

Freedom

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ANARCHISM AND ITS ENEMIES.

When the class struggle—which is always going on, even when to superficial observers the surface appears calm,—when this struggle from some cause or other takes an acute form, there is always an excuse for the bigoted and the obtuse, as well as the hired and mercenary opponents of progress, to deluge the public mind with infamous distortions of the cause which happens to be in sharp conflict with the established order of things when this “order” has indulged in some more than usually iniquitous measures against the rebellious spirits who question its rights. Such a state of things has arisen over the assassination of Canovas. Although no observant person can really and truly have felt any surprise at the occurrence, it has nevertheless afforded an opportunity for a section of the most stupid and brutal of the reactionaries to shine forth in their true colors. It is nothing new that these persons should demand that Anarchists should be treated as outside the pale of humanity; that is generally the way with people who pretend to be so shocked at the fall of a tyrant. To show their horror of bloodshed they talk openly of a crusade of extermination against Anarchists, and they lose no opportunity of making a disgusting travesty and burlesque of Anarchist principles.

It is necessary under these circumstances to assert a fact which government and the classes try to ignore, and which unfortunately many of the workers do not fully grasp, namely, *that the social revolution is inevitable*. Whether sooner or later, whether successful or unsuccessful, whether peaceably or with violence and bloodshed, the social revolution must come. It is not only the Anarchists who recognise this fact; it is perfectly well understood by the more intelligent section of the ruling classes, whose tactics, whether reactionary or “advanced,” are really actuated by the desire of postponing the inevitable.

Now, Anarchism asserts that the birth of a new society will not only involve an economic revolution, but also a political and social readjustment of human relationships. The true ideal is not the well-fed man who vegetates in mental and moral slavery, taking orders from superiors in return for the assurance of a good dinner. A man should be, as Mazzini said, part of the living truth, realising the fullest significance of life and willingly accepting the responsibilities that freedom brings with it. Under such conditions there is neither room nor necessity for the official with his cumbrous, irritating and costly “administration.” Hence the necessity for the abolition of government. And in advocating this lies the head and front of our offending.

To declare for common property and the abolition of government is the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the exploiters. But a moment's reflection is sufficient to convince any honest person that it is only the legal robber and oppressor who feels his *interests* threatened by Anarchism; for whilst denying the need for man-made laws, or rather whilst denouncing them as sins against humanity, it affirms the necessity for mankind to place itself in harmony with natural laws, to study them, to learn by experience their true effects, and so ensure the healthy and normal progress of the race.

If we glance at the evils that surround us,—the fraud and chicanery, the stupid and brutal lust for wealth and power, all the misery and degradation, too well known to need naming—we have no difficulty in tracing them as the effects of the capitalist system; and all upholders of that system must, whether they will or no, share the responsibility for these evils. Happily, there exists to-day a wide-spread discontent amongst the workers, who are compelled by hard experience, to recognize the truth of the Socialist principles they hear and read. Discontent, with a knowledge of the cause of its misery, makes, as we said, the social revolution inevitable.

For those who study the tendencies of social and economic evolution without prejudice it is not difficult to foresee broadly what the workers will strive to attain in the approaching revolution. Along with economic emancipation they must and will claim political freedom; they are the sides of the agitation, and the problem cannot be solved in the absence of either. These are the facts the Anarchist recognises, and he preaches them uncompromisingly in the face of all opposition, in spite of all abuse.

Capitalistic society is rushing on to a catastrophe, the result of its own greed and folly, spreading as it goes havoc and ruin amongst friends and foes alike. Now it is the homes of the workers desolated by strikes and lock-outs, the result of the capitalist's struggle to maintain his profits at all costs; now even the small fry of his own class, mad with the lust of gain, brought to ruin by the tricks of the financiers. And this is called Life; and it is expected or desired by these vampires that human beings should rest content with it. For us the issue is clear. It is our duty—a self-imposed duty—to enlighten the worker

as to his true interests; to trace out how the conditions may be conquered that he may at last have a human existence with all its possibilities of a healthy and happy development. We want bread and freedom and happiness for all. This is Anarchist Communism: its enemies may call it what they choose.

IN MEMORY OF MICHAEL ANGIOLILLO, Garotted in the prison of Vergara, August 20, 1897.

If ever, since the death of Alexander II., an act of revolt was comprehensible to all and realised what everybody had long since thought would be the inevitable consequence of the actions of such a monster, it was the killing of Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish prime minister, at the Baths of Santa Agueda on August 6 last, by Michael Angiolillo. Canovas' career needs no comment: a politician all his life, a traitor to the Spanish Republic which he and others—above all, the other traitor, Martinez Campos—helped to overthrow in order to reestablish the monarchy of the accursed Bourbon race who had already been driven from all the thrones they occupied in the South of Europe; later on, the chief of reaction, swarming the country with greedy officials, whilst schoolmasters, for instance, receive hardly any salary and sometimes have to tramp on the roads in bands to beg for their living. Cuba and the Philippines were driven to revolt, and Canovas considered even Martinez Campos too humane and replaced him by the bloodhound Weyler, who burns hospitals and sells women and girls. When, by treachery, Maceo, the foremost Cuban insurgent, was assassinated last year; this murder in an ambush was, by official Spain, made the occasion for a fête all over the country, as if it were another Waterloo.

The torture of Anarchists in 1894 and 1896, and the infamous treatment even of the acquitted prisoners is as well known by this time as the Versailles atrocities against the combatants of the Paris Commune in 1871. Of all this Canovas was the prime mover; and, as Henri Rochefort wrote the day after his death, “if ever a man ought to have expected to find some day some bullets shot into his head or body, that man was Canovas.”

Our readers will be more interested in the life of Michele Angiolillo. Very few reliable data are known at present, the most important being a letter by comrade Roberto d'Angio of Foggia, Italy, who knew him from boyhood and wrote to the *Tribuna* of Rome the following:

“Michele Angiolillo is 26 years old. A young man, tall, brown, robust, an oval face, thick black hair, a long beard. In vain Lombroso would examine him to find the slightest defect in support of his wrong and ridiculous theory on the alleged criminality of Anarchists. Ugliness or irregular development of the face, deformed ears—nothing of all this the author of the attempt at Santa Agueda presents.”

Michele or, as we called him, Lilio Angiolillo is indeed a beautiful young man. Nor is he vulgar or ignorant. He is intelligent and educated. His character was very gentle, almost timid, yet energetic and resolved in certain circumstances.”

Both were acquainted since boyhood; later on Angiolillo followed technical and d'Angio classical studies, but they spent long hours together in the Communal Library at Foggia. In 1891 d'Angio held revolutionary ideas and read Socialist and Anarchist literature, whilst Lilio (Angiolillo) “was a gentle and timid boy, as I have said, and he tried to moderate my opinions, explaining the theory of evolution, which he studied earnestly at that time. He maintained that we must pass through those stages. Whilst I always advocated violent means, he contradicted me and spoke in opposition in an easy but determined way.” His modesty prevented him from speaking in public. He wrote his lectures out and read them, with a voice often feeble.”

At that time Angiolillo belonged to the Republican society “Aurelio Saffi,” and in the autumn of 1892 he had to enter military service. Only at the end of 1894 d'Angio, then at Naples and a convinced Anarchist, heard of him again.

“He informed me (in a letter) with enthusiasm that he also had become an Anarchist; he proposed to me to work together for propaganda, and told me in a few words of his sufferings in the 5th company of discipline at Capri where he had been sent on account of his principles.”

“This letter I perfectly remember. He was fire and flame against the present disorder; he was impatient to act and to do something serious for our ideas.”

“What he had suffered during military service had exasperated him. His health also had been shaken.”

By the arrest of the writer in 1895 they were again separated and he heard nothing more of him, d'Angio being sent to *domicilio coatto* (transported) and Angiolillo leaving Italy to escape a sentence of imprisonment and *domicilio coatto* for the publication of a manifesto when working at Foggia, his native town, in 1895. He is said to have worked as a painter at Marseilles, Barcelona (which he left at the time of hundreds of arrests in 1896), at Marseilles again, when he was expelled from France, and at Brussels. Here some information becomes available, as the *Réforme*, a Radical daily of Brussels has published some recollections:

“His old fellow workers in the printing office of Brismée [carried on by the widow of the old Belgian Socialist and Internationalist, Dédire Brismée] preserved the best recollection of this man, who was very gentle, exquisitely polite and faultless. When his work was done he returned to the small lodging-house near the Place de Bavière, where he lived and spent all his spare time in reading books.”.....

His fellow workers tell of his gentleness, his habitual, sad, sweet smile, his moderate habits—bread and cheese and a glass of beer were his usual fare;—"we all liked very much the poor *macaroni* (as they nicknamed him)," these notes conclude.

In April last he left Brussels, threatened there also with an expulsion. What he has done in the meantime the united police of Europe have failed to discover, and it is useless to repeat the speculations and inventions of the press about it. It is quite sufficient to say that when he felt the right moment had come, there he was, revolver in hand, and the next moment the corpse of Canovas was at his feet. Some of that sort of people who formed Canovas' surroundings—a lawyer, a journalist and the police—rushed at Angiolillo and maltreated him. When he was powerless in their hands, Canovas' widow came to strike him and hurled imprecations. He calmly said to the excited mégère, "I have nothing to do with you, madame. I am no murderer, I have only revenged my comrades tortured and murdered by your husband in the fortress of Montjuich."

Of his life in prison, in face of inevitable death, little is known from reliable sources; but all accounts mention his calm serenity, gentle but firm attitude right through what he himself termed his "Calvary." He was pestered with the attentions of priests whom he scorned, with useless examinations to find out an imaginary plot and accomplices; a court martial took place where he was prevented from speaking more than a few words. The death sentence was carried out by the most cruel instrument of execution—the garotte, true symbol of torturing Spain: the throat is compressed by a screw in front, whilst an iron spike slowly enters the spinal cord from behind. We will not dwell on the published details of his last moments; he had to spend all this time without a visit from a friend, and meanwhile a prey to a crowd of priests; may a letter from his mother (published in Italian papers) have reached him—a letter of immense love and sympathy for Lilino, as she calls him.

He died on August 20 in the prison of Vergara. In his last moment of life he uttered in a firm and clear voice one word—GERMINAL! and this word has penetrated the prison walls and will penetrate the world.

And the sense of this message is clear: *Germinal* is the name given, during the French Revolution, to the month of spring when the seed that is to bear flowers in the summer and fruit in the autumn is germinating, when the long winter is over and Nature at last is awake again and irresistibly pushes forward all the latent forces that during the hard winter we might, in despair, have considered to be dead. So *Germinal* in the social movement means that at last mankind is awake and will never go to rest till the fruit of progress is reaped.

Germinal also reminds one of the concluding words of Zola's remarkable novel "*Germinal*" (1885); when, after a momentary defeat, Etienne presses forward undaunted, and, looking backward, sees "men growing, a black army of vengeance, germinating slowly in the furrows of the field, growing for the harvests of the coming century, whose germination would soon shake the earth." A similar army of revolt and vengeance Angiolillo might have predicted, or perhaps he remembered the French Anarchist song *Germinal*, the last words of which I will quote in the original, forbearing to spoil them by an attempt at translation:

"Quand les malheureux ressemblés
Se lèveront pour la Révolte
Serrés nombreux comme les blés,
Les fusils feront la Récolte.
Guerre aux répus du capital!
Il faut égaliser les tailles!
Plus on en tuera, mieux ça vaudra
Hardi, les gas, c'est Germinal,
Qui fait pousser les semailles!"

X.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

As thick as they are, the walls of Montjuich (says the *Paris Libéraire*) have not been able to smother completely the cries of pain from the martyred. Well guarded as was the Chamber of the Council of War at Vergara (where the Court-martial was held) has been, however strict the closed doors, the precautions taken with the intention of suppressing the declarations of Angiolillo have been futile, and we are happy to impart to all who have followed with interest the details of the affair the information which has come to us by a secret and sure voice.

We copy word for word the documents received: "*Council of War sitting at Vergara, August 15, 1897, in the Hall of the Tribunal of the First Instance. Affair of Michele Angiolillo.*"

The meeting of the Court-martial had been announced for Monday, August 16. By a superior order, however, it met on Sunday, the 15th, and in the greatest secrecy. Everywhere the military—nothing but uniforms; not a civilian to be seen. The officers imagine themselves able to accomplish their task without having to suspect indiscretions. They deceive themselves. A man is in the room, dressed, like them in uniform; but beneath his costume beats a heart not yet closed to sentiments of true justice.

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I have stenographed Angiolillo's declaration, or, rather, that part of it which they permitted him to pronounce. Here it is:—

"Gentlemen,—First of all I wish to reaffirm here what I have had occasion to say to the examining magistrate who interrogated me: *I have no accomplice!* You would seek in vain for a human being with whom I have shared my project. I opened my mouth about it to nobody. It is alone, quite alone, altogether alone, that I have conceived, prepared, and executed the murder of Senor Canovas.

ANGIOLILLO'S SPEECH.

"You have before you not a murderer, but an executioner.

"For several years I have followed the events of Europe closely. I have studied the situation of Spain and of the divers neighbouring nations—Portugal, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and England. My occupation and my sympathies have constantly led me to mix with the poor and laborious population of these regions. Everywhere I have met the dolorous spectacle of misery. Everywhere I have heard the

same complaints, seen the same tears run, felt the same revolts springing, the same aspirations growing.

"Everywhere, too, I have noted among the rich and governing the same hardness of heart, the same contempt for human lives.

"These observations, generalised, have led me to hate the iniquities which weigh upon human Society at the same time that they form the base of it.

"Fervent, energetic men, captivated by justice, amorous of the ideal, have met me on the pathway of revolt. These people, indignant at injustice, who aspire to a world of well-being and harmony, these are the Anarchists. I have sympathised with them, I have loved them as brothers.

"And all at once I learned, in common with a world thrilled with horror, that in this country of Spain, classic land of the Inquisition, the race of torturers was not dead.

"I knew that hundreds of human beings, enclosed within a fortress henceforth sadly renowned, were there subjected to every kind of torture. I know that there had been put into force against them—with that increase of refinement which scientific progress makes possible—all the tortures of the Middle Ages. I knew that five of these men had been assassinated; that seventy others had been condemned to severe punishments; that those whose innocence they had been compelled to recognise were smitten with banishment; and that all these were Anarchists, or considered as such.

"Then I said to myself that such atrocities should not go unpunished. I looked for those who were responsible. Above the gendarmes who performed the functions of torturers, above the officers who performed the functions of judges, and above all who executed orders, I saw him who gave them.

"I felt at the bottom of my heart an invincible hatred against this statesman governing by terror and torture; against this minister sending to the slaughter thousands and thousands of young soldiers; against this potentate reducing to misery, by crushing under burdens and taxes, the population of Spain, which might be so prosperous in this magnificent country so fertile and so rich; against this heir of the Caligulas and Neros; this successor of Torquemada; this emulator of Stambuloff and Abdul Hamid; against this monster of whom I am proud and happy to have disembarassed the earth—*Canovas del Castillo*.

"Is it a bad action to beat down the sanguinary tiger whose claws are tearing human hearts, whose jaws are gnawing human heads? Is it a crime to crush the reptile with the mortal sting? In carnage my victim was himself alone more than a hundred tigers, more than a thousand reptiles. He personified in their most hideous features, religious ferocity, military cruelty, the implacability of the magistracy, the tyranny of power, and the cupidity of the possessing classes. I have rid Spain of him, Europe, the entire world! This is why I am not an assassin, but an executioner.

"And now, gentlemen, that I have told you the motives which have impelled me, it remains to me to point out the probable consequences of my act from a social and general point of view, and from the point of view of Spain in particular"

Just at this moment the presiding judge, who had already tried several times in vain to smother the loud and avenging voice of Angiolillo, formally withdrew his right to speak, under the pretext that the considerations uttered by the prisoner had nothing to do with the action for which he was incriminated. The tribunal declared the argument closed, cleared the hall; and reconducted the accused, his hands fettered, into the cell. An instant later, the Court-martial pronounced the sentence of death.—*Translated from the "LIBERTAIRE" of Paris.*

STRAIGHT TALK.

The following extracts from Walter Besant's novel, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, sum up the futility of Parliamentary action, so far at least as the workers' interests are concerned, in so drastic a manner as to leave cause for wonder that he has not been denounced as an Anarchist.

"You think that governments can do everything for you. You FOOLS! Has any government ever done anything for you? Has it raised your wages? Has it shortened your hours? Can it protect you against rogues and adulterators? Will it ever try to better your position? Never—never—never; because it cannot. Does any government ask what you want, what you ought to want? No. Can it give what you want? Listen. You want clean streets and houses in which decent folk can live. The government has appointed sanitary officers. Yet, look about you; put your heads in the courts of Whitechapel—what has the sanitary officer done? You want strong and well-built houses. There are government inspectors. Yet look at the lath-and-plaster houses that a child could kick over. You want honest food. All that you eat and drink is adulterated. How does the government help you there? You have the power—all the power there is; you cannot use it because you don't know how. You expect the government to use your power—to do your work. My friends, I will tell you the secret—whatever you want done you *must do for yourselves*—no one else will do it for you. You must agree that such and such shall be done, and then, be very sure, you will get it done.

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"There's another thing, and the blackest of all." Harry paused a moment. But the men were listening and now in earnest. "I mean

the treatment of your girls, your sisters and your daughters. Men! You have combined together and made your Unions for yourselves. You have forced upon your employers terms which nothing but combination would have compelled them to accept; you are paid twice what you received twenty years ago; you go in broadcloth; you are well fed; you have money in your pocket. But you have clean forgotten the girls. Think of the girls! They have no protection but a government Act, forbidding more than ten hours work. Who cares for a government Act? It is defied daily. Those who frame these Acts know very well that they are powerless to maintain them; because, my friends, the power is with the People—you. If you resolve that an Act shall become a law, you make it so. Everything, in the end, is by the People and through the People. You have done nothing for your girls. You leave them to the mercies of employers who have got to cut down expenses to the last farthing. They are paid starvation wages; they are kept in unwholesome rooms; they are bound to the longest hours; they are oppressed with fines. The girls grow up narrow-chested, stooping, consumptive. They are used up wholesale. And what do you do for them? Nothing. There are girls and women in this hall. Can any one of them here get up and say that the working men have raised a finger for them? The worst charge any man can bring against you is that you care nothing for your girls. Why, it is only the other day that a Dressmakers Association has been opened among you. You all know where it is; you all know what it tries to do for the girls; yet, what single man among you has ever had the pluck to stand up for his sisters who are working in it?

Then Harry stepped right to the edge of the platform and spread out his hands, changing his voice. "You are good fellows," he said, "and you've given me fair-play. There isn't a country in the world except England where I could have had this fair-play. Don't misunderstand me. I tell you, and I don't think you knew it before, that the time has come when the people should leave off caring much about the government or expecting any good thing for themselves from any government, because it can't be done in that way. You must find out for yourselves what you want, and then you must have that done. You must combine for these things as you did for wages, and you will get them. And if you spend half the energy in working for yourselves that you have spent in working for things that do you no good, you will be happy indeed."

"Your politics—I say again—will do nothing for you. Do you hear?—NOTHING AT ALL. But yours is the Power. Let us repeat it again and again: all the Power is yours. Try what government can do. Send Dick Coppin into Parliament—he's a clever chap—and tell him to do what he can for you. He will do nothing. Therefore work for yourselves, and by yourselves. Make out what you want, and resolve to have it. Nobody can prevent you. The world is yours to do what you like with. Here in England, as in America, the workingman is master, provided the workingman knows what he wants. The first thing you want, I reckon, is good lodging; the second is good food; the third is good drink—good unadulterated beer, and plenty of it; the fourth is good and sensible education; the fifth is holiday and pleasure; and the last, which is also the first, is justice for your girls. But don't be Fools. I have been among you in this Club a good many times. It goes to my heart every time I come to see so many clever men and able men wasting their time over grievances which don't hurt them, when they are surrounded by a hundred grievances which they have only to perceive in order to sweep them away. I am a Radical, like yourselves, but I am a Social Radical. As for your political Jaw, it plays the game of those who use you. Politics is a game of lying accusations and impossible promises: the accusations make you angry; the promises make you hopeful. But you get nothing in the long run, and you never will; because, promise what they may, it is not laws or measures that will improve our lot, it is by our own resolution that it shall be improved. Hold out your hands and take the things that are offered you. Everything is yours if you like to have it. You are in a beautiful garden filled with fruits, if you care to pick them, but you do not: you lie grubbing in the mud and crying out for what will do you no good. Voices are calling to you: they offer you such a life as was never yet conceived by the lordliest House of Lords, a life full of work and full of pleasure; but you don't hear, you are deaf, you are blind, you are ignorant." He stopped—a hoarse shout greeted his peroration—Harry wondered for a moment if this was applause or disapproval. It was the former. Then one man rose and spoke.

"Damn him!" he cried. Yet the phrase was used in no condemnatory spirit—as when a mother addresses her boy as a naughty little rogue; pogue. "Damn him! He shall be our next Member."

"No," said Harry, clapping his cousin on the shoulder; "here is your next Member; Dick Coppin is your boy. He is clever; he is ambitious; tell him what you want, and he'll get it for you if any one can. But—oh men!—find out what you want—and have it. Yours—yours—yours is the Power—you are the masters of the world. Leave the humbug of Radicalism and Liberalism and Toryism. Let dead politics bury their dead. Learn to look after your own interests. You are the Kings and Lords of humanity. The old Kings and Lords are no more: they are swept away; they are only shadows of the past. With you are the sceptre and the crown; you sit upon the throne; and when you know how to reign, you shall reign as never yet king was known to reign. But, first, find out what you want."

We regret that, owing to Kropotkin's absence from England, this month's instalment of *The State*, etc., has to be held over.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SLAVERY OF NON-RESISTANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF *Freedom*.

DEAR COMRADE,—Please allow me a personal explanation. Comrade Cantwell accuses me of advocating a thing "largely because Jesus Christ is alleged to have taught and practised it." If he would read my article in *Freedom* for March, he would see that such is not the case. Being an Anarchist, and thinking, as Cantwell does, "that the essence of Anarchism is to do anything because you personally think it right," I feel that he could hardly have offered me a greater insult than he has done. If any one were to tell me that Thos. Cantwell was a State Socialist, I should feel it my duty to contradict the statement and claim him as an Anarchist comrade. But should I thereby be basing my opinions as to Anarchism on the teachings of Cantwell? So with Jesus. His name has been used as on the side of superstition and oppression. I think it worth while to point out that he was against these.

By the same misunderstanding, or neglect to study the subject in hand, he accuses Jesus of threatening torture "to those who disbelieved his fairy tales," which is untrue; and both Jesus and Kenworthy of supporting the idea "that mankind is wholly bad by nature," which is untrue. As for believing in the supernatural—well, I don't know what that is.

Now, if you are indulgent, I should like to add a few remarks to your "final word." I don't want to go on arguing for ever, but it is humiliating to find how I fail to make myself clear.

You insist that the violent aggressor and the violent resister of aggression are on different moral levels. That is just what I say. The difference is a moral one, to be found in the difference of their motives. This accounts for the difference of effect on character, etc. They are "in the same camp" "in this respect," that they use violence or "appeal to physical force." I may exert my biceps and bend my arm to pull a person out of the water and save his life, or to pull him into the water and drown him. In each case the muscular action may be the same, but, the motives, etc., being different, the two complete actions would be morally different. This illustration will perhaps help me to show that it is not physical force in itself that we object to, but the use of it to overawe the will, to appeal to fear or some other motive than intelligence or goodwill. We object to fraud or malice without violence just as much as, or more than, the same with violence. And we prefer violent resistance to cowardly submission.

If a man advances against me with hostile intention, I may adopt one of four courses:

1. I may grovel before him. 2. Run away. 3. Resist him blow for blow or show my readiness to do so. 4. Meet him with the open hand of friendship.

A long course of natural experience teaches us that the first is bad; the second is, perhaps, slightly less bad, if motivated by some desire of freedom; the third is better; the fourth is best. Let Anarchists devote themselves to the advocacy—and practice as far they may—of the last method. Anarchism, like the French Revolution, will succeed in so far as it appeals to reason and goodwill. Like the French Revolution it will fail in so far as it appeals to immoral motives, such as ill will or fear.

What is the conclusion? We can agree that the true Anarchist does not give anyone "entire liberty to do as they please with him." We agree that oppression must be resisted. Will you not add that it can only finally be overcome by reason and goodwill? If so, the main duty of the Anarchist will be, not to oppose aggression by violence, but to peaceably insist on doing that which is right in his own eyes.

Are we very far apart?

Yours fraternally
ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

I am sorry that comrade St. John feels insulted by my remarks in August *Freedom*; it shows me that he has failed to divorce himself from personal feeling in this discussion, but I cannot find anything to apologise for. I felt it necessary to speak plainly in the matter, because St. John does not seem to remember what he has previously written, or to compare what he says in one paragraph with what he says even in the next. Jesus has been cited as a consistent advocate of non-resistance. I deny it; and I cited some well known instances from his life story in the Bible. Jesus advocated a belief in a mysterious monstrosity he called his "heavenly father"; well, that is what we call superstition—a belief in the supernatural. St. John says it is untrue that Jesus was "on the side of superstition," and in the next paragraph he says, "As for the supernatural, I do not know what that is." And not only do Jesus and Kenworthy support the idea that mankind is wholly bad by nature, but St. John also. I will quote the same sentence that was quoted from him in the "Final Word" last month: "Government, as all Anarchists know, is the result of the ignorance, dishonesty, and inclination to violence of the people." He acknowledges that the government is bad, the capitalists are bad, and here he says the people are bad. I don't think I need say more.—THOS. CANTWELL.

REVIEW.

Comrade J. William Lloyd has written an able pamphlet, entitled *A Red Heart in a White World*. He advocates therein the abolition of government—the substitution of a free society for our present system of governed society. He upholds the theory of Anarchist Communism or, as he terms it Free Socialism. This last, in my opinion, being the better title. The booklet abounds in good points, as where the difference between true happiness (which is defined as healthy pleasure) is contrasted with excitement, i.e. morbid pleasure, such as war, gambling, lust, etc. He extols that state of society which shall be most simple. He says, "Starting in ignorance, the lover of wisdom in his ripeness acknowledges he knows nothing. Starting as a child, the experimenter in morals finds nothing better than childlike innocence; starting from the primitive savage, the student of politics after all experiments finds nothing so useful and orderly as a natural society without laws or government. Avoiding their few errors, the child and the savage are our models. Our knowledge only enables us to justify their instincts."

Comrade Lloyd's idea is to start a colony or colonies in which each member should agree to "respect equal human liberty, and to accept that for the fundamental working principle of his life."

His ideas and suggestions for the formation of these colonies are full of interest, but at the same time they appear rather overweighted with details. However, as it is emphasised that everything but the fundamental principle is optional, the details are of comparatively small importance.

The idea for the propaganda group is also very good, and appears quite practicable.

I am glad to see that Comrade Lloyd's views of freedom are not bounded by that last stronghold of conventionality—the sex question. Accordingly, he insists on the perfect liberty of every one to regulate their lives in accordance with their own ideals.

The Red Heart in a White World should be read with great interest by all friends of liberty of thought and action. It is published in New York by the Holland Publishing Co. Price 8d., post free. P. L.

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NOTES.

PREMATURE EXULTATION.

In the *Daily News* of July 12th last, appeared a column or more of matter supposed to be descriptive of the Anarchist movement in London. Being written to please the respectables who read that journal it had to be "piled on thick," which was accordingly done. That point however is of little importance. What deserves to be noted is the fact that the writer took the opportunity of sarcastically alluding to *Freedom's* need of funds as a sign of the decadence of the Anarchist movement in London. Such a conclusion denotes the greatest ignorance of revolutionary movements. Such movements, whilst they are really revolutionary, are always short of funds: their struggles are continual, and their financial difficulties are an every day experience. It is the same with the literature of such a movement: it is really only kept alive by voluntary effort. Smug capitalists, don't, as a rule, write out cheques for people who attack their iniquities as uncompromisingly as *Freedom* does. They reserve their donations for papers like the *Daily News* who make a huge income by printing their lying advertisements, and writing articles which are useful for their tactics on the Stock Exchange.

Some people not unconnected with that paper wondered what Christ would think if he came to Chicago. For our part we wonder what he would think if he read the *Daily News*.

POETIC POLITICS.

The following is a charming example of the poetry of the soul overflowing in a political address which was delivered by Signor D'Annunzio, the so-called Zola of Italy, who is becoming the representative of the peasant constituency of Pescara: "My soul upon which I have poured the strongest wines of ancient wisdom and the subtlest perfumes of modern fancy; my soul, which in its boundless wanderings has reached the farthest limits imposed on the greed of knowledge and has soared above those airy summits where the rhythm of ideal life attains a celerity far exceeding that of the human pulse; my soul, gentlemen, has nevertheless remained attached with filial affection to my native land."

How awful to think of! It is a wonder his soul ever got back alive. But, then, you see it was attached to Mother Earth—very much like a captive balloon. He reminds one of Dickens' Member for Verbosity, who, when asked what he was driving at, replied "at the Illimitable Perspective." It is not surprising to hear after this that he denounced such impracticable people as the Socialists. We are not told, however, what impression he made on the simple peasantry. No doubt his language completely hypnotised them. If so we can only hope he may get returned and do the same for the Italian Government; in this way he might be of incalculable service to the peasantry of Pescara.

CAPITALISTIC IDEALS.

Colonel Dyer has explained in *The Times* what the Employers Federation really want to do with the engineers, or we might say with the workers generally. He says bluntly that they mean to obtain a condition of things similar to that existing at Carnegie's works at Pittsburg. Our readers will recall the scenes of strife and bloodshed which occurred at Homestead when Carnegie brought the Pinkertons to coerce the men. That fight, in which the women bore their part, cost many Pinkertons their lives, and that detestable organisation was physically and morally defeated. But the State came in—always the State—and crushed the strikers. In their place unskilled laborers have been employed and trained to tend the machines, so that Messrs. Carnegie can place steel rails on the market at Calcutta cheaper than they can be bought in England. There is probably not an employee who can call his soul his own, or who regards himself as anything but an appendage to a machine. But what of that? The system works admirably for Carnegie, Frick, and Co., and capitalism is content, despite the two millions unemployed tramping the States, amongst whom, no doubt, are many of the unfortunate victims of Carnegie's tyranny and greed. Colonel Dyer hopes for the same results from the war his Federation is now making on Trades-Unionism. Before it could be accomplished, however, we should have civil war in England, and Colonel Dyer if he lived to see the end of it might be astonished at its developments. The most immediate effect of the struggle seems to be a very healthy and desirable tendency on the part of the unions to organise a scheme of Federation, which if radically carried out would simply be irresistible. The *Clarion* pamphlet, No. 17, has no doubt done much to urge on the idea, and sooner or later some such plan will have to be adopted. It

would be a great step towards an economic revolution, and would no doubt largely help to synthesize Co-operation and Trades-Unionism.

THE CHILDREN AGAIN.

It is shocking to learn that the societies who appeal for funds to send the children of the poor for a "week in the fresh air" are really preparing a large percentage of them for disease and death. Such however is the fact, and a ghastly example of how philanthropy "benefits" the poor under the present system. When my Lady Bountiful—that costly creature—subscribes a minute fraction of her stolen wealth to such a society, no doubt she feels her conscience relieved and a certain amount of atonement made for her recent appearance in the Divorce Court. Let her reflect, however, on what really happens. At St. Mary Cray the sanitary inspector reported that "certain cottages were in a very unsatisfactory state. Overcrowding was common, and in one cottage the children of the occupier had whooping cough. At Foots Cray typhoid fever had broken out, and there had been seven deaths." So the grim farce of "alleviating" the effects of a vicious social system go on. All this pottering with effects is worse than failure: it is an evil in itself. My Lady Bountiful may be grieved to hear it, but, economically speaking, she will have to be abolished, as well as the "society" in which she lives, moves and has her being. Then, we may be sure, little children may have fresh air without fear of disease and death.

THE CLASS WAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

The brutality of the American monopolist knows no bounds. To him a wage slave is less than an animal; he is less, even, than the dead minerals he monopolises. The shooting down of the inoffensive strikers in Pennsylvania is not only the work of the sheriff and his deputies: one may be quite sure it has been done at the bidding of the infamous gang of cutthroats who tend more and more to hold the destinies of the American people in the palms of their hands. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the American Republic is as nearly as possible complete. Capital buys the law, appoints the judges and bribes the police. No wonder it claims all the wealth, hardly leaving enough to keep life in their slaves. The inhumanity of the capitalist has come to this, that if they could monopolise some system that would assure to them every luxury without the toil of the workers, the whole working class might perish ere they would forego a single privilege to save them. However, it will not come to this; for a formidable class war is brewing in the United States, and the capitalist may have to go sooner than he thinks for. The following manifesto, published in the *Social Democrat*, will be of interest to our readers:

A mass convention will be held at St. Louis, Monday, August 30th, in the interest of the striking, starving coal-miners. The official call has been issued by the Executive Board of the United Mine Workers and endorsed by the executive heads of the American Federation of Labor and the Knights of Labor.

I understand that this convention is called, not to pass idle resolutions, but to take prompt, vigorous and united action, and this being the case, I appeal to the Social Democracy and to all lovers of Liberty and Humanity to meet at St. Louis on the day named to lend a hand to the stricken, suffering miners of the country.

The injunction has again done its deadly work. Constitutional liberty has been bludgeoned to death and labour has been bound and gagged for the perpetual exploitation of corporate capital.

There is no relief in the courts. We have tried them all, from the bottom to the top, and they are all against labor. So far as I am concerned we will appeal to them no more. We will now appeal to the American people.

Judges, the creatures of the plutocracy, rule the country by injunction. From justice of the peace to justice of the Supreme Court, the injunction has full sway. American citizens are forbidden to open their lips or to walk on the public highway.

Sheriffs, marshals and other petty officers issue proclamations and then proceed to shoot and club working men, if they are not servile and obedient, as if they were so many savages off their reservation.

That there has been no violence and bloodshed in the miners' strike is simply because the judges and sheriffs and deputies have been unable to provoke an outbreak. The miners have patiently, meekly submitted to the most flagrant insults and abuses.

The hour has struck to call a halt. The cowardly, brutal and wholly un-American reign of injunctive government has got to end.

A vast army of miners are famishing—their wives and children are dying. The calamity cries to heaven.

We do not ask the courts or the authorities to help these perishing toilers, but we do demand that they take their cruel clutches from the throats of workmen, and allow them to help themselves in lawful ways.

The Pittsburg operators have declared that they will open their mines if they have got to do it with gatling guns. No injunction has been issued and no soldier has been called out to restrain them from executing their murderous designs.

Injunctions, soldiers, marshals, deputies, thugs and jails are for the exclusive benefit of the workingmen.

Under the rule of the money power, labor is plundered until the starvation point is reached and then its emaciated body is shot full of holes. It is notoriously true that the American miners have been robbed in countless ways, and now they are hungry, it is proposed to murder them.

The horrors of Siberia are not of greater enormity.

Every atom of American manhood revolts against the spectacle.

Judges, by the usurpation of power playing the rôle of tyrants, have annihilated the constitution, abrogated the right of trial by jury, forbidden free speech, suppressed peaceable assemblage and transformed our Republic into an absolute despotism.

They are guilty of judicial treason and should be made to answer at the bar of an outraged people.

The issue has been forced upon us, and we have retreated before it to the verge of slavery. Let us now meet it as it would have been met by the patriots of 1776.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

The Convention met at St. Louis, and various speakers gave voice to the indignation of the assembled workers at the monstrous tyranny that the judges, magistrates and police have exercised with increasing insolence in recent labor disputes. But the irreconcilable nature of the resolutions quoted below shows that an immense amount of pro-

paganda remains to be done in order to induce them to refrain from stultifying their revolutionary energies in the ballot-box, and to develop their free initiative instead.

"Resolved: That we consider the use of the ballot as the best and safest means for the amelioration of the hardships under which the labouring class suffers.

"Resolved: That the collective ownership of all mines and railways is one of the most necessary reforms for our body politic.

"Resolved: That we most emphatically protest against government by injunction which plays havoc with even such political liberty as working-men have saved from the steady encroachment of Capitalism.

"Resolved: That no nation in which the people are totally disarmed can long remain a free nation, and, therefore, we urge upon all liberty-loving citizens to remember and obey article 2 of the constitution of the United States, which runs as follows: *The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.*

It is probable that the recent outrage on the strikers will bring forth some interesting developments in connection with the next Convention, which will sit in Chicago on the 27th inst.

A LIBERTARIAN SCHOOL.

The problem of education is, or ought to be, to the Anarchist and Socialist of first importance. We may say it is the only problem. But if as Anarchists, Socialists and Revolutionaries we are primarily concerned with educational propaganda, it must be confessed that our efforts are sorely confined within narrow limits. We are the besiegers of a powerful stronghold. Our attacks are, in the main, directed upon those who have been long and well nurtured by the enemy; who have grown up fortified in their instincts and prejudices, and until now by no means have we maintained a coign of vantage near the source or within the fortress.

To commence with our children: we who are Anarchists and Revolutionaries, and who have felt the pernicious influence of the worn-out doctrines that were foisted upon us, who know how deeply rooted in our character—free though we believe ourselves—are the impressions received in our early years; to jealously guard, where possible, against our own or others' children going through a like process, this is the task we must face sooner or later.

In Paris is about to be created L'Ecole Liberaire (The Libertarian School). A group of Revolutionaries, whose names include Elisee Reclus, Louise Michel and many other notable Anarchists and Socialists, have determined on the creation of a place of instruction that will answer to the needs of all those who desire that their children should be instructed in accordance with the true progressive tendencies of the age. In *L'Humanité Nouvelle* for June last, appears an article which may be considered as explanatory of the lines on which it is proposed instruction will proceed, written by the two initiators, Desgalves and Janvion. From the article in question nothing is left to be desired, and such a bold venture must commend itself to all advanced reformers. We quote the opening, as indicative of the spirit in which the task is approached:

The work of education is the elevating of a being, the erecting of it from a physical, intellectual and moral standpoint from the base to the summit; it is to enrich and fecundate all its faculties. Education thus understood is a veritable childbearing.

The human embryo passes through types of inferior criminality, and it is only by degrees, higher and higher ascending, that it finally attains humanity. And at the same time, as a form and a more complete organisation, it conquers its personal existence; it detaches itself from its mother and becomes an individual.

What should be said of an education which would not be a perfecting, a progressive budding to a free and individual life?

That would be a monstrous species of work, acting against Nature and endowed in a contrary sense with that beautiful name.

You are entrusted with a young child, a delicate flower, an outline yet, it is true, but so graceful; and instead of occupying yourself to promote its growth you first of all rob it of its artless charm; and afterwards you find nothing better to replace all that than imprisoning it in discredited history, in the antiquated rubbish of the past and in the coarse vulgarisms of modern commercialism.

An adaptation pure and simple to an inferior environment is not an education.

MM. Janvion and Desgalves lay bare the pretensions of the so-called advanced education as it exists at present. Names have only been changed; the substance still exists. We persist in an epoch of experimentation and calculation to preach about a chimerical world in which we ought to believe without understanding, and in spite of the subtleties of the forms we are always seeking to return in one way or another to the superstitious terrors of prehistoric man before Nature; and not one shall maintain that the patching-up of these old fetishes is true educational work. The State, the bourgeois and the Church are at present in full possession without any aspirations, only jealous of their tumbling institutions.

The governing classes have manipulated all, have taken care not to forget their idol, of which they have made one of their principal fortresses. They (the governing classes) comprehend nothing of the immense aspiration for life and liberty which is at the bottom of man and Nature, and without which history, the sciences and arts are closed books. They know not how to exalt other motives of action than the base desire for gain or the vile fear of chastisement in this world or another.

Between the extremes of being governed on the one hand and governing on the other they see no position. Against all systems of punishment our friends speak in very clear terms.

Tasks, cautions, beatings, scoldings, such abuses are movements of humors arising from over excitement of the nerves, surely a proof of weakness! And it is expected by such examples to teach children self-possession! These representations can only serve to infiltrate a hatred against the book and the teacher; for it is a question of promoting love for both one and the other.

We shall take part in their games in order to nearer approach them. And in certain circumstances we shall render this contact still more intimate. If, for example, a regrettable fault has been committed, it is all alone that we wish to gently lead the young romp to recognise his fault.

Blame is spoiled in materialising it by punishment; and by mixing praise with rewards and distributions of prizes an evil leaven of vanity and venality is caused. The passages on the study of literature are well deserving of quotation.

In the literature of all times, and more especially in contemporary literature, enough of simple pages will be found, plenty of familiar recitations, of picturesque scenes and pictures to interest them and lead them to reflect on the details of form as well as the depths of thought.

In course of time their taste will refine itself and they will amass a goodly harvest of ideas. For we shall not abandon ourselves passively to our pupils. If such a novelist, if such a poet draw a picture too idyllic of the life of the peasantry or of the workers, we shall point out to them the reality of the facts.

The sciences will be studied at the same time as letters, by practical illustration, even before reading is learned. The children will be brought face to face with Nature, and excursions will be made into the fields and the Zoological Gardens to promote this end. Care will be taken to distinguish the utility of exploitation, and to show where it is injurious and where it is not; to show, for example, what narrow restrictions commercialism imposes upon agriculture and medicine, and how much it causes hygiene and the rational culture of the soil to deviate from their true purposes.

And the youthful audience will not be taught that man is a centre around whom converges the entire universe.

Sociology, physiology, cosmography, art and music are each treated upon in turn, but we have not space to quote. We quote from the passages on moral instruction:

And morality? And religious, civic and metaphysical instruction? We blot out all that. We know of no other morality than the free action of a healthy mind and body. A good education is a general hygiene well understood; and it is upon this model that we have attempted to fashion our own.

After that, what purpose would precepts serve? It is not according to some abstract and impersonal formulas that we can determine conduct; it is according to habits long practised, to the natural or acquired sentiments, to the positive knowledge with which one is impregnated. The act springs from the individual subsoil little known to us, as a sudden expansion of forces long accumulated.

The school will be mixed, since society is forcibly so. An unisexual agglomeration savours of the convent or the barrack-room. Does anyone think that it is more important to teach the rule of three than that of living together? Or is it estimated that the theoretic maxim can suffice? The unhealthy curiosities shall be obliterated by the elbowing of each day.

Such is our morality, if one will have that word: moral in action then.

Our imperfect sketch cannot do justice to the original, and we advise those who can to read it for themselves. It will take money, very much money, to carry forward such a scheme, and it is the intention of the founders to commence an evening college pending the necessary developments. Any one desiring to assist should write to E. Janvion, *Liberaire*, 5 Rue Briquet, Paris.

CALEB KEENAN.

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.

You are next shown the working people—those that produce all earthly wealth and riches; that build the great palaces and make all things used by society. You see them laboring hard in different shops or factories; some weave cloth, others are spinning, others grinding, hammering, forging and coining. Some make jewellery, others clothing, others shoes or hats, etc. And you notice what haggard and careworn features these working people possess, and how young children that still need their mothers' tender nurture are working ten or twelve hours daily; and old women who, like infants, ought to spend their tender days in quietude and repose, sit bent upon themselves, sewing away till a late hour in the night. And you are told that these very people are the ones that live in those poor quarters of the city which you visited the day before; that these very toilers who build great palaces have for themselves no place for repose; who make garments or shoes have none to wear themselves; that these very workers suffer the greatest want and live in the deepest misery and degradation. Well, you exclaim, and why do these meek fools allow it? Your guide only says, "As to why, you will see next day."

Next day comes, and your guide takes you out to see the force and power of the capitalistic system—the force which compels men to act against their own will, and partly induces and upholds this state of inhumanity. You are shown the police force, from the chief to the patrolman; you are shown the stations, prisons, the gallows and that grand product of modern civilisation—the electrocution chair. You are shown the army and the militia with all its grandeur, the private police force, detectives, sheriffs, deputies, Pinkertons, gaolers, etc. You are, further, shown the law-makers, legislators, governors, mayors, aldermen, etc., etc. So many thousands of offices occupied by just so many idlers—all of whom are making laws for others, but none for themselves. Some of them are busily engaged in making ordinances or laws relating to the production and distribution of commodities, to the possession and ownership of property, land, etc.; while others are as busy and ambitious in carrying out these ordinances. And wherever some resistance is met, the soldiers with their rifles and bayonets are called in to settle the dispute, i.e. brute force is used in subjugating the people whenever they resist. You now begin to see the true situation

of the people and the exact condition of society. The power, you observe, lies in the hands of a few who wish to appropriate everything to themselves and become the magnates of the earth. The poor people are compelled to labor and produce wealth for others by the very fact that they are dispossessed and have no other alternative. The police and military are compelled to enforce the fraud and robbery because they, too, are dispossessed and must get their livelihood somehow. And you finally come to the conclusion that this is the meanest, cruelest and most degraded and demoralising society you ever yet heard of.

In order to convince yourself that the same state of society exists all over the world you travel from place to place, from country to country, and you invariably find the same wherever you go. The languages differ in different places, the customs and habits of the people are different, yet society is everywhere the same. The same disproportion exists everywhere; the same poverty on the one hand and riches on the other, the same inhumanity, the same demoralisation and the same degradation. You become disgusted with this world and with the people, with their imprudent way of living and their merciless dealings with one another; and you fly back to your Mars as quickly as imagination can carry you.

EXPLANATORY.

I have purposely devoted a considerable portion of this lecture to the investigation of the present system to make it manifest that there is considerable cause for grievance and discontent, that we may have good grounds for argument and that we may have a basis upon which to form ideas pertaining to a better system. It is obvious that we cannot go to preach new ideas, new systems, reforms or revolutions, improvements or changes in social life before we prove that the present system is corrupt, that the present social life is disadvantageous and harmful to the individual. It may be objected by some: The people being satisfied and content, and everybody finding the system suitable, it is against reason to agitate against it and to try to affect public opinion in favor of some other system or systems, as yet mere theory and wholly untried. But let me say right here that this is false reasoning, and that it implies a hindrance to progress and cessation of all advancement, as witness an analogy: Because all the astronomers were agreed on the Ptolemaic system and were satisfied and content with it, it was against reason to agitate against it and to try to influence public opinion in favor of the Copernican system, which at that time (1452) was only a mere theory and not wholly substantiated. Many similar analogies could be cited; but this will suffice to show that, as in one case so in the other, there is always room for improvement. Moreover, we feel it our duty in life to alleviate the burdens of suffering humanity yet more than to improve science and art. We feel that we must enlighten the people and help our fellow creatures. We who perceive possibilities for men to live in harmony and peace, that they may not tear and devour one another, feel that it is our obligation to impart these perceptions to those concerned. In fact, many of us feel that our whole object in life is centralised in this one thing, *i.e.* helping along human progress. The *tendency towards perfection* is forever vivid before our eyes, and we think it noble to be its promoters. All of us are only too happy if by our efforts, or even by the loss of what is most dear and valuable to us, we succeed in hastening the slowly revolving wheel of progress. And it will be seen, too, that it is not for personal or private interests we are working and agitating; not from any motive of personal discontent or grievance, but from a higher and altruistic motive do our actions spring.

Let us look at life in a broad sense, and see what deductions we can draw therefrom. Starting with the first law of Nature—*no matter is ever created and no matter is ever lost*,—we find given a large, infinite as far as our perceptions are concerned, yet definite amount of matter, the molecules of which are variably arranged and thus manifest various forms and qualities. And we have two grand divisions of matter, inorganic and organic,* lifeless and living, apparently inactive and active. The first is the simple, the second is the complex; the first is finite, as far as our understanding of it is concerned, the second is infinite.

Originally and primarily we have the sixty-nine or seventy elements of which (and of others not yet known) the entire universe is composed. Not only the Earth and things on it, and the puny creatures called men, but all suns, stars, planets, moons, etc., are made up of them. But the organic world sprang from the inorganic, as the complex can only arise out of the simple. It is the *tendency towards perfection*, previously alluded to, that gives matter an ever renovating character, one phase of which is chemical action or chemical change. On this account the elements unite with each other to form compounds, and compounds unite with each other, or with elements, to form other and more complex compounds. Through the heat of the sun and other agencies these elements and compounds unite with each other so complexly and infinitely that finally organic matter is originated. In all organic matter, vegetable and animal, the same elements, and only the same, are found as in inorganic matter. Therefore we see the identity of organic and inorganic matter; that they are really one kind, only differently formed. And we see how we can identify the human body with the soil or other inorganic substance; for, as it is shown, the human body contains about 60 per cent. of water alone. As the fire consumes oxygen to burn up or oxydise the fuel, and as the process of slow combustion consumes oxygen to oxydise or burn the iron (commonly called rusting), so do the lungs breathe oxygen that the tissues may be burned, or, in common

language, that the tissues may live. Here lies the great distinction between living and non-living things: that in the one the chemical changes are manifested by a resultant phenomenon called *life*; in the other the chemical changes do not manifest such phenomenon. Life, therefore, is a product of chemical change produced through the metabolic process—the digestion and assimilation of foodstuffs; *i.e.* the conversion of inorganic into organic matter involves chemical changes which produce heat, this in turn produces motion of the muscles and other parts of the body, and this motion or activity is termed life. Therefore we live in Nature just the same whether dead or alive, the only difference being that in the live state the tissues appropriate and utilize inorganic matter; whereas in the dead or inactive state they are decomposed and turned back into inorganic matter.

Time does not permit further explanation and expansion on this subject; but this will suffice to show that the human race, as well as the entire animal kingdom, is a part of Nature and is governed by natural laws, and that life is nothing more than a resultant of chemical changes taking place between the tissues of the organism and the inorganic matter of the food and air, which, also, follow the course of what are called natural laws. I shall, therefore, be justified in saying that the people ought to live their lives according to natural requirements and in pursuance of natural laws. As all bodies take the direction of least resistance, so ought life to be conducted in the most easy and comfortable manner. The great planets roll around in their orbits and around their sun in the most precise manner, the moons travel around their planets, and whole systems traverse infinite space in obedience to natural laws. The flower that opens its tender petals and spreads out in full glory at the appearance of the sun in early morning and closes them again at sunset; the watery vapor, evaporated by the heat of the sun, collects in the cooler atmosphere and falls back as rain; the streams and rivulets rush down in their course to meet and to form larger rivers, all in obedience to natural laws. Everything that occurs and that is manifest to our senses is in pursuance of natural requirements and, without exception, in harmony with physical or natural laws. Therefore, as previously stated, life ought to be conducted on similar lines.

Now the requirements for life to be thus conducted are mainly two. (1) The proper amount of heat supply to the body. (2) The proper amount of heat distribution. That the proper amount of heat may be supplied to the body it is necessary to have proper food, such that would supply most heat and is easily digested; it is necessary to have pure air that the oxygen may be beneficial; it is necessary to have pure water that the blood may not become poisoned and hence poisonous to the tissues. That the proper amount of heat may be distributed it is necessary to perform an exact proportion of work in 24 hours; it is necessary to have proper clothing and dwellings that the heat may not be lost. Of course, the above is only a formula. Many more things are necessary to make life pleasant and agreeable. All the senses must be pleased and satisfied; rest and comfort must be afforded to the muscles; the nervous system, too, must be kept well regulated, and must not be overburdened with worry, anxiety, etc.; and all other reasonable wants and desires must be gratified before life can be said to be normal.

Now, do the people live in accordance with natural laws? Do they supply the proper amount of heat to their bodies? do they distribute it or use it properly? Do they satisfy their hunger, their thirst? Do they wear the proper clothing? In short, do they conform with Nature, as the rest of the universe does? We need but turn back a few pages and read again of the unnatural and unhappy life, of the lamentable misery, the destitution and poverty that prevails in the human family. Who can further question the exploitation of the laboring people, the enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many? Who can remain blind to the excess and gluttony of some, and the insufficiency of others? Who can remain unaware of the great disproportion, inequality and entirely disjointed state of society?

Those who still doubt should read the statistics given by Professor Brewer, of Yale University, in his lectures on sanitary science, which afford striking proof. Below are some of his statistics relating to the death-rate according to differently inhabited sections of a city:

Inhabitants per square mile	166	Death rate per thousand	17
" " " "	186	" " " "	19
" " " "	377	" " " "	22
" " " "	1,718	" " " "	25
" " " "	4,500	" " " "	28
" " " "	12,357	" " " "	32
" " " "	65,823	" " " "	39

It will be seen, therefore, that the death-rate among those who live in the tenement blocks, those that are huddled and crowded together and enjoy the least comfort and convenience, is more than twice as great as that of those who live comfortably and in spacious dwellings. And let it be remembered that the former class is the great majority, the great mass of people; while the latter is the insignificant minority. Not alone the number of deaths, but the duration of life is similarly affected by these conditions, as may be seen from the following statistics, by the same authority, which show that the poor live only half the lives of the rich:

No. of districts examined.	Proximity of habitation.	Average duration of life.
53	145 yards	51 years
345	139 "	45 "
137	99 "	40 "
47	46 "	35 "
9	28 "	32 "
Manchester	17 "	29 "
Liverpool	7 "	26 "

Ample proof is given above as to the actual condition of the people and the true relationship between one another.
(To be Concluded.)

* This division is simply phenomenal, and not in vogue with chemical nomenclature, which terms the compounds of carbon organic.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Latest reports of the miners' strike show that the lines between the laboring and the governing class are tightening. If the workers can't see, after this, that government is the mere tool of property they are more stupid than even the writer credits them with being. Nearly 200,000 men are now out. Camps have been formed by the strikers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and generally over the affected regions, which are carefully guarded by deputy sheriffs. Marching columns headed by determined men have become so terrifying to the mine owners (they are always easily terrified when terror will serve them) that they have secured injunctions from the United States Courts forbidding men to march in company with their favorite leaders, five of whom are named. The usual policy of eviction is being pursued, five-day notices being given.

At Pittsburgh, mother of riots, the judges have continued the preliminary decree forbidding marching or assembling near the mines at Plum Creek, Sandy Creek and Turtle Creek. Anticipating the decision the camps were broken up and the campers accommodated at boarding houses, whence they continue to agitate.

The Eastern district, up till now quiescent, is trembling, and the first contingent of 2,500 has gone out at Hazelton.

So far, there have been none of the usual acts of violence, and the miners have the undivided sympathy of the pacific, who are willing to allow the right to starve in a law-abiding manner. Better, they have the support of all organized labor; and the editorial appeals of the labor journals show an increasing appreciation of the true nature of the struggle, not only as an economic one, but a resistance to encroachments upon the constitutional right (?) of free speech and free assemblage. And this will probably be the chief advantage of the battle; for the history of all great strikes in America is *failure*. The miners' strike will most likely be no exception as to its immediate end.

The effort to create sympathy in behalf of Alexander Berkman, with a view of bringing his case before the State Board of Pardons, continues; and not without hope of success, though the recent affair of Angiolillo may necessitate some additional caution in presenting the case, so true is it that things which have nothing to do with one another are nevertheless brought together from the ends of the earth in the brain of Fear.

As to the killing of Canovas, it has been received with general satisfaction, not only by Anarchists and reformers generally, but even by conservative Americans, whom sympathy with the Cuban insurgents has aroused to hatred of the Spanish government. Crowded meetings have been held in New York and Chicago—the former being addressed by Emma Goldman and various speakers in Italian, German and Spanish, and presided over by H. M. Kelly; the latter by Mrs. Parsons, Honoré J. Jaxon (the half-breed rebel of the North-west) and others. Harry Kelly writes: "It is agreed by all comrades that Angiolillo's act has done more propaganda than all the Anarchists in ten years in this country. Pages of matter with accounts of the tortures! The *Journal* and *World* have printed nearly the entire pamphlet issued in Philadelphia concerning the modern Inquisition, and no adverse comments either. The editorials in the *Journal* could hardly have been improved upon by an Anarchist."

T. V. Powderly (ex-Terence the First), Commissioner of Immigration, wants the government to see to it that no Spanish Anarchists are allowed to enter the United States. This is quite in keeping with the policy of the McKinley administration, which arranges a tariff to enable rich summer tourists to take in a hundred dollars' worth of goods without duty, and taxes an unnaturalised dweller in the land three cents a day for working. Under brilliant devices like these we shall soon get to the end of all our difficulties. This is statesmanship. This is preserving the sacred legacy of our forefathers: *America, the asylum of mankind*.

The fools are rushing on to Klondyke. Gold hunting knows no patriotism, and Americans would as lief dig under the British rule as their own. The old history will be repeated. The miner will dig and turn over what he digs to the imperturbable gentleman who sits in Wall Street. And no one will be better off but this last, though thousands will be worse.

Meanwhile, the most mournful thing is this final in-surge of the Anglo-Saxon upon the last retreat of the North American Indian. Beaten backward year by year from the milder regions of the Saskatchewan and thereabout, by the "settling up" policy of the Hudson Bay Company, the Indian hunter took refuge in the impregnable fortress of frost and storm, willing to surrender anything rather than his free nomad life. Along the frozen rivers of the North, among the great fir forests, in the mountain passes, brother to ice and sleet, he passed far up the Yukon valley hunting his precarious living, content so only that the hated white man's claim did not come to partition the soil and set up stakes. Now he must learn that, for the tinsel god of gold, the white man, too, will brave the North. He is there, his "claim" is there, *property* is there, *government* is there. Freedom has withdrawn to the Arctic Ocean. Nothing is left to the Indian.

V. DE CLEYRE

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

While the Spanish judicial atrocities have become known world wide, those of other countries are still much less known. In Italy a monstrous law is in course of preparation, decreeing the transportation of "those who by preparatory acts manifest a deliberate intention to attack the institutions of family and property or to upset the principles upon which the social institutions rest." Of course, every act, speech or article will be prosecuted as heretofore; but those whom the local chief of police chooses to accuse of any *intention* of propaganda will be brought before a provincial committee, consisting of the public prosecutor, a commissioner of police and a judge, who may find them guilty; then a superior committee, nominated by the government, may transport them for a period of from *one to six years* to a remote locality, usually a barren Mediterranean island; during the first month they will receive 6 l. per day, the second month 5 l.; after that, if they find no work in these impossible, out-of-the-way places, they will be sent to a reformatory workhouse to work for the government, which may grant to the transported from 19 to 30 per cent of their earnings. If they are recalcitrant even under the blessings of this system they will be sent to a reformatory in the famous Italian colony at Massowah on the Red Sea, the greatest fiasco of modern civilisation in Africa, where, it is supposed, fever and cholera will finish them; for the law does not provide any further means to make them give up their *evil intentions* against property and the family!

This infamous proposal by the successor of Crispi brought forward an agitation all over Italy against such a revival of the Bourbon system, first reintroduced, by the way, in the sixties by Crispi, the former revolutionist. It must not be supposed that the *domicilio coatto* system is to be introduced for the first time by this Bill; it has existed, in its latest phase, for three or four years, and hundreds of comrades linger all this time in the Italian Siberia. It is practised in this way, Calcagno, a comrade, writes in a letter to *Il Secolo*, a Radical paper of Milan: he was liberated in August 1896, and from that date until January 1897 he was arrested seven times and tried three times—always discharged. So in February he was sent to his native village in a northern sub-Alpine district which he had left 23 years ago. Here he has to live on 5d. per day; he had to beg of the governor of the prison to allow him to sleep in prison; this was granted, and he sleeps on a bank in a damp, insanitary cell. Nobody gives him work, the press insults him, and he is forced to stroll about all day in rags, with no place to go to but the prison cell in the evening.

Another letter contains the certificate of a doctor on one of the islands (Favignano), describing the deplorable state of J. Prestandrea, a *coatto* (transported Anarchist), suffering from asthma with all its consequent ailments, whom, as Dr. E. Mirabello plainly states, the climate of the islands will almost surely kill; whilst only his native air and nursing by his family can save him.

Egidio Bortozzi, of Pisa, had circulated a few manuscript manifestoes on the Commune of Paris which were so inoffensive that they could not be prosecuted; consequently, the *domicilio coatto* committee sent him to pass six months in the reformatory at Gavi, a place situated at the other end of Italy, which would make him pass several weeks (not counted in the six months) in the intermediary prison—readers of the Siberian exile system know what such a journey by *etapes* means. He will never return, however, for he was found dead in prison, after having the straight jacket put on him. Whether he was murdered, like Frezzi at Rome, or driven to madness or suicide, matters little, for it is all murder.

Is it a wonder, then, that Caserio and Acciariato and Angiolillo act on their side? And, again, if they act internationally, is not oppression international as well?

Angiolillo suffered in the discipline companies on the island of Capri; had he been a Spaniard he would have been sent to murder the Cubans or to take part in the assassination of his fellow workers. Were he French, *Biribi* would have been his lot—the African discipline companies, where hundreds of soldiers, Socialists, Anarchists and men of independent character are sent who have committed no crime (else they would be in prison) but to hate and reject authority in one of its most hideous forms, that of militarism. Just now another victim, transported there for his opinions, has died. Years ago, on the occasion of the death of Chedel, all these horrors were exposed: naked men being tied to the ground, face upwards, and exposed to the African sun until they die or are driven mad, or, if they survive, provoked to say a word or lift a hand in reply, which means rebellion and leads to court-martial and death, etc.

All this is proved and known, but remains unchanged. Feliskoff (as the *Père Peinard* calls Felix Faure) goes to prostrate himself before the Tzar, having taken care that when he was almost in the train some sort of an explosion should take place near where he had passed some time before. This farce the papers call an "Anarchist attempt!" Militarism is glorified more than ever, and this is even logical; for the bourgeois themselves know very well how intimately connected all their precious institutions of Church and State, Army and Police, Family and Property are, each with the other. It is impossible to improve or reform one of them without making the whole structure unsafe, and hence it will not be done by *consent* of the capitalists. This is an obvious truism, but Social Democrats seem more and more to ignore the fact.

We actually see at this moment an International Congress (for the protection of labor by law) sitting at Zurich, Switzerland, where the flower of Marxist Labor Democracy meets in wonderful harmony with Catholic and Protestant social reformers, government delegates and every kind of reform mongers—all this noble crew being united and inspired by one common idea: the hatred of Anarchism and a harmonious craving for State interference. The downward career of Marxism is more rapid than anyone could have imagined. In 1896, at the London Congress, they finally separated themselves from all revolutionary anti-parliamentarian ideas, and this year they meet in friendly council with the most reactionary upholders of State and Church. The protection of labor is our common ground, they will tell us; but, we ask them, for what purpose is labor to be protected? In the opinion of all capitalist reformers it is to fortify and consolidate the present social system, to perpetuate exploitation and wage slavery by making the slaves content with a small concession here and there. According to all honest Social Democrats, labor is to be protected to make it stronger and prepare it for the final overthrow of the capitalist system. Can two purposes be more different? Imagine the two sets of people trying to find one common means—one party to create heat, the other party to create cold! It is impossible, except one of the two resigns its purpose; and this Social Democracy has evidently done.

This is seen nowhere better than in Switzerland, where there is less of a professional bureaucracy (save for the really important offices) than in other countries; and here we see Social Democrats become employees of the present State on all sides—from the Secretary of Labor to the Chief of Police in the town of Zurich; all of which, of course, only means the same misery, and often increased taxation, for the people and the solution of the social problem for these leaders!

A very interesting article on this Congress for the protection of labor by law was published by A. Müllberger, one of the few German Proudhonists, exposing the fallacy of all these movements that, instead of protecting—which the State is unable to do at all,—emasculate the workers' movement, which, if strong and healthy, will fight, not for their protection, but for their full rights; and which, if feeble and powerless, would crown its misery by shameful scorn if it were to expect protection from the hands of its enemies. We have, after all, the satisfaction to think that the real hardworking people care little for all this cant which is to benefit them. They have at all times revolted when their misery became intolerable, and so they will until they win at last. This summer, as often before, the agricultural laborers in large districts of Hungary (Álföld) and Italy (Ferrara) began to strike, and were repressed with more or less violence. But, "what does it matter to me whether I am shot in the summer or whether I die by starvation in the winter," an old laborer said; and so it is. Revolt is eternal and irrepresible; for it is progress itself, and the conclave of Bebel, Liebknecht, Adler and Quelch with any number of priests and parsons is as powerless against it as a castle of cards before a storm.

Whilst our opponents are thus ruining themselves it is a pity to see parliamentarism exercise its influence even on some of our friends. Amilcare Cipriani was indeed elected at Forlì, but owing to his former condemnation—the effects of which can only be annulled by a special bill—the election became null and void. But he did approve of the candidature by letters which were published, and has not, since his return from Greece a few weeks ago, repudiated parliamentarism at all. And Merlino has more fully accepted electioneering, see pages 305-7 of his recent book *Pro e contra il Socialismo* (For and against Socialism), Milan, 387 pp., an exposition of all sorts of Socialist systems, to which we prefer his old book, *Socialismo o Monopolismo*, 1887, a frank exposition of Anarchism. Neither Cipriani's candidature nor Merlino's book seem, however, to have an effect on the movement at large, which is growing, as the increase of persecutions shows. Two editors of the *Agitazione* were lately sentenced to 1 year, 14 and 18 months imprisonment and fined 1,000, 700 and 300 lire (altogether £75); still the paper continues publication regularly, though the whole correspondence of the paper is regularly seized, and only part of it reaches the office, opened and read by the police, after days of delay.

From other countries we might report long lists of condemnations (at Copenhagen, Berlin, etc.), or expulsions (from Austria, Switzerland, etc.), as well as new papers and pamphlets.

If ever the ignominy of a government, from top to bottom, was exposed, this was done at the recent murder trial at Philippopol, Bulgaria, where the adjutant of Prince Ferdinand in co-operation with the local chief of police and a gendarme murdered a Hungarian girl. The defence of the police commissioner was that the adjutant told him it was to be done by order of the Prince—this did not surprise him, evidently,—and he obeyed. All three knew from the beginning of the trial that they would not be sentenced to death, as they might retaliate by exposing further court secrets. And the prime minister, Stoiloff, told a correspondent: "Bulgaria.....was an Oriental country and the government was obliged to appoint as police prefects persons who were acquainted with the tricks and expedients of thieves, robbers and murderers, thus following the example of Louis Philippe, who filled such posts with time-expired convicts" (see *Times*, August 17). This is, so to speak, an "official" confirmation of the affinity between crime and police commented on in last month's notes.

The Armenians begin to rise again: acting by armed bands, as in the vilayet of Van, and individually by bombs at Constantinople; and three arrested Armenians are said to have been tortured. The Turkish system was exposed to shame during the recent prosecution of the Young Turkish paper, *Mechveret*, at Paris. The folly of those who, instead of helping a general revolt of all Oriental nations (for which of them is free and has not cause to revolt?), preached a revival of religious fanaticism, of the offensive Christianity of the Crusades—this bigoted folly begins to reap its reward: it has but revived and fomented Mahomedan fanaticism, which, from Morocco and Egypt to Turkey and India, is becoming powerful.

On all sides where we look at the acts and ideas of governments and political parties there is but *reaction*, apparently growing, like the ebb before the flood tide comes. But even Angiolillo did not not despair at the moment he was about to suffer the most cruel form of death, nor need we, but join with him in proclaiming to all the world the wonderful amount of hope and the sure conviction of victorious progress expressed in the word *GERMINAL*.

X.

THE PROPAGANDA.

[Will comrades in the London and provincial Groups make a point of furnishing us with reports of their meetings and progress by not later than the 20th of each month.—ED.]

REPORTS.

LONDON.

Since the last report propaganda has been going forward steadily. Meetings have been held regularly at Beckton Road and Ossulston Street, but have occasionally dropped through at Hoxton Church, Victoria Park and Regents Park. At all the meetings the attendance has been large and the sales of literature good. Canning Town and Somers Town Groups have been going in for a wide distribution of leaflets, which are making a good impression.

On August 22 the much discussed and abused Demonstration to protest against the Spanish atrocities took place. The lowest estimate of the number present, that I saw in any of the capitalist papers, was 15,000; and they showed their sympathy by subscribing £10 13 6 for the relief of the victims. As the capitalist press had endeavoured to frighten people away by declaring that it was an Anarchist meeting a considerable interest was aroused in Anarchist ideas, and vendors of Anarchist literature did a good trade. There were a number of ignorant brutes there who gathered in a small knot near Charing Cross, and, when the infliction of any particularly revolting torture was being described by the speakers, they gave cheers for the Spanish government; they finally covered themselves with ridicule by singing "God save the Queen"—as if they were anxious for Queen Vic to follow the initiative of the Spanish Government. After the meeting broke up, they discovered a Spanish Freemason, who is a Repub-

lican and who had been tortured and his testicles crushed though he has never been charged with any offence, standing alone, so these curs bravely rushed at him, enfeebled as he was, to show him what an Englishman was like. Fortunately, he was rescued before they could do him any serious damage. T. C.

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Donations to FREEDOM Publication Fund.—A. M. 2s., K. M. 1/6.

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Propaganda Fund.—Collected by Somers Town Group in Regents Park 3s. 0½d.

For the Spanish refugees, from New York per E. Brady £5.

NOTICES.

Voltaire de Cleyre lectures on September 26th at Bradford Labor Church; on October 3rd for the Manchester Secularists; on October 8th at Streatham, and on the 10th at Croydon Brotherhood Church.

The Agricultural Colonists at Forest Hall desire that persons intending to visit the Colony will kindly give a week's notice of their intention, in order that the secretary may have time to write them whether there is accommodation for visitors lodging at the place or not.

All letters concerning the Colony as a whole may be addressed; Free Communist and Co-operative Colony, Clousden Hill Farm, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SOCIETE MOURANT ET L'ANARCHIE (Dying Society and Anarchy). G. Nelson wants 80 comrades to join in a 5s. subscription to cover the cost of material for printing an English translation of Jean Grave's famous book. Subscribers to take value in finished copies. We will produce it if the £20 is raised. Address T. Cantwell at this office. E. Young 5s., Nelson 5s., Crisp 10s., Hopkins 5s., R. Newmark 5s. The following have promised to subscribe: Rhodes 5s., Cooper 5s., R. T. £1. Please send at once.

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