

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM MORRIS

POET, ARTIST, SOCIALIST, AND LOVER OF THE PEOPLE.

Born March 24, 1834. Died October 3, 1896.

O gloomy London, deeper is this day thy gloom!
Another hope of thine is swallow'd by the tomb:
And, blotted now, which, though a beacon bright,
Could scarcely pierce thy deep ignoble night.
O town of coward hearts, thou never know'st thy brave!
O town of blasted hopes, thou see'st not whom can save!
Thy saviours call in vain! thy prophets' thanks are stones!
Thy voice is futile curses, outdining feeble groans!
This son to-day thou lovest, unnoted, most unknown,
What harvest hast thou garner'd from truth his hands have sown?
O faithless, fruitless city! thou serf of shameless fraud!
Thou sycophant to losels, what lies thy palms applaud!
Thou haunt of earth's exploiters, what millions curse thy name!
Thou Rome, without Rome's courage, abysmal is thy shame!
Thy senate is the syndicate of gambling lords of gold,
Which continents hath ravag'd and nations bought and sold!
Thy forum is the market! thy temple is the bank!
Thy consuls and thy tribunes by plunder earn their rank!
Heed, universal spoiler! lest repentance come too late,
And the fatal cry is sounded "The Gaul is at the gate!"
Weep, weep, for him who show'd thee a higher life and law,
For him who would have led thee to wage a nobler war,
For one whose like thou little art like to see again,
Who midst thee was indeed a man in an age of men!

LOTHROP WITHINGTON.

The following tributes to our late Comrade have been specially written for FREEDOM.

By WALTER CRANE.

William Morris is dead. How hard it is for those who knew that great and forceful personality to realize the meaning of those words! Those, especially, who only saw him the picture of health and energy, who associate him with all kinds of activities, artistic and social, how difficult it is to think that never more will that bluff and restless but kindly presence, that emphatic voice and hearty manner be felt and heard among us!

Perhaps no man of our time stands out so distinctly as a strong individual type, a clear and marked personality, as did William Morris, and yet even he once wondered (and I thought it at the time one of the most remarkable things I had heard from him) "which of six distinct personalities he himself really was."

We all knew him as a man of many sides, of distinction and accomplishment in many different fields, and no doubt to the world in general very distinct and different conceptions of his character were formed.

Those who only knew him from his poetry and his prose romances thought him a dreamer of dreams born out of his due time—as, in fact, he had described himself in his "Earthly Paradise." Those who only knew him as an artist and craftsman thought of him as a very refined designer of very decided aims and exclusively mediæval proclivities, the producer of a wealth of wall-paper, simple oaken furniture and rich carpets, embroideries and tapestries. There are even some who thought of him as a keen man of business and manufacturer!

Those who only knew the products of the Kelmscott Press thought of him as a master printer who worked his press in the spirit of an artist. Those who only knew him as a Socialist knew him as an enthusiastic and ardent champion of the cause, as an eloquent lecturer, and as a vehement debater and untiring propagandist.

Every one of these might probably have a distinct and different conception of the man and his character; but, for all that, in William Morris the man all these different activities were united and harmonised, and, to close observers, the same golden threads of character—like the colours of his own tapestries—might be traced throughout all his works.

Seldom, indeed, amid the complexities and disguises, the reserves, unrealities, insincerities, and trivialities of modern life has one met a more real, honest, and wholesome character.

His very directness and sincerity, perhaps, may have caused occasional misunderstandings, as when, in heat of mood, he would, in no minced terms, give his opinion in his strenuous way. But it must not be supposed he was insensible to argument, or not open to conviction. His views were straight and vision distinct, alike upon art or politics, and he hated anything like looseness or vagueness in either. He was always a strong man with strong convictions.

We who now mourn his loss may not be able yet to see him and his work in true perspective, in true relation to his time and his contemporaries—but what of that? It is of far more importance that the impression a man leaves upon his time, upon his friends and fellows, is that of greatness, of thoroughness of character. And while we praise the beauty of his invention and craftsmanship, whether as a poet, a craftsman, or a designer, we feel that his noblest work was, after all, done for Socialism, when he threw all the weight of a strong personality and an enthusiastic spirit (not to speak of his ripe fame as a poet and artist) on the side of the laborer, seeing the true and honorable basis of life, seeing how it was bound up with the welfare of the world and the hope of the future—that future of which he has left so distinct and beautiful a vision in "News from Nowhere" of a perfect Communist state.

By PETER KROPOTKINE.

William Morris was such a grand figure in the Socialist movement, and he occupied in it such a unique position, that I am afraid not to be able to do full justice to his memory in the few lines which I can write now, in my present state of health.

As a poet, he stood quite alone in modern poetry. Amidst the whining and morbid poets of our own time, who are plunged into self-analysis and self-complaint, and are utterly devoid of energy for struggle, he was almost the only poet of the joys of life—the joys which man finds in the conquest of freedom, in the full exercise of all his powers, in work—the work of his hands and his brain. No modern poet has been known to inspire men with a like love of liberty, and labour with the like vigour, like hope and trust in human nature, like confidence in the happiness that men can find in conquering full freedom and freely associating with their equals. A true poet of the Norse Vikings, of the free labourers, of free men.

These same elements he brought into the Socialist movement.

When he joined it, he, like all really powerful men, did not seek in it the position of a wire-puller or a leader. Not even that of a teacher. He simply undertook to express what the masses think and what they vaguely aspire to. He joined the ranks, and brought with him his hatred of oppression in all possible forms, and his love of equality and freedom—which he understood in its broadest sense.

This is why, when he undertook to write his own romance of the future—"News from Nowhere"—he produced perhaps the most thoroughly and deeply Anarchistic conception of future society that has ever been written. As he combined in himself the broad view of the thinker with a wonderful personification of the good practical sense of collective thought (the mood of thought of the masses when they occasionally, in revolutionary times, set free to work)—his ideal society is undoubtedly the one which is most free of all our State and monastic traditions; the most imbued with the feelings of equality and humanitarian love; the most spontaneously growing out of a spirit of free understanding.

Two tendencies struggle in present society. On the one side, the tradition of the centralised State of Imperial Rome and of the Church, built up on the same plan—the tradition of slavery, submission, oppression, military and canonic discipline; and, on the other side, the tradition of the masses who endeavoured to build up their society outside the State—the tradition of the customary law, as opposed to Roman law; of the free guilds and fraternities; of the free cities revolted against the bishop and the king; of the artisans and peasants revolted against Church and Empire. Morris entirely and unreservedly belonged to this second tradition. He was the bearer of that Scandinavian, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic spirit which for the last ten years has struggled against the Roman tradition. And this is why he was so little understood by all the unconscious followers of the Church-and-State tradition.

For the last few years of his life, Morris had abandoned the Socialist movement, and he frankly explained his reasons in a lecture which he delivered for the Anarchists at Grafton Hall in 1893. If the movement had gone on developing and bringing England to a Social Revolution, Morris undoubtedly would have gone under the red flag as far as the masses would have carried it. But the endurance of the workers, who patiently support any amount of capitalist oppression,

deeply affected him.

Moreover, Morris, who would have gone any way with the masses, could not go with parties; and when the Socialist movement in England became a party warfare, with all its wire-pulling and petty ambitions, which he hated so deeply, he did as Garibaldi did after he felt wounded in the fight between his Italian volunteers and the Italian royal troops. He retired to his Caprera.

But the love of the masses has followed him in his retreat; and the deep traces of his activity remain with us. If the Socialist movement in England did not take that authoritarian and functionarist character which it took in Germany, Morris's influence was immense to prevent that disaster; and this influence will be felt more and more in proportion as his Socialist writings and his writings altogether are read more and more by the masses of Socialist workers.

By JOHN C. KENWORTHY.

The basis of William Morris's character was, to my thinking, honesty, plain honesty. The virtue, supposed to be common, is of the rarest. He saw straightly, spoke straightly, and acted straightly. There was no reservation, equivocation or purpose of intrigue about him.

I will not speak of his vast capacity, of his true feeling for doing good work (the art spirit), of his large and simple understanding of life; but I will ask every man, leader or led, in the Social movement to meditate upon his honesty. He knew that the first need of men and movements is, not to achieve this or that success, but to be true, faithful to facts. A dreamer, was he? a mere man of imagination? What he has built in the spirit-world of his thought is real and lasting. The works of our builders of houses and empires are passing trifles compared with the life William Morris has seen, and taught, and given to others. And in our social movement he stood well-nigh alone, as one honest, faithful man, no self-seeker, no egotist, and about whom shifted and rolled, like unstable sand, the lighter men, held together by no power of honesty, who claimed him as "comrade" in their movement.

Who of us is morally fit to stand in rank with him.

FROM SOME OF HIS OLD COMRADES.

Some comrades of the Socialist League and the Revolutionary Propagandist Committee, which existed prior to the formation of the Socialist League and was afterwards merged with it, desire to record in the pages of *Freedom* their heartfelt sorrow at the loss of our lamented Comrade Morris.

We call him Comrade, for despite all the differences and divisions which have arisen and must occur as to the best method of attacking the citadel of capitalism, and although diversity of opinion in this respect led to a parting of the ways, yet no truer or stronger friendships were ever created than existed between Morris and the working comrades of the Socialist League.

Amidst all that has been written and spoken around his newly-made grave, much of it only for self-advertisement or to fan the fires of controversy, we feel that it would be marring our tribute to his memory if we joined in the debate as to his motives for seceding from the Socialist League.

Of more importance are the motives which impelled him to join the Socialist movement. His love of the beautiful in Art and Nature caused him to revolt against the sordidness, the filth and the misery, which are the concomitants of capitalism.

His deep human sympathy went out towards the victims of competition; it kindled within him a revolutionary fervour which is betokened in his "Chants for Socialists" (notably "No Master"), "John Ball," and his prophetic forecast of the Social Revolution in "News from Nowhere"—those will remain as enduring monuments which, as we labor on in the Cause of Human Emancipation from the curse of commercialism, will ever cheer us and keep his memory green in our hearts.

(Signed)	{	S. MAINWARING	F. KITZ
		JOHN TURNER	J. LANE
		H. GRAHAM	T. CANTWELL
		W. WESS	J. PRESBERG

The following telegram was sent by the "Freedom Group":—

"May Morris, Kelmscott House, Hammersmith,—Freedom Group send profoundest sympathy in your bereavement, and mourn with you the irreparable loss of William Morris, truest comrade and great teacher."

* * In our next issue will appear an appreciation of William Morris by Edward Carpenter. We shall also commence in the same number some reminiscences of Morris by S. Mainwaring.

FAREWELL TO P. GORI AND LOUISE MICHEL.—On Wednesday, Oct. 14th, a meeting was held at the Club and Institute Union to bid farewell to Comrades Louise Michel and Pietro Gori, prior to their departure for the United States, where, up and down, they will scout the land with Anarchist ideas. The following comrades addressed the meeting: J. Tochetti, W. Banham, Sebastien Faure, Louise Michel, Pietro Gori, E. Leggett, J. Perry and I. Caplan. Owing to the limited time available for the arrangement of the meeting the attendance was not so numerous as it should, and would, otherwise have been.

Nevertheless the services of Louise Michel in England have received a spontaneous regard, which we hope to make more emphatic and important on her return. We wish our comrades the success and reception we anticipate they will receive whatever soil in the States they may land on.—J. P.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

TOLSTOY AND HIS TEACHING.

THE teachings of Tolstoy are bearing fruit in a way that must be most disconcerting to governments, though probably hide-bound officialism, which sees no utility or advantage in any human action which is not stimulated by a love of gold, will simply regard these manifestations as a new form of insanity. Yet it is undeniable that the words of Tolstoy the Christian Anarchist Communist find an echo in many hearts where in a detestation of our present system has been ripening.

It is reported that Dr. Eugene Schmitt, of Budapest, has just resigned his post in the Hungarian Department of Justice, he being an advocate of Tolstoy's views, and having published a paper propagating his ideas. Of course the "Minister of Justice," although probably a "Christian," had to put prisons and scaffolds before brotherhood and love, and therefore called upon Dr. Schmitt to refrain from publishing his views. To this he replied that he would throw up his office, as he found it "inconsistent with his honor to serve under an institution which represents the legal oppression and exploitation of mankind, and whose system of violence and slavery, founded on blood and iron, is in radical contradiction with the noble principle of Christian love and with the demands of man's higher conscience." We may expect to hear of this example being followed, and every time it occurs it will mean another nail in the coffin of this hypocritical system of society.

Another instance to the same effect is that of a comrade who forwards us a small pamphlet giving his reasons for resigning his situation in a bank. He too has found that the ideas of Tolstoy, which he accepts and desires to live up to, render it impossible for him to continue in what he regards as a life of hypocrisy. We give his reasons in his own words:—

"Copy of a Letter to the Directors of a well-known London Bank.

"In asking you to accept my resignation I feel it my bounden duty to speak out fully my reasons for doing so.

"Before going further, allow me to say, most emphatically, that I have no personal grievance against the bank. Indeed I feel nothing but gratitude for your general treatment of me through the years I have been in your service, and especially for the handsome way you dealt with me last year as regards sick leave.

"I have recently been brought to see quite clearly the truth of the teaching of Jesus and to understand that it is not a mystical superstition, but a real life-conception. It is impossible to follow this teaching and at the same time remain in the bank.

"Because, firstly, of the injustice of an institution which makes a few rich but most poor, which rewards the minority out of all proportion to their services and leaves many, equally deserving, in comparative poverty.

"This bank gives despotic power to a few and leaves the rest to all intents and purposes in a condition of slavery. On the one hand the spirit of oppression is developed, and on the other, deceit and low cunning—so that a man will slander his fellow clerk behind his back, in order that he may 'get on' and the other be crushed under.

"The power you give your managers is a very terrible thing and must be a great temptation to them. If a manager, with absolute control over the salaries of some dozen or more men, takes a dislike (however unfounded) to any one of them, he can, merely by a few chance words thrown out at Head Office, ruin his career completely. And look also at the slaves who are under his despotic power, and who must, in a great many cases, cringe and toady to him in order to keep their heads above water.

"It cannot be asserted that the best men (that is, best morally) succeed in this bank. Of course, there are some noble exceptions, but, as a rule, a system founded on self-interest will crush down the nobler and more humane men in it, and will reward those fittest to succeed—i.e., those who have sufficiently assimilated self-interest as a rule of life. Another gross injustice is, that the dividends should be kept up at such a high rate, while many of the rank and file in the service are absolutely underpaid."

Can any of these things be reconciled with the gospel teaching? he asks, and then continues:—

"Other reasons why I think the teaching of Jesus cannot be followed in a bank are because banking is an unhealthy, useless, and degrading calling.

"It is unhealthy, in common with all sedentary occupations. It is useless, in the true sense, because it is unproductive. What good is a bank to the poor wretches who earn only ten or fifteen shillings weekly, or to the thousands who cannot even earn this much, but are quietly starving to death? And it is degrading; for banking is quite as dishonest and detestable as pawnbroking; and those taking part in it and knowing this must lose all self-respect.

"Last of all, it encourages false pride and immorality. The underlings are expected to 'keep up appearances' and are not paid enough to enable them to marry. Many are, therefore, led into a life of self-indulgence and low vices.

"There are many men, at one time in this bank, who are now in the very lowest stages of degradation, and others who have died through excess. In happier and more honest surroundings these men would surely have developed into useful citizens.

"My friends have tried hard to get me to stop in this place. They know that lately I have been living on less than half my salary, and tell me what a lot of good I might do with the remainder. What good will result if I give money to the poor, while, by remaining in the bank, I take part in, and lend my sanction to, this vile system of commerce which causes poverty? What good can I do with mere money when I am a parasite, getting my living from useless and dishonest work?

"It is quite impossible for me to remain any longer in this unmanly calling, a calling in which the large majority of men gradually become dominated by the worst forces in their nature, and are so enslaved by these that they cannot perceive and live in accordance with the true life taught by Jesus.

"What shall it profit me if I remain in this bank, and even become a manager with seven or eight hundred a year, when I should know that far better and in every way nobler men than I were dragging on a spiritless existence at the bottom of the ladder, with nothing but hopelessness for their lot?"

He says in conclusion that he became imbued with these ideas through reading the works of Tolstoy, "especially *The Kingdom of God is within You and Work while ye have Light*."

Whilst dissenting from some of the conclusions which the Christian idea logically involves, we recognise the sincerity and earnestness of our comrade's sentiments, and are sure he will find plenty of good work that needs doing to help to bring the present system to an end.

LET US BE JUST!

AN OPEN LETTER TO HERR LIEBKNECHT.

SIR,

Your two articles (*Justice*, August 15 and 29, 1896) dealing with the Socialist Congress of London are greatly occupied with the Anarchists. From all that you affirm, in your capacity of *connoisseur* of our party, I learned that the Anarchists "have no more right to sit in a Socialist congress than the Tsar of Russia or Rothschild," that "there is nothing in common between Anarchism and Socialism," that in all countries "the Anarchists are petted by the bourgeoisie," that "they are your enemies," that "they calumniate you," . . . therefore you also make an energetic appeal to your friends by saying: "We must combat the enemy! Let us not suffer the enemy to penetrate our army!"

You are indignant . . . and there is reason why, if the Anarchists are such monsters. Only I cannot quite grasp as to whom you address your epithets. In your articles you speak of Stirner and of his pupil, your colleague Eugen Richter. I assure you, sir, that these personages and their works are foreign to our party. Could you, who know the Anarchists so well, those of the old world as well as of the new, indicate to the public as to which section of the Anarchists is represented in parliament by your colleague Richter? Since when have the Anarchists adopted the pitiful tactic of legalised parliamentarism? Further, could you inform me in which Anarchist journal your colleague collaborates? At which International Congress did he present himself as an Anarchist delegate? Especially should I be greatly indebted to you, sir, if you would point out to me some works of Stirner and of his pupil, your colleague Richter, wherein are developed the principles of autonomous and revolutionary Communism—i.e., Anarchism.

You will indicate nothing of the kind. Stirner, individualist, and Richter, "destructor of Socialism," are simply mentioned by you in order to show to your friends that the Anarchists are not Socialists. Perhaps for your friends this may be clear, but I fear, sir, that clear-minded people may find your arguments somewhat illogical. According to your method of arguing I should have the right to say: "Liebknecht and the Social Democrats are ever combating the Communist Anarchists; on the other hand, the latter are also persecuted by Crispi and other governments: *ergo*, Liebknecht and Crispi, the governmental oppressors and the Social Democrats are one and the same party."—This is monstrous! you say. Yes, but no more monstrous than your own "argument"; I simply imitate your method. . . .

You wish to show that the Anarchists are not Socialists? There is quite a simple method: it suffices to compare the formulas, the declarations of principle, of the *true* Socialists and the Anarchists. Do you wish it? Let us take the Communists of the great Revolution, the Socialists of 1848, the International Working Men's Association, and let us compare their declarations of principle with those of the Anarchists; and let us also add your own program.

You know, sir, that the Convention, against which Babeuf, Buonarrotti, and the "Equals" have conspired, proclaimed all kinds of *political liberties*, and the national edifices bore the motto: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." But the people remained in the same state of misery. What was the cause of this? honest folk asked. "The cause," said Buonarrotti, "lays in the *inequality of possessions*, . . . in private property." It was in order to obtain economic equality that the Equals have conspired against the Convention.

"There is no liberty," we read in the proclamation of Blanqui, in 1848, "for him who is in want of bread!"

"There is no equality when opulence parades at the side of misery!"

"There is no fraternity when the woman of the people drags herself and her children hungry past the doors of the rich!"

"The tyranny of capital is more cruel than that of the sword and the church; one must combat it!"

"No more sterile formulas!"

"The *economic* emancipation of the working class is the principal aim to which all political movements ought to be subordinated," was adopted by the first Congress of the International, in 1866.

You see, sir, that the economic equality, the economic emancipation, "to combat the tyranny of capital"—these form the basis of the demands of the Socialists; political rights without economic equality are "sterile formulas" to the Revolutionary Socialists. And you, in your capacity of supreme chief of "scientific" Socialism, how do you formulate your demands?

In your article: "The Program of German Socialism" (*Forum Lib-
rary*, New York, April 1895, p. 28) you say:

"What do we ask for?"

"The absolute liberty of the press, the absolute liberty of religion, universal suffrage for all representative bodies and public offices in the State and in the Commune; national education, all schools open to all, the same opportunities of learning and education for all; abolition of standing armies and creation of a national militia, so that *every citizen* is a soldier and every soldier a citizen; an international court of arbitration between different States; equal rights for men and women; measures for the protection of the working classes (limitation of the hours of work, sanitary regulations, etc.)."

"These are reforms already accomplished or on the point of being carried out in the advanced countries, and they fully agree with Democracy."

All these liberties and abolitions are splendid, and it is not us, the Anarchists, who will be against them. It is just in order to secure for humanity the complete enjoyment of liberty that we wish to destroy the State, which is so dear to you. However, in your demands one does not find a word about "economic equality," about "economic emancipation" proclaimed by the Socialists. So that your formula repeats that of the Convention, qualified by the Socialists as "sterile formula."

And the Anarchists?

While your very loyal friends, Will Thorne and Dr. Aveling, busied themselves, with the assistance of the police, to keep the Anarchists out of the Congress, the Anarchists held their Conference and adopted, among others, the following declaration;

"Considering that the subjection of the working class to the possessing classes is based upon the exploitation and the economic submission of the workers and that this economic exploitation is the source of all iniquity and of political, moral and intellectual oppression, this anti-parliamentary and Anarchist Conference declares that the principal aim of the labor movement ought to be the economic and social emancipation, and that all political activity ought to be subordinated to it;

"Considering that legal and parliamentary action does not exclusively constitute political action, this Conference declares itself against all attempts to transform the Socialist movement into a simply electoral and legal movement, which can only but divide the workers;

"Considering, finally, that it is only by revolutionary efforts that, in all times, the people have succeeded in ameliorating their economic and social conditions, this Conference declares itself in favor of revolutionary political action against the State, which is the incarnation of all economic, political and social injustice."

As an honest man, you will admit, sir, that in this resolution the Anarchists repeat the demands set forth by Babeuf, Blanqui, and by the International. Nay, they have even still enlarged the claims of these brave predecessors. This being the case, why then do you, who know them so well, declare that the Anarchists are enemies of Socialism? I am very desirous to know your reasons.

No less desirous am I to learn from you as to who it is among the Anarchists who calumniated your party, your friends or yourself? Is it Bakounine, with whom you had at one time an affair of honor? In your articles you only mention Eugen Richter, who is as much an Anarchist as Crispi is a Social Democrat. It remains for us to examine your affair with Bakounine. Perhaps it was he who calumniated you.

In the "Memoir" presented by the Jura Federation of the International Working Men's Association we read:

"With regard to the Congress at Bâle (1869), we cannot pass by in silence a personal incident of great importance. Bakounine had learned that Liebknecht, in speaking of him, presented him as an agent of the Russian government. . . . The jury was composed of ten members. . . . De Pæpe, Palix, Sentinon, Fritz Robert, Moritz Hess, Eccarius and others. The jury declared unanimously that Liebknecht had acted wrong in repeating infamous *calumnies*. Liebknecht, holding out his hand to Bakounine, declared that he considered him a honest man and a good revolutionist. 'I have been mistaken with regard to you,' said he; 'I have contributed towards spreading *slandorous* accusations, I owe you a reparation of honor.'" (p. 84)

As a reparation you undertook to publish in your journal an article of rectification. "Bakounine," continues the "Memoir," "handed him over an article. What did Liebknecht do? *He never published it!*" (p. 85)

You say, sir, that the Anarchists are calumniating the Social Democrats, that they "throw mud at their heads"; in that case one would have to suppose that in 1869 Liebknecht the Anarchist calumniated Bakounine the Social Democrat! . . . You are an honest and impartial man, would you explain to me this flagrant contradiction. . . .

One final question, sir. What do you mean by the phrase: "In all countries, the Anarchists are petted by the bourgeoisie?" Are we "petted" individually by isolated bourgeois, or are we "petted" as a party by the capitalist organisation of the State—this protector of the bourgeoisie? It is evident that you speak of us as of a party petted by the bourgeoisie as an entire class and by its State. And *you* could write these lines? You, a journalist and a man of politics?!

Indeed, sir, are you not aware that the prisons and the places of banishment of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal are filled with Anarchists? That even in England and in the United States there are Anarchists undergoing penal servitude? And in Germany, where the stupid reaction persecutes you and your friends, was it not the Anarchists Landauer, Dr. Gumplowicz, Grunau and others, who had to undergo 18 months and more of solitary confinement? Take, sir, any one among my Anarchist friends, no matter whom, and you will find that they all have been "petted" in prisons and exile: Cipriani, sixteen years; Louise Michel, fourteen years; Borda, five years; Kropotkin, five years; Martin, five years; Merlino, Malato, Faure, Grave, Pouget, Reclus, Malatesta, Nicoll, all, absolutely all, have undergone long years of imprisonment, transportation, exile, . . . and you call this being petted!

Perhaps you did not know this? We will admit it. But you know perfectly well that, during these last twenty years, capital punishment for political offences has been applied in the civilised countries *only* to Anarchists.

You knew of Reinsdorf's and Caserio's executions, for, if not you personally, at any rate your journal incited against them the hatred of the government and the bourgeoisie.

You knew very well the executions of Parsons, Spies and the other Chicago Anarchists, of Vaillant, Pallas and of Henry. . . .

You knew perfectly well that it is the Anarchist party that is persecuted, martyred. . . .

And yet you could write that the Anarchists are petted by the bourgeoisie?! . . . Let all honest people, let the brave German workers, in whose name you like to speak, let them judge of your literary conduct.

W. TCHERKESOV.

My thoughts are murder to the State, and involuntarily go plotting against her. I heartily accept the motto: "that government is best which governs least," and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly; and systematically carried out till it finally amounts to this, which also I believe: "that government is best which governs not at all," and, when men are prepared for it, that is the kind of government which they will have.—*Thoreau*.

Government is in its essence always a force acting in violation of justice.—*Tolstoi*.

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The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles.

NOTES.

OUR LOSSES.

We will not pretend at the present moment to estimate the loss to the English Socialist movement which the death of William Morris has inflicted. Some attempt has been made in that direction by Comrades Walter Crane, P. Kropotkin and J. C. Kenworthy, which we print on our front page.

Whilst still under the shadow of Morris's loss, the sad news reaches us of the death of another good and much-loved comrade—Fay (better known as the "Boulder") of the *Clarion*. We offer our friends of the *Clarion* our sincerest sympathy in their loss, which will come as a heavy and keenly-felt blow to them.

HERBERT SPENCER ON CO-OPERATION.

In the October number of *Labor Co-partnership* (a most useful and instructive journal for all interested in the co-operative movement) Mr. Herbert Spencer has an article dealing with productive co-operation. There are a few points we may note here, dealing with it at greater length on another occasion. It may be said at once that Mr. Spencer indirectly acknowledges the truth of the Anarchist position; for while enumerating the moral advantages due to co-operation among the workers he says: "Resentment against a foreman who ranks some above others no longer finds any place. Overlooking to check idleness becomes superfluous. . . . Not only do the irritations superintendence excites decrease, but the cost of it decreases also. . . . The governing functions of the committee, too, and the relations of the workers to it become fewer: thus removing other sources of internal discord." We hope co-operators will note this point—that governing functions are a source of internal discord; they may then, after a little reasoning, see that Anarchism, which abolishes all "governing functions," is not an impracticable ideal, but a practical necessity if we are to have smooth working in all phases of social life. Herbert Spencer does not of course follow his reasoning out to its logical conclusion, but pulls up on the very frontiers of the fair land of freedom, with the observation "Here we reach a form in which the coerciveness has diminished to the smallest degree consistent with combined action." But is this so?

We hope to consider this point at some length in our next issue, as well as dealing with other matters contained in the article.

"ALL WORKMEN ARE TREACHEROUS."

Such was the remark that fell from the lips of one Judge Bacon, on Oct. 15, at Whitechapel County Court. So that a workman can be discharged without one minute's notice for no other reason than a desire to work a little less than 24 hours in a day—and this done in spite of a life contract existing between the employee and employer! Such was the case with John Perrant and the London and India Joint Docks Committee. Henceforward it will be recognised as treachery for an employee to complain of any exceptionally rigorous system of working; or, should any protest, they must not do it by way of hope for betterment of conditions of working, but be prepared to be immediately discharged—no matter what contracts may exist—and not even entertain the idea of recompense. Judge Bacon has at least had the manliness to give us an exact exposition of capitalist morality. This "treacherous" being has the shameful audacity to establish this "treacherous" precedent; such a one who must necessarily be devoid of any human sentiment, who thrives upon human labor and suffering, insults those who are building his pyramid by calling them "treacherous." Shelley may well say:

"And this uncultured and inhuman race
Howled hideous praises to its demon god."

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

Luigi Pizzi was known as the "Man of the Woods," and, despite his eccentricities, a very good man too. Although possessing considerable wealth, he preferred to live in that condition known as a "state of nature," and notwithstanding his love of raw food and his contempt for soap and water (he was known not to have washed once in twenty years), nature seems to have developed in him far better qualities than are fre-

quently produced in man's "state of civilisation." He seems to have gained the love and esteem of the country folk near Mantua, where he lived, for we read that "nothing but his harmlessness, his amiability and excessive popularity with the country folk, who would have resented any interference with him, kept him out of a lunatic asylum." Needless to say his relatives tried to put him away, and if he had unfortunately lived in London, where we are so splendidly organised for the "protection of life and property" (at a huge cost), he would no doubt have been kidnapped à la Miss Lanchester, and many others whose fate has not come to light. Luigi Pizzi has just died, and "leaves behind him an amount of popular gratitude that many a millionaire might envy." Shall we compare him to some types of our civilisation who observe all the social conventions, and are supposed to have all their wits about them? Cecil Rhodes, for instance, with his scented soaps and spotless linen? Give us the "Man of the Woods" a thousand times. It would be easier to get the dirt off the one than the blood off the other.

JACK'S RETURN.

All friends and comrades will be pleased to hear of the safe return of our Comrade John Turner, after a most successful seven-months propaganda in the States. It is not too much to say that he has given quite a "lift" to the Anarchist Communist movement in that country, and that his work will have excellent results. No wonder our American comrades want him back again. But we have work for him also in England—at any rate for a little while.

The LONDON CAB-DRIVERS' STRIKE

By A CAB-DRIVER.

THE cab-drivers of London commenced a struggle on the 23rd September last against the privilege cab monopoly, which is likely to become historical in the history of the cab trade.

In the first place, I will explain the meaning of a "privileged cab." There have been two classes of cabs in the streets up till this present strike. One, the street cab, is that which has only the street ranks to get a living on. The privileged cab is a vehicle which can, to give an illustration, go to St. Pancras and fetch away fares as often as he can get them in the course of a day; and he can also take fares in the street, so that he has the two chances—i.e., the station and the street—to the street cabdriver's one, who has only got the street ranks. The railway company charge a royalty of so much per day on each privileged cab, which the driver pays to the cab proprietor, who in turn pays the royalty to the railway company for the privilege of plying for hire on private property and at the same time being a public vehicle for public convenience.

Ever since the strike of 1894, the Cab-drivers' Union have been agitating on this question of the privilege-cab monopoly. Every means possible have been tried; interviews with the Railway Directors, Scotland Yard, midnight meetings, and everything else. The men offer to pay one penny to enter any railway station in London to ply for hire, and to paint the name of the railway off every cab, and thus throw open the railway stations, on payment of one penny, to every cab-driver in London. This would mean doing away with, practically speaking, the two classes of cab-drivers and making them into one, thus establishing more brotherly feeling between the men.

The railway companies say that they secure a better class cab for their passengers; a more wilful falsehood could never be told, for, as a matter of fact, it has always been the habit of cab-drivers to call a railway cab "perisher," because they are as a rule in a three times worse condition than a street cab. The companies also say that the street cab-drivers are not controllable. We retaliate by saying that both the street and privilege driver are one and the same person, because if a railway cab-driver gets the sack he is replaced by a street driver, and *vice versa*. If only for humanity's sake, as well as for the horse's, the privileged cab ought to be abolished; for if a railway cab privileged at Kings Cross takes a "fare" to Liverpool Street, it comes all the way back to Kings Cross, and thus the horse does double journey for the one fare. Whereas, if the railways were open to every cab, he could have stopped at Liverpool Street Station for another fare, and thus the waste of labor and wear of horse and cab in returning would be avoided.

But the railway companies, who think their dignity might get lowered by not having the name of their particular station painted on the side of the cab, say no, and they, together with the privilege-cab proprietors, are fighting the men tooth and nail.

Immediately on the declaration of the strike, the railway monopolists, who had prophesied that the railway cab-drivers would not stand by the street cab-drivers, and who soon found out how greatly mistaken they were, caused a large number of their carmen, under pain of dismissal, to take cabs out without a plate license. This, which is illegal, has been up to now taken no notice of by the Government, and the unique sight has also been witnessed of railway-men in uniform blacklegging cab-drivers. This once more proves that Law and Authority exists in the interests of monopoly, for one or two who have been summoned for plying for hire without license have had their cases dismissed, whereas several Union men have been sent to prison for daring to say a word to a blackleg.

Whether the men win or lose this strike, I think it is a grand sign for the future to see 1000 men throw away their two chances and stand shoulder to shoulder along with the street cabdrivers to demand an equal

opportunity for every one of their class. To-day the London cabdrivers have engaged in a gallant fight for the partial abolition of privilege from within their own ranks, and I hope yet to see the day when they will stand up with their fellow workers all over the world for the complete abolition of the present commercial system of society, with all its monopolies and privileges, and the substitution of the free co-operative system "when man to man the whole world o'er shall brothers be and a' that."

W. WRIGHT,
L.C.D.T.U., Card 681.

Are ye Patriots?

Are ye patriots? when each weeping hour
Speaks to your minds of new injustice done;
When, bruised by toil, you learn to creep and cower
Under a tyrant yoke; are yet your laurels won?
When starveling babes, foredoomed to naught but tears,
Pull the tired breasts, and suck the mothers' fears.

Are ye patriots? when a hireling crowd
Sweeps o'er your land their evil-tipped sword:
And all the pride your ancient deeds endowed
Is aped and patterned by some nerveless lord;
Let every ill that to existence clings
Group round the tombs and monuments of kings.

Ye are no patriots, for you have lost
The vein of former freedom; yet shall know
That slav'ry e'er must bring a slavish cost;
Weak tho' in arm, fear not to bend the bow,
And in the last no breath were drawn more sweet
Than that which is of Liberty replete.

LIBERTAS.

ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL.

BY PETER KROPOTKIN.

(Continued.)

That is why such powerful minorities constitute themselves in the midst of civilized nations, and loudly ask for the return to the community of all riches accumulated by the work of preceding generations. The holding in common of land, mines, factories, inhabited houses, and means of transport is already the watch-word of these imposing fractions, and repression—the favorite weapon of the rich and powerful—can no longer do anything to arrest the triumphal march of the spirit of revolt. And if millions of workers do not rise to seize the land and factories from the monopolists by force, be sure it is not for want of desire. They but wait for a favorable opportunity—a chance, such as presented itself in 1848, when they will be able to start the destruction of the present economic system, with the hope of being supported by an International movement.

That time cannot be long in coming; for since the International was crushed by governments in 1872—especially since then—it has made immense progress of which its most ardent partisans are hardly aware. It is, in fact, constituted—in ideas, in sentiments, in the establishment of constant intercommunication. It is true the French, English, Italian and German plutocracies are so many rivals, and at any moment can even cause nations to war with one another. Nevertheless, be sure when the Communist and Social revolution does take place in France, France will find the same sympathies as formerly among the nations of the world, including Germans, Italians and English. And when Germany, which, by the way, is nearer a revolution than is thought, will plant the flag—unfortunately a Jacobin one—of this revolution, when it will throw itself into the revolution with all the ardor of youth in an ascendant period, such as it is traversing to-day, it will find on this side of the Rhine all the sympathies and all the support of a nation that loves the audacity of revolutionists and hates the arrogance of plutocracy.

Divers causes have up till now delayed the bursting forth of this inevitable revolution. The possibility of a great European war is no doubt partly answerable for it. But there is, it seems to me, another cause, a deeper-rooted one, to which I would call your attention. There is going on just now among the Socialists—many tokens lead us to believe it—a great transformation in ideas, like the one I sketched at the beginning of this lecture in speaking of general sciences. And the uncertainty of Socialists themselves concerning the organisation of the society they are wishing for, paralyses their energy up to a certain point.

At the beginning, in the forties, Socialism presented itself as Communism, as a republic one and indivisible, as a governmental and jacobin dictatorship, in its application to economics. Such was the ideal of that time. Religious or freethinking, the Socialist was ready to submit to any strong government, even an imperial one, if that government would remodel economic relations to the worker's advantage.

A profound revolution has since been accomplished, especially among the Latin and English peoples. Governmental Communism, like theocratic Communism, is repugnant to the worker. And this repugnance gave rise to a new conception or doctrine—that of *Collectivism*—in the International. This doctrine at first signified the collective possession of the instruments of production (not including what is necessary to live), and the right of each group to accept such method of remuneration, whether communistic or individualistic, as pleased its members. Little by little, however, this system was transformed into

a sort of compromise between communistic and individualistic wage remuneration. To-day the Collectivist wants all that belongs to production to become common property, but that each should be individually remunerated by labour cheques, according to the number of hours he has spent in production. These cheques would serve to buy all merchandise in the Socialist stores at cost price, which price would also be estimated in hours of labour.

But if you analyse this idea you will own that its essence, as summed up by one of our friends, is reduced to this:—

Partial Communism in the possession of instruments of production and education. Competition among individuals and groups for bread, housing and clothing. Individualism for works of art and thought. The Socialistic State's aid for children, invalids and old people.

In a word—a struggle for the means of existence mitigated by charity. Always the Christian maxim: "Wound to heal afterwards!" And always the door open to inquisition, in order to know if you are a man who must be left to struggle, or a man the State must succor.

The idea of labour cheques, you know, is old. It dates from Robert Owen; Proudhon commended it in 1848; Marxists have made "Scientific Socialism" of it to-day.

We must say, however, that this system seems to have little hold on the minds of the masses; it would seem they foresaw its drawbacks, not to say its impossibility. Firstly, the duration of time given to any work does not give the measure of social utility of the work accomplished, and the theories of value that economists have endeavoured to base, from Adam Smith to Marx, only on the cost of production, valued in labor time, has not solved the question of value. As soon as there is exchange, the value of an article becomes complex, and depends especially on the degree of satisfaction it brings to needs—not to the individual, as certain economists stated formerly, but to the whole of society, taken in its entirety. Value is a *Social* fact. Being the result of an *exchange*, it has a double aspect: that of labour, and that of satisfaction of needs, both evidently conceived in their social and not individual aspect.

On the other hand, when we analyze the evils of the present economic system, we see—and the worker knows it full well—that their essence lies in the *forced* necessity of the worker to sell his labour power. Not having the wherewithal to live for the next fortnight, placed by the State in the impossibility of using his labour power without selling it to someone, the worker sells himself to the one who undertakes to give him work; he renounces the benefits his labour might bring him in; he abandons the lion's share of what he produces to his employer; he even abdicates his liberty; he renounces his right to make his opinion heard on the utility of what he is about to produce and on the way of producing it.

Thus results the accumulation of capital, not in its faculty of absorbing surplus-value, but in the forced position the worker is placed to sell his labour power:—the seller being sure in advance that he will not receive all that his strength can produce, of being wounded in his interests, and of becoming the inferior of the buyer. Without this the capitalist would never have tried to buy him, which proves that to change the system it must be attacked in its essence, in its cause—sale and purchase,—not its effect, Capitalism.

Workers themselves have a vague intuition of this, and we hear them say oftener and oftener that nothing will be done if the Social Revolution does not begin with the distribution of products, if it does not guarantee the necessities of life to all—that is to say, housing, food and clothing. And we know that to do this is quite possible, with the powerful means of production at our disposal.

If the worker continues to be paid in wages, he necessarily will remain the slave or the subordinate of the one to whom he is forced to sell his labour force—be the buyer a private individual or the State. In the popular mind—in that sum total of thousands of opinions crossing the human brain—it is felt that if the State were to be substituted for the employer, in his rôle of buyer and overseer of labor, it would still be an odious tyranny. A man of the people does not reason about abstractions, he thinks in concrete terms, and that is why he feels that the abstraction, the State, would for him assume the form of numberless functionaries, taken from among his factory and workshop comrades, and he knows what importance he can attach to their virtues: excellent comrades to-day, they become unbearable foremen to-morrow. And he looks for a social constitution that will eliminate the present evils without creating new ones.

That is why Collectivism has never enthused the masses, who always come back to Communism—but a Communism more and more stripped of the Jacobin theocracy and authoritarianism of the forties—to Free Communism—Anarchy.

Nay more: in calling to mind all we have seen during this quarter of a century in the European Socialist movement, I cannot help believing that modern Socialism is forced to make a step towards Free Communism; and that so long as that step is not taken, the incertitude in the popular mind that I have just pointed out will paralyze the efforts of *Socialist* propaganda.

Socialists seem to me to be brought, by force of circumstance, to accept, that the material guarantee of existence of all the members of the community shall be the first act of the Social Revolution.

But they are also driven to take another step. They are obliged to recognise that this guarantee must come, not from the State, but independently of the State, and without its intervention.

We have already obtained the unanimous assent of those who have studied the subject, that a society, having recovered the possession of all riches accumulated in its midst, can liberally assure abundance to all in return for four or five hours effective and manual work a day, as

far as regards production. If everybody, from childhood, learned whence came the bread he eats, the house he dwells in, the book he studies, and so on; and if each one accustomed himself to complete mental work by manual labor in some branch of manufacture,—society could easily perform this task, to say nothing of the further simplification of production which a more or less near future has in store for us.

(To be continued.)

HERMINIA'S 'MARRIAGE.'

THUS, half against his will, Alan Merrick was drawn into this irregular compact.

Next came that more difficult matter, the discussion of ways and means, the more practical details. Alan hardly knew at first on what precise terms it was Herminia's wish that they two should pass their lives together. His ideas were all naturally framed on the old model of marriage; in that matter, Herminia said, he was still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. He took it for granted that of course they must dwell under one roof with one another. But that simple ancestral notion, derived from man's lordship in his own house, was wholly adverse to Herminia's views of the reasonable and natural. She had debated these problems at full in her own mind for years, and had arrived at definite and consistent solutions for every knotty point in them. Why should this friendship differ at all, she asked, in respect of time and place, from any other friendship? The notion of necessarily keeping house together, the cramping idea of the family tie, belonged entirely to the régime of the man-made patriarchy, where the woman and the children were the slaves and chattels of the lord and master. In a free society, was it not obvious that each woman would live her own life apart, would preserve her independence, and would receive the visits of the man for whom she cared—the father of her children? Then only could she be free. Any other method meant the economic and social superiority of the man, and was irreconcilable with the perfect individuality of the woman.

So Herminia reasoned. She rejected at once, therefore, the idea of any change in her existing mode of life. To her, the friendship she proposed with Alan Merrick was no social revolution; it was but the due fulfilment of her natural function. To make of it an occasion for ostentatious change in her way of living seemed to her as unnatural as is the practice of the barbarians in our midst who use a wedding—that most sacred and private event in a young girl's life—as an opportunity for display of the coarsest and crudest character. To rivet the attention of friends to bride and bridegroom is to offend against the most delicate susceptibilities of modesty. From all such hateful practices Herminia's pure mind revolted by instinct. She felt that here at least was the one moment in a woman's history when she would shrink with timid reserve from every eye save one man's—when publicity of any sort was most odious and horrible.

Only the blinding effect of custom, indeed, could ever have shut good women's eyes to the shameful indecorousness of wedding ceremonial. We drag a young girl before the prying gaze of all the world at the crisis in her life when natural modesty would most lead her to conceal herself from her dearest acquaintance. And our women themselves have grown so blunted by use to the hatefulness of the ordeal that many of them face it now with inhuman effrontery. Familiarity with marriage has almost killed out in the maidens of our race the last lingering relics of native modesty.

Herminia, however, could dispense with all that show. She had a little cottage of her own, she told Alan, a tiny little cottage, in a street near her school-work; she rented it for a small sum, in quite a poor quarter, all inhabited by work-people. There she lived by herself; for she kept no servants. There she should continue to live; why need this purely personal compact between them two make any difference in her daily habits? She would go on with her school-work for the present as usual. Oh, no, she certainly did not intend to notify the headmistress of the school, or any one else, of her altered position. It was no alteration of position at all, so far as she was concerned; merely the addition to life of a new and very dear and natural friendship. Herminia took her own point of view so instinctively, indeed, lived so wrapped in an ideal world of her own and the future's, that Alan was often quite alarmed in his soul when he thought of the rude awakening that no doubt awaited her. Yet whenever he hinted it to her, with all possible delicacy, she seemed so perfectly prepared for the worst the world could do, so fixed and resolved in her intention of martyrdom, that he had no argument left, and could only sigh over her.

It was not, she explained to him further, that she wished to conceal anything. The least tinge of concealment was wholly alien to that frank fresh nature. If her headmistress asked her a point-blank question, she would not attempt to parry it, but would reply at once with a point-blank answer. Still, her very views on the subject made it impossible for her to volunteer information unasked to any one. Here was a personal matter of the utmost privacy; a matter which concerned no body on earth save herself and Alan; a matter on which it was the grossest impertinence for any one else to make any inquiry or hold any opinion. They two chose to be friends; and there, so far as the rest of the world was concerned, the whole thing ended. What else took place between them was wholly a subject for their own consideration. But if ever circumstances should arise which made it necessary for her to avow to the world that she must soon be a mother, then it was for the world to take the first step, if it would act upon its own hateful and cruel initiative. She would never deny, but she would never go out of her way to confess. She stood upon her individuality as a human being.

As to other practical matters, about which Alan ventured delicately to throw out a passing question or two, Herminia was perfectly frank, with the perfect frankness of one who thinks and does nothing to be ashamed of. She had always been self-supporting, she said, and she would be self-supporting still. To her mind, that was an essential step towards the emancipation of women. Their friendship implied for her no change of existence, merely an addition to the fulness of her living. It was the complement to her being. Every woman should naturally wish to live her whole life, to fulfil her whole functions; and that she could do only by becoming a mother, accepting the orbit for which nature designed her. In the end, no doubt, complete independence would be secured for each woman by the civilised state, or, in other words, by the whole body of men who do the hard work of the world, and

who would collectively guarantee every necessary and luxury to every woman of the community equally. In that way alone could perfect liberty of choice and action be secured for women; and she held it just that women should so be provided for, because the mothers of the community fulfil in the state as important and necessary a function as the men themselves do. It would be well, too, that the mothers should be free to perform that function without pre-occupation of any sort. So a free world would order things. But in our present barbaric state of industrial slavery, capitalism, monopoly—in other words, under the organised rule of selfishness—such a course was impossible. Perhaps, as an intermediate condition, it might happen in time that the women of certain classes would for the most part be made independent at maturity each by her own father; which would produce for them in the end pretty much the same general effect of freedom. She saw as a first step the endowment of the daughter. But meanwhile there was nothing for it save that as many women as could should aim for themselves at economic liberty, in other words, at self-support. That was an evil in itself, because obviously the prospective mothers of a community should be relieved as far as possible from the stress and strain of earning a livelihood, should be set free to build up their nervous system to the highest attainable level against the calls of maternity. But above all things we must be practical; and in the practical world here and now around us, no other way existed for women to be free save the wasteful way of each earning her own livelihood. Therefore she would continue her school-work with her pupils as long as the school would allow her, and, when that became impossible, would fall back upon literature.

One other question Alan ventured gently to raise—the question of children. Fools always put that question, and think it is a crushing one. Alan was no fool, yet it puzzled him strangely. He did not see for himself how easy is the solution—how absolutely Herminia's plan leaves the position unaltered. But Herminia herself was as modestly frank on the subject as on any other. It was a moral and social point of the deepest importance; and it would be wrong of them to rush into it without due consideration. She had duly considered it. She would give her children, should any come, the unique and glorious birthright of being the only human being ever born into this world as the deliberate result of a free union, contracted on philosophical and ethical principles. Alan hinted certain doubts as to their up-bringing and education. There, too, Herminia was perfectly frank. They would be half hers, half his; the pleasant burden of their support, the joy of their education, would naturally fall upon both parents equally. But why discuss these matters like the squalid rich, who make their marriages a question of settlements and dowries, and business arrangements? They two were friends and lovers; in love, such base doubts could never arise. Not for worlds would she import into their mutual relations any sordid stain of money, any vile tinge of bargaining. They could trust one another; that alone sufficed for them.

So Alan gave way bit by bit all along the line, over-borne by Herminia's more perfect and logical conception of her own principles. She knew exactly what she felt and wanted; while he knew only in a vague and formless way that his reason agreed with her.

A week later, he knocked timidly one evening at the door of a modest little workman-looking cottage, down a small side street in the back-wastes of Chelsea. 'Twas a most unpretending street, Bower Lane by name, full of brown brick houses, all as like as peas, and with nothing of any sort to redeem their plain fronts from the common blight of the London jerry-builder. Only a soft serge curtain and a pot of mignonette on the ledge of the window distinguished the cottage at which Alan Merrick knocked from the others beside it. Externally, that is to say; for within it was as dainty as Morris wall-papers and merino hangings and a delicate feminine taste in form and colour could make it. Keats and Shelley lined the shelves; Rossetti's wan maidens gazed unearthly from the over-mantel. The door was opened for him by Herminia in person, for she kept no servant—that was one of her principles. She was dressed from head to foot in a simple white gown, as pure and sweet as the soul it covered. A white rose nestled in her glossy hair; three sprays of white lily decked a vase on the mantel-piece. Some dim survival ancestral ideas made Herminia Burton so array herself in the white garb of affiance for her bridal evening. Her cheek was aglow with virginal shrinking as she opened the door and welcomed Alan in. But she held out her hand just as frankly as ever to the man of her free choice as he advanced to greet her. Alan caught her in his arms and kissed her forehead tenderly. And thus was Herminia Barton's espousal consummated.

The next six months were the happiest time of her life for Herminia. All day long she worked hard with her classes; and often in the evenings Alan Merrick dropped in for sweet converse and companionship. Too free from any taint of sin or shame herself ever to suspect that others could misinterpret her actions, Herminia was hardly aware how the gossip of Bower Lane made free in time with the name of the young lady who had taken a cottage in the row, and whose relations with the tall gentleman that called so much in the evenings were beginning to attract the attention of the neighborhood. The poor slaves of washer-women and working men's wives all around—with whom contented slavery to a drunken husband was the only "respectable" condition—couldn't understand for the life of them how the pretty young lady could make her name so cheap; "and her that pretends to be so charitable and that, and goes about in the parish like a district visitor!" Though, to be sure, it had already struck the minds of Bower Lane that Herminia never went "to church nor chapel"; and when people cut themselves adrift from church and chapel, why, what sort of morality can you reasonably expect of them? Nevertheless, Herminia's manners were so sweet and engaging, to rich and poor alike, that Bower Lane seriously regretted what it took to be her lapse from grace. Poor purblind Bower Lane! A lifetime would have failed it to discern for itself how infinitely higher than its slavish "respectability" was Herminia's freedom. In which respect, indeed, Bower Lane was no doubt on a dead level with Belgravia, or, for the matter of that, with Lambeth Palace.

—From "THE WOMAN WHO DID." By Grant Allen.

All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers or backgammon, with a slight moral tinge to it; a playing with right and wrong—with moral questions—and betting naturally accompanies it. A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority.—*Thoreau*.

I make little account of victory—nothing is so stupid as to vanquish; the real glory is to convince.—*Victor Hugo*.

THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY.

Let us draw in rough outline a history of the *social contract*, more truthful than Rousseau's; let us reproduce in broad lines the establishment of political and civil administration.

A roistering blade, a fellow with a clear head and a heavy hand, espies a rock commanding a defile between two fertile valleys; there he takes up his position and fortifies it. This man in possession falls upon the passers-by, assassinates some, pillages and despoils the greater number. Having the power, he has the right. The travellers who object to being maltreated remain at home, or go round another way. Being left to himself, the brigand reflects that, unless he can make some arrangement, he must die of hunger. Let the pedestrians recognize his rights upon the highway, and they shall pass the dangerous spot on payment of a toll. The pact is concluded, and the lord grows rich.

But, lo and behold! another hero, finding the trade a goodly one, takes up his station on the rock opposite. He, too, slays and plunders, and establishes his rights. He thus curtails the perquisites of his colleague, who scowls and grumbles in his donjon, but remembers that the new comer has a sturdy fist. Corsair against corsair is not business. He resigns himself to what he cannot prevent, and enters into negotiations; the first was paid, something must be paid to the second; everyone must live.

Thereupon another rogue turns up, and installs himself at another turn of the road; and he, too, announces from the height of his watch-tower that he shall levy his share. His pretensions clash with those of his seniors, who very plainly perceive that if three halfpence are to be demanded of a traveller who has only two to give, he will stay at home rather than imperil his person and baggage. Our economists fall, Dick Turpin fashion, upon the intruder, drag him forth, abuse him, force him to take himself off. Then they claim two half-farthings in addition, as a just reward for the trouble they have taken in chasing away the spoiler, a legitimate recompense for the pains they are taking to prevent his return. Henceforth, these two gentlemen become richer and more powerful than ever, and entitle themselves "Masters of the Defiles," "Overseers of the National Highways," "Defenders of Industry," "Sponsors of Agriculture"; all appellations repeated with delight by the simple people; for it pleases them to be imposed upon under the mask of protection, and to pay a large tribute to well-bred highwaymen.

It is thus—how admirable is human ingenuity!—it is thus that brigandage becomes orderly, develops, is transformed into the mechanism of public order. The institution of robbery, which is not at all what a vain folk have imagined, gives birth to property and the police.

Political authority, which was quite recently given out to be an emanation of Divine Right, and a good gift of Providence, was constructed little by little by the care of licensed highwaymen, by the systematic efforts of brigands who were men of influence. The police were formed and educated by ruffians who prowled about the outskirts of the forest, armed with a knotted cudgel, and shouted to the trader, "Your money or your life!" Taxes were the subscription, the premium paid by the robbed to the robbers. Joyous and grateful, the plundered placed themselves behind the knights of the highway and proclaimed them the supporters of order, of religion, of the family, of property, of morals: consecrated them a legitimate government. It was a touching contrast!—From *Primitive Folk*, by Elie Reclus.

'T WAS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Having been informed by our truthful daily press that on the 21st October, the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, the historical Square would be decorated in a surpassingly magnificent style, I wended my way there, fully expecting to behold a scene of unparalleled splendour. In my mind's eye I conjured up a picture of a surging crowd overflowing with patriotic sentiment and and vowing death and destruction to all Britain's enemies, their goods and chattels. But this is a degenerate age.

I reached the Square between the hours of 1 and 2, and found a surging crowd, it's true, but not overflowing with patriotic sentiment. On the contrary, the greater part of the working class present treated the whole affair in much about the same spirit as they usually treat the Lord Mayor's Show, viz. as a splendid opportunity for cracking jokes at the expense of the policemen on duty, and generally indulging in that felicitous pastime so dear to the London crowd, known as "horse-play."

The "decorations," we were informed by the press, were executed by a firm of Sheffield steeple-jacks who had considerable experience in scaling factory chimnies in the Black Country. We know it. Nothing could have resembled a factory chimney more than the column in the centre of the Square; the inky blackness of the stonework made it almost impossible to distinguish the evergreens with which it was encircled, so that at a distance it seemed as though it was thickly coated with soot.

As for the crowd, there was not to be heard a single expression of patriotism or respect for the man in whose memory all this preparation was made; everybody seemed to have come out of sheer curiosity.

Patriotism is undoubtedly dying, and dying fast, for the placard that attracted most notice, and met with most approbation, was one affixed to the base of the column—evidently by a person of Socialistic tendencies—whereon was inscribed the words: "Peace on Earth and

Goodwill towards Men. Let us not revive memories of past bloodshed. Let us not exalt the name of the shedder of blood, but work for the reign of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." A striking contrast to the wreath bearing the words: "Ships, Commerce and Money."

And now, for the next day or two, the public-houses off Fleet-street and the Strand will do a thriving trade, for the penny-a-liners will be in funds. All the obscure public-houses of Fleet-street, or the 21st, were wrapt in a holy hush, and the curious observer might have seen in the tap-rooms connected with these establishments a number of shabby-genteel, red-nosed, bespectacled individuals writing at a furious pace, pausing only at frequent intervals to seek fresh inspiration from glasses that required constant filling. These were the creators of public opinion; the leaders of thought; the moral gentlemen who pour out their wrath upon all disturbers of the public peace—in other words, they were "members of the press," who, by creating a "healthy public opinion" at moderate terms, manage to rake together enough to pay for their lodging at the "hotel-de-doss."

They earned their pay well, as anyone who read the comments of these gentlemen in the daily press will acknowledge.

ERNEST YOUNG.

THE PROPAGANDA.

Will comrades in the London and Provincial groups make a point of furnishing us with reports of meetings and progress of groups by not later than the twentieth of each month?

REPORTS.

Canning Town.—Since our last report, the group itself has carried on meetings held in the district, with the exception of October 11th, when we had a Professor of Phrenology, lecturing to us on the "Responsibility of the individuals." He treated the subject in a clever manner, proving the Anarchist Communist position up to the hilt. He said, "Man must be a law unto himself; the laws needed are already inman, but free conditions are necessary for their development, which development is only possible under Anarchism." He went on to say, often parents keep their children at home for health's sake, but in each case the parents are had up before the Modern Solomons, called magistrates, and fined or imprisoned. This will always happen where the individual asserts himself, under governmental conditions, to manage his own household and affairs. He advised each group to obtain this comrade to lecture for them. Our position is decidedly favourably progressing, in spite of the recent bad weather. We have sold two quires *Freedom* and one quire *Liberty* above our usual supply. The group this month has contributed 10s. to the "*Freedom* publication fund." We are endeavouring to secure a hall in the district for a Chicago Commemoration Meeting. Two of their comrades utilized their spare time by printing 2,000 leaflets on the *Freedom* Press, for distribution. The West Ham Town Council election takes place November 2nd.

Certain place-seekers are beginning to exercise their oratorical powers, which lie dormant until these occasions occur. After each election they disappear, we often imagine they emigrate, but to another election,—and there they are. To hear them appealing to crowds of two to three hundred casual workers who labour at stone breaking, or oakum picking for a crust, to "return one of their own class to alter prevailing economic conditions," (although not one of these men have a vote) has its tragical as well as amusing side. This is what is called "any and every means that lies in our power." Well, we are glad to be mean enough not to use the perhaps meanest means possible to accomplish our ends. Shall give the result of the race in next issue.—SANDY.

Propaganda in East London.—In spite of the wet weather, good meetings have been held in Victoria Park, Mile End Waste and Stratford Grove by Comrade Leggett, with two exceptions, when it rained hard all day. Good sale of literature, including *Liberty*, *Freedom*, *Alarm*, "Chicago Speeches" and pamphlets. We have talked to very attentive audiences. One Sunday a friend in the crowd gave Leggett £1 to buy a lamp with, being so dark by 9.30 p.m. that we could not see. Leggett bought a large hanging lamp of 80 candle power costing £1, and sent the receipt for the money to the friend, a complete stranger.

As a result of our propaganda, the crowds have grown larger, and we have used a disputed piece of enclosure land in Stratford Grove—a centre of former police court proceedings, when Mowbray, Kitz, Benson, Quinton and others got arrested and fined together £12 15s., which fines our late Comrade W. Morris paid. On this land there is a fine large tree, and by making a throw-line with a weight on the end of a cord we throw it over the lowest branch about 25 feet high; then make a larger rope with a chain and hook at the end fast to it; pull up, make fast, and hang the lamp up, right over the platform, so as to be able to read notes, extracts from papers, etc. Comrades and sympathisers living near are asked to turn up, if possible, to speak and support Comrade Leggett, as it is hard work for one man to speak six or seven hours Sunday after Sunday with no help, besides having to carry platform, lamp, literature, flag, etc.—E. LEGGATT.

On the evening of the 25th inst., Com. Perry lectured at the Theatre Royal, Edmonton, on the "Principals of Anarchism." The meeting being arranged conjointly by the Edmonton S.D.E. and our group. The lecturer's lucid explanation of the basic principles of Anarchist Communism was listened to by a very attentive audience, whose appreciation was shown by the long list of questions asked at the close of the lecture. The opposition was genuine and intelligent, and promises big things in the future.—W. H. EDWARDS.

Yorkshire.—I am afraid that in the sense of direct propaganda Leeds will be found wanting. We have no group, as the comrades are all over the shop; but still one hears of good work being done here and there by comrades. The Jewish Comrades have an energetic group, but of course they do not enter into our English work. Padway and Elstein do good work in their trades' unions, Elstein being sent by them to the Edinburgh Congress. Drake and Sollit help to spread our ideas about by their opposition at various meetings. MacQueen has been very busy lecturing for the I.L.P. on the Relation of Anarchists to State Socialism. He was at Leeds Labour Church on the 4th October, Barrow-in-Furness 11th, and at Halton I.L.P. Club on the 18th. In all cases the lectures have been very well received. The International Congress have done a lot of good to the I.L.P. here. Several of them have on hand a big lecture scheme from the Parliamentary and Anti-Parliamentary standpoint. Altogether the seed sown by the various comrades is gradually germinating; but we find the lack of organisation a serious obstacle. Energetic fellows find it difficult to find work and consequently drift away. For instance, Badlay, an anarchist in theory, has fallen a prey to the "necessity for practical action" and has become a municipal candidate. But we're living in hopes that he and others will soon see the error of their ways and repent. Will the comrades who wish a group for a winter's work communicate with MacQueen, 46, Banstead Terrace, Roundhay Road, Leeds.

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