soldiers of the French army you should not seek it in Jean Grave; you must look further and higher.

Listen to this page; Victor Hugo is addressing the Belgians:—

"People! There is but one people! If Bonaparte invaded you, having at his back . . . that army, . . . those Pretorians, . . . those Janissaries, . . . who should have been heroes, but whom he has turned into brigands; if he come upon your frontiers, rush for your pitchforks, stones, scythes, for your ploughshares, take to your knives, take to your guns, take to your carbines; do all this!"

These *hordes*, these *janissaries*, these BRIGANDS were the French army! For if the French army is only respectable under the Republic, as we have been for three-quarters of a century under monarchy, we might have despised the French army three out of every four years.

Well, now, I ask you if political hatred, party hatred has been able to lead a great man to the pitch of crying out to foreigners: "Assassinate the French army!" what is there astonishing in the social indignation of a young polemical writer having blown to red heat some lines, which are indeed but tame beside the frightful incitement that issued from the lips of the great Victor Hugo!

You have forgiven Victor Hugo. You have placed him in the Pantheon and you escorted him thither with those very soldiers of the French army, of whom he had formerly spoken as hordes and brigands!

And you want to condemn Grave to five years' imprisonment to save the honor of the army. . . .

Oh, the logic of your justice!

You want to condemn Grave to five years' imprisonment also because at the end of a chapter in which he recounts the barbarity of certain

employers who ill-treat the human machine, who have a stone for a heart, dollars in place of bowels, he supposes that if the exploited martyrs boldly killed one of those employers that the lesson, perhaps, would serve as an example to others!

The warmth of a thinker you tax with being a justification!

But why do you not prosecute all the other bursts of indignation?

Listen to these lines, M. Attorney-General; I take them from a journal which is not the journal *La Révolte*; it is the journal of M. de Goncourt.

On January 18th. 1871, he is surprised that the people, dying of hunger, remain quiet, when the bakers—he mentions one; I do not name him—are setting before the rich *white bread and rolls*, and the purveyors are getting game and poultry for them.

His surprise grows into irritation, exasperation, and in the end he cries:—

"When I read in Marat's paper the infuriated denunciations of the 'People's Orator' against the grocer class, I believed them to be the exaggerations of a madman. Now I see that Marat was in the right. For my part, I should see no harm if they hung up to their shop-fronts two or three of these greedy rogues. . . . Maybe a few murders committed intelligently are, in revolutionary times, the only practical means of keeping the rising within reasonable bounds."

The incitement is a pretty one! The justification equally so!

And when the same de Goncourt thought of all those idle folk who live on the sweat of the people, he cried:—

"IT WOULD BE A GOOD RIDDANCE TO STUPID SWEELDOM AND ELEGANT IMBECILITY IF SOME FINE DAY AN INFERNAL MACHINE WOULD KILL ALL OF PARIS GOING ROUND THE LAKE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE BETWEEN FOUR AND SIX O'CLOCK!"

Does it or does it not incite to murder?

When it concerns de Goncourt you smile: that is Literature! When it relates to Grave you shudder: that is Anarchy!

Well, I tell you, I do not know what it is: but what you are doing is not Justice!

Now then, let us be frank! Tear away the veil!

They are neither the pleadings nor the incitements of a thought which you arraign before the Assize Court: it is Thought itself!

It is not because M. Grave has written imprudent or criminal words that the Attorney-General impeaches him before you. It is because M. Grave has formulated a scientific theory which is in contradiction to the Attorney-General's. Or, if you prefer, M. Grave's crime consists in the mere expression of his theory.

It is not a man whom you wish to imprison; it is an idea.

The modern jury is asked to condemn a political system just as in the time of Louis XIV. Parliament or the Sorbonne was asked to condemn a treatise on indulgence or transubstantiation.

My comparison does not please you? Then I will change it. The jury is asked to condemn a system which lays claim to being that of the future just as Parliament or the Sorbonne was asked to condemn those who set forth the principles of modern society a couple of centuries too soon.

The Attorney-General says to you: The theory which I indict, if it were realised, would abolish the bourgeoisie.

Precisely as the bourgeois system, by its realisation, swept away the nobility.

Whenever a thing is put in the place of another, the first must be removed in order to put the second there.

The Parliament of olden times undoubtedly condemned the principles of modern society.

Can you imprison for principles which are put forward as those of future society?

I say, no.

Why?

Because, in passing sentence, the old Parliament was but logical: its powers rested on right divine.

Whilst you, in passing sentence, do but belie yourselves: your powers rest on free investigation.

You are the sons of a Revolution which was effected just to make impossible the thing you are solicited to do to-day.

You can condemn a man; you can condemn a crime: you cannot condemn an idea.

You can only discuss it, or refute it, if that be possible.

Be calm, Gentlemen of the Jury, and do not make a monster of M. Grave's Idea. This Idea is not the monstrous furgus of which the Attorney-General spoke to you just now; that would be spawned, without root in a *fin de siècle* delirium. It is not of recent growth. It is two hundred years old. Not only has M. Grave not enriched by his bombs the bourgeois martyrology, he has not even enriched by his book the intellectual repertory of mankind.

What then is M. Grave's Idea?

It may be summed up in two propositions: 1st, If man be bad, the fault may be imputed to the social apparatus: destroy this apparatus, man will become good; 2nd, To prevent this social apparatus being formed again, it is needful to go as far as the total elimination of the principle of authority.

The total elimination of the principle of authority and the institutions, the powers that maintain it: these are the means and the end of scientific Anarchy, the aim of which is the realisation of the common good by the suppression of competition and by the harmonising of interests.

I am not discussing. I am not refuting. I am explaining.

Is this new?

Take Rabelais and read his description of the abbey of Thelema: No more government, no more constraint, individualism substituted every

where for collectivism; and above the gate, as principle, the sole law: *Do what you wish*—that is, Do as you ought; for man having become good, would, by hypothesis, find his *will* coincide with his *duty*.

Open Voltaire: His hero, Candide, visits Eldorado, the Eden dreamed of in the philosopher's mind. As in the abbey of Thelema: No laws, no constraint; harmony, happiness everywhere.

"Candide asked to see the Court of Justice, the Parliament; they told him they had none, and that they never went to law. He inquired if they had any prisons, and they told him no."

This is the theory; it is a moral malady! cries the Attorney-General.

Ah! When a new idea rises up in the world do not be so ready to cry: it is a moral malady!

What is occult science? It is unknown science. As soon as unknown science becomes known, it ceases to be occult to become official.

Formerly, Chemistry was called "Alchemy," and Alchemists were burned. Now-a-days, Alchemy has become our Chemistry, and the Chemists are decorated.

It is with Sociology as it is with all the sciences.

Every idea, which is not consecrated, vulgarised, and become part of the impedimenta of our every day opinions, which conflicts with our customs and our education, seems a monster.

We readily consider it as a moral malady, and we quickly make answer to those who propound it to us: "You are out of your mind!"

If someone had said to an old Roman senator: "Slavery is a disgrace, slavery must be abolished!" the old Roman senator would have replied: "Destroy slavery? You are an Anarchist! Slavery! Why, it is the basis of society! It is the basis of all society! There can be no society without slavery!" . . . And with hand upon his code, the old senator would have defended slavery just as to-day, with hand upon his law books, the Attorney-General defends capital.

None of the institutions defended by the Attorney-General to-day but were formerly indicted as moral maladies.

If any one had predicted to a man of ancient times the society of the Middle Ages, he would have replied: "You are a sick person!"

St. Gregory of Nyssa, the immortal thinker of the IV. century—Gregory of Nyssa was canonised, and he has been quoted by *La Révolte*; with this double recommendation, he ought not to be much in sympathy with the Attorney-General; no matter, I shall borrow a few words from him. St. Gregory of Nyssa wrote these lines:—

"He who would give the name of robbery or parricide to the iniquitous invention of interest would not be very far from the truth. What, indeed, does it signify if you have made yourselves masters of the wealth of another by scaling walls or by killing passers-by, or if you have acquired what belongs to you by the merciless method of the loan?" . . .

If any one had prophesied to St. Gregory as follows:—

"A day will come when what thou treatest as robbery and assassination will become the law of the world, and when an attorney-general will indict in the Assize Court the writers who share thy opinion. The whole of society will be founded upon usury. They will build a temple which they will call 'THE STOCK EXCHANGE.' This temple will fill the place of thy cathedrals, even as thy cathedrals have filled the place of the temple of Venus or Jupiter. The priests serving in this new temple will be called Lévy, Arton, Reinach, Hugo Oberndorffer. They will swindle others out of all the gold that will assure to them omnipotence. They will buy everything that is buyable, and some of the things that are not. And vain revolts against their frightful empire will serve only to make more manifest its terrible solidity!" . . .

If any one had prophesied that to St. Gregory, St. Gregory, who believed in God, would have joined his hands and cried: "Lord, deliver us from such a moral malady!"

The malady has run its course. From time to time, to testify its evil virus, it has hatched out Panamas—those tertiary accidents of the body social which shatter and break down; and every day the cancer increases that soon will corrupt us all!

Alas! you do not hasten to say: this is a moral malady!

This, good or bad, this is human Thought.

Do not put Thought in prison.

It always escapes from it.

Do not kill Thought; it always comes alive again.

See! it has been hanged on every gibbet, it has been nailed to every pillory: it has lighted up all the gibbets with its rays, it has illuminated all the pillories with the fire of its haloes.

They have decapitated it, burned, tortured, crucified it! Within walls, very similar to ours, magistrates, clad in the same purple and capped with headgear like the Attorney-General's, have crushed it beneath similar social thunderbolts in similar murderous periods, droned in similar inflections of voice, timed by similar see-saw gestures; for, in the midst of evolutions, revolutions, cataclysms, when all things change and when all things crash together, immovable human justice, everlastingly victorious on the eve and always vanquished on the morrow, keeps the same gesture and the same physiognomy!

For Thought the *Conciergerie* is the antechamber of the *Panthéon*! And the magistrates cannot go out without passing the statue of one of their victims.

They think to suppress Thought: Thought emits light.

Every day, at the corners of the crossways, in public places, the Etienne Dolets, crowned with immortelles, smile in the morning splendours that greet the awakening of Paris!

Let Thought run its course, gentlemen; do not stop it.

Defend yourselves; do not persecute.

Gentlemen, it is my last appeal that I send forth to you from the depths of thought, with all the energy of my faith and my youth: Jurymen of this end of the century, do not be persecutors! . . .

Applause greeted the peroration of this speech.

As soon as the jury had retired to consider their verdict, the public and the

barristers present crowded round M. Saint-Auban to congratulate him.

The Attorney-General himself shook the hand of the prisoner's counsel.

MM. Elysée Reclus, Octave Mirbeau, Paul Adam, Bernard Lazare surrounded M. Saint-Auban, and pressed his hand.

The law reporters said aloud that during all the years that they had listened to pleadings they had heard none so masterly.

Never was such a unanimous success.

THE VERDICT.

The verdict of the jury was affirmative on all questions, but mitigated by extenuating circumstances.

Jean Grave was condemned to two years' imprisonment and 1,000 francs fine.

THE PROPAGANDA.

REPORTS.

LONDON.

Woolwich.—Open-air meetings; May 29, speakers, Carter and Banham; a local Democrat dealt with by Banham. June 3, most profitable visits from Canning Town comrades; we are making arrangements for interchange of speakers with them. A question about the bomb business effectively answered by Alsford. June 10, one of the audience amused us by his fears for society when Law should be abolished, and by warning people against the Anarchists "who taught little children to steal." June 17, Debate between Banham and a teetotaler. Literature sells well, and meetings a great success.—J. G.

Deptford.—Open-air meetings; June 3, Banham debated upon "Means and Methods" with Mr. Elliott, a constitutional-revolutionary-Social-Democrat, made mince of his opponent's arguments, and was cheered by the crowd. After the debate, an individual, with a rather noisy tongue and little brains, was allowed to speak in opposition to Anarchism, and he began by putting his remarks in the form of questions for his audience to answer. Asked as to whether they could live as the Anarchists contended, without government, law and police, the crowd almost unanimously replied in the affirmative; at which he subsided. June 10, morning, Leggett kept a large crowd in a fine humour for some time; literature sold well. In the evening, Cantwell spoke. June 17, morning, good address from Quinn to a large audience; Evening, Jack Turner. These meetings have also been addressed by the following local comrades: Forrester, Ebb, Banham Goldsmith and Alsford.—W. H.

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday, May 27th, Macdonald, Robb, Muir, Clark, Bent, Harris, Waterston and Smith journeyed out to Hamilton to address a meeting of miners. There was a pretty fair crowd waiting on us, among them being reporters from both the local papers. We had a very interesting meeting for upwards of three hours, the crowd listening attentively and buying our literature. At the close, a few easily answered questions were asked, and as we were going away many of the crowd asked us to come back as soon as possible. Altogether Hamilton is a very favorable locality for the reception of our ideas, and I trust before long an Anarchist group will be formed.—June 3rd, Macdonald lectured in the Albion Halls, to 800 people, on "Evolution and Anarchism." Opposition trivial, except that of our old comrade of the Socialist League, Glasier, who has now gone parliamentary; but Muir settled him. Macdonald's lecture has done us an amount of good, and also brought us several new comrades; 25s. worth of literature sold. We are pegging away at open-air meetings every Sunday at 1 and 6.30 p.m., on Glasgow Green, Jack Robb, Levenson, and Ben Clark, all working hard. We also expect to have Joe Burgoyne back in Glasgow next month, and his assistance will be of considerable service to us. Group meets every Friday 8 p.m., Albion Halls.—J.R.S.

Manchester.—May 6, we walked with the Labor Demonstration to Philips Park selling our literature. Open-air meetings, local speakers, Barton, Kelly, Stockton and Round; large audiences at New Cross, 500 to 800 every Sunday. May 20, W. Knight Hall, of the S.D.F., spoke for us on the No Government tack! May 27, special good meeting at New Cross, plenty of questions; one man could see no difference between government and management, even after Barton took him in hand. The bad weather has been our chief hindrance, and has twice stopped our Square meetings during June. Comrade Caplan has joined our group, but we are still short of speakers. We are forming a band of district visitors to take pamphlets and old papers from door to door.—A. R.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Open-air meetings, addressed by Anarchist speakers, are held on Sundays, at Hyde Park, Regent's Park, Victoria Park, and Hoxton Church, at 11 a.m.; Hyde Park at 3.30 p.m.; Hyde Park and corner of Wood Green-road, Tottenham at 7 p.m.

Deptford.—Open-air meetings are held on Deptford Broadway: Sundays, at 11.30 a.m. and at 8 p.m.; Thursdays, at 8 p.m.

Woolwich.—Meetings in Beresford-square every Sunday afternoon, at 3.30.

All correspondence, subscriptions, and literary communications, for the *Commonweal*, should in future be forwarded to Joseph Presberg, 24, Sidmouth-mews, Grays Inn-road, W.C.

An *Excursion*, organised by the International Workingmen's Educational Club, in aid of the Publication Fund of the *Workers' Friend*, will take place, on Sunday, August 5th, to Epping Forest (Starling Hill, Robin Hood). Dances, songs and games in the wood all day. Return fare from Liverpool-street Station (book to Loughton) 1s. Procession with band and banners starts from Buck's Row, Whitechapel, E., at 9.30 a.m.

PROVINCES.

Leicester. Open-air propaganda.—Sundays, Russell-square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market-place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberston-gate, at 8 p.m.

Manchester. Anarchist Group.—Lectures and discussion every Wednesday evening. Stevenson Square (open air) every Sunday at 3 p.m. Financial Secretary, P. J. Kelly; Cor. Sec., Alpheus Round, 203, Oldham-road, Newton Heath.

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