

Freedom

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

NEW TACTICS IN THE ECONOMIC STRUGGLE.

During the last few years, the struggle between labour and capital has become more and more acute. If, on the one hand, the number of organised and solidary workmen augments, on the other hand we see capitalists falling into line and federating, to resist the demands of organised labor by determined and united action. The workers' trade union is opposed by a capitalist federation, the International of the oppressed and disinherited is opposed by the International of governments, capitalists, churches and landlords. Thus we see that, without the influence of friendly capital and privilege, strikes, even admirably organised and supported by the people drag on from month to month without any positive result. The miners' strike of 1893, those of Hamburg, Chicago and Penrhyn, and especially the present engineers' strike carried on with so much solidarity and supported, not only by trade-unions of this country, but by all organised workers of the civilised world... all these strikes and ever so many others have resulted in no material improvement for the workers; neither have wages gone up, nor have working hours diminished. Their principal object has been to resist the employer and maintain the ground already won. Organised capital supported by State, Church and Privilege defeats not only such or such an organised trade, but as we have already remarked, it overthrew the liberal government in 1895 that dared touch the interests of exploiters.... At first sight we might believe that federated capital and privilege are in truth almighty. But are the efforts of exploiters and governing classes really almighty? Are they invincible if a nation is united and determined to enfranchise itself from exploitation and misery? A parasite does not nourish the organism it devours. The unproductive and parasitic classes are not the most powerful, but it is the people, the great creators of our wealth and culture who are; it is not the former but the latter that will triumph in the supreme struggle for social emancipation.

Only, in order to reach this final goal, they must oppose the alliance of exploiters, not with an isolated union, merely supported by others, but with the efforts of all trade-unions in a great national *federation*. It was so in the days of the great Owen agitation, from 1832-36. At that time exploiters were not only united among themselves, but they directed the government; and the latter armed with the abominable "conspiracy act," persecuted, imprisoned and deported isolated strikers. Only in uniting and in organising *popular* demonstrations of a not too peaceful character, were the federated trades-unions of that time, able to force their reforms on the government and the bourgeoisie. So in our time it is obligatory for all organised trades to federate. Not only among themselves must they come to an understanding, not only "skilled" workers, but the entire working class must be united and federated. In adopting a really democratic system of unionism, the future federation of trades-unions should also come to an understanding and even unite for solidary action, with cooperative societies of production and consumption. How? On what basis could this federation of producers and consumers be realised?—It is not for us Anarchists, for us, partisans of free popular initiative, to give directions. We only wish to point out to our brothers, exploited and oppressed by capital, that they can only enforce their demands by uniting all popular forces in a national federation. Groups and organisations to be autonomous in their respective affairs, and solidary in their common struggle for social emancipation.

We ardently desire that producers and consumers, in other words, trades-unions and cooperative societies recognise that to fight united capital and privilege, they must adopt new tactics,—that of a solidary working class, and fight for the well-being of all.

The idea being conceived, we are sure beforehand that the people with their practical sense, will know how to create a federation of trades-unions and a free agreement with cooperators and consumers. Then we shall see if the federated bourgeoisie protected by the State will remain almighty for ever.

Evolution, Revolution and the Anarchist Ideal.

By ELISEE RECLUS (PARIS, P. V. STOCK.)

This little volume is admirable. Its profound and broad conception, its simple and clear statement easily understood by all, its liberal and

humanitarian sentiments make comrade Reclus' work a true masterpiece. In these impassioned and eloquent pages we find the courageous revolutionary Socialist who, during his long career (since 1848) has faithfully championed popular demands and the cause of the disinherited, we find the man of science with his clear and deep generalisations, but above all we find a noble character, straightforward and simple, a heart tender and young that fascinates the reader. We understand why the best French newspaper, *L'Aurore*, called this little work a "beautiful book." In truth our comrade's work is beautiful. We regret not being able to reproduce the whole book for everything in it deserves to be quoted. Hoping that an English edition will not be long in making its appearance, we confine ourselves to a single quotation from the last pages.

"Nevertheless, we are not deceived by illusions, we know that a definite victory will cost us much blood, much weariness and anguish. The International of the oppressed is face to face with the oppressors. Syndicates are being organised by men to seize upon everything, produce and profit; to enlist all men in an immense army of wage workers. And these syndicates of millionaires and jobbers... are absolutely certain that by the almighty power of money they can make hirelings of governments and their tools of repression: army, magistracy and police. They also hope that by a clever fomenting of hatred between races and nations, they will succeed in keeping men, fit to be exploited in a state of foolish and patriotic ignorance, and thereby uphold servitude... this forebodes many a strike but we have advantages that cannot be taken from us. Our adversaries know that they follow a fatal course and we know that ours is good; they hate one another and we love one another; they try to make history go backwards and we march with it. (pp. 289-291).

A DREAM.

(From the French of SULLY PRUDHOMME.)

Once in my dreams a Churl said: "Till the Land;
I'll scratch for you no more—grow our own Bread;"
And "Make your Clothes yourself," the Weaver said;
And then the Mason "Take the Trowel in hand."

And thus, forsaken of the human band,
Whose curse on every side was on my head,
When help from heaven I solicited
Lions instead about my path did stand.

My eyes I rubbed, doubting the daylight hours,
But see! bold comrades on their ladders whistled,
Trades hummed and buzzed, and fields with harvest bristled.

I knew the best: that in this world of ours
None can dispense his fellow-men withal;
And from that day to this I've loved them all!

Translated by E. C.

KROPOTKINE AT THE MEMORIAL HALL.

There was a crowded and highly successful meeting at the Memorial Hall on Monday 24th. A verbatim report of the lecture will appear in our next issue. We have only space here to print the Message delivered by Kropotkine from the American workers which was as follows:

Go back, Kropotkine, to the workers of England, of Europe, and tell them that you have fashioned another link in the brotherly bond that binds the toilers of all lands.

Tell them that, notwithstanding our Immigration Commissioners, the poorer they are and the more radical they are the better we love them.

Tell them that we possess an international code that tyrants cannot understand, a wide-flowing standard they cannot haul down.

Tell them we rejoice in their achievements and suffer in their defeats, as they do themselves; and tell them, Kropotkine, to fight no battles except their own against the common enemy.

Tell them we want no agreement, arbitration or otherwise, with their rulers any more than we do wars with which to slake their thirst in the blood of the toilers.

Tell them, finally, we recognise the same causes, the same effects, the same despots, and the same workers the world over, and stand ready at all times to render to the latter such assistance as is within our power.

THE BAD SHEPHERDS,

(*Les Mauvais Bergers*)

A DRAMA IN 5 ACTS BY OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

(Performed at the *Theatre de la Renaissance*, Paris.)

Mirbeau has had the audacity, the talent and the honor to write a work replete with robust beauty, without stage tricks or artifices and Sarah Bernhardt has had the courage to act it in her theatre. Bravo!

Act I.—A hovel of the poor near a factory whose furnaces are red with human embers, whose hammers we hear hammering and crushing human lives. Madeline is at work: her worn fingers sew without respite, while the brats scream around her and her mother lies dying in the next room; her father, an old workman called Thieux, brutalized by many years of slavery, is broken down by sorrow and can only repeat: "It is not just, it is not just."—"It is just, since you admit that it must be so," breaks in Jean Roule, a workman come, no one knows whence, escaped from the torturers of Barcelona, a generous, indomitable spirit who is never tired of preaching revolt to his brothers in misfortune. The employer's son and daughter Robert and Geneviève Hargand come for news of the dying woman. Geneviève, by way of comfort, brings protestations of friendship, sweets for the children who need bread, good wine for the dying lips that can no longer drink. Robert with hand outstretched advances towards Jean Roule who turns away: "Ah yes," says Jean, "I know: they say you are a Revolutionist, a Socialist, an Anarchist. It is very much the fashion just now."—"I swear to you that I am sincere," answers the youth. "Why do you repulse me? I have nothing in common with the actions of my father; I live by my work."—"And I die by it. If you are with us, why don't you blow up that execrable factory that is killing us." Nevertheless, on the assurance that Robert shares his anger and his desires, the workman consents to shake hands with his employer's son.

Having remained by themselves, Jean and Madeline talk seriously of love and death, of the death so near them that will make their dwelling still more wretched. Of the love that alone would give them the strength to live and fight! In sorrow and for justice' sake the two pariahs are betrothed. Meanwhile mother Thieux is dead. Jean Roule tries to incite the crushed old slave to revolt and speaks of an imminent strike. "Not to-day!" wines the old man, "Oh, not to-day! Don't talk of that to me... let me cry."—"Not to-day? When then? When those shall also be dead?" says Jean Roule, pointing to the cradles. Thieux falls on a pallet and asks for air; through the open door the flare of the factory is seen. "Shut the door!" he cries out to Jean, "I don't want to see the factory any more! I don't want to see the factory any more!"

Act II.—Geneviève Hargand's studio. A luxurious studio full of gewgaws, full of daubs also, such daubs as are painted by bourgeois, who occupy their leisure in aping artists, in dishonoring art; and in giving themselves the illusion of superiority. A poor old woman, mother Cathiard, comes, as she does every day, to sit to Geneviève, who admiringly holds forth on her emaciated and shrivelled face. "What beautiful ivory!... But you haven't the right expression, mother Cathiard, you are not in the vein... Come now, do look as if you were very unhappy.... No, no. What is the matter with you? You look wicked. I have never seen you with that look. You frighten me." Robert who is present and endeavours to read his sisters' soul, the soul of a frivolous doll with neither heart nor brain, Robert indignantly interferes: "Go away, mother Cathiard, don't come here any more." "It is odious!" he says to his sister, "you insult sorrow. If you were at least a great artist capable of transmitting a thrill of pity on to your canvass!"—"I know full well I am no great artist; but I have nevertheless received a medal at the Salon." And look! Three puppets enter, three friends of Hargand, respectable and wearing medals, satisfied with themselves, three perfect nonentities. They have left the billiard room where they blissfully digested their breakfast, and left Hargand to the worry caused by the first rumblings of the strike about to break forth. They have come up to partake of refreshments in Geneviève's studio. One of them says: "I am for tradition. I don't understand anything of this new painting. It is the same in politics: no changes for me. I'm for tradition." The second says: "Those workmen are astounding. All the world has its troubles. Haven't we annoyances! Besides they are perfectly happy. And then I am an economist. These people don't even know Leroy-Beaulieu. We must tighten the screw on them."—"When I was poor, I could not admit that there should be hunting preserves; when I became rich, I understood it at once. And, see, I spend three hundred thousand francs a year on my pheasants. Could poachers spend three hundred thousand francs a year on pheasants? you see!" Robert who had contained himself up till now bursts out: "You are like your ancestors, of a hundred years ago, who denied the existence of the storm when it was already upon them!"—"But it was we who made the Revolution."—"But it will sweep you away!" And now the surge rises with cries and threats: "Long live the strike!" It is the men from the factory coming to sing the *Carmagnole* under the windows. Our three puppets tremble, inquire if the gates are well closed and run away when Hargand enters: "And to call these my allies! Cowards!"

Act III.—Hargand's office. I pass rapidly over the first scenes however fine they may be, particularly the one between father and son, who love each other deeply, but whom circumstances have made inimical. I come to the principal scene; a deputation of strikers are ushered

in, Jean Roule at their head. He reads their demands: 1. An eight hours day without reduction of wages; 2. The factory put in a sanitary condition; 3. Substitution of mechanical methods for puddling; 4. Strict inspection as to the quality of wines and alcohol. "Everything we breathe here is death!... Everything we drink here is death!... We want to drink and breathe life!" 5. Foundation of a workman's library, "with all books of philosophy, history, science, literature, poetry and art of which I will give you the list... for however poor he may be, a man cannot live on bread only... he has a right, like the rich, to beauty!"—"You don't expect me to discuss all your nonsense," answers the employer. I have your papers. Your name is not Jean Roule, you presented yourself here with a bogus character!"—"Would you have engaged me without a character? And then?"—"You have been convicted twice. Once for theft and once for violence... you are a ticket of leave man."—"Well then?"—"You were compromised in Anarchist affairs. You are a thief and an assassin!"—"Well then?"—"I ought to hand you over to the police?"—"Do it!" Robert tries to intervene. Hargand silences him and furiously drives the delegates from his presence; he also drives away his son. Then his anger being abated, he reflects, he thinks that after all the demands of these men were just... All of a sudden trumpets sound: it is the military he had sent for. He starts, foresees the irreparable misfortunes he is about to cause. "Ah! here come the soldiers," cries the representative of power. "Already!" Hargand shudders.

Act IV.—Crossroads in a forest. Jean and Madeline have called a meeting of strikers who ask Jean to account for his behaviour. Why did he refuse the help of Radical and Socialist members of Parliament? In a fine speech in which we recognise the author of *The Electors' Strike*, Jean Roule brands politicians: "Poor blind flock," he says, "will you always allow yourselves to be led by these bad shepherds?" We ought to quote the whole speech, for every word is admirable. But dissatisfaction, fatigue and treason are ripe in the crowd and they murmur against Jean Roule: "Is it you who will give us bread?"—"There is some in the town bakeries. Go and take it!"—"Money?"—"Earn it."—"You had me driven from the workshop. How do you want me to earn it, humbug?"—"By fighting, coward!"—"Where shall we get arms from?"—"Stakes, pikes, torches... your breast!"—"Get along! You wouldn't do it. Give us bread and we will fight. Bread! Bread! Down with Jean Roule!..." Discontent grows: "Down with the Prussian! death! death!" Jean Roule is about to be torn to pieces, when Madeline suddenly steps between him and the crowd. The crowd draws back. She speaks, they listen, she convinces her hearers, gives them back confidence and enthusiasm, and persuades them to fight, to die!

Act V.—The factory lies in ashes, burnt down by the strikers; they have been shot by the military and corpses are being brought into a shed. Men tell the tale how the workers defended themselves. Jean and Madeline were struck down by bullets; Robert Hargand in wanting to mediate has fallen too; and so many others!... Every one looks for his dead; sobs echo sobs. It is always thus that the bourgeoisie has answered the workers' claims. Madeline, who is only wounded, is brought in. Her senses return when near her stupefied father, who looks around astonished and murmurs: "That is what we got for it."—"Jean! Jean! where is Jean?" implores Madeline. Employer Hargand arrives, mad with grief. "My son, my son, where is my son? I will adopt you, I will give you my whole fortune, only tell me where my son is?" And advancing towards Madeline: "Tell me where my son is?"—"Tell me where Jean is!... Jean is dead! Your son is dead! And you are an assassin." Two stretchers are brought in. They run to them: it is Robert Hargand, it is Jean Roule. "No, no," cries Madeline, to the employer, who has fallen on his son's corpse, "you shall not take him away! He is one of us! To the pile with him, to the pile, to the pile." And in her pain, she all of a sudden feels a new life budding within her... It is Jean Roule's son, it is the future, it is Germinal!

RENÉ CHAUGHY (in *Temps Nouveaux*).

LOVE, MONOPOLY, JEALOUSY.

"No man, indeed, is truly civilized till he can say in all sincerity to every woman of all the women he loves, to every woman of all the women who love him, 'Give me what you can of your love and of yourself; but never strive for my sake to deny any love, to strangle any impulse that pants for breath within you. Give me what you can, while you can, without grudging; but the moment you feel you love me no more, don't pollute your own body by yielding it up to a man you have ceased to desire; don't do injustice to your own prospective children by giving them a father whom you no longer respect or admire or yearn for. Guard your chastity well. Be mine as much as you will, as long as you will, to such extent as you will; but before all things be your own; embrace and follow every instinct of pure love that nature, our mother, has imparted within you.' No woman, in turn, is truly civilised till she can say to every man of all the men she loves, of all the men who love her, 'Give me what you can of your love and of yourself; but don't think I am so vile and so selfish and so poor as to desire to monopolise you. Respect me enough never to give me your body without giving me your heart; never to make me the mother of children whom you desire not and love not.' When men and women can say that alike, the world will be civilised. Until they can say it truly, the world will be as now a jarring battlefield for the monopolist instincts."

"Those jealous and odious instincts have been the bane of humanity. They have given us the stiletto, the morgue, the bowie-knife. Our race must inevitably in the end outlive them. The test of man's place in the scale of being is how far he has outlived them. They are surviving relics of the ape

and tiger. But we must let the ape and tiger die. We must cease to be Calibans. We must begin to be human."

"Patriotism is the one of these lowest vices which most often masquerades in false garb as a virtue. But what, after all, is patriotism? 'My country, right or wrong, and just because it is my country!' This is clearly nothing more than collective selfishness. Often enough, indeed, it is not even collective. It means merely, 'My business interests against the business interests of other people; and let the taxes of my fellow-citizens pay to support them.' At other times, it means pure pride of race and pure lust of conquest: 'My country against other countries! My army and navy against the other fighters! My right to annex unoccupied territory against the equal right of all other peoples! My power to oppress all weaker nationalities, all inferior races!' It never means or can mean anything good or true. For, if a cause be just, like Ireland's or once Italy's, then 'tis a good man's duty to espouse it with warmth, be it his own or another's. And if a cause be bad, then 'tis a good man's duty to oppose it, tooth and nail, irrespective of your patriotism. True, a good man will feel more sensitively anxious that strict justice should be done by the particular community of which chance has made him a component member than by any others; but then, people who feel acutely this joint responsibility of all the citizens to uphold the moral right are not praised as patriots but reviled as unpatriotic. To urge that our own country should strive with all its might to be better, higher, purer, nobler, more generous than other countries—the only kind of patriotism worth a moment's thought in a righteous man's eyes—is accounted by most men both wicked and foolish."

"Then comes the monopolist instinct of property. That, on the face of it, is a baser and more sordid one. For patriotism at least can lay claim to some sort of delusive expansiveness beyond mere individual interest; whereas property stops short at the narrowest limits of personality. It is no longer 'Us against the world!' but 'Me against my fellow-citizens!' It is the last word of the intercivic war in its most hideous avatar. Look how it scars the fair face of our common country with its anti-social notice boards—'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' It says in effect, 'This is my land. As I believe, God made it; but I have acquired it, and tabooed it to myself, for my own enjoyment. The grass on the wold grows green; but only for me. The mountains rise glorious in the morning sun; no foot of man, save mine and my gillies', shall tread them. The waterfalls leap white from the ledge in the glen; avaunt there, non-possessors! your eye shall never see them. For you the muddy street; for me miles of upland! All this is my own. And I choose to monopolise it."

"Or is it the capitalist? 'I will add field to field,' he cries aloud, despite his own scripture; 'I will join railways to railways. I will juggle into my own hands all the instruments for the production of wealth that my cunning can lay hold of; and I will use them for my own purposes against producer and consumer alike, with impartial egoism. Corn and coal shall lie in the hollow of my hand. I will enrich myself by making dear by craft the necessities of life; the poor shall lack, that I may roll down fair streets in needless luxury. Let them starve and feed me!' That temper, too, humanity must outlive. And those who are incapable of outliving it of themselves must be taught by stern lessons, as in the splendid uprising of the spirit of man in France, that their race has outstripped them."

"Next comes the monopoly of human life, the hideous wrong of slavery. That, thank goodness, is now gone. 'Twas the vilest of them all—the nakedest assertion of the monopolist platform:—'You live, not for yourself, but wholly and solely for me. I disregard your claims to your own body and soul, and use you as my chattel.' That worst form has died. It withered away before the moral indignation even of existing humanity. We have the satisfaction of seeing one dragon slain, of knowing that one monopolist instinct at least is now fairly bred out of us."

"Last, and hardest of all to eradicate in our midst, comes the monopoly of the human heart, which is known as marriage. Based upon the primitive habit of felling the woman with a blow, stunning her by repeated strokes of the club or spear, and dragging her off by the hair of her head as a slave to her captor's hut or rock-shelter, this ugly and barbaric form of serfdom has come in our own time by some strange caprice to be regarded as of positively divine origin. The man says now to himself, 'This woman is mine. Law and the Church have bestowed her on me. Mine for better, for worse; mine, drunk or sober. If she ventures to have a heart or a will of her own, woe betide her! I have tabooed her for life: let any other man touch her, let her so much as cast eyes on any other man to admire or desire him—and knife, dagger, or law-court, they shall both of them answer for it.' There you have in all its native deformity another monopolist instinct—the deepest-seated of all, the grimmest, the most vindictive. 'She is not yours,' says the moral philosopher of the new dispensation; 'she is her own; release her! The Turk hales his offending slave, sews her up in a sack, and casts her quick into the eddying Bosphorus. The Christian Englishman, with some lingering torture, sets spies on her life, drags what he thinks her shame before a prying court, and divorces her with contumely. All this is monopoly and essentially slavery. Mankind must outlive it on its way up to civilisation."

"And then the Woman, thus taught by her lords, has begun to retort in these latter days by endeavouring to enslave the Man in return. Unable to conceive the bare idea of freedom for both sexes alike, she seeks equality in an equal slavery. That she will never achieve. The future is to the free. We have transcended serfdom. Women shall henceforth be the equals of men, not by levelling down, but by levelling up; not by fettering the man, but by elevating, emancipating, unshackling the woman."

From *The Woman who Did*, by Grant Allen, pp. 182-189.

AMERICAN NOTES.

On my return to the States (it happened that I landed the morning of Henry George's death) I found the whole city of New York in a general uproar, the substance of which was as usual election wind. Meetings on the street-corners, *permitted* of course, were common, and little as I love the L. L. P., was glad to see the transparencies of the party here and there about, as it was something of an earnest of "street-corner socialism," which I sadly miss, now that I see no more of it.

As to George's death, I am personally of opinion that it was the right thing. What better could a man do than die at that particular moment when his political fate hangs in the balance, with the chances strongly in favor of his relegation to the lists of the defeated? when his death means

the preservation of his name from unjust and just attacks? when the great work of his life is done and the dying can do more than the living to spread the work? Yes, for since his death *Progress and Poverty* sells twice as fast as before. Was it not worth while to die and save oneself from the contemptible role of *successful politician*, or the ignominious one of *defeated candidate*?

I found our comrades in New York jubilant over the success of the Kropotkin meetings, learned that he had addressed an audience of a thousand here in our sleepy old Philadelphia, and was about to leave for a course of lectures in the Hub. (You Londoners may not know that you are only a bit of a spoke revolving around Boston, but I so inform you, as the Hubbites always inform me.) I did not receive reports of all these addresses, but I believe some nine lectures were given in all. The press, generally, was fair to our gentle revolutionist, with the exception of one or two of the so-called "yellow journals" who must be yellow at all costs. These, of course, had more to say of his hair than his speech, just as they do of Sarah Bernhardt or Mrs. Ballington Booth. The "yellow" papers are strong on externals. In pleasant contrast to them was the staid old Philadelphia Ledger, which gave an excellent and uncolored report of the meeting here.

A proposition was on foot to have a splendid international commemoration of the Chicago affair; but owing to faulty rulings of Providence—I follow the good Christian example of laying human sins on divine shoulders—the meeting did not take place, and I sorrow to record that with Kropotkin in America the Germans of New York alone held a commemorative meeting. Next year, when Kropotkin has promised to visit us again if possible, we will try to write history differently.

I am told the great meeting held in Cooper Union on the eve of our comrade's departure was in every sense a success, and that he has no doubt told you already in person.

The *Firebrand*, or as it has reappeared, *Free Society*, gives weekly reports of the situation concerning the Comstock attack. The government which seemed to have "let up" on that line for a while after the death of Ezra Heywood, and the last imprisonment of Harman, seems to have done so merely to get a fresh grip. Emil Ruedebush, author of *The New and the Old Ideal*, has been notified that his book is unmailable and that he will probably be indicted in the coming month. Mr. Ruedebush writes an obedient letter, in *Lucifer*, notifying subscribers that he cannot of course violate the mails, hence no more orders filled. Oh, for a Bradlaugh spirit with us, to fight once more!

Emma Goldman has been making a stir in Detroit, by occupying the pulpit tendered her by Rev. McCowan to the indignation of his congregation—or some of them. Col. Ingersoll is reported to have said some very stupid things anent the occurrence, to the effect that all Anarchists are insane and should be gently but firmly dealt with. If he did so it would not be the first time our great orator has shown himself at the limit of his progress, and in his own turn orthodox. However let us give him the benefit of the doubt; to quote himself, "let us be generous"; let us lay it on the reporter; let us believe he saved himself by saying "some Anarchists are insane", not "all".

The Convention of the American Federation of Labor has given us, indeed, a most "mixed" report. It exhibits the hodge-podge of "practical measures", having no consistent principle to direct them. Here are some of them, nearly all looking Law-wards for help: "The development of the merchant marine; prohibition of machine labor by convicts, or the shipping of convict-made goods from one State to another; restriction of immigration (!)." "Tell me the old, old story!" When will they think far enough to quit plastering the plasters and get at the sores? To see that all these measures which invoke governmental aid to stop this or that are themselves made necessary by that self-same government's acts? The socialistic drift of the unions is seen in the clamour for bills, bills, bills, to secure governmental telegraphs, railroads, roads, etc., and municipal management.

The three things legitimately union work, as given in the report, are a condemnation of government by injunction, so flagrantly tyrannical in the Hazelton matter. And a mighty weak and trembling condemnation it is without much promise of fruit. Movement of agitation for the eight-hour day, providing for monthly meetings for its advocacy till May. Voting of moneys to the Fall River and Atlanta cotton workers on strike. I feel ashamed to mention the contribution sent to the English engineers, but the report does not. Somehow I fear that the eight-hour movement and the condemnation of the injunctions will turn out just like that contribution.

But that's my American croak, I suppose. We all get it over here, and it needs a fresh infusion of old world courage every once in a while to keep us smiling. Even our cheery Mowbray that-used-to-be had a world-weary look on him when he addressed us last month. For all that, "Hats in the air and hoo-ra-ay!"

John Turner, do you remember that? Don't you want to hear it again? We shall clear our throats specially when we know you are coming.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

BIOGRAPHY OF MICHEL ANGIOLILLO.

Comrade Roberto d'Angio wrote a brief biography of Angiolillo previous to his execution, and has now developed the sketch into a somewhat long and interesting volume. He is desirous of publishing the work, but being poor he appeals to all Anarchists and Socialists for financial aid to carry out the project.

This will be the only record of the personality of this brave man and coming from an old school friend it should be very reliable. Monies should be sent to *Freedom* office for that purpose.

Our next issue will contain a full report of Spanish matters crowded out of this number.

Freedom

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NOTES.

YORK ELECTION.

Furness or Beresford? What a choice! And the workers are led to expect some benefits from these their enemies. And the time and energy of members of I. L. P. and S. D. F. wasted, and worse than wasted in this ignominious struggle. Yes, worse than wasted for by their action they countenance the biggest fraud that gulls the worker in the present day—the chicanery of politics. And what good have the political Socialists done themselves even from their own point of view? They have laid themselves open to the cry of Tory gold which has already been used against them. They have estranged many workers who will now have some doubts—and no wonder!—about Socialism, be-draggled as it has been in the mire of politics.

A comrade in York, who did good work in distributing some hundreds of leaflets specially printed and paid for by him, calling on the workers not to vote but to confine themselves to the economic struggle, sends us an account of the scenes that arose between the conflicting political parties and the Socialists. It is not an edifying spectacle, and we hope it will at any rate induce some of the participators in it to seek more direct and less degrading methods of overthrowing the present system.

POLITICS AND CORRUPTION.

A propos of the above the *Daily Chronicle*, that champion of the State as the healer of all our social maladies, in its issue of January 15th, says, in a fit of pessimism, brought on by the knowledge of the wholesale bribery perpetrated by means of coals and blankets, "Our methods have become more subtle, but are our hearts purer or our hands cleaner?" Evidently the *Chronicle* doesn't think so for it goes on to bewail the poisoning of "the fountains of public life," etc. And after a most dismal résumé of all the insidious forms of present day corruption, it finally concludes by offering as a panacea—payment of members! We really began to fancy it was going to declare in favour of Anarchism,—and it gives us this climax: payment of members. It flies out from the nest to screech a warning against its own mother and her evil brood, and then returns to nestle under the wing of its fond parent—the State. Well, well, there are funnier things nowadays than prize puzzles.

SHAKY "PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

We sometimes—or rather very often—ask ourselves why there should be rich and poor, why governors and governed, why exploiters and exploited, and we never get a satisfactory answer. Occasionally, however, little things occur in the "highest circles" that throw a little light on the subject. How for instance would it be possible for Mrs. Sykes (vide the "great case" just ended) to live in the style she does without the income of her wealthy husband? If a lady of the classes can't make both ends meet with £ 5,000 a year pin money (about enough to keep 50 families of workers in moderate comfort) it seems probable she may be tempted to commit forgery and bring disgrace on the family escutcheon. It's true that dozens of men and women will have to slave hard, and pinch themselves of sheer necessities that she may be decked in her jewels and fine feathers, but then surely it is worth while to make some little sacrifice to keep our "old nobility" out of prison.

Or take again the case of Mr. Walker. He was a very wealthy brewer—at least he didn't brew—not he!—but he "owned" a brewery. All the same he took to drink. Whilst suffering from "D. T's", he seems to have been captured by a very wide awake widow, who although informed he was unfit for matrimony insisted on marrying him. Mind you there's no scandal here: everything carried out in the proper, legal, high-minded, bourgeois fashion. The wiley widow has, however, sued for and obtained a judicial separation with a "handsome allowance," and the particularly shakely "pillar" with the "D. T's" is left to totter to its fall alone. These are some unvarnished facts of high life in "society"—and when one reflects upon them one can imagine what awful people Anarchists and Socialists must be to wish to put an end to it.

THE STATE: ITS HISTORIC ROLE.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

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

V.

With these elements—liberty, organisation from simple to complex, production and exchange by trade-unions (guilds), commerce with foreign parts carried on by the city itself, and the buying of main provisions by the city—with these elements, the towns of the Middle Ages, during the first two centuries of their free life, became centres of well-being for all the inhabitants. They were centres of opulence, civilization, such as we have not seen since then.

Consult documents that allow of establishing the rates of wages for work, compared to the price of provisions,—Rogers has done it for England and a great number of writers have done it for Germany,—and we see that the work of the artisan, and even of a simple day-labourer, was remunerated at the time by a wage not even reached by skilled workmen nowadays. The account-books of the University of Oxford and certain English estates, also those of a great number of German and Swiss towns are there to testify to it.

On the other hand, consider the artistic finish and the quantity of decorative work which a workman of those days used to put into the beautiful work of art he did, as well as in the simplest thing of domestic life,—a railing, a candlestick, an article of pottery—and you see at once that he did not know the pressure, the hurry, the overwork of our times; he could forge, sculpture, weave, embroider at his leisure—as but a very small number of artist-workers can do nowadays. And if we glance over the donations to the churches and to houses which belonged to the parish, to the guild or to the city, be it in works of art—in decorative panels, sculptures, cast or wrought iron and even silver works—or in simple mason's or carpenter's work, we understand what degree of well-being those cities had realized in their midst. We can conceive the spirit of research and invention that prevailed, the breath of liberty that inspired their works, the sentiment of fraternal solidarity that grew in those guilds in which men of a same craft were united, not only by the mercantile and technical side of a trade but also by bonds of sociability and fraternity. Was it not, in fact, the guild-law that two brothers were to watch at the bedside of every sick brother? or that the guild would take care of burying the dead brother or sister—a custom which called for devotion, in those times of contagious diseases and plagues,—follow him to the grave, and take care of his widow and children?

Black misery, depression, the uncertainty of to-morrow for the greater number, which characterize our modern cities, were absolutely unknown in those "oases sprung up in the twelfth century in the middle of the feudal forest." In those cities, under the shelter of their liberties acquired under the impulse of free agreement and free initiative, a whole new civilization grew up and attained such expansion, that the like has not been seen up till now.

All modern industry comes to us from those cities. In three centuries, industries and arts developed there to such perfection that our century has been able to surpass them only in rapidity of production, but rarely in quality, and very rarely in beauty of the produce. In the higher arts which we try to revive in vain to-day, have we surpassed the beauty of Raphael? the vigour and audacity of Michel Angelo? the science and art of Leonardo da Vinci? the poetry and language of Dante? or the architecture to which we owe the cathedrals of Laon, Rheims, Cologne—"the people were its masons" Victor Hugo has said so well—the treasures of beauty of Florence and Venice, the town halls of Bremen and Prague, the towers of Nuremberg and Pisa, and so on *ad infinitum*? All these great conquests of art were the product of that period.

Do you wish to measure the progress of that civilization at a glance? Compare the Dome of St. Marc in Venice to the rustic arch of the Normands, Raphael's pictures to the naive embroideries and carpets of Bayeux, the mathematical and physical instruments and clocks of Nuremberg to the sand clocks of the preceding centuries, Dante's sonorous language to the barbarous Latin of the tenth century. A new world has opened up between the two!

Never, with the exception of that other glorious period of ancient Greece—free cities again—had humanity made such a stride forwards. Never in two or three centuries, had man undergone so profound a change nor so extended his power over the forces of nature.

You perhaps may think of the progress of civilisation in our own century which is ceaselessly boasted of? But in each of its manifestations it is but the child of the civilization which grew up in the midst of free communes! All the great discoveries which have made modern science,—the compass, the clock, the watch, printing, the maritime discoveries, gunpowder, the law of gravitation, the law of atmospheric pressure, of which the steam-engine is but a development, the rudiments of chemistry, the scientific method already pointed out by Roger Bacon, and practised in Italian universities,—where does that all come from, if not from the free cities which developed under the shelter of communal liberties?

But you may say perhaps, that I forget the conflicts, the internal struggles of which the history of these communes is full; the street tumults, the ferocious battles sustained against the landlords; the in-

surrections of "young arts" against the "ancient arts"; the blood that was shed and the reprisals which took place in these struggles...

I forget nothing. But, like Leo and Botta, the two historians of medieval Italy, like Sismondi, like Ferrari, Gino Capponi, and so many others, I see that these struggles were the guarantee itself of free life in a free city. I perceive a renewal of and a new flight towards progress after each one of these struggles. After having described these struggles and conflicts in detail, and after having measured the immensity of progress realized while these struggles stained the streets with blood, viz: well-being assured to all the inhabitants, and a renovation of civilization, Leo and Botta concluded by this thought, so true, that so often comes to my mind:

"A commune," they said, "only then represents the picture of a moral whole, only then appears universal in its behaviour, like the human mind itself, *when it has admitted conflict and opposition in its midst.*"

Yes, conflict, freely thrashed out, without an external power, the State, throwing its immense weight into the balance, in favor of one of the struggling forces.

Like those two authors, I also think that "far more misery has often been caused by imposing peace, because in such cases contradictory things were forcibly allied in order to create a general politic order, and by sacrificing individualities, and little organisms, in order to absorb them in a vast body without colour and without life."

This is why the communes,—so long as they themselves did not strive to become States and to impose submission around them, so as to create "a vast body without colour or life"—always grew up, always came out younger and stronger after every struggle; this is why they flourished at the sound of arms in the street, while two centuries later that same civilization was crumbling at the noise of wars brought about by States.

In the commune, the struggle was for the conquest and maintenance of the liberty of the individual, for the principle of federation, for the right to unite and act; whereas the wars of the States aimed to destroy these liberties, to subjugate the individual, to annihilate free agreement, to unite men in one and the same servitude before the king, the judge, the priest, and the State.

There lies all the difference. There are struggles and conflicts that kill. And there are those that launch humanity forwards.

VI.

In the course of the sixteenth century, modern barbarians come and destroy the whole civilization of the cities of the Middle Ages. These barbarians do not completely annihilate it; they cannot do so, but they check it, at least, in its progress for two or three centuries. They drive it in a new direction.

They fetter the individual, they take all his liberties away, they order him to forget the unions which formerly were based on free initiative and free agreement, and their aim is to level the whole of society in the same submission to the master. They destroy all bonds between men, by declaring that State and Church alone must henceforth constitute the union between the subjects of a State; that only Church and State have the mission of watching over industrial, commercial, judiciary, artistic and passionnal interests, for which men of the twelfth century had been wont to unite directly.

And who are those barbarians? It is the State: the Triple Alliance, constituted at last, of the military chief, the Roman judge, and the priest, the three forming a mutual insurance for domination; the three united in one power that will command in the name of the interests of society and will crush that society.

We naturally ask ourselves, how these new barbarians could get the mastery over communes, formerly so powerful? Where did they get their strength for conquest from?

That strength, they first of all found in the village. Just like the communes of ancient Greece, who did not manage to abolish slavery, so the communes of the Middle Ages were not able to emancipate the peasant from serfdom, at the same time as they emancipated the citizen.

It is true that nearly everywhere, at the time of his emancipation, the citizen—himself an artisan-cultivator—had tried to induce country folk to help in his enfranchisement. During two centuries, the citizens of Italy, Spain and Germany carried on a stubborn war against feudal lords. Prodiges of heroism and perseverance were displayed by citizens in that war against the feudal castles. They drained themselves to become masters of the castles of feudalism and to cut down the feudal forest that enveloped them.

But they only half succeeded. Then, tired of war, they made peace over the head of the peasant. To buy peace they delivered the peasant up to the lord, outside the territory which was conquered by the commune. In Italy and Germany they even ended by recognizing the lord as fellow citizen on condition that he should reside within the commune. In other parts they ended by sharing his domination over the peasant. And the lord avenged himself on these common people, whom he hated and despised, by drenching their streets in blood during the struggles and acts of revenge of noble families, that were not carried before communal judges and syndics, whom the nobles despised, but were settled by the sword in the street.

The nobles demoralised the towns by their munificence, their intrigues, their great style of living, by their education received at the bishop's or the king's court. They made the citizens espouse their family struggles. And the citizen ended by imitating the lord, and be-

came a lord in his turn, enriching himself, he too, by the labour of serfs encamped in the villages outside the city walls.

After which, the peasant lent assistance to nascent Kings, Emperors, Tsars and to Popes, when they began to build their kingdoms and to bring the towns under subjection. When not marching by their orders, the peasant left them free to act.

It is in the country, in a fortified castle, situated in the midst of rural populations, that royalty was slowly constituted. In the twelfth century it existed but in name, and to-day we know what to think of the rogues, chiefs of little bands of brigands, who adorned themselves with this title, which after all—Augustin Thierry has so well demonstrated it—had very little meaning at that time; in fact the Norse fishermen had their "Nets' Kings," even the beggars had their "Kings"—the word having then simply the signification of "temporary leader."

Slowly, tentatively, a baron more powerful or more cunning than the others, succeeded here and there in rising above the others. The Church no doubt bestirred itself to support him. And by force, cunning, money, sword, and poison in case of need, one of these feudal barons became great at the expense of the others. But it was never in one of the free cities, which had their noisy forum, their Tarpeian rock, or their river for the tyrants, that royal authority succeeded in constituting itself: it was always in the country in the village.

After having vainly tried to constitute this authority in Rheims or in Lyons, it was established in Paris,—an agglomeration of villages and boroughs surrounded by a rich country, which had not yet known the life of free cities; it was established in Westminster, at the gates of populous London City; it was established in the Kremlin which was built in the midst of rich villages on the banks of the Moskva, after having failed at Souzdal and Vladimir,—but never in Novgorod or Pskov, in Nuremberg or Florence could royal authority be consolidated.

The neighbouring peasants supplied them with grain, horses and men; and commerce—royal, not communal—increased the wealth of the growing tyrants. The Church looked after their interests. It protected them, came to their succour with its treasure chests; it invented a saint and miracles for their royal town. It encircled with its veneration Notre-Dame of Paris or the Virgin of Iberia at Moscow. And while the civilization of free cities, emancipated from the bishops, took its youthful bound, the Church worked steadily to reconstitute its authority by the intermediary of nascent royalty, it surrounded with its tender care, its incense and its ducats, the family cradle of the one whom it had finally chosen, in order to rebuild with him, and through him, the ecclesiastical authority. In Paris, Moscow, Madrid and Prague, you see the Church bending over the royal cradle, a lighted torch in its hand.

Hard at work, strong in its State education, leaning on the man of will or cunning whom it sought out in any class of society, learned in intrigue as well as in Roman and Byzantine law—you see the Church marching without respite towards its ideal: the Hebrew King, absolute, but obeying the high priest—the simple secular arm of ecclesiastical power.

In the sixteenth century, the long work of the two conspirators is already in full force. A king already rules over the barons, his rivals, and that force will alight on the free cities to crush them in their turn.

Besides, the towns of the sixteenth century were not what they were in the twelfth, thirteenth or fourteenth centuries.

They were born out of a libertarian revolution. But they had not the courage to extend their ideas of equality, neither to the neighbouring rural districts nor even to those citizens who had later on established themselves in their enclosures, refuges of liberty, there to create industrial arts. A distinction between the *old* families who had made the revolution of the twelfth century—or curtly "the families"—and the others who established themselves later on in the city, is to be met with in all towns. The old "Merchant Guild" had no desire to receive the new-comers. It refused to incorporate the "young arts" for commerce. And from simple clerk of the city, it became the go-between, the intermediary, who enriched himself by distant commerce, and who imported oriental ostentation. Later on, the "Merchant Guild" allied itself to the lord and the priest, or it went and sought the support of the nascent king, to maintain its monopoly, its right to enrichment. Having thus become *personal*, instead of *communal*, commerce killed the free city.

Besides, the guilds of ancient trades, of which the city and its government were composed at the outset, would not recognise the same rights to the young guilds, formed later on by the younger trades. These had to conquer their rights by a revolution. And that is what they did everywhere. But while that revolution became, in most big cities, the starting of a renewal of life and arts (this is so well seen in Florence), in other cities it ended in the victory of the *richer orders* over the *poorer ones*—of the "fat people" (*popolo grasso*) over the "low people" (*popolo basso*)—in a despotic crushing of the masses, in numberless transportations and executions, especially when lords and priests took part in it.

And—need we say it?—it was "the defence of the poorer orders" that the king, who had received Macchiavelli's lessons, took later on as a pretext when he came to knock at the gates of the free cities!

And then the cities had to die, because the *ideas themselves of men had changed*. The teaching of canonical and Roman law had perverted them.

The twelfth century European was essentially a federalist. A man of free initiative, of free agreement, of unions freely consented to. He saw in the individual the starting point of all society. He did not seek

salvation in obedience; he did not ask for a savior of society. The idea of Christian or Roman discipline was unknown to him.

But under the influence of the Christian Church—always fond of authority, always zealous to impose its rule on the souls and especially on the arms of the faithful; and on the other hand, under the influence of Roman law, which already, since the twelfth century, invaded the courts of the powerful lords, the kings and the popes, and soon became a favorite study in the universities—under the influence of these two teachings, which agreed so well although they were enemies at the beginning,—minds grew depraved in proportion as priest and legist triumphed.

Men became enamoured of authority. If a revolution of the lower trades was accomplished in a commune, the commune called in a saviour. It gave itself a dictator, a municipal Cæsar, and it endowed him with full powers to exterminate the opposite party. And the dictator profited by it, with all the refinement of cruelty that the Church or the examples which were brought from the despotic kingdoms of the East inspired him with.

The Church, of course, supported that Cæsar. Had it not always dreamt of the biblical king, who kneels before the high priest, and is his docile tool? Had it not, with all its might, hated the ideas of rationalism which inspired the free towns during the first Renaissance,—that of the Twelfth century—as also those "pagan" ideas which brought man back to Nature under the influence of the rediscovery of Greek civilisation? as also, later on, those ideas which in the name of primitive Christianity incited men against the Pope, the priest and Faith in general? Fire, wheel, gibbet—these weapons so dear to the Church in all times—were put into play against those heretics. And whoever was the tool, pope, king or dictator, it was of little importance to the Church, so long as the wheel and the gibbet worked against heretics....

And under the twofold teaching of the Roman legist and the priest, the old federalist spirit, the spirit of free initiative and free agreement, was dying out to make room for the spirit of discipline, organisation and pyramidal authority. The rich and the poor alike asked for a saviour.

And when the saviour presented himself; when the king, who had become enriched far from the Forum's tumult, in some town of his creation, leaning on the wealthy Church, and followed by vanquished nobles and peasants, when the king knocked at the city gates, promising the "lower orders" his mighty protection against the rich, and to the obedient rich his protection against the revolting poor—the towns, which themselves were already undermined by the canker of authority, had no longer the strength to resist. They opened their gates to the King.

And then, the Mongols had conquered and devastated Eastern Europe in the thirteenth century and an Empire was springing up out there in Moscow, under the protection of the Tartar Khans and the Russian Christian Church. The Turks had come and settled in Europe, and pushed as far as Vienna in 1453, devastating everything on their path; and powerful States were being constituted in Poland, Bohemia, Hungary and in the centre of Europe.... While at the other extremity, the war of extermination against the Moors in Spain allowed of another powerful Empire to constitute itself in Castille and Aragon, supported by the Roman Church, and the inquisition—the sword and the stake.

As the communes themselves were becoming little States, the little States were inevitably doomed to be swallowed up by the big ones....

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

With 1898 we enter a real year of jubilee, the anniversary of 1848, the year when revolutions swept away the rotten governments of so many European States and yet, a few months afterwards, the people, abdicating its power in the hands of new rulers, were betrayed and driven back into submission once more. We learn to comprehend this folly when we see how easy it is even now, fifty years hence, to mislead the masses. Up till now the contrast of 1848 and 1898 makes one wellnigh despair of progress. Fifty years ago, France was one mass of rising democratic feeling which but a few weeks afterwards led to the glorious revolution of February 1848, the fall of monarchy and the institution of a republic which, in the mind of those who really fought for it, at any rate, was to be democratic, social and fraternal to all peoples. To-day the students of Paris, then as later in the sixties rivaling the workers in republican enthusiasm—are rioting in favour of militarism, secret trials and clericalism, and jewbaiting is once more the favourite pastime,—a century after Voltaire, Diderot and the storming of the Bastille!

We must refer, in connection with these events, to the case of captain Dreyfus, which remains, in spite of all "revelations", an enigma, but leaves no doubt that one of two things happened: if he was *rightly* found guilty, this was brought about by illegal means—if he was *legally* found guilty, this was unjust, because the proofs on which such a verdict could only have been based, are now generally considered insufficient. Hence all that is demanded by his friends, is fair play and a new investigation—yet, though his friends are rich, numerous and influential, fair play they are unable to obtain from either the government or the Chamber, the military courts, the press or the public.

If, then, this happens to the élite of the bourgeoisie, one can imagine what a chance poor people have to receive what is euphemistically called "justice". How many victims of court martials were shot or transported to "Biribi", the African desert? How many other victims of "justice" fill the convict prisons or succumb to the *dry* guillotine at Cayenne and New Caledonia? We wished the campaign in favor of Dreyfus would take a broader scope and enclose all these victims, but in default of this we must take it as it is, and here we see e. g. Emile Zola accusing and defying, by his letters in the *Auro-*

re of Jan. 13 and 22, all the military authorities of France, intending this to be a revolutionary means to enforce a public trial and an investigation of his charges. This action meets with approval all over the world and among the signatories of protestations against the secret trial, etc., we find some of the foremost names in science as well as many socialists and friends of Anarchism. The Paris Anarchists took the matter up by holding a large public meeting in Tivoli Vaux Hall, the largest meeting place in Paris, which was addressed by Sébastien Faure, Louise Michel, Tortelier and others; what Louise Michel said is published by herself in the *Aurore* of Jan. 17; Tortelier's remarks in the *Temps Nouveaux* of Jan. 22.

This meeting protested before all against the *huys clos* (closed doors), the secret strangling of justice. Two days afterwards the enemies of Dreyfus and friends of militarism met in the same hall; the Anarchists present protested and the meeting ended in confusion. I will add that this participation of Anarchists is severely condemned by the *Temps Nouveaux* and the *Père Peinard*.

If somebody asks why Anarchists feel interested in this affair of a bourgeois and a soldier who would have massacred them if his orders were to do so, my opinion is that to those who do this Anarchism means not the well-being of a particular class but the emancipation of all mankind from the thralldom of authority and exploitation, and just this case shows that authority is nefast to everybody, be he ever so rich or an upholder of "law and order."

This demand for fair play is met by fanatic outbursts of antisemitism, native jingoism and the glorification of militarism, behind which the clerical parties are feeling their way to the front. It is a pityable feature of this growing reaction that Henri Rochefort is helping it with all his power; the man who led so splendid campaigns against Napoleon III, Gambetta, Ferry and Constans was once before the dupe of Boulangerist militarism, the fore-runner of clericalism and monarchy, and now he is at it again. Bands of brutes pervade the streets of the large cities of France and Algeria shouting: on the gallows with Zola! Down with the Jews! Long live the army! The Paris students, once the vanguard of republicanism, the terror of every reactionary government are prostrated before the eternal enemies of freedom, the tools of every crime against every people, the army and the clericals and jesuits triumph. What I said last month of some small Slavonic nationalities in Austria that they had not yet arrived at any conception of humanity becomes true of large masses of the French people, more than hundred years after the great Revolution! One week before one would not have believed it possible.

If one thinks that the slightest socialist tendency underlies these movements, let him look at the well-directed attitude of these masses against Socialists: at Prague and Pilsen (Bohemia) hundreds of workmen gathered round the offices of the Socialist papers there and kept watch to prevent them from being invaded by the rioters;—at Lyons (France) the premises of the local Socialist daily *Le Peuple* (which used to be fair, sometimes, also towards Anarchists) are similarly attacked until a number of Socialists in the building made a successful sortie and drove the mob off. These small incidents point to the same people behind both movements,—the priests and their dupes and accomplices.

All these events ought to show how great a task is before us and how little is done if masses of people are brought to vote for alleged Socialists whilst their real ideas on so many vital subjects, internationalism, militarism, government and religion remain practically unchallenged and unchanged. State Socialist tactics mix everything up: Social Democrats sit in solemn conclave with priests and parsons (at Zurich, 1897), the idea of internationalism is undermined by the claim of protection for native labour and logically this must lead to an increase of militarism; government are made to interfere with labour and are considered in this respect as friends and allies. The growing interest for so-called psychical phenomena and mystic drivel engenders a contempt for the results of science and materialism, etc. We welcome every antistatist and freethought movement which fights ever so small a particle of these growing fallacies.

So in other countries the *Libertaire* group of Anarchists in France carried on an anticlerical propaganda and Sébastien Faure's *Crimes of God* are translated into several languages—Spanish, Italian, Dutch; an English translation is yet missing.—Or the Austrian Social Democratic party held large meetings, some little time ago, where speakers of the hostile nationalities, German and Czech—who would not be found together on any other platform—addressed the audience in their own tongues and proclaimed internationalism.—Or the Belgian Workers' Party is preparing another big demonstration against militarism on the eve of the day of conscription, etc. All this is doing some little good as it brings new facts and new ideas before the people.

The Netherland Socialist Federation, an antiparliamentarian organisation, met in a congress at Rotterdam (Christmas 1897) and as this led to the resignation of F. Domela Nieuwenhuis and Chr. Cornelissen from the editorship of *Recht voor Allen*, some details will be of interest. A previous congress had resolved that groups belonging to the Federation must abstain from taking part in elections but individuals were free to do as they chose. Last summer a number of members took part in the general election and one of them, van der Zwaag, was actually returned as an "antiparliamentarian" candidate who went into parliament "only" in the interest of agitation: of course, in a few weeks he was rotten and took part in parliamentary "work" like all the rest. The present congress confirmed the non-participation of groups in elections (45 for, 9 against, 3 abstentions), but refused to decree that members must abstain from electioneering (32 against, 20 for, 5 abstentions): under these circumstances, considering that the party could not arrive to understand the necessity of a clearly defined policy, Nieuwenhuis and Cornelissen have withdrawn from it, but are far from withdrawing from active propaganda which they intend to carry on in fellowship with more harmonious elements than before; that is all.

One victim authority has disgorged at last: comrade Cyvoct was released after fourteen years transportation in New Caledonia. He had been the editor of one of nine anarchists papers which, from 1882 to 84 were published at Lyons only to be suppressed and to rise once more, ever again. An article in his paper—not even written by him—was singled out by the prosecution as the cause of a subsequent dynamite explosion; for this he was sentenced to death and afterwards transported for life!

The French authorities would like to put G. Etiévant in his place: after being in prison for five years (1892-97) after the trial in August '92 when he wrote his widely spread *Declarations*, he was sentenced again to two

years of prison and to transportation afterwards, which, as the *Libertaire* showed, in his case not even corresponds to the "law". This infamous sentence drove him to desperation and if he committed the rash act for which he now lies in prison, no act of violence was ever more directly provoked by those who now pretend to be victims of it.

In Ancona, Italy, bread riots occurred, as they are called, e. e. the people went into the bakers shops and helped themselves. As Malatesta lives in this town, these occurrences were a welcome pretext to arrest him once more. (January 17.)

In Berlin the editor of *Neues Leben*, comrade Burger, was sentenced to one year of prison for publishing, in the number of Nov. 11 (seized), an extract from the speech of Louis Lingg at the Chicago trial in 1886. Another comrade, Weisheit, received nine months for offending the honor of a police inspector in a public speech.

In Mayville, Wis., E. F. Ruedebush' book *The Old and the New Ideal* was declared unavailable under the Comstock law, and he was informed that he might expect an indictment by the grand jury meeting this month; another illustration of American freedom.

Of new publications we welcome the reappearance of *La Idea Libre* at Madrid, the only Anarchist paper in Spain, whilst *Germinal* is now published in London, 9 Wharton Street, Lloyd Square, W. C., and *El Despartar* as heretofore in Brooklyn. The Madrid paper has to overcome the greatest difficulties and subscriptions might well be sent to give it a fair start; the address is *Calle de Fernando el Catolico, 2, Madrid*, but as Spanish correspondence is very unsafe, the *Temps Nouveaux* (140, rue Mouffetard, Paris) are willing to collect and safely transmit subscriptions.

From Buenos Aires *La Protesta Humana* arrives, a Spanish weekly, and a Spanish monthly review, *Ciencia Social*, is published there, replacing the *Question Social*.

Portuguese papers and pamphlets were published at Lisbon, Porto, Coimbra, Extremoz, comprising some original volumes.

Miscarea Sociala of Bucharest and *Neues Leben* of Berlin ceased publication at the end of 1897; so of the two rival Berlin papers the *Socialist* survives: this paper, or rather the police, "consumed" during the 5½ years of its existence, not less than thirty one responsible editors, all being wanted by the State to expiate some crime or other committed by this incorrigible paper, but plenty of comrades always volunteered to take up this post. I believe this breaks the record even of the *Pere Peinard*. X.

A Voice from the Dungeon.

We publish below part of a recent communication sent by one of our foreign comrades in prison to a friend:

I have received your kind letter (or rather I should say a portion of your letter, for there are six lines effaced) and I am very glad to hear that you and your friends are well.

You are very kind to give lectures in favour of so many thousands of poor helpless fellows,—I thank you very much for it, and posterity, if not the present generation, will reward you for it. I do thank you likewise for exhorting me to keep up my spirits: they have not nor will they ever forsake me. It is quite true my body is in captivity, but my thought is free, serene, gay as ever—there is no dungeon for her. One can from a cold, dark cell cast his eyes on the social field as well as a thinker from a luxurious cabinet surrounded by a lot of learned books, and let one's thoughts wander all over the world, without any despot to prevent it. What a satisfaction is that! Nothing can equal it.

As to our life here it is still as monotonous as ever,—from the cell to the workshop, from the workshop to the cell, like a flock of sheep. Last July, I worked three weeks in the Quarry, but through once working all day long, wet through, I was unable to continue the task.

I must tell you a few words about our winged friends here:—the pigeons come to take the bread from our hands. Jackdaws, crows, starlings and blackbirds come within two or three feet to take the same food. They dance, sing and look on us very kindly, in fine they befriend us in every way. Were it not for these gentle creatures, there would be a good many more poor balmy (lunatic) men.

Yes, my friend, I do recognize that the mind needs food (recreation) as well as the body; without it man is neither good for himself nor for his fellow creatures: he is lost for ever. To describe how they (the birds) have become so tamed would be a nice scientific subject, and no doubt the pen would guide the describer to cry shame, shame on our own kind.

I am in very good health, and for the remainder, to live in a cell or in a magnificent palace I feel the same indifference.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Comrades,

I regret very much to see some comrades trying to sow discord in the movement, and even casting insults at a section of the Anarchist community. And it is the more to be regretted that those who are the prey of such unjust criticism are precisely the ones that are doing something palpable, something that can be seen, something that by the simple fact of its being in evidence shows that if not the best at least some work has been done by them.

Can those discontented with the Freedom Group show as much evidence of earnestness, of goodwill and perseverance in a task so arduous and ungrateful as Anarchist propaganda?

I take the liberty of asking this question:—Would it not be better for the cause if instead of criticising in such an unjust manner the efforts of a few comrades (who after all are doing the best they can) to try and group all the comrades of the same affinities for determined work and execute it as soon as possible? Then if their work is worthy of support I am certain they will get it, because if *Freedom's* work is idle work and finds little support there can be no doubt that if they show aptitude for real, good, sound, practical work, the Anarchists at large will do their utmost to help them to continue their work. And I for one, and no doubt Freedom Group also, will feel cheered by their efforts, and will as far as possible support them financially. In my opinion that would be a better way of criticising the work of others than to come to a conference and discourage hard workers by remarks more or less insulting.

I cannot say that *Freedom* fulfills all my expectations, but what I assert is that it does some good in its own way, and its disappearance from the field would be a serious blow to the cause, and certainly neither "Comic Cuts" nor any paper of O'Shea's conception would take its place.

I will close with a suggestion: Why not imitate the Parisian Groups? They publish three papers entirely different one from another. *Les Temps Nouveaux* is a paper analogous to *Freedom*, which recommends itself to the intellectual, to the student and does any amount of good in its sphere. Then there is *Le Libertaire*, a paper very well adapted for propaganda amongst the average educated workmen, giving articles on current events, on the movement, and shows up the corruption of the government and the rapacity of the capitalists in all countries. Then there is *Le Pere Peinard* full of rough humour, written in a vulgar tongue, read at first for the fun in it, and as it contains any number of good things, it creates a thirst for more serious literature of similar ideas and gives some readers to the two first named papers.

Well, each paper may not be to the taste of every comrade, but it would be absolutely unfair to deny their usefulness in their respective spheres. The very same must be said of *Freedom*; it fits its place honorably enough, and deserves the help of all who wish the collapse of the present state of things.

So I say: Let those discontented with *Freedom* publish as quickly as possible a paper more in accordance with their views, but for the sake of the cause of Anarchism they must not kick at a structure kept standing by the unceasing efforts of a group.

I may add that I think a paper edited on the lines of *Le Libertaire* would stand a good chance of living and prospering in England.

Manifestoes have done wonderful work in France and Belgium, especially in the provinces as they can be applied to many cases, and cost but little.

You will excuse me for the great tax I am making on your time and space by sending this too long letter, but I must be prolix to be understood, because although I know what I mean it is quite another matter to put it down so that others may understand.

With my best wishes and encouragements.

Yours fraternally,
E. DELORME.

Society of Friends of Russian Freedom.

40, Outer Temple, Strand, W. C.

Dear Comrade,

6, Jan., 1898.

I am directed by the Executive Committee of the above Society to ask you to insert this appeal for funds to enable Vladimir Bourtzev, a Russian refugee, to have adequate legal assistance for his defence at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of having persuaded or endeavoured to persuade divers persons unknown to murder the Tsar of Russia, through the medium of a Russian periodical published in London, of which he is the editor and publisher, and entitled *Narodovolets*.

Since the first appeal was issued, Clement Wierzbicki, the printer of the paper, also a Russian refugee, has been joined in the charge, and both have been committed for trial. The Committee have undertaken the defence of the printer also.

The Committee are in no way responsible for the opinions expressed by Bourtzev, but being strongly of opinion that every man is entitled to a fair trial and that he cannot have this unless he is provided with competent legal assistance, and feeling that this is especially true in the case of a stranger in a strange land, they make this appeal for funds with that object in view.

Moreover, the political aspect of the case is of great importance from the point of view of our Society, and the Russian exiles in this country. It is the first time that the English police have publicly undertaken to do the dirty work of the Russian government, and if a conviction should be obtained in this case it will create a very dangerous precedent. It should be added that the prisoners are being prosecuted for an offence against the English law, under a Statute of 1861 entitled "The Offences against the Person Act" and also for seditious libel.

It will probably interest you to know that Bourtzev has been relentlessly pursued by the Russian police since his boyhood. While still a student he was arrested, imprisoned for three years without trial, and exiled, also without trial, to Siberia, whence he made his escape. Afterwards in the Balkan Peninsula he was pursued by Russian and Turkish police and it was only by the courage of a British Merchant-Captain that he succeeded in getting free to English soil.

Wierzbicki was originally an officer in the Russian army and subsequently, being a Pole, took part in the abortive Polish insurrection. He afterwards fled from Russia and has lived in England for more than twenty years.

We are anxious to secure the services of able counsel who will impress the judge and jury with the importance of the case, but this cannot be done without considerable funds and we, therefore, appeal to you to do your utmost to help us in this important matter.

Yours fraternally,
J. FREDK. GREEN,
Hon. Sec. S. F. R. F.

In connection with the above, we are informed that the prosecution is to be led by the Attorney-General, and that the adjournment of the case was demanded not alone on the ground of awaiting documentary evidence from Russia, but for the arrival of Russian police officials who are to give evidence.

So that the trial is no longer—as was at first thought—an ordinary criminal one, but positively political. Sentence could be obtained on the case as it stands without calling in the influence of the Attorney-General; any junior of the Crown's barristers could have settled the affair. As the matter stands, therefore, it concerns all revolutionists, for though at the moment only Russians are involved, to-morrow it may be another nationality.

The danger at present is the indifference of the British people,—a spirit which diplomacy always takes advantage of,—encouraged, in our opinion, by the vile and unfair attack made by the whole press—with few exceptions—against asylum, when the Spanish refugees arrived at Liverpool in July last. Public indignation should be aroused for the purpose of expressing itself, so that the sinister designs of the English and Russian police may be checked.

It was a similar price that young William of Germany paid for the "affectionate" regard of cynical Leopold of Belgium.

Messrs. Lord Coleridge and Corrie Grant have been retained on behalf of Bourtzev and Wierzbicki.

Subscriptions are needed and should be sent to *Freedom* office or 40 Outer Temple, E. C.

Received: Miss C. Roche 10/3, J. P. 1s., A. M. 1s.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In future we must request that all orders for pamphlets be accompanied with cash. We are compelled to adhere to this as we need funds for reprinting.

REPORTS.

EDMONTON.

The members of the Edmonton Group in presenting a brief account of the work for the year 1897 send a hearty greeting to their fellow workers in the cause of Liberty.

The propaganda has been quietly and earnestly persevered with, and we believe that our success has been due to this, that we kept the two following facts in view.

First, that the revolution must commence with ourselves, that the principles of Anarchist Communism must be self applied, and that in all things we must be good comrades one to the other.

Secondly, that one's circle of friends and acquaintances was a good field for propaganda. Every man and woman in the group endeavours to be a worker; in fact we have no sleeping partners.

Our most important departure was the formation of a co-operative society, the profits of which are to be set aside for the purchase of land for a colonising scheme which we have in view. This we have conducted for a year in accordance with our principles and our increasing prosperity is evidence of the practical nature of such principles.

Another new feature was the formation of a library.

We have been in evidence at most of the indoor and outdoor meetings in the neighbourhood. Our friends of the S. D. F. hold meetings at the Edmonton Theatre on Sunday evenings. Edwards has lectured there several times and also once at Rainham Road Mission, where discussions are held on Friday nights, on which occasions the discussion was well sustained. Our members are usually in force at both places and take a prominent part in the proceedings.

THE EDMONTON GROUP.

BRIXTON.

We are carrying on a little propaganda here. Comrade Turner came over and lectured for us on Sunday, Jan. 9th, at the Progressive Club, Mayall Road. The subject was "The difficulties of democracy." It was a most eloquent lecture, and did Turner great credit. In his usual clear and logical style he demolished the belief in politics. He pointed out the importance of trade-unionism, and also the various advantages of a strike. In the discussion that followed he completely routed his opponents. There was a very fair attendance and we sold a few copies of *Freedom*.

Comrade Perry visited us on the following Sunday and lectured on "The principles of Anarchist Communism." He dealt with the subject in a clear and masterly style, and we hope he will come again later on. He fully exposed the absurdity of government, and proved that it is an obstacle to human progress, and he also gave a good definition of Communism, but there was not sufficient time allowed to treat the subject in detail. The audience were very attentive, but their objections to our principles were highly amusing; one person thought governments were improving, and as an example pointed to the abolition of capital punishment for sheep stealing in this country. Perry as a rejoinder pointed to the butcheries committed in Africa and India. The other objections were much of the same nature. A comrade who is a Social Democrat spoke for some minutes in defence of our principles. We hope to have some more lectures later on. I might also mention that a comrade read a paper before the Brixton branch of the Amalgamated Society of House Painters on "Crime." It was well received by the members, with a little discussion. M.

CANNING TOWN.

On Sunday Jan. 16th, the Canning Town S. D. F. Branch held an open air meeting at the corner of Beckton Road. At the conclusion of the lecture when I wanted to offer opposition to the ridiculous twaddle that had emanated from men calling themselves Socialists, such as compulsory legal 8 hours, compulsory arbitration and other equally senseless remarks, the chairman Cheeseman packed up the platform and cleared out, thinking he had executed a smart piece of work. But it was of great importance, for by refusing to let me occupy their platform and taking it away they showed how much they were afraid of opposition. Nevertheless I took the opportunity and spoke from the ground: the people wondering what was up gathered round and were interested by what was said, which by the way was more than they had done previously. I also gave an exposure of these individuals who say they are in favour of free speech and cannot get opponents or opposition, etc. I think the above is necessary for such men do little else but disgrace by their silly speeches the cause of the workers.

R. PEDDIE.

Special Appeal.

No reactionary period in the history of any country has failed in producing great spirits who fearlessly fight against the momentary inrush of the tide on to the victimised forces. At this moment Spain records such men. Such a one is Ernesto Alvarez who is conducting the only Anarchist Communist journal now circulated in Spain. It is named *De la Idea Libre*, and published in Madrid. Alvarez is the editor, compositor, printer and distributor. He appeals to all comrades in Europe to help him financially in his single handed combat. We hope sincerely comrades will rally to his support by sending contributions to *Les Temps Nouveaux*, 140, rue Mouffetard, Paris, France. It should be accompanied with a notice: "For Idea Libre."

The Anarchist Literature Bureau.—Manchester.

A Voluntary Association of Workers, formed for the purpose of propagating the principles of Anarchist-Communism by means of the distribution of pamphlets, leaflets, etc., also for the sale of Socialist, Revolutionary, and advanced literature.

French and American Anarchist journals, books, and pamphlets sold: *Le Libertaire*, *L'Humanite Nouvelle*, *Les Temps Nouveaux*, *Free Society*, *Lucifer*, *The Age of Thought*, *Armstrong's Autonomist*, etc. Terms cash. Apply to John Bacon, Brick Row, Marple.

FREEDOM PAMPHLETS.

- No. 1. THE WAGE SYSTEM. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 2. THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 3. A TALK ABOUT ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM BETWEEN TWO WORKERS. By E. MALATESTA. 1d.
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- No. 5. ANARCHY. By E. MALATESTA. 1d.
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Other Pamphlets.

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- THE CHICAGO MARTYRS. Their speeches in Court and the record of their trial, with the reasons given by Governor Altgeld for pardoning Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe; price sixpence. Spies speech in pamphlet form, 1d.
- GOD AND THE STATE. By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE. Price fourpence.
- AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY. By ELYSEE RECLUS. 1d.
- THE TABLES TURNED; OR, NUPKINS AWAKENED. A Socialist interlude. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1s. each.
(Only a few of these original copies left.)
- THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. By WILLIAM MORRIS, E. BELFORT BAX and VICTOR DAVE. 2d.
- THE IDEAL AND YOUTH. By ELYSEE RECLUS. 1d.
- REVOLUTIONARY STUDIES. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
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- CHANTS FOR SOCIALISTS. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
- USEFUL WORK VERSUS USELESS TOIL. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
- BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE L'ANARCHIE par M. NETTLAU. Preface d' ELYSEE RECLUS; Brussels, 51 rue des Eperonniers, 1897; 294 pp. 5 francs; post free for 4 shillings prepaid.
- THE OLD IDEAL AND THE NEW, By EMIL F. RUEDEBUSCH, best pamphlet out on the sex question, 2s. 3d. post free.

A Cooperative Painters and Decorators Association.

We call the attention of our readers to the fact that a Cooperative Painters and Decorators Association has been formed by T. Pearson, W. Burrows and others who are prepared to undertake work connected with the above trade. They have had letters of encouragement from J. Turner, T. Mann, E. Nesbit, N. F. Dryhurst and others. All enquiries should be addressed to W. Beer, Sec., 77 Rotherfield Street, Essex Rd, N.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Freedom Guarantee Fund.—N. 2s., J. Perry 2s., L. Gumpowicz 5s., Handl 3s., C. M. W. £1, A. M. L. 1s., Henry W. Nevinson 2s., A. M. 5s. Muller 1s.

Annual Subscriptions.—Cameron 1/6, Muller 1/6, Silverstone 1/6, Rubinstein 2s., Harry Reade 1/6, Kreiger 1/6, Carpenter 5s.

Sales of FREEDOM.—Delorme 1/6, Lowe, on account, 5s., Swenson 1/4, Rees 4d., Madgurek 2s., Wess 1/4, Reeves 2/6, W.W. 1s., Turner 5d., Edwards 1/4, Warner 6s., Schack 5s., Glasse 10s., Lear 3/6, Newsagents 1/7.

Sales of FREEDOM Pamphlets.—Jahn 1s., Muller 6d., Mavor 3s., Free Society £1-3-7, Memorial Hall Meeting 6/10.

[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.]



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