

Freedom

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THE JUBILEE.

It is well that while we range with science glorying in the time, City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime. There among the gloomy alleys, progress halts on palsied feet. Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard seamstress of her daily bread, There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead; There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotten floor. And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

Alfred Tennyson.

FRIENDS—As many persons seem to think that the present is an opportune time to take stock of our position as a nation, we feel that it may not be out of place to bring to your notice a few facts not included in the picture which well-to-do toadies are anxious to present to the world as an estimate of our position in this fateful Jubilee year.

According to the press and plunderers, Merrie England, the home and centre of the Glorious British Empire, upon which the sun never sets, is the home of a brave, prosperous and free people, who are preparing one and all to celebrate the Jubilee with hearts filled with thankfulness for having the blessings of peace and plenty, equal laws for all, and unrivalled advantages over the nations of the earth bestowed upon them in consequence of the beneficent reign of our august monarch. So with flags and decorations (made, like our monarch, in Germany) and fired with patriotic fervour, we jubilate and acclaim, and beseech God to save our Gracious Queen.

Sixty years of a glorious (*sic*) reign! during which, invention, the arts, and science have increased the national wealth and resources by leaps and bounds. The leading inventions which have revolutionised industry emanated from the brains of humble toilers, *their* bone and sinew, *their* hardihood and courage have built up the nation's greatness. But the Jubilee is not for them; *they* have no place in the cavalcade. Enemies of the people at home and abroad will be represented; the armed forces used against the people at home, or to extend the domination of the sweater abroad and create him fresh spheres for exploitation, will be in evidence; but industry nowhere. It is the heyday of the sweater and the snob.

Sixty years of peace and plenty, and yet on the line of route, hidden away behind the deceptive frontages, are human styies in which Her Majesty would not house her *pigs*. In these dreary courts and alleys and narrow streets, in rotten tenements or hideous barracks are packed thousands of human beings whose lives are passed in a continuous struggle with dire poverty surrounded by squalor and wretchedness. And there, oh your Majesty, are little children who, in the miles of bricks and mortar of this vampire city, have only the gutters or a dis-used burial yard for playgrounds. Children, you toadies who cant of a Saviour's name, whose surroundings foredoom them to pauperism, crime and prostitution.

There Death claims a higher toll than among the well-to-do idlers of the West. There disease, destitution and anxious care shorten the lives of the denizens of the slums. The Royal equipage will pass through one district which has the distinction of the highest death-rate in London; and the principal owner of that area is one of the chief servants of the Crown.

Our millioned city—yes, this huge wen, out of whose population 22000 have no home but the doss-ken; 828,000 live in a state of overcrowding; 366,000 in single rooms; 125,000 earn less than 21s. per week and pay more than one fifth of this pittance in rent for the dens they inhabit; 70,000 indoor paupers are being punished for poverty in those modern Bastilles the workhouses; 30,000 semi-starved children are in the Board Schools;—and let us raise our voices in praise again! The fight for existence is so severe that one in every four of the people die in workhouses or hospitals, whilst we are building lunatic asylums on a truly Imperial scale—the increase on this head alone, since 1894, being £720,000.

The outcast poor are so vast in numbers that the casual wards and other shelters are insufficient; and so these co-inheritors of the glorious British Empire wander homeless in the streets and parks. The smug well-to-do term them the lazy and the unfit, and wish them to be kept out of sight.—Come out in your rags, O wretched victims of a cruel society, in order that ALL classes shall be present; line the route, and show the lazy and the unfit upon the day of their jubilation at what price they possess their wealth.

What are the features of our Jubilee? If we look upon the country as a whole, with a soil capable, if properly cultivated, of supporting double the present population; 30,000,000 acres of waste land, 11,000,000 acres of which are cultivable, and whilst wrenching the black man's

domain from him we are landless serfs at home—driven by the land-thieves who have us in their grip to herd in the overcrowded towns.

Through the curse of landlordism the land is rapidly going out of cultivation; 50 per cent of the population have to subsist mainly on foreign food.

In the manufacturing districts whole areas, once beautiful, have been turned into rubbish heaps and the streams polluted. Blackened, hideous towns and huge factories have arisen, crowded with weary wage-slaves. Once they worked on pleasant surroundings and reared their families at home, but the spread of invention has changed all that, and the tender children and women have been forced into the many mills and factories to create the shoddy products which are thrust by force and fraud upon the world's markets.

The surpliced Prelate will laud Her Most Gracious Majesty as an example of the domestic virtues, and will doubtless speak of the sanctities of family life; but these qualities have a hard struggle to exist where the monster Greed destroys the home and feeds the factory with child and female labour. When you view your navy, O Queen, think of anchor chains made at Cradley Heath by mothers with infants at their breasts.

It is attempted, with bunkum and bunting, to gloss over one of the blackest pages in modern history,—the employment of women and children in factories. Legislation has tinkered with the evil, but the stunted, bent victims remain, and to-day 140,000 children (half-timers) have to leave school for the factory—the glory and greatness of England depends on it. 232 out of every 1,000 infants die in the factory districts for want of proper feeding and maternal care, the mothers being driven by want into the mills. Stunted, diseased and weak, is the medical verdict upon the bulk of the survivors. Let us jubilate!

And now, having shown somewhat of the other side of this glittering Jubilee shield, we wish to address a few earnest words to the working class especially to its young men. As wage-slaves, or as soldiers (food for powder) you uphold the present iniquitous system. Landless in your native land, will you be the tools, as hired cut-throats, of the capitalist and usurer, to extend their domination in other lands? Will you be fooled by a bogus cry of patriotism uttered by cosmopolitan plunderers and do their murderous work of clearing the ground in Africa and elsewhere for their schemes of spoliation, or as at Featherstone or Mitchelstown, murder your own class when they resist the oppressor. Or will you be a true patriot and work and fight if need be for the Social Revolution which shall yet transform our land from the hell upon earth it is for the workers to-day, into a really free and happy country rid of landlords and capitalists, and then shall we celebrate in truth the People's Glorious Jubilee!

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay you low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?
Wherefore feed and clothe and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat, nay, drink your
blood?

The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.
Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth let no impostor heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, in your defence to bear.

Shelley.

[This was issued as a leaflet, which has been distributed all over London and in a number of provincial towns.]

The Mollie Maguires.

It is now almost thirty years since the weird and unhappy scenes that were enacted by this once powerful organisation took place. It was an episode in the history of Pennsylvania that can never be forgotten, and it gave to the enemies of organised labor and the opposers of Republican institutions in Europe an opportunity to sneer and wave aloft the banner of monarchy that was improved with unspeakable satisfaction. The London Times and Victorien Sardou, that bitter enemy of America, gave a loose rein to the old spleen against this country in the most grotesque and lurid language; and here at home it gave a new venom to the arrows of those who longed to see the reactionary elements triumph over the friends of progress and humanity.

To this day many well-meaning persons ask: "What purpose did such atrocious work subserve in the great cause of human reformation and advancement?" As well may they ask: "What good was done by the American Revolution?" No man of sense can offer any apology for wrong or violence, but of the fact that the Almighty does bring good out of great evils, no thoughtful or intelligent man will attempt to deny, or that the blood of those who have died in battle for human liberty is consecrated and sanctified to the eternal cause of truth and right.

But here, say they, were men who burned property and committed murder to obtain redress for wrong who might have gotten redress by peaceful

means. Very true; but remember here were seventy-five thousand men who united in the opinion that they had exhausted all the means in their hands to get the redress they sought, and with sober and quiet determination of soul settled down to the dreaded resolve to dare the very worst that they might, as they honestly believed, "better their condition." The writer of this article lived in the city of Scranton all through the years of these terrible struggles—1868, 1869, and 1870—and Scranton, Dunmore and Carbon-dale were the centre of the memorable strife.

I was intimately acquainted with John Sharkey, the man who murdered the mine boss Williams, and no man in the range of my knowledge had more of my esteem than John Sharkey. His home was respectable, and his wife an estimable, intelligent, worthy person. But Sharkey was the man on whom the lot fell to kill the mine boss, and the fearful oath of the order bound every man to do the stern duty devolving upon him as the order might command.

More than one hundred and fifty murders in three years in the Lackawanna, Schuylkill and Wyoming coalfields, and a strike that paralyzed the coal and iron business of the whole State of Pennsylvania for one entire summer, was a part of the mission of the dreaded order of "The Mollie Maguires."

At the outset it had in its ranks many of the most influential men in the entire coal district, and more than one of them was ruined by the awful commercial disasters to which it gave rise. I could, were I so inclined, give the names of several, one of whom became an imbecile within a few years after the time I write of, and another who took his own life in the midst of the turmoil. Men and women who were before that well-to-do in the world went into the woods and ate the roots of wild plants to keep the life in their bodies, and this in obedience to a stern conviction of duty. God of Mercy, was it all in vain? was all this agony and war and suffering and blood to go for naught?

Never did heroes on any battlefield more honestly believe in their cause than did these men, and I believe the time will come when the sacred cause of the down-trodden and oppressed shall be vindicated on the whole earth that the "Mollie Maguires" will be seen to have been men on whom the burden had become insupportable, like that of the old Israelites, and they revolted against it with all the energy that was in them. But does their defeat detract from the merit of their cause? I think not.

One of our great orators used to say that were he a Russian he would be a Nihilist, and I think if I had been a miner in Lackawanna in 1868, I must have been a "Mollie Maguire." In the late war we of the rank and file used to sing "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on," and to-day there are more than one hundred and fifty thousand working men in the coal regions of Pennsylvania who are as keenly alive to their wrongs and the unjust conditions in which they live as were the "Mollie Maguires" of 1868 and 1869. They will wage war on more peaceful lines than did the old organisation; for they well know that "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war;" but the "Barons" of the "coal combine" are very careful not to repeat the mistake they made in 1869 when they invited the miners to "do the worst they were able to do."

I must say with the wife of an old citizen of Scranton, I would sooner be a "Mollie Maguire" any day than have the millions of a coal magnate and his conscience with them.

Hitherto it has been the study of the world to cast only unmingled scorn and contempt upon this organisation, but when the balance of justice is struck and causes and effects are studied with a manly and even purpose to give right to every man, then it will be seen that the iron had sunk into the souls of these men and that in sheer despair they gave blow for blow and thrust for thrust in stern resolve to seek in the last resort the overthrow of a system that was slowly but surely grinding out the last vestiges of manhood that was in them.

They have written their protest in blood on the page of history and it can never be wiped out.

One of them once said to the writer, "A worm will turn if trodden upon and we have done the same;" and no wonder to me that they offered no apology for their terrible work to any man.

Any one, by reference to the reports of commercial transactions of those years on Wall Street and in railroad circles, will find that the loss to the State of Pennsylvania and all other interested movers in those events, without estimating the loss in wages to the miners and other toilers or to the merchants of the region, does not fall short of seventy-five to one hundred millions of dollars, while among the men who did the scheming of the capitalistic part of the work disaster and death have made strange havoc; the leading spirits are nearly all gone from the earthly stage. One of them died in poverty; and of one—I was told by his own friends—that he had not had a good night's rest for many years since these events. Another, now living, has not slept for years without two detectives at his bedroom door all night.

Charity would throw a veil over much of this, but it may be well to say that the most brilliant man of them all was shot in cold blood by a man who had been his bosom friend. Be it retribution or what it may, not one of those who were prominent in the scenes here spoken of is now active in Wall Street or among railroad or coal operators anywhere. In Scranton, Wilkes-barre, Pottsville, Reading, in all their old places of power, not one of them is to be seen, and many of them were then young men in the prime of life.

Never, perhaps, was anything of the sort more skilfully planned than the great coal tragedy of 1869; and, when all its consequences are thoroughly investigated and considered, never did any inhuman scheme suffer a more utter and inglorious collapse. It was what Napoleon would have termed a drawn battle in its immediate results; but all its vital and lasting effects have been as every well informed person must say, to strengthen the cause of labor everywhere in the world.—Dr. U. M. Weideman in *The American Federationist*.

[The above is interesting, as showing the causes that led to the formation of the secret societies referred to in paragraph 1, column 2, of comrade Turner's *Impressions of America*, in the last issue of *Freedom*.]

GREECE and EUROPE.

After the unhappy Armenian nation had been decimated, annihilated, by systematic massacres, it was the turn of Greece—that glorious cradle of our European civilisation—to be crushed under the blows of German cannon and of swords sharpened by Russian despotism. It is not the sultan-assassin who triumphs in Thessaly, but pan-European despotism, usury and reaction; it is not the little Greek nation alone who are

massacred under the eyes of our demoralised and cowardly generation, but the cause of liberty and the regeneration of oppressed nations, the supreme cause of liberation and emancipation. The Great Powers and their Concert of criminals, armed by and sold to capitalism, and exploitation and oppression in the interior furnished the Sultan with the necessary money, officers and weapons to drown in the blood of Armenian, Cretan and Greek women and children the humanitarian aspirations of oppressed peoples. Yes, the Great Powers are the real assassins of thousands of women and children. At every sanguinary exploit of the Sultan the Emperor William of Germany sent his felicitations to him and distinguished decorations to his henchmen, he sent his portrait and that of his family; and when the Greeks, rendered desperate by massacres in Crete, rushed into a war—lost beforehand—the German general staff directed the German cannons against them in the name of the Sultan.

Not less cynical was the conduct of the Tsar in this alliance of murderers and oppressors. If William II. was upheld in his exploits by all German political parties, including the Social Democrats with Liebknecht at their head, Russian despotism acted against all the sympathies of the Russian nation, against all historical tradition. Whilst Russian Society secretly* sent volunteers to the Greeks, Russian cannons destroyed Greek churches and houses in Crete; whilst the Russian people cursed the Turkish oppression and massacres, the young Tsar and his wife accepted the gifts of the Sultan—presents covered with the blood of the massacred wives and children; whilst the Russian press, muzzled by an atrocious censorship, indicated that the sympathies of society were with the oppressed, Russian diplomacy displayed incredible activity to paralyse the insurrection of the Balkan nationalities prepared for years and destined to burst out at the first signs of the Greek movement.

If German politics were those of a hallucinated and talkative commercial traveller of autocracy and war, paid by the stock-exchange and agiotage, Russian politics, like those of England, France and Austria, may be characterised as those of armed highwaymen about to divide another man's spoil among themselves. Each of these bandits craves for a certain part: Austria desires to appropriate Salonichi and the Servian part of Macedonia; England wishes for the islands of the Archipelagos; Russia wants neither more nor less than the coast of Asia Minor, the Bosphorus, Constantinople and the Dardanelles. What capitalist and Panamist France demands is difficult to understand: by handing herself over soul and body to the swindlers of the stock-exchange and of Panama, and to the Jesuits, all she obtains is the loss of her influence, prestige, and of the sympathies of the eastern nations formerly so attached to the glorious France of Danton, Babeuf and the revolution of 1848. One must see with his own eyes the servile and abject conduct of the French consular officers in Turkey to be able to imagine the degree of degradation to which the prestige of a great nation has been lowered.

All those greedy bandits, not knowing how to begin the sharing-up of the Ottoman Empire, rushed against the small oppressed nations the moment they dared to revolt against the barbarous domination of the Sultan. Armenia was strangled with their assent and complicity; Crete was besieged by their troops and blockaded by their ships; Macedonia was paralysed by the diplomatic agents of this "Concert"; the Bulgarian government was threatened and afterwards bought over by the *Berats*† for Bulgarian bishops in Macedonia; above all Turkey was furnished with money and war material—these were the conditions little Greece encountered during this war so disastrous for the cause of humanity. Is it wonderful that this small and unhappy nation, deprived of her natural allies, bound hand and foot, was thrown to the ground insulted and outraged by all oppressors and reactionists? It was quite natural and we expected it.‡ Not less natural is the intention of European despots to make the independence of Greece dependent on their own sweet will.

Our epoch is, above all, marked by the germination and development of the absolute and immoral power of despots and spies. All the rights and liberties which our forefathers fought for and wrested from absolutism our generation is ready to abandon. Absolutism asserts itself and before European humanity the hideous and abject spectre of a monstrous tyranny rises anew, a tyranny armed with inquisition, tortures, secret executions. In Spain as in Russia, in Germany as in Italy, in France as in Turkey inquisitions and torturing, isolated murder and massacres of crowds are resorted to in our day as in the days of Philip II., Ivan the Terrible, and others. Witness the torture of our brethren at Barcelona, the murder of Frezzi at Rome, the burning of Miss Mary Vetrov in the St. Petersburg dungeon, the tortures of John Neve and of others—all happening in our time.

It is urgently necessary that an alliance of peoples be created to put a stop to these abominable crimes of governments united and led by the Emperor of Germany, the Tsar and the Sultan-assassin. Not an alliance of fine orators and declamators for peaceful progress brought about by the imaginary laws of the concentration of capital and other similar stupidities, but a militant alliance of the revolutionary elements of enlightened Democracy. And it is not an impossible dream to pro-

* According to the paper *Novosti*, at the first military operations in Thessaly more than 150 Russian volunteers assisted who suffered enormous losses.

† *Berat* is a diploma given by the government of the Sultan.

‡ To speak candidly, we were surprised at the conduct of people who call themselves Socialists and at the same time calumniate the victims of oppression. A strange "savant," defender of the interests of capitalism, assures the readers of *Justice* that "the Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies"; another courageous defender of the same interests in the same paper treats the victims of this abominable war as "a miserable set of braggarts and cowards, indeed!" One must be deprived of all human sentiment to write such things.

voke armed resistance against the enemies of humanity, progress and prosperity. Every man in continental Europe has undergone military service. When Democracy understands that the concert of the Great Powers signifies nothing but the enslavement of humanity, the reestablishment of torture and massacres, and that to paralyse the politics of this Concert it is necessary to rush in masses to the support of their victims,—then we shall have, instead of hundreds of Italian volunteers and dozens of volunteers of other nationalities, many thousands of combatants for the cause of humanity. I repeat, it is not a dream to organise an active alliance of Democracy against despotism and decorated bandits. Our means of publicity, of communicating, and of international relations give us the means to spread the idea, to provoke the movement.

And then the noble conduct of Fratti, Barbato, Cipriani and their brave comrades in arms will be followed by the masses resolved to put an end to the attempts of kings, ministers and criminals of finance to fetter European mankind.

W. TCHERKESOV.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

We live in a period when cruelty, brutality and infamous and venal intrigue seem triumphant everywhere. Whether we look to the European Orient, where racial and religious fanaticism is stirred up recklessly by ambitious and corrupt governments and financial adventurers, or to South Africa where, among what are presumed to be higher civilised peoples than those of the Balkan, exactly the same game is played at the bidding and for the benefit of the same people,—everywhere what used to be called the most sacred interests of mankind are sacrificed and the people look on complacently, hypnotised by the mad idea that they must conquer this infamous political power for themselves—to become as bad as their present oppressors—instead of destroying it at once and for ever.

The particular upholders of law and order, the police, have lately in many countries given special performances to illustrate their system. In Berlin the trial of the chief inspector of the political police, Von Tausch, revealed the lowest personal intrigues in immediate connection with the so-called "highest circles"; incidentally some side lights were also thrown on the Anarchist department of that police, headed by Inspector Boesel. To complete the exposure, Von Tausch was acquitted and is now receiving the congratulations of certain strata of Berlin society—those whom the trial showed to be continually on the verge between high-sounding patriotism, swindling and spying. This acquittal is the best of the whole case; had he been condemned people would say: "There are still judges at Berlin" (a very antiquated proverb). Now everybody sees that the police can do what they like and are above the law!

"What now seems to be proved to have been a horrible murder, committed in the prison by the police themselves," these are the words of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* "own correspondent" (May 19) when speaking of the death of Romeo Frezzi at Rome. "It takes one back to the worst period of papal oppression, when men disappeared and were heard of no more." "Among the men under arrest as dangerous characters to be set free on May 1"—that is, among the comrades arrested as a rule on the eve of the first of May, merely for the convenience of the police—was Romeo Frezzi, 27 years, a carpenter, married, with children. In his rooms a photograph of a group of comrades was found, among whom was P. Acciariato, who tried to stab the king on April 22; this of course suggested the idea of complicity and a conspiracy! The police, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "sent two policemen disguised to Frezzi's cell with instructions to represent themselves as Anarchists and thus induce Frezzi to confide in them and tell what he knew." "Unfortunately," the correspondent (who would seem to have no objection to this had it succeeded) says, one of these spies was a police officer whom Frezzi knew for having ill-treated him on the occasion of a previous arrest in 1895. What then happened nobody saw; but Frezzi's corpse was found in the corridor—"nearly every bone in the man's body having been broken. As minor evidence, drops of blood were found in his cell, and his handkerchief was bitten as though it had been used as a gag; whilst his clothes were all torn and disordered." (The medical autopsy showed twenty-six fractures of the skull, all the ribs and the spine broken.) An attempt was made to hush up this murder as suicide, but it became known and is now all over Italy a matter of common knowledge. On May 22nd, 52 advanced societies, more than 15,000 people showed their respect for his memory by assembling before the statue of Giordano Bruno, that old freethinker burnt by the Roman Inquisition 300 years ago; many other meetings have been prohibited. The two spies are under arrest, and a secret circular from the chief of police, Munozzi, has come to light inviting the police to come forward as witnesses in their favor. Probably they too will join Von Tausch as acquitted and whitewashed saviours of society!

Pietro Acciariato, a locksmith previously referred to, was sentenced on May 29 to penal servitude for life, including seven years uninterrupted solitary confinement, a fiendish cruelty which drove Passanante mad. The trial showed that his was a purely individual act. When he tried to speak of the thousands killed in Africa to satisfy the king's ambition, he was prevented from speaking further. In reply to the sentence he shouted: "To-day it is me, to-morrow it will be the bourgeois government. Long live the Social Revolution! Hurrah for Anarchy!"

The *Agitazione* of Ancona is in every way hampered by persecutions, numbers seized, the responsible editor arrested, comrades connected with it transported to the islands,—yet it comes out without interruption. It publishes long lists of the Anarchists living in *domicilio coatto*—that is, those who were, since 1894, transported to small Mediterranean islands simply because they were Anarchists and no pretext could be found for imprisoning them. Among them is Galileo Palla (Isola di Ustica) who, since May 1, 1891, when he took part in the large meeting held at Rome, never escaped from the clutches of Italian law, spending all the time in prison, in the disciplinary companies of the army and on the islands.

Of the terrible fire at the Paris bazaar on the day of the execution of the Barcelona Anarchists, May 4, two incidents may be of some interest here. One is the fact that nearly all the dead were women and children, whilst most of the men present escaped. The reason for this is the utter want of solidarity and common humanity among the members of our highest classes. Women were simply, in most cases, thrown aside or trampled upon, and

brute force only prevailed. These are the men for the benefit of whose pockets "women and children" letters from Johannesburg are manufactured. The other incident is the memorial speech of Father Olliver, delivered in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. His discourse finds its most appropriate comment in Bakounine's words: "All religions are cruel; all founded on blood; for all rest principally on the idea of sacrifice—that is, on the perpetual immolation of humanity to the inextinguishable vengeance of divinity. In this bloody mystery man is always the victim, and the priest—a man also, but a man privileged by grace—is the divine executioner. That explains why the priests of all religions, the best, the most humane, the gentlest, almost always have at the bottom of their hearts and, if not in their hearts, in their imagination, in their minds, something cruel and sanguinary" (*God and the State*). On this occasion Father Olliver horrified to no small extent his bigoted audience by his sanguinary cant on sacrifice, its necessity and God's particularly benevolent intentions—demonstrated by the wholesale burning of women and children. As a matter of fact, he was strictly logical; if God existed, his omnipotence would have corrupted him to such an extent that he could not act otherwise than as a murderous tyrant.

Fortunately all this quibbling has long lost its significance with sensible people; unfortunately education, the means of making a permanent impression for good or evil on children's minds, is in the hands of our enemies—the Church and the State. Whenever, here and there, an attempt is made to introduce a more broadminded system, the denominations of the priests set the State in motion and the attempt is crushed as was Paul Robin's attempt at Cempuis, France. So whatever may be done must be started on an independent basis, and for this purpose the "Ligue d'Enseignement Liberaire" (League for Libertarian Education) was recently started at Paris; the secretary's address is Charles Albert, 120 Rue Lafayette, Paris.

I can only briefly refer to a great number of new publications. New volumes in P. V. Stocks sociological series are *L'Individu et la Société* (the Individual and Society), by Jean Grave; *Philosophie de l'Anarchie* by Charles Malato (first published 8 or 9 years ago) and Tarrida del Marmol's book on the new inquisition in Spain.

The *Societe Nouvelle* of Brussels is restarted as *L'Humanite Nouvelle* (5 Impasse de Béarn, Paris, 1s.), a monthly review, to the first number of which Elie Reclus, Grave, E. Verhaeren, C. Lemounier and others contributed; it contains an appeal from the Doukhoborey by L. Tolstoi; in No. 2, Elisée Reclus describes the revolutionary element in early Buddhism, etc.

On the London Congress a new Dutch and a Bulgarian pamphlet are before us: *Het internationale Kongres te London in 1896*, by F. D. Nieuwenhuis, reprinted from *Van Nu en Straks*, Brussels, and *Socijalistickeskie Kongresi*, published at Rustchuk (176 pages), ending with what appears to be a close dissection of the alleged Bulgarian Social Democrats and their pretensions; but I cannot follow all the intricacies of the Bulgarian language.

Besides *Anarchie* (Dutch) of Amsterdam, since April *Vrijheid* (Freedom, Flemish) is published at Malines, Belgium; also pamphlets, *Het Socialisme verloochend* (Socialism denied by the Socialist members of the Belgian Chamber) Malines, and *De Misdaaden van God* (The Crimes of God), by Sebastian Faure, Amsterdam. A Russian paper on the lines of the old *Narodnaia Volia* is now published in London (*Narodovolce*, monthly, by V. Bourtzev); it is not from our standpoint, but it declares itself strongly against the recent efforts of Russian Marxists to divert the great revolutionary current to the exclusive benefit of their petty Marxist schemes and dreams.

Balance Sheet

of Protest Meeting at the Club & Institute Union January 23th 1897.

INCOME.		EXPENDITURE.	
Croydon Group	10 8	Hall and caretaker	2 4 0
German Group	15 0	Posters and posting	18 0
A comrade	1 0 0	Postage from January 10 to	
Greevz Fisher	5 0	March 4	16 3½
Feinstein 3s., A. Hall 2s.6d.,		Stationery and fares	1 11
Guerineau 1s.6d., Vidal 1s.,		Advertisement in <i>Clarion</i>	10 0
Rossetti 1s., Conrad 1s., *6d.,		" " <i>Labor Leader</i>	10 0
Ossedals 1s., N. 6d.	12 0	Telegrams	2 7
Loan by Henderson	1 0 0	Return of loan	1 0 0
Collection at hall	1 11 4½		
	£5 14 0½		
By deficit	8 8½		
	£6 2 9½		£6 2 9½

Balance Sheet

of Children's Party and Dance at Holborn Town Hall, January 18, 1897.

INCOME.		EXPENDITURE.	
Tickets at door	19 4	Hall and porter	3 5 0
" sold by W. Wess	1 4 8	Band and hire of piano	1 16 6
" " T. Primmer	15 6	Tickets, posters and posting	14 6
" " C. Herink	9 8	To <i>Freedom</i> Group per W. Wess	1 4 8
" " Croydon Group	9 0	Toys for children	1 5 0
" " Gundersen	5 10	Ads. in <i>Labor Leader</i>	7 6
" " Galbraith	5 0	Oranges	2 0
" " Wright	3 4	Postage	3 0
" " F. Herink	2 7		
" " Mrs. Cheveley	2 3		
" " W. Tchaykovsky	2 0		
" " J. P.	6 0		
" " Miscellaneous	14 7		
A comrade (donation)	1 0 0		
Phillip Webb "	2 0		
Loan	3 0 0		
	£10 1 9		£8 18 2
By deficit	1 16 5	Loan to be returned	3 0 0
	£11 18 2		£11 18 2

The above deficit must be made up, as the loan represented money that should have met an outstanding account which, by this time, is considerably overdue and must be paid almost immediately. We should be very pleased to receive any contributions towards this sum.

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles.

NOTES.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

Comrade Kelly who has been travelling west in the States and doing good propaganda, sends us a cutting which runs as follows: "Bail was this morning fixed for E. S. Dreyer, the indicted banker and West Park Board treasurer, in the sum of \$77,000. In all there are thirteen charges against him. On the charge of having withheld money belonging to the West Park Board the bond was made \$25,000." This Dreyer we understand was made foreman of the Grand Jury that indicted the Chicago Anarchists. There was never a more shameful instance of the guilty judging the innocent than the Chicago trial. But this is not the end. If we are not greatly mistaken, in the Central and Western States a movement is developing which, in the very near future, will bring about vast economic changes and may afford to the workers the opportunity of making an approach toward that condition of society for which Spies and his comrades worked and died.

IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

In *The Adult*, a journal for the advancement of freedom in sexual relationships, the first number of which is just published, we welcome the appearance in England for the first time, if we are not mistaken, of a journal distinctively devoted to this important subject. It is announced as the organ of the Legitimation League, but from a perusal it seems to have a far wider and more important scope than that ostensibly avowed by the League.

The following quotation, headed "Monopoly and Jealousy," with which we entirely agree, indicates the advanced principles advocated:

"The monopolistic instinct of mankind—nowhere more reprehensible than in the relation of the sexes—needs to be deprecated in all such directions. The sense of right to exclusive possession, with its corollary of envy, hatred, jealousy and all uncharitableness, must be steadily discountenanced. Love must be free, not only from legal and ecclesiastical restraint, but also from the petty malice of those who, having once held in willing service a human soul, refuse to relinquish a claim whose only excuse was absolute mutuality of concurrent desire. We protest also against the theories underlying laws, marriage settlements and popular practice, that a woman's person can be the 'property' of her husband. The heavy fines paid to a husband in respect of depreciation of his 'property' by reason of an adulterous alliance are revolting to all who value liberty, as insulting to the woman and incompatible with any definition of manly love or even self-respect."

The next number will appear in September, after which it will be published monthly at the offices of the League, 16 John St., Bedford Row, W.C.

FABIANISM ON THE DOWN GRADE.

The Fabian Society Executive have decided, with only two dissentients, to contribute to the Strand Decoration Fund for Her Majesty's jubilee on June 22. This very Executive some few weeks ago withdrew its delegation from the Spanish Atrocities Committee on the ground that their delegate, Mr. J. F. Green, held a "watching brief" only, and having learned the Committee's decisions they were unable to agree to its course of action.

Now what were these decisions? That a demonstration be held, a leaflet issued and a pamphlet published containing a detailed account of the horrible tortures perpetrated. With these simple decisions this Executive (that votes money for the purchase of red bunting and other flaming absurdities) could not agree and so did not contribute one farthing for the exposure of those horrible cruelties. But these decisions have been carried to a successful issue without those "Socialist" statesmen and cynics. It is interesting to know that their delegation was withdrawn after financial assistance was suggested.

But their latest feat in the matter of compromise seems to surpass all others, and calls for the diagnosis of some eminent specialist for mental mountebanks; even then he must have had a unique experience to be able to consistently connect the links that unite Socialism—even Fabian Socialism—with the barbaric relics of the pageantry that will glorify London on June 22.

It is these gentlemen who declare Anarchists are not Socialists, and write about the "Impossibilities of Anarchism." J. P.

We have since learned that at a general meeting of the Fabian Society, on Friday June 11th, on the proposition of Mr. Wherry Anderson the meeting by a large majority decided to withdraw the promised contribution. No vote of censure, however, was passed on the Executive, as Sidney Webb on their behalf expressed willingness to act in accordance

with the decision of the majority. It is evident that Fabians are more influenced by Bernard Shaw's cynicism and Sidney Webb's economic juggling than by their professed Socialist principles.

NATIONALISATION OF MINES.

At the Miners' International Congress just concluded, Herr Moeller (Germany) spoke as follows on the question of nationalisation: Although sympathising with the view taken up by the French he was not able to support it, for the reason that they in Germany had found that the capitalistic State was the worst possible employer, and the worst enemy and opponent of the workers. There happened to be in Germany some very large State mines, and the condition of the workers in these mines was infinitely worse than elsewhere. Now, the State was indifferent during mining disputes. If it possessed all the mines, it would be as an employer more powerful and more tyrannical than a private employer.

PRISONS AND PUNISHMENT.

Not many months ago, on the release of John Daly, the *Chronicle* in an interesting interview was able to obtain from him some account of prison life in penal servitude. Decent-minded people were shocked by the revelations of the cold cruelty practised on prisoners in English prisons. Following on this we have had from Oscar Wilde (*Daily Chronicle*, May 28) some account of the disgusting admixture of brutality with stupidity, which seems to hold sway equally at Reading as at Dartmoor. It may be remembered that Warder Martin of Reading Gaol was dismissed for giving a hungry little child some biscuits—a thing contrary to prison rules, as everything humane and sensible is sure to be. Writing in respect of this, Oscar Wilde has been able to show us how little children and the mentally weak among the prisoners are treated and to demonstrate in passing that Martin was intrinsically far too good a fellow to be of any use as a prison warder. The law needs not men but machines.

Wilde's letter will be widely read, and the Anarchistic tone of many of his remarks will not fail to find an echo in many minds. As, for instance, when he says of cruelty as practised in the present day: "It is the result in our days of stereotyped systems, of hard and fast rule and of stupidity. Wherever there is centralisation there is stupidity. What is inhuman in modern life is officialism. Authority is as destructive to those who exercise it as those on whom it is exercised." All of which is only too true.

The Gallows and the Lash, by Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner, is No. 24 of the Humanitarian League's series of pamphlets, and is a very timely and forcible protest against the brutal spirit of revenge which underlies our barbarous forms of punishment. Mrs. Bonner finds no difficulty in proving that both flogging and capital punishment are as ineffective as preventives of crime as they are cruel and degrading in a community boasting of its civilisation. It is well worth reading and may be obtained of W. Reeves, 185 Fleet Street; price 2d.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE'S LECTURING TOUR.

Our comrade, Voltairine de Cleyre has arrived and, as will be seen elsewhere, arrangements have been made for London friends to meet her at the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, next Sunday (July 4) at 3. All comrades in the provinces who wish to arrange for her to visit them, or who can secure engagements for her with other societies, are requested to move in the matter at once and communicate with John Turner at 7 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C., who is acting as secretary for the tour.

NO FAMINE FUND HERE.

Owing to lack of funds we are compelled to publish June and July together. Will all comrades owing money for *Freedom* and pamphlets kindly settle up.

A PROTEST.

We, the undersigned, have read with the deepest indignation the insinuations which D. J. Nicoll has brought out against our friend Doctor Fauset Macdonald, and we declare that being intimately acquainted with Macdonald for years we have been, and remain still, on terms of truest friendship with him.

Not content with these insinuations, Nicoll now launches similar slurs against another friend of ours, Dr. Nettlau, who also for years has been well known to a number of friends here and abroad for his honesty and purity of character. And this new libel of Nicoll's—couched in the worst form—is Nicoll's answer to Nettlau's kindly protest against Nicoll's first insinuations relative to Macdonald.

We cannot explain this attitude of Nicoll otherwise than by admitting that—as was already remarked by those who knew him on his release from prison—his intellectual and moral faculties have been sadly affected by solitary confinement. And we ask ourselves whether, being in that state of mind, Nicoll has not fallen under the influence of persons who find pleasure in sowing broadcast such innuendoes.

Whatever the cause may be, we can only say that Nicoll's wicked insinuations are the worst of libels. Under the circumstances we feel compelled to dissociate ourselves entirely from Nicoll until he has withdrawn—without reserve, and as publicly as he has published—these shameful slurs upon the honor of our two friends. We leave it to comrades elsewhere to act as they think such conduct deserves.

N. F. DRYHURST	A. MARSH	W. TCHERKESOV	W. WESS
S. MAINWARING	J. PRESBERG	C. M. WILSON	F. & L. HYDE
G. GUYOU	J. TOCHATTI	P. KROPOTKIN	J. TURNER

THE STATE: ITS HISTORIC ROLE.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

(A lecture which should have been delivered in Paris, on March 7, 1896, in the Mille Colonnes Hall.)

Primitive individuals had, no doubt, temporary leaders. The sorcerer, the rain-maker—the scientist of that epoch—sought to profit by what they knew, or thought they knew about nature, to rule over their fellow men. Likewise, he who could best remember proverbs and songs, in which tradition was embodied, became powerful. And, since then, these "educated" beings endeavoured to secure their rulership by only transmitting their knowledge to the elect. All religions, and even all arts and crafts, have begun, you know, by "mysteries."

Also the brave, the bold, and even the cautious man became the temporary leader during conflicts with other tribes, or during migrations. But an alliance between the "law" bearer, the military chief and the witch doctor did not exist, and there can be no more question of a State with these tribes than there is in a society of bees or ants, or among our contemporaries the Patagonians or the Esquimaux.

This stage, however, lasted thousands upon thousands of years, and the barbarians who invaded the Roman empire had just passed through it. In fact, they had hardly emerged from it.

In the first centuries of our era, immense migrations took place among the tribes and confederations of tribes that inhabited Central and Northern Asia. A stream of peoples, driven by more or less civilised tribes, came down from the table-lands of Asia—probably driven away by the rapid drying-up of those plateaux—inundated Europe, impelling one another onward, mingling with one another in their overflow towards the West.

During these migrations, when so many tribes of diverse origin were intermixed, the primitive tribe that still existed among most savage inhabitants of Europe necessarily became disaggregated. The tribe was based on its common origin, on the cult of common ancestors; but what common origin could be invoked by the agglomerations that emerged from the hurly-burly of migrations, collisions, wars between tribes, during which we see the paternal family spring up here and there—the kernel formed by some men appropriating women they had conquered or kidnapped from neighbouring tribes?

Ancient ties were rent asunder, and under pain of a general break-up (that took place, in fact, for many a tribe, which then disappeared from history) it was essential that new ties should spring up. And they sprung up. They were found in the communal possession of land—of a territory, on which such an agglomeration ended by settling down.

The possession in common of a certain territory, of certain valleys, plains or mountains, became the basis of a new agreement. Ancient gods had lost all meaning; and the local gods of a valley, river or forest, gave the religious consecration to the new agglomeration, substituting themselves for the gods of the primitive tribe. Later on, Christianity, always ready to accommodate itself to pagan survivals, made local saints of them.

Henceforth, the village commune, composed partly or entirely of separate families—all united, nevertheless, by the possession in common of the land—became the necessary bond of union for centuries to come.

On the immense stretches of land in Eastern Europe, Asia and Africa, it still exists to-day. The barbarians who destroyed the Roman empire—Scandinavians, Germans, Celts, Slavs, etc.—lived under this kind of organization. And, in studying past barbarian codes, such as the confederation of village communes among the Kabyles, Mongols, Hindoos, Africans, etc., that still exist, it has been possible to reconstitute in its entirety that form of society, which was the starting point of our present civilization.

Let us, therefore, cast a glance on that institution.

III.

The village community was composed, as it still is, of separate families; but the families of a village possessed the land in common. They looked upon it as their common patrimony and allotted it according to the size of the families. Hundreds of millions of men live still under this system in Eastern Europe, India, Java, etc. It is the same system that Russian peasants have established nowadays, when the State left them free to occupy the immense Siberian territory as they thought best.

At first the cultivation of the land was also done in common, and this custom still obtains in many places—at least, the cultivation of certain plots of land. As to deforestation and clearings made in the woods, construction of bridges, building of fortlets and turrets which served as refuge in case of invasion, they were done in common—as hundreds of millions of peasants still do—wherever the village commune has resisted State encroachments. But consumption, to use a modern expression, already took place by family—each having its own cattle, kitchen garden and provisions; the means of hoarding and transmitting wealth accumulated by inheritance already existed.

In all its business, the village commune was sovereign. Local custom was law and the plenary council of all chiefs of families—men and women—was judge, the only judge, in civil and criminal affairs. When one of the inhabitants, complaining of another, planted his knife in the ground at the spot where the commune was wont to assemble, the commune had to "find the sentence" according to local custom, after the fact had been proved by the jurors of both litigant parties.

(To be continued.)

The ANARCHISTS OF BARCELONA.

After more than ten months' imprisonment and torture, five of our Barcelona comrades have been relieved of their sufferings by being put to death on May 5. One of them, J. an Alsina, was not even among the eight sentenced to death in December, but was sentenced then to twenty years penal servitude. He was a locksmith: what conclusion lay nearer than that the public prosecutor should maintain that he was an ironfounder and hence must have constructed the bombs! On the "evidence" of these "conclusions" he was singled out, sentenced and shot (see Court-Martial Report, eighth sitting, *El Despertar*, May 10). The same prosecutor demanded the death-sentence for twenty-eight; two of these are actually among the twelve who were acquitted by the Court-Martial; and why? It seems that these twelve are simply the last twelve on the interminable list of prisoners, struck off without discrimination (see Tarrida del Marmol, *Revue Blanche*, May 15). Both facts show with what cynical carelessness the trial was conducted; or was it that judges and court knew perfectly well that all were innocent and had no other means to guide them but mere chance!

As usual, whenever a crime against humanity is committed the priests are among the first to try to profit by it. As we said before, they went about as the vile tools of the torturers to make the prisoners retract their charges of torture and deny Anarchism; and now these five men are dead, they produce a retraction and two letters by Ascheri and one letter by Luis Mas (of Feb. 19 and April 7). Perhaps they may fulfill their purpose with those who believe in what priests assert as a whole, but by all sensible men they are rejected as clerical forgeries—independent of whether their victims actually copied and signed them or not. For they are all written in the well known glib and oily Jesuit style, and the man who produces them is none other than the Jesuit, Martori II, who played that same game of conversion with Salvador Franch in 1895; he acquiesced in it to get a few weeks better treatment, but denounced it all before dying by the garotte—not having been tortured he had more energy left at the last moment than poor Ascheri and Mas.

Again, from all reports we hear that Luis Mas had lost his reason long since, and Ascheri was the one who suffered the worst tortures—hence his silence, even at the execution. But the letter (published by Séverine in the *Revue Blanche* of June 1), addressed to his mother, explains his conduct more than fully; we quote the following:

"Let it be sufficient for you to know that, after having been forced to walk about in my dungeon for more than 160 hours, that is eight days and nights without drinking or eating—because the only food offered to me was a slice of bread and a piece of dry codfish which I took care not to touch as long as I was conscious of myself; when after the lapse of this time I fell down, broken by fatigue and the want of sleep, feeling no longer even the lash of bull's hide or the pricks inflicted with the points of knives to keep me awake during the last forty-eight hours while I was delirious; when, finally, I collapsed, unconscious, a new series of terrible tortures began: nameless tortures, the red-hot iron and the contortion of the testicles until my torturers themselves were afraid that they had killed me. This, my good mother, is the reason why I confessed and why I shall continue to assert that I am guilty and the others also. This is what our torturers want; they are Narcisso Portas (lieutenant of gendarmes), Botas (corporal), Mayans, Parillas, Carreras (gendarmes). They want it, and I prefer to die rather than begin to suffer again when to day I am nearly restored to health. I know right well that this is a crime! But I cannot help it, I have suffered too much. I feel only an intense desire to die to escape from them—even if I must drag all mankind after me."

He says, further:

"I can say, at least, that no man could have acted otherwise; because the five who have suffered did confess, with less torture, the same lies that I confessed; Of all that I may write to you believe only this letter; all the rest will be written under the eyes of any infamous executioners."

When, on May 3, the final sentence of death was announced to the five prisoners, Ascheri alone signed it—with signs of joy, as *El Liberal* reports, bearing out by this the statement in his letter (then unpublished) that he was glad to be liberated, be it by death. The others refused to sign; all were composed. Then they were placed in holes draped in black, with religious emblems and black-robed priests. Mas' sister was seized with disgust when visiting him, and drove priests and police away. Others had pathetic interviews with their families. On May 4 they were shot, shouting, "Long live Anarchy! We are innocent! You are murderers! Down with the Inquisition!" Alsina was not hurt by the first volley, nor killed by the second, but the third volley completed his assassination. Twelve hours after these victims of Spanish despotism had died—killed in the name of an infant King and a Queen Regent guided by priests—a hundred and fifty women and children, many nuns among them,—the men running cowardly away first—belonging to the select Jesuit set of Paris, just being blessed by the Pope's representative, died in awful agony in the fire at the rue Jean Goujon. Those who believe in divine retaliation must admit that this time it worked quick and struck hard. As we do not share this belief, it is but an incident without significance to us.

With these executions the Spanish drama is by no means closed. The cry of protest will never be silenced until the last prisoners are released and the system destroyed. Evidence of the tortures is forthcoming, stronger than ever; and we will record what came to hand this month.

El Despertar (124 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York), May 10, contains seven large pages of documents, viz., Report of the Court-Martial, December 11-15, 1896, signed by the prisoners February 13, 1897. Here the untortured prisoners relate the story of the trial day by day, and show how their tortured comrades, broken by suffering and under the threat of new agonies, yet made a supreme effort to speak out at the trial and denounce their torturers—which they did under great difficulties with unswerving determination. There are also two lists of the torturers (8 officials, names and full description) by Callis; letters by Thioulouse, Molas, Callis, Nogués (already referred to); letters by S. Sunyer and T. Ascheri, and Sunyer's appeal; an account headed, *More on the infamies of Montjuich* (March 10, 1897), with many details of the inner side of the trial, the part played by the chief of police (Freixas) in getting up the plot, etc.

(The connection of Freixas with the manufacture of false evidence is also set forth in a letter from Ascheri to Henri Rochefort, published in the *Intransigeant* of May 16. These assertions are extremely curious, but would require considerable space. Their tenor is that, long before the explosion took place, the police prepared the charge against the men who were actually tried; even if the explosion had not happened they would have laid hands

upon them in any case, and would have tortured men to swear to any other story as they swore—under torture—to the present bomb story. This is a matter on which, we trust, more will be heard; for it is of vital importance in influencing the fate of the 300 men who are still in prison.)

El Despertar further contains a letter to the Spanish press from 61 prisoners who have been confined since June last without being tried (dated March 7), and a letter from Juan Montseny at the prison of Barcelona, March 8, who was arrested at Rens (outside the province of Barcelona and of the district proclaimed in a state of siege), but is kept since that time in the prisons of Barcelona, which is contrary to even Spanish law. Juan Montseny, the author of *Sociologia Anarquista*, etc., is also the author of *El Proceso de un gran crimen* (La Coruña, 1895, 50 pages 16mo), setting forth the tortures inflicted on the Spanish Anarchist prisoners in the same fortress in 1894; hence, to stifle his voice this time was one of the first acts of the government. They have not prevented the truth from becoming known anyhow, have they?

F. Tarrida del Marmol, who spoke in Trafalgar Square on May 30, published a further article in the *Revue Blanche* of May 15, and from all the documents, including those dealing with similar horrors in Cuba and the Philippine Islands, has compiled a volume which has been issued as one of the well known Red Series of Tresse and Stock, Paris, 3½ francs.

The notes published in *Freedom* have been reprinted as a pamphlet (*Revival of the Inquisition*, issued by the Spanish Atrocities Committee, 1d.); similar pamphlets already exist in German, Dutch, Bohemian, besides the French *Incorruptible* and Marmol's book, the Spanish *Despertar* of May 10, etc., making the evidence of these crimes easy of access all over the world. At last even a London daily paper, *The Daily Chronicle* of June 3,—in face of documents and the testimony of an eye-witness who challenges the verdict of a court of men of all parties to investigate the affair—laid the matter before the ordinary public, and we shall see how long the Spanish government will be able to carry on their game of stolid and cynical silence.

New murders, such as the transportation of the 63 acquitted by the Supreme Court-Martial of Madrid to Rio d'Oro in Africa, undoubtedly would be, must in any case be prevented. We know that at the bottom of the greed for spiritual domination cherished by all priests lies the very worldly greed for the goods or the labour of their victims; and so it is in this case. Rio d'Oro is somewhere on the coast of Africa, on the border of the Sahara, a place without vegetation, without water. Some soldiers and some factory employés are the only inhabitants, and negro labor cannot be had. These 63 men, if transported there (as we learn from *La Revue Blanche*), would have to sell their labor to the clerical company that runs this "colony" and thus, in this murderous climate, provide the necessary cheap labor for the benefit of the priests and the aristocracy of Spain. Exploitation of the tortured to wring mock recantations from them for the benefit of their dupes; exploitation of the survivors to make them work for them until killed off by the climate—that is the mission of "peace and goodwill to mankind" that priests have got for the people! And *mutatis mutandis* the same is the case everywhere*.

For a moment it seemed that Canovas' Conservative government would have to go; but now they remain in office as before, and the Cortes have been suspended. It is more than ever necessary to spread the knowledge of these infamous tortures and threatened further atrocities, and the increase of the mass of evidence makes this task easier as well as more urgent than ever.

X.

Mass Meeting held in Trafalgar Square, ON SUNDAY MAY 30.

This meeting convened by the Spanish Atrocities Committee to call attention to the torture of political prisoners in Spain, was attended by about 2,500 persons. Herbert Burrows presided, and after speeches by him and by the secretary, J. Perry, the following resolution was moved by James Macdonald (secretary of the London Trades Council) and seconded by W. J. Bawick (S.D.F. executive):

"That this public meeting records its horror and indignation at the atrocious torture of the alleged Anarchists of Barcelona, and calls on the Spanish Government to institute a searching inquiry with a view to adequately punishing the authors of such disgraceful outrages on humanity and civilisation.

"We further call on the Spanish Government to abandon its intention of sending to Rio d'Oro, a fever-stricken district in West Africa, those 63 men who were declared innocent by the Supreme Court-Martial in Madrid; and that, as their expulsion was ordered, they should be permitted as innocent men, when driven from Spain, to go to whatever country they may choose.

That copies of this resolution be forwarded to the Spanish Ambassador, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Spanish Ambassador in London and the British Ambassador in Madrid."

The meeting was further addressed by Messrs. Keir Hardie (I.L.P.), J. F. Green (hon. sec. Friends of Russian Freedom), Lothrop Withington, John Turner, F. Macpherson, and by three speakers who had come over from Paris—F. Tarrida del Marmol (of Barcelona, a civil engineer and headmaster of the school of arts and crafts there, himself a prisoner in Montjuich last year), Mestre Amabile (an ex-officer in the Spanish navy, a native of Cuba) and Charles Malato, who spoke as the representative of Rochefort's *Intransigent*.

Of all that was said I can only mention these few facts; Marmol told how he actually saw men, whom he knew a few weeks before strong and full of life, go about like skeletons with nails torn off, protruding eyes, bloodstained clothes in rags, and morally broken—the effect of torture. Mestre Amabile told of the horrors of the horrors of Spanish warfare in Cuba: killing off the wounded, the destruction of hospitals, and artificial famine killing off hundreds of women and children. Documents, original letters and copies of letters sent by the prisoners from the fortress were also laid before the meeting.

The international character of the prison and police system was not lost sight of: the treatment of English and Irish political prisoners, the horrors of regular and lawful stupid prison routine as exposed in Mr. Oscar Wilde's splendid letter on Reading Prison, etc., as well as the growing influence of the international police. If these things are not put a stop to in Spain no one can guarantee that they may not reach England again some day.

* According to the latest news this scheme of transportation has been given up, and over fifty Spanish prisoners have been sent over the frontier into France, where they arrived in great destitution; the Paris Anarchist papers opened subscriptions for them.

Several speakers suggested that the people of London might let the Spanish envoy in the Jubilee procession know what they thought of the government which he represented.

The audience was very attentive, and throughout in sympathy. A collection—the balance of which, after defraying the expenses of the meeting, will, like all eventual balances in the Committee's hands, be sent to the families of the Spanish prisoners—realised about £4 7s.; a special balance sheet will be issued.

Messrs. John Dillon, Pickersgill, Molloy, J. H. Wilson and P. O'Brien (all M.P.'s) were invited to speak, but never replied. Sir Charles Dilke's secretary explained that he always takes rest on Sunday and made special arrangements for this Sunday to be out of town.

The following letters have also been received:

DEAR SIR,—I am not able to accept the kind invitation you have sent me to address a meeting in Trafalgar Square on the 30th, inst. Yours faithfully
May 14, 1897. FRANK LOCKWOOD.

"I regret that it will not be possible for me to take part in the Trafalgar Square meeting on the 30th, for I feel that a case has been made out for thorough and searching investigation. We are not without blame in this country in our treatment of prisoners. No matter what a man's crime may be, no reasonable person can desire that he should be tortured. Punishment which is simple revenge is in itself a crime."—R. SPENCE WATSON.

DEAR SIR,—I am honored by your invitation, but I never speak in the open air. G. RUSSELL.

"I need scarcely say that I heartily sympathise with the object of the demonstration you are holding on the 30th. I do not agree with the Anarchists in the least as to theory or tactics. But it is monstrous that they should be subjected to torture, even if they had done twenty times more than was alleged against them at their trial. At the same time, while protesting against Spanish infamies, we must not forget how our own government tortures political offenders whenever it has a chance. However guilty Gallagher may have been, to drive a man mad by mental torture, as he was driven mad by our Ministers, is even worse for him and more infamous for us than the crimes of the Spanish Government."—H. M. HYNDMAN.

DEAR COMRADES,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 8th inst. In reply, I very much regret that a previous engagement will prevent me from attending and speaking at your demonstration in Trafalgar Square on Sunday 30th inst. re the treatment of political prisoners in Spain. I can assure you that it is with sincere regret that I find myself unable to accept your invitation, but trust that you will have a good meeting and that some practical good will result from the same. With the sincerest sympathies to our Spanish friends, Yours fraternally
TOM MANN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Greet in the name of Free Cuba the English people represented at the meeting and the special envoys from abroad who will give greater éclat to this imposing demonstration. The Cuban revolution has in it every element of progress to which the free men of Europe are aspiring. Independent Cuba will open its shores to the workers of the whole world. It will be happy to see them enjoy there the well-being to which they have a right; and since governments like to uphold executioners against their victims, it is just that the peoples should hold together, and that while they have numbers, strength and creative power, they should unite in the struggle to impose upon the world the law of progress, justice and freedom.

Human solidarity arrays itself against Spanish or other atrocities. Nations will only be happy when every foreigner will be certain of finding everywhere a loving hand held out to him.

Fraternally yours
BETANCES

(From the Foreign Office)

May 29, 1897.

SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and accompanying pamphlet, with reference to the treatment of political prisoners in Spain.

I remain your obedient servant
EVELYN CECIL.

The Committee has resolved to continue its efforts for the exposure of the tortures, the liberation of the surviving prisoners, and it will endeavour to draw attention to the atrocities committed by the Spanish armies on the rebels in Cuba and the Philippines.

The Committee thought it undignified to address themselves further to the Spanish Ambassador, who burked every communication, but on June 3 resolved to send copies of the resolution adopted at the meeting in Trafalgar Square, the pamphlet issued by the Committee, and the *Daily Chronicle* of June 3rd to Her Majesty the Queen, asking that unless the statements published in the aforesaid pamphlet as to the infliction of torture be refuted or reparation made by the Spanish Government, the Spanish Ambassador be not invited to take part in the forthcoming celebration of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign on June 22nd.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SLAVERY OF NON-RESISTANCE.

Right you are! Let us leave the angels alone (it was you who first mentioned them, I think). Nor need we mention the "Heavenly Father" (I didn't), or the ten commandments,—Jesus never appealed to them that I know of.

Don't you see that if you admit an appeal to physical force you admit the right of the stronger to prevail and impose his will on the weaker; and in that you admit the right of government and the rest of it, and place yourself, in this respect, in the same camp with politicians, kings and Barcelona torturers. "Physical force only to resist aggression," you say. Well, that is what government is for. Who shall judge as to what is aggression? Why, the stronger, of course.

But, come now, you admit that the Quakers, with non-resistance, got what they wanted. What they have themselves become since (being probably corrupted by their success) I am not concerned with. Now here are non-resistants who got what they wanted; can you against this case put a single instance of violent rebels who got what they wanted? Did the French by their great revolution get liberty, equality, fraternity?—which is what they said they wanted. Have the English by their rebellions ever got what they wanted? The only violent rebels who have nearly got, or bequeathed to others what they wanted, are those who have apparently failed and have been crushed. For the crushing raises sympathy and thus creates moral force, without which no radical change can be brought about.

With regard to the Dukhobortsies, their rebellion is not yet a closed chapter. Who can say what the issue will be? They have already shown that a large number of people can live on principles directly opposed to those of government and ecclesiasticism, and thrive and prosper on them preeminently. Naturally, the Russian government did not like this. But was it submission on the part

of the Dukhobortsies to refuse to serve as soldiers and to make a bonfire of their weapons? Would they have gained more by violent methods? As it is, has not their action tended to increase in Russia the number of true rebels—that is, people who will not be puppets of government, who try to give up its methods, even violence? Even now, I am told that the story of their sufferings is stimulating public opinion throughout Russia. I say that the chapter is not closed. But we know by race experience, do we not, that courage, honesty, truthfulness and humanity must always bring forth fruit after their kind, and those qualities have been evinced by the Dukhobortsies in a high degree. Are they not the qualities required for the making of the society we look for?

Where is my want of clearness in analysing our admiration for those who have resisted oppression "in whatever way"? Surely it is clear that it is not the mere violent action that we admire, because of its violence. We admire it because of other qualities, which depend on the motive and circumstances. Take, for instance, the case of the Greeks and Persians already cited. Both sides used physical force; but we don't admire the action of each side equally! We admire that of the Greeks because (1) they acted in the face of apparently overwhelming odds—that is, they showed courage,—and because (2) they were opposing aggression, which we see to be wrong. We admire the action of the Greeks, then, because of two of its motives: (1) courage, (2) the perception of something wrong to be opposed—intelligence or goodwill. Is this not clear? Is this an arbitrary analysis? The same will serve in all cases in point. And who will deny that, as the human mind develops, it will naturally and rightly preserve and cultivate intelligence, goodwill, courage, and choose ever better means for their expression and realisation.

I should not have thought it worth while to say where I think "we should be if non-resistance had been the attitude of all peoples in the past." Such a speculation seems to me to be impractical and absurd; but, certainly, if the non-resistance had been of the kind we have been considering there would, of course, have been no oppressors left, if any could have arisen. Government, as all Anarchists know, is the result of the ignorance, dishonesty and inclination to violence of the people. If the people were not violent, dishonest or ignorant, where could the government come from? The question, I suppose, implies a minority of violent or deceitful people who are always ready to oppress the others, "the people," and that to frustrate their wickedness "the people" ought to resist them. But, surely, the fact is that the whole body of society is made up of individuals who are all, or mostly, more or less inclined to violence and deceit. They all, or mostly, more or less assist in the oppression; but the more successful oppressors are maintained in their position by the mass of would-be oppressors. Any considerable minority who should give up all desire to oppress others, and should have the courage and good sense to refuse to have anything to do with violent or deceitful methods, would soon leaven the lump of society. And this is what is now beginning to happen, not only in Russia, but here and there all over the civilised world. These are the real rebels. It is the meek that shall inherit the earth.

And now for the phrase of Kenworthy's, "He gave even his enemies entire freedom to do as they pleased with him," and Florence Holah's amplification of it. The phrase cannot stand by itself without its context. Jesus did as any consistent Anarchist should do, he insisted on living his own life in his own way. Unfortunately, his ideas of life clashed with those of the authorities, so that he had to choose between giving up his ideas (that is, submission), or a compromise or death. He chose the last; the more readily as he recognised, what John Brown in America seems to have recognised, that his death would be, not only the path of no compromise, but a splendid means of propaganda. He gave his life, not because he despised it, but that others might have life more abundantly. We all more or less have this choice between compromise and principle. Especially is it so with the pioneer of a movement. The pioneer must work out and hold on to the principles which are to renew society. Naturally, the surroundings not being yet adjusted to those principles, something—case, a limb, or life—must be sacrificed; not that these things are of no account, but in order that those who come after may enjoy a fuller life. The great thing is to establish the principle and impress it on humanity.

What, then, is the attitude of the true Anarchist? You say, "Whenever the opportunity occurs he rebels against the injustice with which his enemies try to crush him." Whenever the opportunity occurs?—The opportunity occurs at every turn! The Anarchist's whole life must be a rebellion; and for this reason: that rebellion consists more in insisting on certain principles of life than in resisting aggression; more in being just and refusing to be unjust than in resisting injustice against one's self. And, besides, the true Anarchist has no enemies amongst men and women. All men are his brothers; nothing human is foreign to him. His sympathies are as wide as humanity. Ignorance, with its stupidity, selfishness, superstition and ill-will, with its cruelty and oppression—these are his enemies, both in himself and in all men. No men, as such, are his enemies, only their ignorance, weakness, malice, and his constant effort must be to increase knowledge, kindness and strength in himself and all around.

"But," you say, "if you mean to have a will of your own you must certainly struggle, and struggle hard, against those who would destroy it." Surely we all have wills of our own; what we want, I think, is to learn to use them. Some have not enough courage or knowledge, or imagine their surroundings too much for them. It is for those who have the courage to exercise their wills and train their minds to make the way easier for those who have not.

But for this we want men who have a firm grip of the nature of life, so far as human experience has discovered it. We workmen especially must make up our minds what it is we want, and how the true enjoyment of life is to be secured. We want, I hope, to be helpful to our fellow-beings and to find enjoyment in free and full exercise of our faculties to that end. If this is so, let us make it known by word and deed, and seek means to help each other to carry it out. Once we get as far as this we shall find our difficulties disappear wonderfully.

The real great joys of life are even now cheap and ready to hand, if we will only reach out and take them. Since I became a revolutionist I have often felt inconvenienced by want of money, want of food, want of good boots, of blankets and such like, but what are these to weigh against the abundance of treasure that lies all round me in human sympathies to be had freely and without asking? Where are the enemies who try to crush me? If I were to waste my time looking for them and thinking how to resist them I daresay I could conjure them up. I do see everybody around being more or less crushed, and I try to speak my mind about it. Everybody except my fellow rebels. We are not crushed; we are the only free and happy people, in so far as we are free. And if any one locks us up, or ill-treats us, they only help us in giving prominence to those principles.

No, no; the attitude of the true Anarchist is not one of resisting enemies, but of assisting friends and insisting on exercising his own reason and his own free will.

Is this submission? is this slavery?
April 25th.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

SIR,—I should like to say a few words in reply to your article in the April number of *Freedom* entitled "The slavery of non-resistance."

It should be hardly necessary for me to point out that the idea of "the body being distinct from and inferior to the mind or soul" did not have its origin in Christian superstition. Was there any enlightened people of antiquity among whom this idea did not exist? However, as you also speak of the will as separ-

ate from the body, whatever you may think about its superiority or otherwise, we need not discuss that point.

You say, "If you mean to have a will of your own you must struggle, and struggle hard, against those who would destroy it." Yes, but *how* shall we struggle; what means shall we use? "All means in our power," you say. But surely if you wish to assert your will, you can only do so by the exercise of the will, not by the use of your muscles: that is, by the employment of moral, not of physical force.

The resort to physical force always appears to me a lamentable confession of weakness, of want of will-power; we have recourse to it only when our own will is inferior to, and therefore unable to cope with the will of our opponent. If you would have a will of your own, strengthen and develop it by exercising and relying upon it to the utmost and leave physical force alone.

I should like to reverse your question and ask: Do you think your body could be enslaved if your will were active? Every one would, I suppose, admit that the body always acts in obedience to a will, either its own or that of some other individual. If, then, the will were so active as to exercise complete control over the body, the latter, being in perfect obedience to its own will, could not be enslaved; that is, could not serve and obey—for so I understand the word "enslaved"—the will of another. A slave cannot have two masters.

And here, I think, we may "draw the line between non-resistance and what we call submission and obedience." There can be no submission or obedience to the will of another—except the voluntary submission of love—for a man who is wholly dominated by reason and conscience. "Free action and free development of every organ of body and mind" can only follow, and must inevitably follow free development of the will. Does, then, a man who, for the sake of principle—the right,—allows his body to be tortured and imprisoned really have nothing but "the sickly satisfaction of thinking of justice and freedom"?

If Jesus, for instance, had saved his body from torture by the use of physical force, and so had given the lie to all his previous life and teaching, would he have accomplished more in the cause of justice and freedom than he has actually done? I think not. Whose work has survived for 1,900 years—his or his orderers'? that of the man of non-resistance or that of the men of violence?

"Is it to be deplored that an Anarchist should use physical force?" Yes. Firstly, because by so doing he is unfaithful to his principle of perfect freedom for all; if we maintain our right to punish and restrain transgressors, we must also admit the right of society to its police, law-courts and prisons. Secondly and chiefly, because by so doing he is increasing and perpetuating the very evils he deplores—coercion, hatred, the dominion of all the lower animal forces;—whereas he might, by the exercise of the moral forces of reason and love, be helping to raise mankind to a higher moral plane where justice and freedom would be natural and inevitable.

"If non-resistance," practised from motives of goodwill, "had been the attitude of all peoples in the past," how could injustice and oppression ever have existed? who would have been the soldiers and executioners? Who would have wished to oppress the neighbour who was already serving him for love?

28th April, 1897.

FLORENCE HOLAH.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

SIR,—In your issue for last month you reproach me with defending the *E ho* these Acts. And you endeavor to make good your case by citing the villainous liquor sold to our soldiers in India and asking me if I would prohibit them from drinking; the two cases are not parallel—to make them so you could ask me if I would prohibit the vendors of such liquor from selling their wares to the soldiers; I answer—yes, most certainly. You seem to forget that the position of a soldier differs altogether from that of a man living under conditions of freedom, and that, consequently, the mode of dealing with soldiers must differ entirely from what would be most desirable for free men. A soldier voluntarily places himself at the disposal of the monopolists and surrenders in their hands his freedom both of thought and action. He thus deprives himself of the power of getting comfortably married, and as his sexual passions must have some outlet prostitutes become for him an absolute necessity. The question at once arises as to whether these prostitutes shall be under some system of regulation, or whether they shall be allowed to ply their loathsome trade without any restriction whatever. If the latter, then widespread disease must result for both the soldiers and the women themselves. If the women are on the other hand, subjected to a weekly medical inspection and kept in hospital the moment that any disease is contracted, and not allowed out till quite cured, then this disease can be kept in hand and reduced very much in its ravages, both as to its virulence and the number of persons affected. The soldiers are under constant medical supervision, why should not the degraded women who cater to their passions be also under medical supervision? As far as any actual violence towards the women is concerned, it would be merely necessary to expel them by force from the garrison towns should they refuse to submit to the weekly inspection. And as far as such inspection hurting their feelings of modesty is concerned, it is simply ridiculous for any person with a practical knowledge of such things to make such a puerile objection. What feelings of modesty can a woman have who submits to the embraces of twenty men in the course of one night—an accommodation that was brought to my notice when I was quartered at Aldershot in 1877? As a matter of fact these women soon come to welcome the inspection as a relief instead of an infliction, because they are maintained in hospital free of expense and are saved from the tortures of the more virulent phases of syphilis. I can testify to this fact from personal conversations that I have had with many of these poor creatures.

Myton, York, 3rd May, 1897.

Yours fraternally

G. O. WARREN.

THE LABOR QUESTION VERSUS ANARCHISM.

By DR. L. SMIRNOW.

(Being an address delivered before a mass meeting called by the International Workingmen's Educational Club of Waterbury, Conn., U.S.A., revised and enlarged.)

SOCIETY AS IT IS.

Every movement reveals a new scene to you; every twinkle of the eye reveals some object of horror. On every side something strange, something peculiar attracts your attention. Here you see an old and crippled man grinding a small barrel-organ, there you hear someone singing for bread, here a drunkard rolls half unconscious in the gutter, there a child attempts to steal a loaf of bread. Sick and feverish children run around in the streets barefooted and half-naked, the old people stagger along not having anyone to care for them, being homeless and without place for repose they implored for mercy but were rebuked. Further on you see a family evicted from their dwelling

place,—their few old and broken pieces of furniture thrown right out into the midst of the street, the poor man stands dumb-stricken and knows not what to do with his wife who lies there on the street sick and unable to move, whilst three children, deadly pale, apparently unfed for the last two or three days, stand around her crying for bread. On the other side of the street a crowd of many hundreds of people has formed, each pushing towards the centre to see a man bathing in his own blood that escapes through a mortal wound produced by another man who had a fascination for a gold watch. As you become absorbed in thought you find yourself drifted along with a great crowd that runs after two men in blue coats and gilt buttons, they holding fast to a man who is barefooted and clothed in rags. As you awake to see this scene you ask of those about you, "What's the matter?" "Why, he stole a pair of shoes." "Oh, is that so, and did the man of whom he took the shoes have only one pair?" "Why, no; are you green, or what? he stole them from a shoe store." "And where are the shoes?" "Why, they are returned to the store-keeper of course." "And what are they going to do with the man now?" "Well, they will do what should be done with him, the justice of police will fine him ten or fifteen dollars, and about eighteen or twenty dollars costs, and if he cannot pay he will have to go to prison for about half-a-year." This you hardly believe, but you implore your guide to take you out of this dreadful pandemonium; and in walking through the streets you meet pale, sallow, and worn-out people rushing to and fro, some carry heavy loads, others are pushing carts, others still drive teams and wagons. On all sides are heard cries and shouts of infinite variety, one buys rags, the other sells old clothing, one mends umbrellas, the other sells potatoes, one calls attention to his store, another to his stock spread out on the street or on a wagon; each calling out his ware, his work, his price, his commission. Everyone anxious to sell, to work, to labor, to earn, and to live. Finally you notice some women who, possessed of no goods or wares that they may offer for sale, and being unable to exchange their labor for things they need, are compelled to offer their own bodies as purchasable commodities, that they may thereby be able to exist.

As you leave this section of the city, almost sick and disgusted, you cannot help but observe life in general as the people here have it. You observe the filthy and unhealthy condition of the tenement houses, and that families of seven or eight people are crowded into three or four little rooms. Everything seems crowded; the population extremely condensed, and as you meet these people on the street their hungry appearance and their shabby appearance astonish you, and you ask why do so many people starve when the storehouses are filled with food, and so much of it is yet wasted away? Why are these poor people ill-clothed when the warehouses are filled with goods? Why do they live in such poor dwellings, and so compact, when so many great palaces stand vacant only a few blocks away? Why does such a great disproportion exist? Why do some people live so comfortably, so happily, while a great multitude are so miserable?

You ask your guide whether this inhuman state exists only in this city alone, or everywhere else? and your guide informs you that the very same kind of society exists in the little towns as in the great cities, and in every country of the "civilised" world. Well, you will say, is not this terrible!

The next day your guide shows you the business world—Wall street for example; you see brokers' offices and offices of gambling and swindling in infinite variety, where the betting on the market price of grain, flour, and other produce is carried on, and where lottery tickets are sold. Then you see offices of lawyers, constables, detectives, registrars, money-dealers, pawnbrokers, real-estate agents, bankers, accountants, etc., etc. All labor for no good purpose, none produce a single cent's worth of any product, and not the labour of a single one can be utilised by the community in general, yet they are all busy running, talking, writing, sending, receiving, paying, figuring, measuring, planning, etc.* Now you ask yourself, if they do not produce anything, how do they get the material they want for their daily life? And your guide informs you that the people that live in those rich quarters of the city that you saw that other day, who enjoy luxury and comfort in superabundance. At this you will be quite puzzled.

(To be Continued.)

*On the need, in industry and commerce, of auxiliary forces other than those that directly produce, but who should not take a greater share than the producer himself, I will speak or write on another occasion.

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