

Freedom

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THE TRIAL OF THE THIRTY.

THE great trial of the "Thirty" has at last taken place in Paris. Everyone remembers the wholesale arrests which were made in France after the explosion in the Terminus Café. Their exact number had never been stated, and only now we learn that more than 800 comrades were put into jail at that time; some 300 were released in a few days: these were taken simply in order to be measured and photographed. But five hundred and twenty-three were kept for months under sequestration. Their lodgings have been carefully searched; every scrap of paper in their possession was scrutinised; and, finally, thirty were selected to be tried as an "association of miscreants."

The editor of the *Révolution*, Jean Grave; the popular Anarchist lecturer, Sébastien Faure; and Paul Reclus, a comrade much esteemed in all Anarchist circles, had to represent the central figures, round which were grouped a number of French propagandists of Anarchy. Ortiz and Chéricotti had been selected to represent those Anarchists who regarded stealing as a means of weakening the current ideas of property. And all thirty had to be brought into connection with the Anarchist acts of revenge which had taken place during the last two years. No matter that several of the accused saw each other for the first time in the court. No matter that some of them most emphatically condemned those methods of action which do not respond to the high aims of Anarchy or have in them nothing revolutionary. A series of links had to be established to prove that all the accused represented one association. The prosecution had elaborately devised all the tricks of the farce which had to be played before the Assize Court of Paris, and end in condemnations to the "dry guillotine"—that is, transportation to Cayenne, where the average life of a European convict does not exceed seven years.

The Government had made it a point of honor to obtain a condemnation. The "star of the bench" acted as prosecutor. Months had been spent in the careful preparation of the drama. Thousands of letters had been seized at the post offices, or in the homes of those very few Anarchists who stupidly and treacherously made collections of their comrades' letters. And it all fell through—scandalously fell through—not only on account of the stupidity of the prosecution, but because the thousands of Anarchists scattered about the world act with a unanimity and unity of purpose, much greater than is found in any organised party, without even knowing each other, or making each other's acquaintance only when circumstances bring them to a common action.

The sight of such a number of men who, notwithstanding the differences of their characters, intellectual faculties, and even conceptions upon points of importance, act with such unanimity and without any trace of leadership, or any appearance of so-called "organisation," was certainly unique in political history. The most incredulous must have been convinced that hundreds of men may work with unity of purpose and unity of action, while leaving to each one his full liberty of action to do, according to his own understanding and temperament, what he chooses, with the certainty that, once the great number are moved by the same idea, the individual actions will all converge towards the same aim.

The trial has proved something more than that. It was quite natural that some of the Anarchists, once convinced that the so-called property is mere theft (and the famous sentence of Proudhon to that effect has, as is well known, been emphasised over and over again even by Herbert Spencer as regards property in land), it was natural then that some Anarchists should come to the conclusion that living on theft is as good a pursuit as living on one's own labor. In a society where every worker is robbed of the sheer produce of his work by his master, and of his earnings by the band of organised robbers known as landlords, rulers, lawyers and middlemen, there is no distinction, they said, between theft and any other manner of earning one's living: everyone, even the most industrious laborer, thieves from somebody, as soon as he succeeds in being paid ever so little over the bare living of the poorest navvy.

Freedom, in this country, and *La Révolte*, in France, have over and over again explained the fallacy of this—the chief error of which lies in the naïve belief that the so-called "honest" middle-class man immensely respects property, and that to openly proclaim one's intention of living upon theft is a revolutionary act. In reality, it is a fact which only the workers do not fully realise, that an enormous portion of the middle-class "honest" property originates in mere theft—not legal theft, but the very simple thieving which, when occasionally proved—in one case out of a thousand—is permitted by their own code. Jean Grave, in the book for which he is now in prison (in a chapter entitled: "Why the Means must be in accordance with the Aims"), has, better than anyone, shown where the above reasoning fails. He has indicated the grievous consequences which would follow for the party if *appropriation*—an

essentially middle-class tendency—came to be confused with *expropriation*; and he has pointed out how theft, becoming a speciality, a profession which requires a certain apprenticeship, would very soon take out of the party those who would take to it; and how the theory, if widely practised, would spread a general demoralisation. For people who know that the politicians' career and electioneering is demoralising and leads Socialism off its own track, it is self evident that the thief's profession must have exactly the same effect, whether it be entered upon "for propaganda" or for personal comfort.

But all this is reasoning which may appeal, or may not appeal at all, to the individual brain, and therefore—all our Jacobinist education and previous Jacobinist experience supporting the above idea—we unavoidably had to have among us quite well-meaning and sincere Anarchists who would stick to this idea and remain its advocates until experience should teach them the contrary. Ortiz and Chéricotti were of this number; and by putting them in the same batch of accused as "the theorists" the French Government imagined it could strike a mortal blow at Anarchy—the more so as it began by prohibiting the publication of the examination of Grave and Faure and allowed full freedom to publish the examination of the others.

The effect of this measure was quite the opposite. First of all, the Press was not scandalised in the least by Ortiz's theories. Did not Gambetta steal public money to establish the bourgeois Republican party? Do not the majority of the middle-class papers in France add substantially to their income by theft and robbery? "There is nothing new in these theories," they said; "we ourselves practise them!"

But the trial has proved to demonstration that it was a thousand times better to let this revolt against middle-class property cant freely develop by practice to its logical consequences than to try to suppress it by any sort of leadership, organisation, or authority. It has brought to light that the great bulk of the party had nothing to do with such theories, and that all that has been done by Anarchists during the last twenty years—and *very much* has been done if all the prejudices against our ideas be taken into account—has been accomplished without any support from the sources indicated. It has been done with the bare pennies of the great laboring mass, and mostly at the price of heart-breaking sacrifice. Therefore, even by part of the bourgeois Press, the condemnation of Ortiz to 15 years' and of Chéricotti to 8 years' hard labor was regarded as a mere revenge for the failure of the whole trial. It bears, even in bourgeois law, no proportion whatever with what they were accused of.

Such as it was, the trial of the Thirty has aroused deep sympathy with the Anarchists in all parts of the world; and it has sown still deeper hatred towards the Government and its cowardly way of dealing with the popular discontent of which Anarchism is the purest representation.

Never—not even in the famous trials of the times of Charles X., or Louis Philippe, or Napoleon III.—has the Government covered itself with such ridicule as in this trial. And ridicule is more fatal to governments in France than even scoundrelism. The childish fear of Grave's and Faure's words was met with such indignation in the Press that the prohibition to publish their defence was withdrawn later on as regards their speeches. As to the accusation of "association," it fell flat to the ground. Not one single proof of it could be produced, and the jury could only acquit the accused, while even the most abjectly reactionary papers insinuated that the Government would have acted more wisely "and more equitably" if it had prosecuted each man for what he individually did.

The trial ended in ridicule for the accusers. But the world has understood that it has in Anarchism a great party which gradually wins the sympathies of thinking men and women in all classes of society; a party which in its inner life is true to the principles it has proclaimed, and, while recognising no authority whatever, no sort of submission of the individual, and while fully practising the principle of absolute liberty for each one to act as he chooses, penetrates the minds of its adherents with an idea sufficiently grand and powerful to direct all individual energies towards one aim—the destruction of slavery and the growth of freedom.

Free Speech in Manchester.

ATTEMPTED REPRESSION.

In accordance with the present general scare and reaction, the Manchester authorities, probably nervous at the thought of the large and sympathetic meetings the Anarchists have been in the habit of holding, suddenly dropped upon them, on Sunday, July 8. Chief Detective Inspector Caminada (known in local history as the wielder of the famous "Gamp") came blusteringly up to the speaker at the meeting in Stevenson-square, accompanied by several of his uni-

formed bullies, and informed him that no more Anarchist meetings would be allowed in Manchester. This was a large order, certainly, but, having no desire to give the police the chance to run us all into gaol, we quietly walked away to await a more suitable occasion.

The policy of "masterly inactivity" which we adopted has now been amply justified by success, though it should be remembered that it succeeded simply because the local comrades had already shown their spirit and pluck in the case of Ardwick-green, and no one dreamed of considering them as beaten. With the reputation they had already gained, they could afford to wait. On the Sunday week after the suppression, a meeting was called for Stevenson-square by the Kelsall Release Committee. (Kelsall is a man who was convicted of manslaughter on the flimsiest evidence, since proved to be perjured. The Home Secretary of course could not see his way to interfere, and the friends of Kelsall appealed to the public.)

The meeting in question was addressed by Horrocks and Holt, two members of the Committee, the former also a well-known speaker of the S.D.F. who had been arrested at Albert-square and fined in connection with the former struggle for free speech.

This time the police, finding no Anarchists to arrest, did what they thought the next best thing and arrested the speakers, who were brought up next day and bound over in sureties to "keep the peace," the charge being one of "obstruction." Obstruction in Stevenson-square! However, on this charge they were condemned.

Happily, the stupidity of the authorities was just a little too obvious and the matter caused such a commotion in the Press and roused public opinion to such an extent that the authorities, through the Chief Constable, apologised in the Press, and, when the Kelsall Committee asked to be allowed to hold a meeting Sunday, graciously gave their consent.

But the letter of the Chief Constable granting permission contained a statement that if the conveners of the meeting should refer to Socialism or Anarchism the meeting would be dispersed.

Then another cry was raised. Why were Socialists included in the case? Are not the State Socialists legal, constitutional, and harmless? Why stop them?

Again the authorities apologised, and the Chairman of the Watch Committee—a person named Mark—was fain to spin a fantastic yarn about some member of the Committee having altered the Chief Constable's letter without his knowledge.

On the following Sunday, an independent Socialist named W. K. Hall held a meeting in the Square, which was interrupted, his name being taken down by the police.

And again the authorities, through the Chief Constable, apologised and said that no meetings would be interfered with so long as they were for a "legitimate purpose"—whatever that may mean.

In the meantime, the most influential capitalist paper in the town, the *Manchester Guardian*, severely rated the authorities on their conduct, and, we must admit, took a firm stand on the question of free speech—much more so than the State Socialists—pointing out the shades of opinion included in and approaching Anarchism, and the folly of the authorities in attempting to define matters on which keen thinkers cannot agree.

The Authoritarian Socialists of the Independent Labor Party and the Social Democratic Federation, however, never showed one spark of principle throughout, and their repeated cry from press and platform was: "We have nothing to do with the Anarchists; do what you like with them, but spare us!" And when approached by the Anarchists with a view to co-operation, they positively refused or gave no answer.

In the week following the suppression, Comrade Fauset Macdonald suddenly arrived in Manchester, and an effort was made to get a hall for him to speak in. Only two halls could be thought of at the moment, that of the South Salford Social Democratic club and that of the North East Independent Labor Party. Both bodies refused absolutely, and the former, the "revolutionary" Social Democrats, actually closed their club for three hours, on the night in question, against their own members, for no other reason apparently than that they expected us to storm the place with bombs or something equally terrible.

But worse remains to be told.

Comrade Kelly was a member of the Club of many years standing. At the next branch meeting he was expelled by an overwhelming majority on the ground of his Anarchist views, and the *Secretary of the Federation was instructed to notify the fact to the Chief of the Salford Police.*

After this, it will not surprise any one that, after permission had practically been granted to hold Socialist meetings, these heroes of the Labor and State Socialist parties announced their intention of "testing" the right of free speech in Stevenson-square, and, not content with exhibiting their valor in fighting for what had already been granted them, put forward a resolution at the meeting disclaiming all sympathy or connection with Anarchism.

Some of our comrades attended for the purpose of moving an amendment to the effect that Anarchism is the complete form of Socialism. The State Socialist bosses, however, would not let them come near the platform, and one of them shrieked out that it was "private property."

So far has the panic of the moment carried these men that during the scare they wrote to the press and stated from their platforms that there is not the slightest relation between Anarchism and Socialism, that the latter means more laws and not less laws—still less no laws at all, as desired by Anarchists.

Such people are more reactionary than the capitalists themselves: they prove the truth of the Anarchist contention that the Socialism which does not recognise the absolute freedom of the individual is but another form of slavery.

Little more remains to be told, but it is perhaps the most important.

On the following Sunday, August 19th, the Anarchists held a test meeting in Stevenson-square (since the prohibition against Anarchism had not been withdrawn), and Comrade McCabe went prepared, if necessary, to be arrested and go to gaol. Happily the necessity did not arise, and, though the weather was very wet, a fairly large audience listened to the address of our comrade attentively and with evident appreciation.

For the time being, therefore, the battle is evidently won; but it is clear that this is only the prelude. As the movement grows, the authorities will doubtless make still more determined attempts to stop its progress, and, as in France, to crush the open movement altogether.

It therefore behoves all comrades to take advantage of the opportunities they still possess to spread the light in every conceivable way, and in all possible directions, to uproot the superstition of authority, whether capitalist or State Socialist, and thereby to render the movement so strong that repression will act upon it only as a spur, not as a bridle.

A. B.

OVER THE WATER.

"SIGNOR CRISPI was shot at," says the Roman correspondent of the *Secolo* (June 17-18), "while driving in his carriage to Monte-Citorio [the Houses of Parliament], but was not hurt. The man who fired at him tried to escape, but was followed by the people, among the pursuers being the deputy Pugliese; he was disarmed and brought to Crispi, who remained composedly waiting in his carriage. Having given up the prisoner to the police, Crispi went on to the House of Parliament, where he received a great ovation from his colleagues, among whom the news of his narrow escape had already spread. At the Police station the prisoner refused at first to give any information, but he was recognised by an official. His name, it is said, is Paolo Lega; he is known at Genoa as an Anarchist; is above 25, and a carpenter by trade, but for some time has been out of employment. He has since declared that it was his intention to kill Crispi, and that he is sorry that he failed. He has been recognised by several workmen, who knew him to hold extreme opinions, but did not think him capable of such an act. He is known also by the name of 'Marat.'" *Il Secolo* concludes, "The Chamber greeted Crispi with enthusiastic demonstrations on his entrance. Such demonstrations of sympathy towards an unpopular man show the general disapproval of such attacks, and that is well; but why do those who so zealously reprove the attempt against the life of Crispi never protest against the attacks on the liberty of individuals made by the Military Tribunal, the ferocious condemnations and the death of innocent persons in Sicily and Lunigiana?"

LEGA'S DEFENCE.—(From *Il Secolo*.)

Being too ignorant to explain my principles, I shall not attempt to defend them.

From the age of 14 years I remarked the great inequalities between the classes, and became a Republican. I found that it would do no good, and at last perceived the necessity of abolishing private property. I saw that I ought not to serve in the army, for patriotism is at the bottom of all warfare. There ought to be brotherhood between all nations.

I went from Lugo, my native place, to Bologna, where I remained until 1889, living by the work of my hands.

From Bologna I went to Genoa to better my position. There I found many of the workers ignorant or indifferent, but also others holding my own ideas.

On 1st May, 1892, I published a leaflet, which was immediately seized by the police and I was arrested. When the king came to Genoa, I was again arrested and sent out of the town. At Lugo I found my father ill and poor, and on hearing the story of my disgrace he died.

Remembering my right to return to Genoa, where I could find work, I left Lugo, but hardly had I arrived in Genoa when I was once more arrested by the police and taken to Bologna. There the authorities listened to my complaint, and, seeing that a mistake had been made, gave me liberty to return to Genoa.

But the persecutions against me did not end here. I was not able to find work at once, and was so continually shadowed, persecuted, and searched by the police that at last I could not endure it any longer and left my native land for France.

At Marseilles I found work, but fell ill and had to return to Italy. On arriving at Genoa I found everything as before. I was at once arrested and put into a damp, filthy cell, where I was kept for some time, and where I might have died on the ground.

I then returned to my native village, where I was met at the entrance of the station by four police officers, who arrested me and put me into a wretched hole, trying in every possible manner to provoke me. But I would not be provoked.

This, however, was not the worst; the police spread about the most infamous reports concerning me. Of all these slanders the one which most angered me was the statement that I lived upon the earnings of prostitutes—I who, as a citizen, as a man of principle, was incapable of exploiting the unhappy victims of the present society.

I was at last permitted to return to Genoa, but had hardly arrived when, in the Carlo Felice Square, the police, for the twentieth time, arrested me and put me into a filthy cell, because I had protested against the cruelty with which some poor peasants were being treated.

On releasing me, the police offered me a passport, which I refused, because I, who had always lived by the work of my hands, was described in it as a vagabond living at the expense of the oppressed classes. I wished to go to America, but could not embark because I was suspected of being implicated in the case of some Anarchists who had just been arrested at Genoa.

All this made me reflect upon our sad condition. I considered the events happening in Italy, the executions ordered by the Government, and I decided to perform an act of social vengeance against a man who had caused much harm to be done to both me and many of my fellow workers—Police Superintendent Sironi.

But then I reflected that this might appear to be an act of mere personal revenge. I then resolved to strike a blow at the man responsible for so much evil—responsible not as a man, but as the most important personage in the State—the author of the murders in Sicily and representative of the Government and of the lying system which oppresses us.

I came to Rome to carry out my project. At first I was distressed at the thought of having to kill a man, but then I remembered that it is impossible to suppress a system without suppressing the upholders of the system, and I no longer wavered.

Lega was of course found guilty and condemned to 20 years and 17 days of imprisonment. Crispi is at his zenith. He has filled Italian prisons, like those in France, to suffocation, but then he is having built on the East Coast of Africa a gaol capable of holding 2,000 Anarchists, we are told, which will presently somewhat relieve the congestion. September 10th Crispi declared at a public meeting in Naples that he would fight "the infamous sect" whose flag was inscribed "No God and No King" with the battle cry "With God and King and Country." Which God, Signor Crispi? Had you said this a few years ago we might have asked in addition, Which King? Even now the Vatican may offer

GREECE.—We have received an early number of the *Metarrhuthmistes* (Reformer), a new organ of Communism in Greece. It is published in Athens, and edited by G. A. Demopoulos. The chief articles are headed: "Equality," "Down with Wealth," and "The Theory and Application of Communism." We also acknowledge the recent numbers of the *Socialistes*, and a portrait of Stauros Kallerges—the editor and "Socialist rebel."

Père Peinard will reappear in London under the form of fortnightly pamphlets: price 1d. Subscriptions for England 3s. per annum; for six months 1s. 6d. All orders, &c., to be addressed to The Editor: E. Pouget, 23 King Edward-st., Islington, London, N.

you a choice in this matter. As to your Country, we shall believe that you love it when you cease to crush her with taxation, and refrain from maiming and killing her children.

THE trial of the Thirty, of which we speak in our leading article, was full of episodes which would have been most comic were it not that the liberty and lives of so many men and women were at stake. The haphazard way in which the accusation had been drawn up has no parallel in anyone of the political trials of the last twenty years. It is evident that the accusers took no pains whatever to prove their assertions, being sure beforehand of a condemnation. To quote but one example: The wife of Chericotti was accused of having had in her possession a lace mantilla, a bag, and 'jewels of which she could not indicate the origin.' In plain words, she was accused of having stolen them. The mantilla, of Nottingham make, and the bag were such insignificant things that the President of the Court did not dare to insist upon them. But the jewel! "You could not justify their origin," he said to Mrs. Chericotti.—"But I have already done so; the 'jewels' are one brooch which I bought in London for one shilling." "Is it so? Then why did you not tell that to the inquiring magistrate?"—"I did, and I said, ask anybody if it is not made of brass and glass, but he said to his clerk: 'Write down a diamond brooch.'" "This is a very strange story you are telling," answered the President. "Strange or not, it is so, and I insist that the brooch be shown to the jury."—"Very well." After much searching, the brooch is found and gravely shown to the jury, who all burst out laughing. It was really a London brass and glass "jewel."

Another comrade was accused of something very grave, and as his lawyer insisted upon "hearing, at least, one single proof in support of the accusation," the prosecutor produced an insignificant letter, signed with an illegible name, which, moreover, had never reached the accused, as it was intercepted after his arrest. And when the lawyer teased the prosecutor about this letter, that grave personage lost his temper and exclaimed: "What would you have me do with people who burn all their letters!"

Another comrade was accused of "having had the intention of writing a book on the chemistry of explosives"—this stands verbally in the indictment. He also lost his temper and finally shouted out: "But I defy you to prove that I have gone through a course of chemistry with that intention, or read any chemistry book; or indeed to produce one single note of mine relating to any chemistry whatever. I defy you to name one single person to whom I have said that I intended to write such a book!" A long silence. "At any rate," retorts the President (this "at any rate" will assuredly become historical in France, so often did the President take refuge in it), "you were acquainted with Anarchists."

And so it went on, all the time, as long as trial lasted. Nothing more stupid had ever before been produced in a French court.

THE virtuous *Daily Chronicle* rejoices at the news that Franch, who is said to have been the author of the Liceo explosion, and who is condemned to death, has suddenly become a Christian and has entered into the Franciscan order of monks. For us the tale, if it be true, only reveals the amount of torture which Franch must have suffered. And we should not be astonished in the least to learn that all sorts of drugs have been introduced into his food. It is a fact that belladonna has been used in French prisons far more frequently than it is generally supposed for the purpose of obtaining "confessions" from men condemned to death.

"SINCE you issue a special invitation to American comrades to send facts as to the 'Coxeyites, Labor war, and revolutionary movement generally,'" writes Comrade W. C. Owen, "I beg to submit the following. The great railroad strike, which has tied up for over two weeks at least thirty-two lines, and practically isolated such cities as Chicago and the whole of the Pacific coast, has been the question of the hour. You will probably have already discussed the chief facts in the case, but I will repeat them in a very few words. Geo. M. Pullman, fully described in Stead's 'If Christ Came to Chicago,' is, in reality, a model capitalist. He has tried to create a model capitalist community, and has founded Pullman as a model town. But, although he poses as philanthropist, he has found it impossible to run his business on philanthropic principles. He refuses to run it at a loss, and therefore he has steadily cut down wages. The result of continual cuts has been that, after excluding the wages of foremen and superintendents, the great army of his employees are working for ninety-three and one-third cents (93.11d.) a day. Out of this the employee must pay rent, water, light, etc., to Pullman. At length the limit was reached. The Pullman Company still found it necessary to declare dividends; the Pullman employees said that their wages had been already reduced 40 per cent. this year, and that rents, etc., had not been reduced. They therefore went upon what was practically a strike for life, having first endeavored to settle the matter with Mr. Pullman by arbitration. The reply was: 'There is nothing to arbitrate. My employees must either take a reduction in wages or the business will be shut down.'

"As has been well remarked, 'In Pullman Shylock's knife has a gilded handle, but it cuts nevertheless, and the victim is beginning to cry out.' The American Railway Union heard the cry, and went to the assistance of the victim. It declared a boycott on Pullman cars, and its members refused to handle trains to which Pullman cars were attached. The Railroad Companies, for their part, stood in with Pullman, and refused to let their passenger trains go out without the Pullman cars. Consequently, no mails. Immediate enquiry why the companies could not, until this dispute was settled, run their mail trains without Pullmans, the position taken by the public being that, when once a postage stamp was attached to a letter, the letter had a right to go without having to drag a Pullman along with it. The companies, however, stood firm and were supported by the opinion of the Attorney General, who declared that a mail train was one that also carried Pullman cars.

"Events thereupon develop. First the militia is ordered out to help the companies to move their trains. The strikers interpose; the order is given to fire; and in certain places, notably in California, the militia refuse to fire. Then the 'regulars' are ordered out by the central Government, and, by proclamation of the President, ten States and territories are put under martial law. Then come conflicts with the troops, especially in Chicago and Sacramento (Cal.); several being killed in each place, and an unknown number wounded. The feeling against the troops appears to have been invariably intense, and the resistance stubborn, until they actually fired, or charged; on which occasions the mob invariably ran. In most cases numerous shots were fired at the troops. The mobs revenged themselves, however, by the guerilla warfare of burning bridges, etc., especially in Montana, while in Sacramento the first train that went out under military escort was deliberately wrecked, and four men thereby killed. In Chicago the rioting was very prolonged, over 2,000 cars were burned, and the damage inflicted in that way and in the tearing up of tracks is estimated at \$2,000,000. The papers generally remark with alarm that this was done in the face of from 10,000 to 12,000 soldiers who had been called out specially to prevent it, but seemed in most instances to be powerless.

"Governor Altgeld—who pardoned last year the imprisoned Chicago Anarchists—protested vigorously against the high-handedness of the Federal authorities in sending troops to Chicago, maintaining that this action on their part was a

gross infringement of State rights. In this view he was upheld by the 'Populist' Governors of Kansas, Colorado, and Oregon, and vehemently denounced by the capitalist press throughout the country. Debs, the President of the American Railway Union, and Sovereign, the Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, issued a joint protest. It may, I think, be said generally that Debs (who, with the other leaders, is now in prison awaiting trial) acted with great energy and determination. Sovereign also co-operated actively, and issued a call to the members of the Knights of Labor to come out on a general strike. It was estimated that this would add 100,000 to the ranks of strikers, but the call was issued late in the contest, and was generally ignored. Sovereign appears to have done all he could, and the *Journal of the Knights of Labor* came out boldly, but the order has been on the decline for many years, and its power is greatly over-estimated. Various central bodies of organized labor in New York, Boston, Chicago etc. etc., passed ringing resolutions, accompanied by highly enthusiastic speeches. Naturally, in a struggle of this kind, such wordiness counts for next to nothing. It had been hoped that the members of the American Federation of Labor (500,000 to 600,000 strong) would all go out. Its Council dilly-dallied till the eleventh hour, and then concluded that it was inopportune, recommended that labor should right its wrongs, if possible, at the ballot box, and donated \$500 to the defence of Debs. Technically, its Council can only advise the various unions of which it is composed. Actually, if it had taken the bit in its teeth at the start and issued a stirring call for a general strike, the call would have been responded to with enthusiasm throughout the country, for the feeling against the railroads has been intense. Strikers, throughout the country are now in jail, the usual charge being contempt of court for interfering with lines that are in the hands of the United States Courts as receivers. From this point, the matter degenerates into a legal wrangle.

"The country has received the severest kind of shaking up; discontent has received an immense impetus; the social question is being discussed as it never was before, and certain valuable lessons have been driven well home. (1) The Government has been shown in its true colors, rallying, as of course it had to rally, both with troops and courts, to the defence of monopoly. (2) The old, conservative labor organisations, and their high-salaried officers, have been exhibited as the half-hearted, selfish 'Trusts' that they actually are. In the railroad business itself, for example, the leaders of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the Brotherhood of Trainmen, worked dead against the strike. Chief Arthur, of the former—who is worth about a quarter of a million—is a notorious conservative; Grand Master Wilkinson, of the latter, said: 'While we sympathised with the men at Pullman, we could not find a justifiable cause to go out. Every man of ours who has gone out will be expelled from the order, or the charter will be taken from any local lodge that refuses to expel the man.'

"The People's Party, which occupies here—though on a larger scale—about the position of the Independent Labor Party in England, was enthusiastically in favor of the strikers. Of course it hailed the strike as a grand opportunity for making political capital, but I regard the enthusiasm as also unquestionably sincere. The hatred of plutocracy has become both deep and exceedingly widespread. Knowing something of both countries, I say emphatically that you have nothing like it in England. On the whole, though there has been much quarrelling between rival organisations, there has been a greater display of solidarity than we have yet had. The masses were unquestionably a unit in their sympathies, but the quarrels of 'leaders' are still dishearteningly bitter.

"As to the great coal strike. So far as the Miners' Union was concerned it was lost. But scarcely a day passes without news of armed conflicts in the coal fields of Alabama, Pennsylvania and Illinois principally.

"As to Coxeyism. For the time being it has dropped out of sight. The little bands have straggled painfully across the continent, advertising their tale of war and their 'Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men' banners. Most of their followers have gradually dropped off, absorbed in the constantly-swelling army of tramps. You will find a good account of the movement, and an excellent map, showing the various routes, in the July number of the *Review of Reviews*. I think it will revive again in a more advanced form; less peacefully begging, more spontaneous, less under semi-military leadership. In my judgement, the labor movement here will take the form, for the next few months, of a frenzied political campaign, in which tens of thousands of speeches, bitterly denunciatory of plutocracy, will be uttered all over the land. Then will come a winter of unparalleled hardship, and there will be a sea of trouble. I may add that it seems to be the almost universal opinion that the railroad strike has shown Government ownership of railroads to be inevitable. But then people say: 'Not such a plutocratic Government as we at present have.' I give you views formed rather from the regular than from the labor press, the latter being always over-confident."

The *Times* of August 29 quotes from the new return of the Washington Interstate Commerce Commission some significant figures with reference to American railways. It appears that, out of the 873,602 persons employed on the railways, 2,727 have been killed and 31,729 injured during the last year. This gives an average of 1 killed to every 320 employed, and nearly 1 injured to every 27 employed. "Upwards of half the railways," says the report, "are owned by about forty companies." This gives us an average of 34 killed and over 396 injured during one year by each of the forty big companies. If we add to these figures the enormous number of persons not in the employ of the companies who are killed or injured in the course of a year by American trains,* we obtain a very respectable number of human sacrifices.

Emma Goldman, who was sentenced last year to twelve months in Blackwell's Island for having given the New York unemployed a rice similar to that of the late Cardinal Manning—viz., to take bread, if they are not given after having asked—has been welcomed back upon her release by a great and very enthusiastic meeting at the Thalia Theatre, on August 19, which was presided over by Marie Louise and addressed by Comrades Mowbray, Edelman, Morton, Prenner, Sarah Schmit, Marie Rhoda, Edelstadt, as well as Emma Goldman herself.

Comrade C. W. Mowbray, who has had six lively weeks of propaganda in the States, addressing numerous meetings and creating quite a stir wherever he went, has returned to England. He is now describing in the *Commonweal* what he saw and heard there.

"CAW ME AND I'LL CAW THEE."

The Chicago correspondent of a Russian daily gives the following curious instance of the pitfalls dug for the strikers by the representatives of the banking interest.

"In June, a member of the staff of the Chicago *Herald* called upon the directors of the Railway Workers' Union to make the following proposal: The directors should transfer the funds of the union from the bank in which they had been deposited to the National bank, of which Walsh (the proprietor of the *Herald* and *Evening Post*) is president and chief share-holder; and in return these two papers would support the union through the coming struggle. Debs refused this offer, and consequently the banker's papers, when the struggle began, violently attacked the strikers."

The correspondent gives this incident as an explanation of the boycotting of these and several other papers by both strikers and newsboys.

* See Mr. Stead's very interesting article in the *Review of Reviews* for Aug.

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NOTES.

THE NORWICH TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

To us the most interesting item in the proceedings at Norwich was Keir Hardie's amendment to the resolution concerning the nationalisation of the "land, mines, minerals and royalty rents. He proposed instead to nationalise "the land and the whole of the means of production, distribution and exchange," in a word, Communism. The original resolution would only commit trade-unionists to "a crusade against the landlord, and leave the capitalist unscathed." His amendment meant "the gradual overthrow of the present industrial system and the building up instead of a co-operative system, in which brotherhood would take the place of the fierce competition of to-day." It was carried by 219 to 61. If they served for no other purpose, these congresses are undoubtedly a means of spreading the idea among trade-unionists that nothing short of Keir Hardie's proposal will help to mend matters for the workers. George Edwards, of the Eastern Counties Federation, created a sensation by reading a copy of an agreement between landlord and tenant, in which the latter was bound to refuse his daughter admittance to his house should she be unfortunate enough to return from service in a state of pregnancy. The intelligent *Daily Chronicle* reporter, in alluding to this in his summary, September 7, says the Congress greeted with a unanimous shout of "Shame" the reading of a clause, which stipulated that the laborers were to adhere strictly to domestic purity. We note, too, that the same gentleman, in his summary of the President's address, September 4, says Mr. Delves disclaimed unnecessarily against "any connection between Anarchy and Trade Unionism." Turning to the report, we only find that Mr. Delves said: "Methods must be determined by political and other conditions. Meanwhile there was only one open and avowed method which they should, perhaps, be united in utterly repudiating, and that was cruel and vicious use of gunpowder, dagger and dynamite." Here Mr. Delves was loudly cheered. But from the *Times* report, September 5th, we see that he went on to say: "Whether used to enslave the people or to murder French statesmen, the usurpation of reason and law by brute force can only serve to deepen the hold of the mistrust and hatred, which embitter, unhappily, all our social questions." Possibly Mr. Delves remembers, though the *Daily Chronicle* man always seems to forget, that gunpowder, dagger and dynamite have been used by American trade unionists as well as by continental Anarchists.

SOME REMARKABLE SUPPRESSIONS.

It was a pity the *Daily Chronicle*, and similar friends of labor, could not have condensed their Court and Fashion gossip for once and given greater space to Mr. Delves speech. His remarks on the question of alien immigration, if they offered no solution to the problem as to whether continental governments are to be allowed to hound the peoples they profess to protect over to this country without the English making any protest, they at least breathed a spirit of humanity. And he was right too in saying that our conditions of labor such as they are have a beneficial effect upon the foreigners who come amongst us. He pointed out that the keeping out of foreigners would check the spread of that indispensable item of revolution—internationalism. Towards the end of his address, Mr. Delves touched on militarism. He thinks the workers have "more to fear from drinking and gambling than from all the capitalists put together. What drinking is in the individual, militarism is in the race—a sort of national drunkenness, a lust of pride, of power, of blood. The scandalous growth of our revenue is due to the army and navy, not to the education vote, or the factory inspectors, or any of the things we have ever desired to profit by. . . . Let us redouble our labor in promoting international Labor solidarity, which is the only safeguard against war." Needless to say that the *Times*, although it published them, disapproved strongly of all these sentiments.

TRUTH v. THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The "Paris correspondent" of the *Daily Chronicle* is, in all probability, the gentleman who concocts in London the "Paris correspondence" of that paper, for we always read on the evening before in the foreign edition of the *Intransigent* the news served up by the *Chronicle* next morning to its readers. Well, this gentleman's manner of arranging his news is simply revolting. His production, August 22, is about the Orphanage of the Seine département, at Cempuis, and its governor, Robin. The facts are as follows. Every year there are scores of boys and girls, of all ages from 7 to 16, who are found in Paris absolutely homeless. They are sent to this Orphanage. They have grown up in the streets, they

have had no education whatever but the gutter of a modern Babylon, and the Orphanage has to make of them honest and laborious men and women. Robin, formerly an Internationalist, has been at the head of this establishment ever since its foundation—that means, for more than a dozen years. When he took the post, he and his wife, who are both thoroughly devoted to the work, made it a condition of their accepting the management of the establishment that boys and girls should be educated together. "But think of the possible consequences!" said the Paris Municipal Council. But Robin and his wife had thought over all consequences, and, having themselves two boys and a girl of their own, they put them into the house to be brought up with the boys and girls taken from the Paris streets. And we know ourselves that we could desire nothing better for any children than to become such excellent young people as these three have developed into. No "possible consequences" took place during more than thirteen years—a fact of which not one boys' school or girls' convent in France can boast. Even the *Chronicle* correspondent dares not say the contrary, and he only reports some vague accusations of "indecent" concocted by the reactionary press of Paris. However, the fuss has another origin. Robin is a Communist, and while the Orphanage boys and girls really learn to work, and come out of it with true habits of work (notwithstanding the previous gutter education), they also come out with no property prejudices. Everything in the Orphanage is treated on fully Communistic lines in this small community of admirably brought up children. And then—there is something even more terrible against Robin! The children of the Orphanage learn morality in practice, they learn to know Nature, but they never hear anything about a God or a Creator of Nature. And, finally—oh, the wretch!—Robin is a friend of old standing of the Reclus family, against whom the French opportunists and clericals have declared war to the knife. No wonder, therefore, that the Paris correspondent of the *Chronicle* hints at all sorts of villainous accusations against the Cempuis Orphanage—accusations invented by the Paris priests and opportunist thieves. Anarchist, Communist, Atheist—is it not enough to make his hair stand on end! Well, we know one thing. No Christian on the *Chronicle* staff would ever have brought up his own children together with the "waifs and strays" of the Paris streets.

"DEATH TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS!"

This is not an Anarchist panacea for aristocratic obstruction. Our readers will be surprised to hear that it comes from no less a person than the "Special Representative" of that Anti-Violence Organ, the *Daily Chronicle*, who, on August 14th, announced, apropos of the Lords' attitude towards the Evicted Tenants Bill, that, "These men are living not in 1894, but 1874, 1864, 1804, any date you please but the present one. You cannot change them except by destroying them." Probably this was the kind of thing that incited Vaillant to throw his bomb in the French Chamber last January.

"A CLEAN SWEEP" IS WHAT WE SUGGEST.

We admire the constancy with which those hundreds of politicians marched into Hyde Park in obedience to the wire-pullers' orders to protest against the continued existence of the lords, for in their heart of hearts they must have felt that those extraordinary old fossils are not the most baneful portion of the body politic. The getting rid of the Upper House is looked upon by Democrats as something that would be a great advance for Democracy. No doubt it would be; and yet we might be none the better off for all that. There are places where there are no Lords; but the Commoners, nevertheless, seem to have made a pretty fine hell of them for the workers. Now we hope the Lords, who quite rightly object to "all compulsion," when they make up their minds to retire from where they are not wanted, will stipulate "that the other House go too."

NO RENT CAMPAIGN.

A correspondent writes to us from South London as follows:—

"On Wednesday, August 29th, at Lambeth Police-court, a large number of applications were made to Mr. Biron, Q.C., for warrants of ejectment against tenants and lodgers, who—imbed, I presume, with the new morality—simply declined either to pay rent or quit the premises occupied by them.

"Biron remarked that he had more ejectments before him now in one day than he formerly had in one year. The new idea was very simple. You take a house or apartments, pay no rent, and remain in possession until ejected by process of law. Of twenty-four tenants before him that day, fourteen appeared to have paid no rent at all. And the warrant officer deposed that, in a case heard the previous Monday, the tenant had paid no rent for seven months!

"Now, I think, that is not bad for South London. Can any of our friends North, East, and West report so much? Very quietly and obtrusively we are going very well indeed if our friends will but work honestly and thoroughly. It must be that the people, feeling the injustice of their position, will quietly refuse to perform their, so-called, 'lawful obligations.' The private property question appears at first glance a hard bone to pick, it is so bare—such a bare-faced fraud. Respect for private property is found wherever you go, but this familiar idea must be attacked. What would happen if the agricultural laborers, simply ignoring the right of private owners, presumed to use the land; instead of letting the fields lie idle and trudging to the big towns as they do. The sooner the idea of disregard for 'legal' right spreads the better."

One thing is certain: house property becomes daily less attractive, that is, less profitable, to the capitalist. We believe the only houses that "pay" now are the tenements in the slums. Here the outlay is nil and the income pretty sure, for the unfortunate tenants have not courage to refuse the collectors, who know the psychological moment to call for the rent.

A GOOD REPLY.

Sunday, September 16th, a Co-operative Bakery was opened, at 52, Brushfield-street, Spitalfields, under the management of the Hebrew

United Trade Organisations, amidst great enthusiasm on the part of a vast crowd assembled to do honor to this blow at the sweating system. Our Comrade W. Wess was one of the most prominent of the speakers at the various meetings which preceded the ceremony, and at Buck's-row, where a large meeting was held at one o'clock on the day of opening. We consider this the best answer that has yet been given to the bigotry and narrow prejudice that animated the speeches of the holders of the Hackney Town Hall meeting, on September 11th, when an attempt was made to lay the worst sins of the sweater on the shoulders of the foreign immigrant. We wish our comrades all the success their enterprise deserves.

"YOU DUNNO' WHERE Y'ARE."

A new bill to limit the freedom of the press has been put before the Washington Congress. It proposes to prohibit the introduction into the States or passage through the post of publications "inciting to disobedience to the laws of the United States or of friendly powers." We wonder which "friendly power" it is whose representatives have had a finger in this little pie. Was it the Russian autocracy or the free French Republic? Alas, the days are gone when we could say: by their fruits shall we know them. So closely have these loving friends grown to the semblance of one another that if we would tell them apart we must furbish up our spectacles and look closely whether the hybrid figure be labelled "Autocracy, Orthodoxy and Nationality" or "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE, AMEN!

Santo Caserio was guillotined at Lyons, August 16th, for having assassinated President Carnot. The English papers, that, out of respect to the new French laws concerning Anarchist trials, suppressed the explanation of his deed as given by Caserio at his trial, spared the public no sensational detail of the execution. Thunder and lightening, hundreds of soldiers, no one allowed to approach within seventy metres, the windows of houses within the prescribed limits filled with ladies trying to catch a glimpse of the coming horror with opera-glasses, the voice that cried "*Vive l'Anarchie!*" within the prison (which voice, according to the *Times*, resumed its prophetic cry in answer to the "Bravo" of the spectators as Caserio's head fell). All this was told, and much more besides. How Caserio trembled when he was waked and told his end was near. "The coward!" the brave journalists cried. How he expressed no contrition for his crime, nor would accept the cold comforts of a religion in which he no longer believed, but wept when they told him of his mother's grief! What would the journalists have said of him had he shown no emotion whatever? It should be recorded that the Paris Correspondent of the *Weekly Dispatch*, August 19, wrote in a spirit markedly different to the other journalists, and *Reynold's Newspaper* had the decency to protest against their useless slanders. We publish in another column a full translation of Caserio's declaration.

OUR SIDE SPEAKS.

We can recommend two excellent articles on Anarchy and Anarchists. One, by Comrade Malato, in the September *Fortnightly Review*. He speaks chiefly of those Anarchists whom he has known himself: Ravachol, Vaillant, Henry, Grave and Faure, and adds a few words about Caserio. The article is splendidly written: with the evidence of truth and going straight to the real substance of each one's character. The other article, "In Defence of Anarchy," is by Wordsworth Donisthorpe, an Individualist Anarchist, in the September *New Review*. It is written straightforwardly in defence of Anarchism, both Individualist and Communist, and concludes by a defence of force. We regret not to have space left to give abstracts from both these articles; we may do so in the next number, but we earnestly advise every comrade who has access to a free library to read them.

NEWS OF MERLINO.

We have heard through a friend that Comrade Merlino is still kept in a prison-cell at Florence, and that he will be tried at the end of September. If he is acquitted (which is not improbable) he will have yet to serve eighteen months of his old condemnation for being a member of the "International." He has been ill and in hospital, but is now in good health.

Caserio's Declaration.

(Translated from the original Italian text.)

Gentlemen of the Jury,—I do not propose to make a defence, but only an explanation of my deed.

Since my early youth I began to learn that the present society is badly organised, so badly that every day many wretched men commit suicide, leaving wife and children in the most terrible distress.

Workers, by thousands, seek for work and cannot find it. Poor families beg for food, and shiver with cold: they suffer the greatest misery; the little ones ask their miserable mothers for food and the mothers cannot give them, because they have nothing. The few things which the home contained have already been sold or pawned. All they can do is to beg alms, and often they are arrested as vagabonds.

I went away from my native place because I was frequently moved to tears at seeing little girls of eight or ten years old obliged to work fifteen hours a day for the paltry pay of 20 centimes [not quite twopence]. Young women of eighteen or twenty years old also work fifteen hours a day for a mockery of remuneration. And that happens not only to my fellow-countrymen, but to all the workers, who sweat the whole day

long for a crust of bread, while their labor produces wealth in abundance. The workers are obliged to live under the most wretched conditions, and their food consists of a little bread, a few spoonfuls of rice, and water; so that by the time they are thirty or forty years old they are exhausted, and go to die in the hospitals. Besides, in consequence of bad food and overwork, these unhappy creatures are, by hundreds, devoured by the *pellagra*—a disease that, in my country, attacks, as the physicians say, those who are badly fed and lead a life of toil and privation.

I observed that there are a great many people who are hungry, and many children who suffer, whilst bread and clothes abound in the towns. I saw many and large shops full of clothing and woollen stuffs, and I saw also warehouses full of wheat and Indian corn, suitable for those who are in want. And, on the other hand, I saw thousands of people who do not work, who produce nothing and live on the labor of others; who spend every day thousands of francs for their amusement; who debauch the daughters of the workers; who own dwellings of forty or fifty rooms, twenty or thirty horses, many servants; in a word, all the pleasures of life.

Alas! how much I suffered seeing this vile society so badly organised!

Many times I said to myself: "Those who amassed the first fortune are the cause of the present social inequalities."

When I was a child, I was taught to love my native land; but when I saw thousands of workers obliged to quit their country and leave their children and their parents in utter destitution I said to myself: The fatherland does not exist for the poor workers; our country is the whole world. Those who preach the love of country do so because they have in that country their personal interest, their well-being; as the bird defends its nest because it feels comfortable in it.

I believed in God; but when I saw so great an inequality between men, I acknowledged that it was not God who created man, but man who created God. And I discovered that those who want their property to be respected have an interest in preaching the existence of paradise and hell, and in keeping the people in ignorance.

On account of all this I became an Anarchist.

On the 1st of May, 1891, when the workers of the whole world demanded a holiday, the governments, republican as well as monarchical, answered with rifles and prisons; many workers were killed or wounded, and a greater number of them were sent to prison.

Since that year I have been an Anarchist, because I have ascertained that the Anarchist ideal is consistent with my own feeling. Amongst Anarchists alone have I found good and sincere men, who know how to fight for the sake of the workers.

I also began to do Anarchist propaganda, and did not delay in passing on to action. I have not been long in France, but in this short time I have seen that all governments are alike. I have seen the poor miners of the North, who struck because they did not earn enough to support their families, and after more than three months of struggle they were forced by hunger to return to work on the old terms: but the Government did not care at all for these thousands of workers, because it was engaged in preparing festivals for the Franco-Russian alliance in Paris, Toulon and Marseilles.

It was said that millions of francs must be obtained by new taxes for these festivities; and the men who have sold their conscience to the bourgeoisie—that is to say, the journalists—wrote many articles in order to demonstrate that the alliance between France and Russia would be very profitable for the workers. And yet we poor workers are always in the same wretched condition, and have to pay the expenses of the festivities of governments. Still, when we ask work and bread, we are shot down, as with the miners of the North, the peasants of Sicily, and so on.

Not long ago, Vaillant threw a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies to protest against the present society. He killed no one, only wounding some persons; yet the bourgeois justice sentenced him to death. And not satisfied with the condemnation of the guilty man, they began to pursue the Anarchists and arrest not only those who had known Vaillant, but even those who had merely been present at any Anarchist lecture.

The Government did not think of their wives and children. It did not consider that the men kept in prison were not the only ones who suffered, and that their little ones cried for bread. Bourgeois justice did not trouble itself about these innocent ones, who do not yet know what society is. It is no fault of theirs that their fathers are in prison: they only want to eat.

The Government went on searching private houses, opening private letters, forbidding lectures and meetings, and practising the most infamous oppressions against us.

Even now, hundreds of Anarchists are arrested for having written an article in a newspaper or for having expressed an opinion in public.

Why, if the governments use against us guns, chains and prisons, should we Anarchists, who have to defend our lives, remain skulking at home? Should we renounce our idea, which is the truth? No; on the contrary, we will answer those governments with dynamite, bombs, and daggers.

In one word, we must do all we can to destroy the bourgeoisie and the governments.

Emile Henry threw a bomb in a restaurant; I avenged myself with a poniard.

Gentlemen of the Jury, you are the representatives of bourgeois society; if you want my head take it; but do not believe that in so doing you will stop the Anarchist propaganda. Take care, for men reap what they have sown.

The governments have begun to make martyrs: they have garrotted in Xeres, hanged in Chicago, shot in Barcelona, guillotined in Paris.

The last words the victims pronounced in the moment of their execution were: "Death to the bourgeoisie!"

These words have crossed the seas and the mountains; they have penetrated into the towns, into the villages, into the homes of millions of workers.

The workers, until now, have suffered themselves to be led by ambitious men, who try to rule them by means of associations, trade unions, syndicates and other impostures, in order to be elected as Deputies or Councillors and live without working.

But now, at last, it is recognised that only the violent Revolution against the bourgeois system can help the workers.

When the Revolution has taken place, the workers will no longer commit suicide through misery; they will suffer no more by years and years of imprisonment; they will be hanged, shot, garrotted, guillotined no more. For the bourgeoisie, the kings, the presidents, the ministers, the senators, the deputies, the judges of assize courts and police magistrates will have perished beneath the people's barricade and the blaze of the Social Revolution!

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD.

By PETER KROPOTKINE.

CHAPTER VI.—DWELLINGS.

III.

MOREOVER, it is by no means necessary to make straightway an absolutely equal redistribution of all the dwellings. There will no doubt be some inconveniences at first, but matters will soon be righted in a society which has adopted expropriation.

When the masons, and carpenters, and all who are concerned in house building, know that their daily bread is secured to them, they will ask nothing better than to work at their old trades a few hours a day. They will adapt the fine houses which absorbed the time of a whole staff of servants, and in a few months homes will have sprung up, infinitely healthier and more conveniently arranged than those of to-day. And to those who are not yet comfortably housed the Anarchist Commune will be able to say: "Patience comrades! Palaces fairer and finer than any the capitalists built for themselves will spring from the ground of our enfranchised city. They will belong to those who have most need of them. The Anarchist Commune does not build with an eye to revenues. These monuments erected to its citizens, products of the collective spirit, will serve as models to all humanity, they will be yours."

If the people of the Revolution expropriate the houses and proclaim free lodgings, the communalising of houses and the right of each family to a decent dwelling, then the Revolution will have assumed a Communitistic character from the first, and started on a course from which it will be by no means easy to turn it. It will have struck a fatal blow at individual property.

For the expropriation of dwellings contains in germ the whole social revolution. On the manner of its accomplishment depends the character of all that follows. Either we shall start on a good road leading straight to Anarchist Communism or we shall remain sticking in the mud of despotic individualism.

It is easy to see the numerous objections, theoretic on the one hand, practical on the other, with which we are sure to be met. As it will be a question of maintaining iniquity at any price, our opponents will of course protest "in the name of justice." "Is it not a crying shame," they will exclaim, "that the people of Paris should take possession of all these fine houses, while the peasants in the country have only tumble-down huts to live in?" But do not let us make a mistake. These enthusiasts for justice forget, by a lapse of memory to which they are subject, the "crying shame" which they themselves are tacitly defending. They forget that in this same Paris the worker, with his wife and children, suffocates in a noisome garret, while from his window he sees the rich man's palace. They forget that whole generations perish in crowded slums, starving for air and sunlight, and that to redress this injustice ought to be the first task of the Revolution.

Do not let these disingenuous protests hold us back. We know that any inequality which may exist between town and country in the early days of the Revolution will be transitory and of a nature to right itself from day to day; for the village will not fail to improve its dwellings as soon as the peasant has ceased to be the beast of burden of the farmer, the merchant, the money-lender and the State. In order to avoid an accidental and transitory inequality, shall we stay our hand from righting an ancient wrong?

The so-called practical objections are not very formidable either. We are bidden to consider the hard case of some poor fellow who by dint of privation has contrived to buy a house just large enough to hold his family. And we are going to deprive him of his hard-earned happiness to turn him into the street! Certainly not. If his house is only just large enough for his family, by all means let him stay there. Let him work in his little garden too; our "boys" will not hinder him—nay, they will lend him a helping hand if need be. But suppose he lets lodgings, suppose he has empty rooms in his house, the people will make the lodger understand that he is not to pay his former landlord any more rent. Stay where you are, but rent free. No more duns and collectors, Socialism has abolished all that!

Or again, suppose that the landlord has a score of rooms all to himself and some poor woman lives near by with five children in one room.

In that case the people would see whether, with some alterations, these empty rooms could not be converted into a suitable home for the poor woman and her five children. Would not that be more just and fair than to leave the mother and her five little one languishing in a garret, while Sir Gorgeous Midas sat at his ease in an empty mansion? Besides, good Sir Gorgeous would probably hasten to do it of his own accord; his wife will be delighted to be freed from half her big unwieldy house when there is no longer a staff of servants to keep it in order.

"So you are going to turn everything upside down, it seems, and set everybody by the ears. There will be no end to the evictions and flittings. Would it not be better to start fresh by turning everybody out of doors and redistributing the houses by lot?" Thus our critics; but we answer we are firmly persuaded that if only there is no sort of government interference in the matter, if all the changes are entrusted to those free groups which have sprung up to undertake the work, the evictions and removals will be less numerous than those which take place in one year under the present system, owing to the rapacity of landlords.

In the first place, there are in all large towns almost enough empty houses and flats to lodge all the inhabitants of the slums. As to the palaces and suites of fine apartments, many working people would not live in them if they could. One could not "keep up" such houses without a large staff of servants. Their occupants would soon find themselves forced to seek less luxurious dwellings. The fine ladies would find that palaces were not well adapted to self-help in the kitchen. Gradually people would shake down. There would be no need to conduct Dives to a garret at the bayonet's point, or install Lazarus in Dives's palace by the help of an armed escort. People would shake down amicably into the available dwellings with the least possible friction and disturbance. Have we not the example of the village communes redistributing fields and disturbing the owners of the allotments so little that one can only praise the intelligence and good sense of the methods they employ. Fewer fields change hands under the management of the Russian Commune than where personal property holds sway and is for ever carrying its quarrels into courts of law. And are we to believe that the inhabitants of a great European city would be less intelligent and less capable of organisation than Russian or Hindoo peasants?

Moreover, we must not blink the fact that every Revolution means a certain disturbance to every-day life, and those who expect this tremendous lift out of the old grooves to be accomplished without so much as jarring the dishes on their dinner tables will find themselves mistaken. It is true that governments can change without disturbing worthy citizens at dinner, but the crimes of society towards those who have nourished and supported it are not to be redressed by any such political sleight of parties.

Undoubtedly there will be a disturbance, but it must not be of pure destruction; it must be minimised. And again—it is impossible to lay too much stress on this maxim—it will be by addressing ourselves to the interested parties, and not to boards and committees, that we shall best succeed in reducing the sum of inconveniences for everybody.

The people commit blunder on blunder when they have to choose by ballot some hare-brained candidate who solicits the honor of representing them, and takes upon himself to know all, to do all, and to organise all. But when they take upon themselves to organise what they know, what touches them directly, they do it better than all the "talking-shops" put together. Is not the Paris Commune an instance in point, and the last London strike, and have we not constant evidence of this fact in every village commune?

Our Literary Supplement.

We propose henceforth to reserve every month a space for quotation from some notable book or a review of it. The readers of "La Révolte" will remember the admirable suggestiveness of its "Supplément Littéraire," which placed on record the thoughts of those who are aiding, often unconsciously, in the development of the Anarchist ideal. By it one saw that all that is best in the French intellectual world tends our way. We desire to call attention to the fact that in England too all vigorous and original thought, whether it would or no, is working in a similar direction. We hope that any of our readers who sympathise with this purpose will help us by sending in reviews of scientific books, novels, poems, magazine articles, or suitable quotations therefrom. In such work comrades might find much that would be helpful afterwards in debating and lecturing.

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA. By George Meredith. 3 volumes. 31s. 6d. (London: 1894.)

This is one of the most hopeful of books. Like its predecessor by the same author, it is mainly an essay on marriage. But in "One of our Conquerors" we were shown the misery involved in an unlegalised union, when the chief ambition of the man at least was to recover the recognition of that society which he had pretended to defy. As usual, society avenged itself on the coward who feared and flattered it. In this new book we have the reverse picture—the union of two who neither defy society, nor struggle to win its favor, but simply disregard it, as though no such thing as law or social opinion existed, in comparison to the vital necessity which draws them together. They consult only the call of their own highest nature, and stop only to weigh the happiness of the one or two others who are personally concerned. To the decrees of courts, the black looks of acquaintances, the shock of society, they give no thought. The woman is a countess. We admire the author's courage in making the man, a cool-headed, healthy, and sensible schoolmaster—

not a romantic profession in the opinion of the vulgar, who, like the typical vulgar woman in the story, prefer that their heroes should display love "as a born gentleman connected with a baronetcy and richer than many lords takes the dreadful passion." There is courage also in the conception of Lord Ormont, the woman's legal husband. He is neither a bully nor an aristocratic scoundrel, such as most authors would have chosen. He is a fine old fellow, reserved and brave, a perfect master of his science, a born leader of men, courteous and generous, detesting the tame and fatted commercialism of England, whom he calls "the porker sow," but loving her by a kind of chivalrous habit, and trusting to hard services rather than words to win some sign of her careless approval. He fails, and his scorn of this dull nation, which always neglects its noblest spirits, because they do not increase the store of "bacon," helps to lose, after it had won for him, the wife whom in his proud way he loves. Inevitably she is drawn to the young lover of her girlhood. She partly sees the pathos of the position, but she faces it. It is for her soul's deliverance, and for her lover's perfecting. As for rank, ambition, and the rest, they do not count.

"You don't run miauling about after women. It is easy to be squashy on that subject," says the lord's vigorous old sister to the lover. And the book itself well deserves the same praise. There is nothing in the least "squashy" about its main theme. It is a sane and perfectly unsentimental account of an act of social rebellion which had become inevitable. The risk for such as think of fear is recognised. "No true lover of a woman," it is said, "advises her to slip the symbolic circle of the law from her finger, and have in an instant the world for her enemy." The power of that hostile world is fully seen. We read of "the terrible aggregate social woman, of man's creation, hated by him, dreaded, scorned, satirised, and nevertheless upheld, esteemed, applauded. She exhibits virtue, with face of waxen angel, with paw of desert beast, and blood upon it. She loves nothing. Undoubtedly, she dislikes the vicious. On that merit she subsists." That is the main power of the world for such as fear it. But against these lovers, who at the supreme moment dare to take their fate in their hands, it avails nothing. They are of those who step by step drive the nations along the road to freedom, very often against the general will. For ideas, we are told, "new-born and naked original ideas, are acceptable at no time to the humanity they visit to help uplift it from the state of beast." And yet, but for these determined acts of protest, law and the world would soon stiffen into unendurable despotism. "If we have the world for the buttress of injustice," says the author, "then is Nature the flaring rebel. Laws are necessary instruments of the majority; but when they grind the sane human being to dust for their maintenance, this enthronement is the rule of the savage's old deity, sniffing blood sacrifice. There cannot be a based society on such principles. An immolation of the naturally-constituted individual arrests the general expansion to which we step, decivilises more, and is more impious to the God in man, than temporary revelries of a license that Nature soon checks."

From first to last, such a book must fill "the high-priests of decency," as "hypocrites" are called, with uneasiness or alarm. All the more because it is written with perfect coolness and humour; and the author, as the greatest of active English writers, cannot be disregarded, but is sure of an audience. To them it must be astounding that at the crisis of the story there is no word of Divorce Courts or Queen's Proctors, or of swords and pistols, or even of the social horror. The thing is simply treated for the joy and pathos which inevitably belong to it by nature, quite apart from the arrangements of law and public opinion. To us it is one of the most hopeful signs that an old man of ripe wisdom and reputation should have retained the open mind to detect the course of modern hope, and the courage to declare it. It is one of those "hints of humaner opinions" of which he speaks: proofs that the world "is not all a huge rolling block of a Juggernaut."

As further evidence of this perception of truths most welcome to us, we may end with this brief but significant passage:—

"I come across a common peasant or craftsman, and he down there has a mind more open—he is wiser in his intelligence—than his rulers and lawgivers up above him. He understands what I say, and I learn from him. I don't learn much from our senators, or great lawyers, great doctors, professors, members of governing bodies—that lot. Policy seems to petrify their minds when they've got on an eminence. The reason is that the peasants and craftsmen are at the bottom of wisdom, for they have in their heads the delicate sense of justice, upon which wisdom is founded."

SONGS OF THE ARMY OF THE NIGHT. By Francis Adams. Third edition, with portrait of the author and preface by H. S. Salt. Paper 1s.; cloth 3s. 6d. (London: W. Reeves, 185, Fleet-street, E.C.)

We have received from W. Reeves copies of the latest edition of these remarkable poems, containing the verses omitted from the earlier and politer ones. The stirring qualities of Adams's little book are already well known, it so frequently has been quoted by all shades of revolutionists, being, as Mr. Salt truly says it is, "a deliberate challenge and menace to all established opinions on the matters with which it deals." Reform to Adams meant regeneration, and the new to differ from the old as day from night. The *Labor Prophet*, August, gives an interesting life sketch of this Anarchist poet.

ERRATA.—In August's chapter of Louise Michel's "Recollections," the following errors escaped notice until too late for correction:—On p. 54, paragraph 8, "*bouardin* de Notre Dame," should be: "*bouardon* de Notre Dame"; p. 55, par. 6, "Pierre Bonaparte was assassinated," should be: "Pierre Bonaparte assassinated"; par. 7, "secure for him," should be: "secure for his heir"; par. 19, "missions," should be: "missives."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COMMUNE.

By LOUISE MICHEL.

I.—THE DEATH AGONY OF THE EMPIRE.—(Continued.)

If I quote from Anarchist sources I may be suspected of exaggeration. Still without doing so it may be understood that, besides the bogus plots, there were some real ones. True, they failed, through the work of spies; but they were so many and so ubiquitous that their existence was often suspected where there were none at all.

Little by little, the Empire disclosed itself for what it was—a cut-throat, a cut-purse, and an ill house; its mask, wrenched away by so many hands at once, fell in tatters. Associations strongly republican, as for instance that of Elementary Education, recalled '89. The Blanquists, the "International," aroused the masses from their heavy torpor, but they fell asleep again, spiritless through their long slavery.

Some time elapsed before the first groupings of women began to draw together and seek out a line for themselves. Our seniors had been Pauline Roland, Jeanne Deroin, and Louise Nicaud. Then Maria Dereme and André Léo had formulated the Rights of Women. Mesdames Jules Simon, Paulin, and Toussaint started professional schools for young girls. There was in Rue Thévenot a free professional school, founded by the Society of Elementary Education, where Maria Laccécilia, I, and some other school teachers (whose names I cannot give without their permission) started evening courses, over and above our regular classes.

We felt life very intense; and from six or seven o'clock in the morning till midnight there was not a moment unoccupied. Wherever there seemed a glimmer of intelligence or a morsel of heart we urged it towards freedom. The Empire was crumbling to pieces. But there is nothing so firm as a mine!

Belville, Montmartre, muttered. We, with enraged hearts, went about everywhere, and chiefly where the air smelt of powder. I went impartially to groups of men or groups of women. At first, how happy I was at the classes in the Rue Hautefeuille, where we talked of the republic; then I was on the journal *La Libre Pensée*, later called *La Patrie en Danger*, with Verlet (Henri Place), Rauvier, Regnard, and the whole group of the Blanquists—brave people, ready to give their lives for the Revolution. It was good to be among the comrades, thinking how we might have to die together. Then came the *comités de vigilance*, through which the anger of the people grew; and at last the Commune.*

The "International" grew. It had had its prosecutions and its condemnations, which, by causing its idea to be ventilated, sowed it broadcast over the world. Rochefort's *Lanterne*, turned sideways upon the cut-throat Empire, lit up here and there its dark abominations. More and more we felt ourselves alive in rebellion, and we also felt arising within us the claims of all humanity.

The police did us the honor of occupying themselves with us, as well as with matters of education. They attended our classes at the Rue Thévenot, which gave the drawing class an opportunity of tracing the profile of the spy, if so inclined, or to delineate in *estompé au blanc* Victor Noir on his death-bed. Those who directed the Elementary Education Society had been for some time vigorous agitators. Many of the other governesses who, like myself, added a strong supplement to the sparse provisions of the examination program, knew them to be in favor of this extra teaching. Some of us loved them well for this love of theirs for the republic. Jules Favre and Pelletan, who, on the 4th of September, eventually formed part of the Provisional Government, had been presidents of the Elementary Education, and they showed us paternal affection.

Times changed. Pelletan at any rate withdrew from the butcheries of '71. But Favre remained. At Satory, beside the gory pond where the soldiers washed their red hands, and where the prisoners, parched with thirst, actually drank of the water, my thoughts went back to Jules Favre in those days of the Elementary Education; and I seemed to see how this horrible pond had come out of the great ballot-box that his electors had given him. Thus it happens wherever there is delegated power.

Around the journal *La Libre Pensée*, which had become *La Patrie en Danger*, were grouped the Blanquists. Young and audacious, they were the regular army of the Revolution. "Neither God nor master!"—such was the motto of Blanqui, whose name the group took. We called it familiarly "The Old Man"; some nicknamed it "The Old Man of the Mountain." Truth to tell, we were a little infatuated about it. Some of us, I among the number, felt the same enthusiasm for the "International." When going up the dusty staircase to the office in Place de la Corderie, I used to feel as if ascending the steps of an altar. And was it not truly such—the altar of humanity?

The "International" had no presidents. The aim was to unite the workers of the whole world, in order to emancipate them. Members of the "International" recognised no frontiers. Was not that beautiful, amid the turpitudes of the Empire?

As to the latter, defeat followed defeat. Forty thousand Prussians falling upon an isolated French division, completely crushed it. McMahon had believed the enemy less numerous, and, reckoning on De Faily, took up a position at Froeschwiller, where he could think out his plan of action. With Reichshoffen on the left and Elsasshausen on

* I relate these personal matters as forming part of the account of the women's groups.

the right, he was surprised by Frederic (the Prussian Crown Prince); and the Germans coming up in small detachments massed themselves. McMahon still waited.

Four hundred cannons spat forth death. There were only 40,000 French against 120,000 Germans. It meant defeat. De Failly did not arrive. But the Germans did, and broke up the two wings; just as formerly Blucher had come up when Grouchy was expected. Once more, as at Waterloo, the cuirassiers sacrificed themselves; there was the charge of Reichshoffen. The same day, at Forbach, a whole army overran the 2nd corps. From three directions at once the Germans entered France.

Then there was such a trembling in Paris that the herds of tame sheep began to lose patience. But soon their stupid infatuation returned. They would wait once more. The Homeric crowd, which showed itself capable soon after of dying so bravely, had not yet been aroused; there was still only the servile herd which during a struggle hides itself away to creep forth again when the vanquished already lie prone, in order to go on its knees before the conquerors; meanwhile relieving its mind by sending off more than 400,000 anonymous letters of denunciation. Such a crowd, in short, as comes out on the occasion of a public holiday or a public execution.

Are such folk to blame? Surely not; they are indeed the most piteous victims of all; for when the masters mow down the people these dullards fall in numbers with the rest; yet their fate is the more horrible since they are incapable of looking bravely ahead and defying their executioners. Sometimes these unconscious masses are roused by the noise of revolution, and are dazzled; thinking it a fine thing to do, they join the rest. But oftener it happens that, bowed continually earthwards, they perceive no coming dawn, and curse the rude hand which would wake them for deliverance. They choose suicide rather than struggle.

We, forming the violent section, bitter enemies from that time forward of despots, of capitalism, of wars, and of frontiers, we knew that humanity as a whole could never be happy until all its molecules should be so. The war against privilege had long been an open one; and it seems certain that the minority of rebels which by its audacity brings about revolution was at that time a considerable one. The struggle of desperation left so many corpses, gave rise to such terrible repression, and to this day terrifies its executioners.

Some verses, dated "Morning, August 14th, 1870," contain the thoughts of those days.

LE VEILLEURS DE NUIT.

La charge sonne sous la terre,
En avant, en avant, marchons;
'93 à la bannière;

O mes amis! allons, allons!
Quoi tant que l'aigle en pourriture
Aurait de quoi nourrir un ver,
On oserait se prosterner
Devant cette charogne impure!

"Avant que l'empire s'écroule,
Que le squelette vermoulu
S'émiette sous la grande houle,
Sachons que le peuple a voulu.
Brisons cet esclavage inique,
Devant Tibère aurions nous tous
Vingt ans rampé les genoux;
Amis, vive la république!"

(To be continued.)

THE PROPAGANDA.

REPORTS.

LONDON.

Meetings have been held in Hyde, Regent's and Victoria parks as usual. In addition, two meetings, we hear, have been held during August by Anarchist members of the S.D.F. on Hampstead Heath, which created some little excitement.

Stratford.—A good meeting was held here on Sunday morning, September 2, at which we distributed a large number of copies of *Commonweal*, *Freedom*, *Liberty*, "Songs for the Workers" and pamphlets. Comrade Leggatt, of the Dockers' Union, spoke till 1 p.m., and then invited discussion. A local Bible Christian opposed. Meetings have been continued every Sunday, addressed by Leggatt and other comrades, all being successful. Comrade Goulding writes: "We are going out again to-night to distribute literature."

Canning Town.—The comrades here have a very encouraging report for the month of August. On Aug. 5, we had H. B. Samuels down, who gave a splendid address. A few questions and opposition by a Social Democrat, in a fair and honest spirit, were effectively replied to. Plenty of literature sold and distributed; collected 10s. 5d. In the evening, the group held a meeting near the National Bomb Factory, Woolwich, Samuels again speaking. Plenty of opposition from a local Fabian, Rob Banner. Questions and remarks splendidly dealt with. Aug. 12, we had Turner and Banham down. The report in the papers that the police were going to prohibit the meeting attracted a great crowd. The S.D.F. had Curran, Thorne, Picard, W. G. Pearson, C. Gibson and several others, but it was no good: Turner had the people round him. Pearson came over to our platform and nearly choked himself with rage talking. He offered no opposition worth mentioning, and then ran away, never stopping to get dressed down. Yet this is one of the General Council S.D.F. who helped to pass a resolution "Don't debate with Anarchists." Even some Social Democrats condemned his running away. Literature sold well; collection 8s. August 19, J. Presberg gave us one of the finest addresses that were had down here. He converted a good many to our opinions. Sold plenty of literature; collection 11s. 10d. August 26, E. Leggatt lectured here, though far from well, but being determined to hold a meeting, two comrades lifted him on the platform. He held the crowd together 2 hours. We sold 4 quires *Weal*, 2 quires Nicoll's *Anarchist*, 6 "Chicago Martyrs," besides numbers of pamphlets; collection 16s.—R. P.

Deptford.—Active propaganda still kept up, valuable help being rendered by Comrades Kitz, Tochatti, Turner, Agnes Henry and Presberg. The New Cross "bomb" explosion has done us no harm; audiences as sympathetic as ever. Pres-

berg, who spoke on Sunday, August 26, was loudly applauded. Although confining our meetings to Deptford, we have tried to carry the light into the adjoining districts of New Cross and Hatcham by the distribution of literature. In conjunction with the local branch N.S.S. we have arranged for a series of Atheistic lectures.

Peckham.—A series of lectures on social questions are being delivered, every Saturday, at 8.30, at the People's League, High-st., at which several comrades have taken part in discussion. August 18, Mr. Lees, the President of the P.L., lectured on "The Mistake of Anarchy," dealing mainly with the tactics of the continental Anarchists, and at the same time exposing his ignorance of Anarchist principles. Comrades Ebb and another spoke in opposition, pointing out, amidst applause, that outrage and Anarchism had no necessary connection. Webb quoted extracts from "Anarchism and Outrage" relative to the position taken up by English Anarchists towards the question of indiscriminate outrage. By the unanimous wish of the audience it was decided to invite an "authoritative" man down to lecture on the subject more fully, and accordingly we made arrangements for J. Turner to lecture the following Saturday on "A Defence of Anarchism," but, owing to some misunderstanding, he failed to come. Mr. Lees accordingly took the platform again to oppose us, and started by apologising to the Anarchist "for misrepresenting them on the preceding Saturday." He had then defined Anarchy as chaos and disorder, but having read since some Anarchist pamphlets he has altered his opinions considerably. Number of pamphlets sold. Arranged for J. Turner to lecture on Sept. 15.—W. H.

Walworth.—Energetic propaganda work has been done in this locality by a few local comrades, by the distribution of *Commonweal* &c. in the streets. We have attended the election meetings of George Lansbury, Social Democratic candidate for Parliament, and flooded them with Anti-Vote manifestoes, "Down with the Politician!" &c.—H.

PROVINCES.

Dublin.—Socialist meetings are being held in the open air Sunday mornings and attract good audiences.

Leicester.—The absence of regular reports must not be taken as indicating any relaxation in our propaganda. Besides our success in May, we have had a very successful series of Sunday open-air meetings in Russell-square, Market-place, and Humberston-gate. C. W. Mowbray, John Turner, Tom May, D. J. Nicoll, Joe Presberg, Dr. Macdonald, W. Banham (who is now resident here), Geo. Cores, T. Barclay, Ben Warner and other comrades have spoken and been well received. Comrades Warner, Cores, Presberg and Banham have held successful meetings among the miners at Coalville. Unfortunately, owing to the expenses being too heavy, we were forced to discontinue them. Sale of literature steady, though not very large. A good deal was done in the shape of letters on social problems and Anarchist Communism in local newspapers, also by comrades taking part in discussions and debates of other societies, in which particular Comrade A. Gorrie distinguished himself. Sunday, Aug. 26, we had a tremendous meeting in the Market-place, numbering between 2,000 and 3,000, who listened attentively for about 2 hours to Comrades Warner and Banham. We opened a new meeting place in Infirmary-square on Thursday, Aug. 30, speakers Warner, Banham and Smith. We are issuing a list of lecturers and subjects, and intend carrying on a good propaganda in the future.—A Leicester Rebel.

Aberdeen.—Anarchism is making rapid strides in Aberdeen. We had Fauset Macdonald with us on July 8th. His visit did a great deal to further our cause of Anarchism. Large crowds turned out at the two meetings held on Castle-st., and a very large and attentive audience came to hear our comrade lecture on the following Monday night, in the large Oddfellows' Hall. His subject was "Evolution and Anarchism," and it made a very deep impression on his audience. Some of the Labor Party made an attempt at criticism, but it was so poor that nobody took any notice of them. We had a visit from some of our Edinburgh comrades, J. Smith, T. Bell, Jessie Bell and Westwater. We had two meetings on Sunday, July 22, large crowds turning out, in the morning at Broad-hill and at Castle-st., to hear J. Smith and T. Bell. We made an appeal for the miners and got 30s. Bell gave a lecture in our meeting hall before a good number. We had the Rev. Webster lecturing for us, on Aug. 2, in the Oddfellows' Large Hall, which was crowded. His subject was "Unsectarian Socialism," and greatly favored Anarchism, consequently the Labor Party and Social Democrats were down on him. C. Webster used to lecture from their platform in times gone by, but this time he went for the Democrats right and left. We have started some education work in connection with our business meetings. Many new members have come amongst us of late. C. Duncan lectured on "The Social Revolution," and the week after we had C. Shepherd on "The Theory of Value." We also had a lecture by Comrade Wiseman on "The Russian Movement." His having had some personal experience gave it great interest. We expect a visit from Comrade A. Henry soon. We are making arrangements with the other Scottish groups to get a supply of speakers from the South for the winter season.—J. M. F.

Glasgow.—Stress of work only has prevented the Glasgow group from sending in reports for the two last issues of *Freedom*. The movement here is making great strides. New comrades turn up at every group meeting, and Sunday after Sunday our audiences on the Green become larger and more sympathetic. Comrades Robb, Levenson, Clark, Muir, and Smith have done much open-air propaganda. We have now lost both Jack Robb and Ben Clark, the former being in Callander, while the latter has left Glasgow to look for work. Joe Burgoyne too is in Inverness, and not back in Glasgow as we expected. So the number of speakers in Glasgow is reduced to three. This winter we intend having a series of lectures on a large scale. We have secured a hall to seat 800, and hope to bring to Glasgow the ablest lecturers in the movement. We had some difficulty, though, in getting the hall, as the police have been intimidating hall proprietors. Our course of lectures began with Agnes Henry, on 16th Sept., in Wellington Palace.—J. B. S.

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.

Canning Town Anarchist Group.—Open-air meetings every Sunday, 11.30 a.m., at Beekton-road.

* * This No. is for September—October.

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.

Glasgow Anarchist Group.—Lectures every Sunday evening, at 6.30 p.m., in Wellington Palace. Comrades and friends desirous of assisting financially in the large expenditure of this series of indoor lectures will please communicate with J. Blair Smith, 66, Brunswick-st.

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