

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

VOL. XIII.—No. 143.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

"Let the Voice of the People be Heard! O——"
PARSONS.

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE CHICAGO MARTYRS!

All lovers of liberty are earnestly requested
to attend the

Mass Meeting

on
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10,

at the

WORKMEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE,

CLERKENWELL ROAD, W. C.,

(Next to Holborn Town Hall)

TO COMMEMORATE THE

Martyrdom of

AUGUST SPIES, ALBERT R. PARSONS,
GEORGE ENGEL, ADOLPH FISCHER AND
LOUIS LINGG,

—judicially murdered November 11, 1887—and the imprisonment of

SAMUEL FIELDEN, MICHAEL SCHWAB
AND OSCAR NEEBE.

Special arrangements have been made for Miss JENNY
ATKINSON to sing "Annie Laurie" and other songs
appropriate to the occasion.

Speakers: P. KROPOTKIN, LOUISE MICHEL, J. TURNER,
EMMA GOLDMAN of New York, W. TCHEKESOV, W. WESS,
LOTHROP WITHINGTON, N. TCHAYKOVSKY, T. del MARMOL.
I. CAPLAN, R. ROCKER, E. EYGES.

Doors open at 7.30 p.m.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

"LEST WE FORGET."

In a few weeks the last of Coulon's victims will be a free man. After suffering more than seven and a half years out of the ten to which they were sentenced on April 4, 1892, Charles and Battola were released last September, and are once more among friends and comrades.

Most of our readers will remember the excitement and surprise of that gloomy January of 1892, when the news spread of the arrest of six Anarchists in Walsall, and of the part played in their case by that sinister figure, Coulon—who seems to have been compounded of the worser parts of Mephistopheles and Judas. Coming as it did, when the air about was still filled

with reverberations from the bombs of Ravachol, it was but too easy for the British public to believe that the six men at Walsall had entered into a conspiracy for the doing of an "unlawful act" and that they were actually engaged in the manufacture of explosives to produce here lamentable results such as had occurred in Paris a short while before.

In the midst of the storm of invective and execration that the mere suspicion of the existence of such a conspiracy naturally excited in England it required no small degree of courage for the English Anarchists to face the charges brought against them and their doctrines with courage and steadiness. But, to their honor be it said, they, with very few exceptions, stood firmly by their principles and had the satisfaction of seeing "the Walsall Plot" serve as a test for the sincerity of comrades.

It will be remembered that this period of public excitement and class prejudice was taken full advantage of by the English police to over-ride the sentiments of justice and humanity which are the better parts of English public opinion, and often serve as its combining elements.

Cailles and Charles were arrested without warrants; the Walsall Socialist Club and the Autonomie Club in London had been searched without magisterial permission; one spy, if not more, had been employed to get up the case, although the then Home Secretary, Mr. Mathews, when questioned in the House of Commons by Cunningham Graham, stated that "the employment of *agents provocateurs* by the police was not only not sanctioned, it was forbidden." He also added that there was no foundation for Mr. Graham's question.

We are willing to believe that Mr. Mathews was quite sincere in making these statements; for we remember how less partial people, when later evidence, not allowed in Court, showed conclusively the part played by Conlon in the Walsall affair, used to exclaim like Ibsen's Judge Brack: "People do not do such things." People do not, certainly; but, unhappily for mankind, here and there an individual has been found base enough to sell some one's life and liberty for "thirty pieces of silver." We need not care about Coulon so long as we have not the misfortune to see his ugly shadow lying in our pathway again; but we know, or at least can guess the varied sufferings of these six men he sold to the police as calmly as a farmer sells a few sheep to the butcher.

Two of them were acquitted after three weeks of mental anguish and confinement on the meagrest prison fare pending inquiry. One was sentenced to five years in consideration of his youth and some admission extorted from him in his cell at dead of night after the fashion of the French police, and has long since been released. The other three bore the extreme penalty of a law they had not broken: its full effect upon them we do not know, except that with Charles and Battola enthusiasm for the cause remains unabated; but we can scarcely hope that physically they are unimpaired, for never yet has the English prison opened to let out a man better than when he entered it.

We can, however, hope that rest, freedom and kind friends may do much to atone for the bitter eight years' suffering just ended. And we appeal to all our readers who have not yet sent a material token of their sympathy with Charles, Battola and Cailles to do so now, that they, before resuming the battle for life, may have some of those comforts long denied them, and, best of all, that one which comes with the knowledge of being neither misunderstood nor forgotten.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The New York Typographical Union, better known as the "Big Six," will hold a printing exposition in May of next year; and from all accounts it promises to be a success. There's a tip for the London Society of Compositors.

The convention of the I.T.U. adopted a resolution which will be submitted to the referendum: that the union should create a defence fund of £20,000 to be raised in monthly assessments of fivepence per member.

It is not a very radical step; but then we must remember they are—printers.

Max Morris, organizer for the State of Colorado for the A. F. of L., reports (August *Federationist*) from Denver that the Supreme Court of Colorado has declared the recently enacted Eight-Hour law to be unconstitutional; notwithstanding that Colorado's law was, as stated in the July issue of the *American Federationist*, identical with that of Utah, which latter has long since been confirmed by the United States Supreme Court. This outrageously unjust decision will not, however, affect the determination of the Smeltermen's Union to remain on strike till they have obtained the eight-hour workday for their craft. It is a well known fact that whenever the employer has seriously opposed the eight-hour law it has been repealed on the ground of unconstitutionality, and the workers have had to fall back on their union to get their shorter hours. Yet they are everlastingly being gulled by parson, capitalist and labor leader into frittering away their time in elections, instead of building up their unions. This applies with double force to Max Morris; for he is one of those labor politicians who are "saving" the masses from the *inside* (like John Burns). He is a State Senator and knows perfectly well that if to the energy the workers spent in organizing their unions they had added what they wasted in getting that eight-hour law passed, they would have obtained the eight-hour day without the possibility of a repeal. Then why does he not tell the workers the truth? Simply because he wishes to retain his present position. If the revolution ever comes, Max, your punishment will be a terrible one: we'll sentence you to—work!

The *Coming Nation* has discovered a new Moses who is going to lead the children of men out of the wilderness of industrial slavery to the promised land of equality and economic freedom. This new Moses at the present time styles himself Mayor Jones, of Cleveland, Ohio; but the *Coming Nation*, with that rustic simplicity which characterises all people who spend their lives in deceiving themselves, sees the following vision: "Mayor! Governor!! President!!!—Natural steps of succession." For the benefit of those sceptics who scoff at the idea of the inauguration of this promised land, I quote the following: "I, the undersigned, promise to accept the golden rule as the ideal of my life, to make life easier and happier for others, to put principle before party and character before creed, and to do my part towards establishing a system of industrial brotherhood." When we all adopt that creed the "promised land" is within easy distance of No. 50 East First Street, New York. And, as a guarantee of the continuity of this Land of Canaan, I hear that Anarchy, Free Love and "bloomers" will be resolutely forbidden.

P.S. If you do not appreciate the above, it is because you do not know that it was these three wicked things that broke up the Ruskin Colony.

A great many Englishmen will remember G. B. Shaw's valedictory in the *Saturday Review*, when he said that nowadays if a man wished to be appreciated he must "not only be great, he must tell people he is great. This is the policy of Eugene V. Debs, who in June last finished his first season as a public lecturer. He is now lecturing on social subjects; and as even we Americans have some modesty and do not like to hear a man blow his own horn, Debs has a manager to do the blowing; and the bouquets "Gene" is throwing at himself through his manager are enough to make the stones weep. Mr. Rogers, his manager, compares him to Martin Luther and Wendell Phillips, which is unfortunate. Luther and Phillips were *leaders* of men; Debs is not. His new occupation will suit him better, and he will do good work. Debs failed as a labor leader; for, although possessing splendid abilities as an orator, like Bryan he lacked depth. Bryan's nickname, the "boy orator of the North Platte," led the New York *Sun* to remark: "Yes, he's like the River Platte—2,000 miles long and 18 inches deep." This could be applied to Debs; but it is not the only objection we have to him: he lacks physical courage and is a trimmer. He weakened in the strike of 1894; he weakened again when it came to fulfilling his bluff of leading 300,000 men to Utah to capture the State for Social Democracy in 1897. His failure as a leader is best summed up by Edelman: "he hadn't lived long enough." I wish him luck as a lecturer; he has ability, and honestly desires to help the masses; and in this line he can be engaged in work congenial to himself without running any risk.

Daniel G. Brinton is dead; and, while it would be straining a point to call him a comrade, with all that word implies, we are doing no injustice to his memory when we say he was nearer to us than to any of the various schools of thought which deal with the social problem; and had he begun the study of this question earlier in life he would have been a worker for Anarchist Communism. As it was he died believing in our principles, yet lacking the decision to declare himself one of us. A touching eulogy, yet bereft of that gushing sentimentality common in obituary notices, was written of Dr. Brinton by Helen Abbott Michael in the Sept. *Conservator*. No better person could have been selected for the task, which was the more arduous because Mrs. Michael knew him and had been his pupil from childhood, and might be tempted to unduly praise her friend; she has not, however, done so, and deserves credit. Dr. Brinton will be remembered as a scientist rather than as a man with ideas of social regeneration; but some years ago, shortly after the death of the Chicago Martyrs and while on his way to Europe, he met a man on the ship who said he was an Anarchist. His exposition of our ideas must have been good; for they aroused an interest in the mind of the

elderly scientist. Later on Dr. Brinton met Elysée Reclus and according to his own statement the principles of Reclus were his own.

All Anarchists will regret that he, like many others, never declared himself: for Anarchism needs the help of all her sons and daughters.

Emma Goldman has been having some fun in Spring Valley, a mining town of about 6,000 inhabitants. We have two groups there, one Italian the other French; there are about 300 comrades altogether. They are all trade unionists and the Miners' Union to which they belong very wisely asked them to participate in the Labor Day demonstration and picnic, as our comrades intended having one of their own. They agreed to participate with the union provided that Emma Goldman was the orator for the occasion. The union demurred at first, but finally consented. When, however, our comrades attempted to march through the streets with a red flag and Emma as standard-bearer, the American element, I am sorry to say, refused to march and the patriotic musicians refused to play under the red flag. The picnic turned out a great success. The comrades secured a permit from the Mayor, who is a large mine-owner, to hold meetings in the market place; but, at the solicitation of the "leading citizens," the Mayor rescinded the permit three hours before the meeting was to take place. However, the comrades marched to the square, where they met the Mayor and a number of police. After some parley, Emma informed the Mayor that if he was such a miserable wretch as to withdraw the permit at the last moment, they would hold the meeting with or without his consent, and if any disorder occurred they would hold him personally responsible. And they held the meeting—in spite of the police. The comic element was supplied by the Mayor, the preserver of peace, standing at the edge of the platform interrupting the meeting, and Emma asking him to behave himself and *try* to be a gentleman. The crowd was the largest that ever assembled in Spring Valley.

The *Sun* informs us that "the cabmen of Matanzas, Cuba, who recently struck against paying tolls on two of the bridges of that city, have gained their point and returned to work." And we were told that they were not fit for freedom;—but then that was because they did not appreciate our constitution.

Our comrade, James F. Morton jun. of Boston, began his lecturing tour in New York on Oct. 13. He will proceed west, through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and other western States, to San Francisco, where he will join the *Free Society* family and assist in editing the paper. He is a brilliant young fellow with a good grasp of natural science, and is a splendid speaker and writer. Being a native, like Parsons, he should be able to do a great amount of good both on his tour and in San Francisco.

The comrades in England and in America who have not seen our brave little paper, *Discontent*, published at Lakebay, Washington, should procure a copy at once. It is rather late in the day to do this, considering that it is now in its second year; but better late than never. The paper consists of four pages the same size as *Free Society*, and in every way it is the equal of our brave little paper on the Pacific coast. I do not know whether the paper is published by individuals or by the landholding association there; but whoever is responsible deserves credit—and support; for the receipts never exceed \$3 a week, and if I know anything about printing, even at starvation wages, it must cost \$10 a week to publish the paper, yet it comes out regularly. W. A. Smith said in a recent issue that Bakunin recognised what Kropotkin does not recognise *i.e.* that life was a struggle. Now, as Smith is an Individualist and is fond of quoting authorities to prove his case, I should like to ask him who is his authority for that statement.

AN INCIDENT IN MARRIAGE.

(From *Jude the Obscure*, by Thomas Hardy.)

"We are rather a sad family, don't you think, Jude?"

"She said we made bad husbands and wives. Certainly we make unhappy ones. At all events, I do, for one!"

She was silent. "Is it wrong, Jude," she said with a tentative tremor, "for a husband or wife to tell a third person that they are unhappy in their marriage? If a marriage ceremony is a religious thing, it is possibly wrong; but if it is only a sordid contract, based on material convenience in householding, rating, and taxing, and the inheritance of land and money by children, making it necessary that the male parent should be known—which it seems to be—why surely a person may say, even proclaim upon the housetops, that it hurts and grieves him or her?"

"I have said so, anyhow, to you."

Presently she went on: "Are there many couples, do you think, where one dislikes the other for no definite fault?"

"Yes, I suppose. If either cares for another person, for instance."

"But even apart from that? Wouldn't the woman, for example, be very bad-natured if she didn't like to live with her husband; merely"—her voice undulated, and he guessed things—"merely because she had a personal feeling against it—a physical objection—a fastidiousness, or whatever it may be called—although she might respect and be grateful to him? I am merely putting a case. Ought she to try to overcome her pruderies?"

Jude threw a troubled look at her. He said, looking away: "It would be just one of those cases in which my experiences go contrary

to my dogmas. Speaking as an order-loving man—which I hope I am, though I fear I am not—I should say, yes. Speaking from experience and unbiased nature, I should say, no. . . . Sue, I believe you are not happy!"

"If I were unhappy it would be my fault, my wickedness; not that I should have a right to dislike him! He is considerate to me in everything; and he is very interesting, from the amount of general knowledge he has acquired by reading everything that comes in his way. . . . Do you think, Jude, that a man ought to marry a woman his own age, or one younger than himself—eighteen years—as I am than he?"

"It depends upon what they feel for each other."

He gave her no opportunity of self-satisfaction, and she had to go on unaided, which she did in a vanquished tone, verging on tears:

"I—I think I must be equally honest with you as you have been with me. Perhaps you have seen what it is I want to say?—that though I like Mr. Phillotson as a friend, I don't like him—it is a torture to me to—live with him as a husband!—There, now I have let it out—I couldn't help it, although I have been—pretending I am happy.—Now you'll have a contempt for me for ever, I suppose!" She bent down her face upon her hands as they lay upon the cloth, and silently sobbed in little jerks that made the fragile three-legged table quiver.

"I have only been married a month or two!" she went on, still remaining bent upon the table, and talking into her hands. "And it is said that what woman shrinks from—in the early days of her marriage—she shakes down to with comfortable indifference in half-a-dozen years. But that is much like saying that the amputation of a limb is no affliction, since a person gets comfortably accustomed to the use of a wooden leg or arm in the course of time!"

Jude could hardly speak, but he said, "I thought there was something wrong, Sue! O, I thought there was!"

"But it is not as you think!—there is nothing wrong except my own wickedness, I suppose you'd call it—a repugnance on my part, for a reason I cannot disclose, and what would not be admitted as one by the world in general! . . . What tortures me so much is the necessity of being responsive to this man whenever he wishes, good as he is morally!—the dreadful contract to feel in a particular way, in a matter whose essence is its voluntariness! . . . I wish he would beat me, or be faithless to me, or do some open thing that I could talk about as a justification for feeling as I do! But he does nothing, except that he has grown a little cold since he has found out how I feel. That's why he didn't come to the funeral. . . . O, I am very miserable—I don't know what to do! . . . Don't come near me, Jude, because you mustn't."

But he had jumped up and put his face against hers—or rather against her ear, her face being inaccessible.

"I told you not to, Jude!"

"I know you did—I only wish to—console you! It all arose through my being married before we met, didn't it? You would have been my wife, Sue, wouldn't you, if it hadn't been for that?"

Instead of replying she rose quickly, and saying she was going to walk to her aunt's grave in the churchyard to recover herself, went out of the house. Jude did not follow her. Twenty minutes later he saw her cross the village green towards Mrs. Edlin's, and soon she sent a little girl to fetch her bag, and tell him she was too tired to see him again that night.

He was turning away when he saw a woman looking out of the open casement at a window on the ground floor of the adjacent cottage. "Jude!" said a voice timidly—Sue's voice. "It is you—is it not?"

"Yes, dear!"

"I haven't been able to sleep at all, and then I heard the rabbit, and couldn't help thinking of what it suffered, till I felt I must come down and kill it! But I am so glad you got there first. . . . They ought not to be allowed to set these steel traps, ought they?"

Jude had reached the window, which was quite a low one, so that she was visible down to her waist. She let go the casement-stay and put her hand upon his, her moonlit face regarding him wistfully.

"Did it keep you awake?" he said.

"No—I was awake."

"How was that?"

"O, you know—now! I know you, with your religious doctrines, think that a married woman in trouble of a kind like mine commits a mortal sin in making a man the confidant of it, as I did you. I wish I hadn't, now!"

"Don't wish it, dear," he said. "That may have been my view; but my doctrines and I begin to part company."

"I knew it—I knew it! And that's why I vowed I wouldn't disturb your beliefs. But—I am so glad to see you!—and, O, I didn't mean to see you again, now the last tie between us, Aunt Drusilla, is dead!"

Jude seized her hand and kissed it. "There is a stronger one left!" he said. "I'll never care about my doctrines or my religion any more! Let them go! Let me help you, even if I do love you, and even if you."

"Don't say it—I know what you mean; but I can't admit so much as that. There! Guess what you like, but don't press me to answer questions!"

"I wish you were happy, whatever I may be!"

"I can't be! So few could enter into my feeling—they would say 'twas my fanciful fastidiousness, or something of that sort, and condemn me. . . . It is none of the natural tragedies of love that's love's usual tragedy in civilised life, but a tragedy artificially manufactured for people who in a natural state would find relief in parting! . . . It would have been

wrong, perhaps, for me to tell my distress to you, if I had been able to tell it to anybody else. But I have nobody. And I *must* tell somebody! Jude, before I married him I had never thought out fully what marriage meant, even though I knew. It was idiotic of me—there is no excuse, I was old enough, and I thought I was very experienced. So I rushed on, when I had got into that Training School scrape, with all the cocksureness of the fool that I was! . . . I am certain one ought to be allowed to undo what one has done so ignorantly! I daresay it happens to lots of women; only they submit, and I kick. . . . When people of a later age look back upon the barbarous customs and superstitions of the times that we have the unhappiness to live in, what *will* they say!"

"You are very bitter, darling Sue! How I wish—I wish——"

"You must go in now!"

Libertarian Literature.

We have received the following papers and pamphlets:

La Conquista del Pane, Italian translation of Kropotkin's work, with notes, by G. Ciancabilla. Paterson, New Jersey.

La Revista Blanca, July No. Review, containing articles upon Sociology, Science and Art. 8 Ponzano, Madrid; 25 pesetas.

L'Amour Libre, by Charles Albert, an eloquent impeachment of the immorality of the bourgeois marriage system and ardent defence of free love; edited by Stock as No. 26 of the Bibliothèque Sociologique. 8 Galerie du Théâtre Français, Paris.

La Dépêche, democratic journal published at Toulouse, 57 rue Bayard, 5 centimes. July 30 to August 5. French comrades will be interested to know that these numbers contain a graphic translation by T. del Marmol of that portion of Kropotkin's Autobiography in the *Atlantic Monthly* dealing with his escape from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul after an imprisonment of two years.

La Ley del Número, by the Spanish Anarchist writer, Ricardo Mella, the author who has triumphantly refuted the absurd statements of Cesar Lombroso respecting Anarchists; his new book is one of the most profound ever written in Spanish; it is the condemnation of the majority system.

La Sociedad Futura, by Solidar Gustavo, a brilliant exposition of the society of tomorrow from an Anarchist point of view.

El Problema Social, by P. Kropotkin, translation by F. Salvochea, preceded by a biography of the author by A. Lorenzo. (These three works are to be had at the office of the *Revista Blanca*, 8 Ponzano, Madrid.)

Vers la Réparation, by Clemenceau; *Au pays des Moines*, by Rizal, (translation by Lucas and Sempau); *Analyse de l'Enquête*, by J. Guyot; *Essais Politique et d'Histoire*, by Reinach. (All to be had at Stock's, Palais Royal, Paris.)

Germinal, No. 1, fortnightly journal of the French groups of New York. Box 1136, Paterson, New Jersey, U. S. A.

L'Aurora, No. 2, new weekly Anarchist journal on Free Initiative principles. P.O., West Hoboken, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Freie Arbeiter Stimme, No. 1, new Yiddish Anarchist weekly, 3 cents. 181 Madison Street, New York.

Marchand-Fashoda, the Congo-Nile mission, by Louis Guétant; published by the *Temps Nouveaux*, 140 Rue Mouffetard, Paris.

A Visit to Liverpool.

London has, or is supposed to have, more Anarchists than any other town in England; yet propaganda seems very quiet there. The cause of it is, of course, a puzzle to me as much as it might be to others. The only conclusion I can come to, I am sorry to say, is that those that are there (with the exception of a very few) are only Anarchists by name.

Not so, however, does it seem to be in some of the provincial towns, amongst which Liverpool stands prominent. I had the pleasure of visiting that town a few weeks ago, and I must say that I found the activity of our comrades there much greater than I expected. Though only a small group (seven in number) they are doing first-rate propaganda. Their meetings at the Column are very well attended and the utmost attention is paid to the speakers. Though the group is small most of them are speakers and, I must say, good workers for the cause.

But, unfortunately, they are crippled financially; and if a propaganda fund could be opened and some help sent to Liverpool, good results would follow the support given that brave and hard working little group for they really need it.

I have no doubt but that with a room in which to hold regular meetings during the winter months they would do splendid work. Praise is also due to them for the way they sell literature. Despres especially distinguishing himself in this direction. May the fruit of their work be widespread.

After this I think it would be a good thing for those in London to really try and show that they are not dead yet.

J. MULLER.

FREEDOM, FROM 1891 TO 1898 (INCLUSIVE),

(IN RED COVER WITH BLACK LETTERING, WHICH MAY BE HAD SEPARATELY)
BOUND IN ONE VOLUME TO MATCH COMMONWEAL

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A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

Monthly, One Penny; post free, 1½d.; U.S.A., 3 Cents; France, 15 Centimes.

Annual Subscription, post free, 1s. 6d.; U.S.A., 36 Cents; France, 1fr. 80c.
Foreign subscriptions should be sent by International Money Order,
payable to C. M. Wilson.

Wholesale Price, 1s. 4d. per quire of 27, carriage free to all parts.

All communications, exchanges, &c., for "FREEDOM" to be addressed to

THE MANAGER, 127 Ossulston Street, N.W.

The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles.

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NOTES.

FAREWELL TO "NUNQUAM."

Some men deceive others: some only deceive themselves.

"Nunquam" has deceived himself for years and years. He has preached Socialism; he has professed all the humanities; he has stood up for the rights of labour, for human solidarity, for the brotherhood of man. And he has believed, honestly of course, that all this is compatible with patriotism, imperialism, jingoism and the reign of "Her Majesty, Queen Victoria."

"I am English," he exclaims, "and I regard all those who have taken arms against England as enemies to be fought and beaten." Well, we too are English, and we cry shame on "Nunquam," shame on the low, brutal, pothouse spirit that degrades men below the level of the prize ring. But "Nunquam" knows better than the ignorant victims of the yellow press what is at the back of this war-spirit: he knows, however blinded he may be by the worship of his idol, "Tommy Atkins," that the enemies not only of England but of humanity the world over have planned this war to gratify their vile lust for wealth and power. He knows too that Tommy Atkins, to speak plainly, is only the hired tool of the State, fighting as blindly, as mechanically as the machine guns he handles, not for an ideal, not even from feelings of personal enmity, but for his miserable shilling a day, poor fool that he is. The causes that lead him to sell himself are as well known to "Nunquam" as to us. He is the victim of the very system he fights to uphold, and it did not need the pen of "Nunquam" above all to fan the flame of his blind and stupid passions.

But listen again to the author of "Merrie England": "My daughter has orders to play 'Rule Britannia' every night while the war lasts."

Poor little Miss "Nunquam"! And is this thy fate at the hands of a father with Socialistic ideals! We fear there is a sad disillusionment for you when in your maturity you understand what "Rule Britannia" really meant at the end of the nineteenth century. Well, at this point on the road, we leave "Nunquam" to meditate on the self-deception which led him to consider himself a Socialist. The Jingo god has claimed him for its own; and above justice, above progress, above humanity he exalts the ravaging, devastating spectre of militarism.

It may be that he will care nothing for what we say; but we feel it our duty to protest. We leave him with a regret which is only increased by the knowledge that he is standing in line with the arch-knaves Chamberlain and Rhodes, and their crew.

"Nunquam" has not only destroyed his Socialist reputation at a blow, but the virus of militarism has sent him mad; at least, this seems to us the only charitable explanation of his brutal and disgusting ravings in the *Clarion* of November 5th.

He threatens the readers of the *Clarion* with a summary of the war news, because the poor lunatic fears they may not get enough of it in the unspeakable press that has been bought with the gold of Beit and Eckstein and Rhodes.

Let him leave the *Clarion* before he pollutes it any further. Let him find a more congenial sphere, which must be far away from the *Clarion* office. There are good men on that journal who still love justice and humanity; and in their hands the stain of "Nunquam's" folly would soon be wiped out and its fair fame be restored.

DAVITT'S POSITION.

Michael Davitt's resignation is another reminder to the supporters of political action that their hopes of ameliorating the evils of present conditions by their efforts in the House of Commons are doomed to disappointment.

Davitt, unhappily, has no sympathy with Anarchism; nor would he, we fear, be logical enough to admit his action to be in an Anarchist direction. All the same, that is the position he is in; and in reminding us that nothing can be accomplished in the House of Commons without force he is practically giving away the whole position of those who are seeking a peaceful solution of the social problems through the medium of the ballot box.

Will Michael Davitt tell his countrymen and all whom it may concern what is to be done when the House of Commons proves a broken reed? Why talk of purifying the Irish political party when he knows that even if they could all keep honest and clean their efforts would be absolutely fruitless? Has he not had to resign parliamentary life himself, in order, as he tells us, to speak his mind freely and to act? That is the lesson for parliamentary Socialists to learn.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

We see that Dr. Clifford has made in unqualified terms the perfectly true statement: that the erection of model dwellings by the County Council and the Peabody Trust has only increased the hardships of the very poor in this direction. This fact ought to be perfectly evident to everybody who knows anything at all of the life-conditions of the poorest class of workers. Still it is as well to have the testimony of Dr. Clifford, for we believe he had strong hopes of the County Council doing good in this direction, and now he sees that the only people benefited by the Council's action are the ground landlords. Meanwhile those who have moved out to suburban districts are having their lives made additionally wretched by the terrible rushing and crowding which train or tram journey involves morning and evening. The sight at Liverpool Street terminus at these times makes one wonder how the human organism can endure the day's toil with all this wear and tear thrown in.

Why do not the co-operators try their hands at establishing some self-supporting co-operative colonies in the deserted villages that can be found within easy reach of most large towns? This would be a good step in the direction of decentralisation.

GOOD GOVERNMENT FOR BOERS.

A comrade has sent us some remarks on the present war with the Transvaal, wherein he justly ridicules the notion that Chamberlain and Co. are anxious to establish good government in that unfortunate little State. If, he asks, there ever existed a government that wanted to do good at home would it not find its hands full if it confined its attention only to London with its 60,000 families living in one room, its 100,000 prostitutes and its paupers and unemployed?

Never was so much sophistry and hypocrisy made plain at the cost of so much bloodshed and suffering. These traitors to humanity will have their day of reckoning.

The *Letter of a Suicide*, which appeared in our last issue was from the Yiddish of David Edelstadt, and was specially translated for *Freedom* by Nellie Kauffmann. This of course should have been stated in our last.

ORGANISATION AND FREE INITIATIVE.

Mention was made last month of the Italian Groups of New York and neighbouring States having discussed to some purpose the subjects of Organisation and Free Initiative. It is interesting to learn that at the final meeting the division was something as follows: for Organisation 80—for Free Initiative 3. Comment is superfluous. The Continental comrades and now their brothers in America, are, it would seem, reaching the conclusion, that where the workers are concerned, organisation is becoming a necessity if any show of front or attitude of strength is to be maintained against the strongly organised forces of Authority and Capital. Jean Grave speaks clearly on the matter in an article recently appearing in these pages, and Malatesta, who temporarily assumes the editorship of the new series of *La Questione Sociale*, holds with comrade Grave and the eighty.

A "REMOVAL."

It is curious to find one of the leading dailies of this highly respectable empire and city, commenting thus upon a "political murder," which, had it been committed anywhere else, or at the hand or instigation of Anarchists, would have had the thunders of the press and of the law levelled at it:

"The murder in Constantinople of Djavid Bey in itself is no more remarkable than the murder of Terriss in the streets of London, the assassination of Señor Sagasta and Señor Canovas del Castillo in Madrid, or the Empress of Austria at Geneva, or a dozen other such incidents that one might mention. As the Duke of Wellington said on the murder of Mr. Percival in the lobby of the House of Commons: 'It must be regarded rather as a private than as a public calamity.' The Ottoman Empire will probably be none the worse for the removal of a

few more such parasites who feed on the public purse and do nothing for the good of the country in return."

If the latter sentence had appeared in the columns of an Anarchist paper, it would of course have been called a direct incitement to murder. Because it is said by the correspondent of a jingo paper owned by a Jew capitalist, it is considered commendable.

But of course, Turkey is the only nation that produces official parasites who feed upon the public purse and do nothing for the good of the people in return. There are no parasites here, or in Russia or Spain or Italy or Servia. Poor dear Turkey! What a boon to have a whole nation for a "Whipping Boy"!

WAR.

If new proof were wanted to show that wars, at the present time, are waged exclusively in the interest of capitalists, a better proof could not be given than the war which the British now wage against the Boers.

What quarrel has the British nation against the Dutch settlers in Africa? None whatever! The so-called "patriots"—who are as bad, by the way, as the French "patriots" whom we have seen lately at work in the Dreyfus affair—have told us, of course, that in waging a war against the Boers, they are promoting the interests of civilisation.—It is a lie. And they themselves know that it is a lie. The Boers have ill-treated the Black population of Africa? Undoubtedly so. But—did the British treat the Blacks any better?

The whole history of the conquest of the Black Continent by all Europeans without exception—British included—is a history of murder, poisoning, extermination, deceit, slave-buying and slave-making,—so much so that Africa may be described as a true school of barbarism, under all its possible aspects, for all European nations. It was so, and still is for the English, the French, the Germans, the Italians the Dutch. So much so that even when working men of advanced opinion have gone to settle in Africa many of them have become there as complete brutes as any one of the capitalists, in their relations towards the natives. We will never forget the fury with which Malatesta, on his return from Egypt, told us of the treatment he saw inflicted there by Italian workingmen—more or less Socialist at home—upon Egyptian fellaheen.

Leaving aside invidious cases, leaving aside the letters which were written by English adventurers during the Matabele uprising, and which have been circulated then in the Press—leaving aside such brutes as Stanley or Peters—what did the English do, as a nation, with the sanction of Parliament, in Matabele Land?

Take, for instance the work of Mr. Selous—a man inspired by no party hatred, a hunter, who even will find *excuses* for the British policy; and you will simply be ashamed of belonging to the British nation. England, which likes so much to pose as a bearer of civilisation, has introduced in Matabele Land that very same serfdom which we, thirty years ago, considered as a blot upon civilisation in Russia and Turkey. By law,—by Imperial law if you please,—every Matabele is *bound* to work three days in the week for every British farmer who will want to employ him on his farm for a salary which he himself will settle. The Matabele is now, by law, a *serf*, bound to work three days a week for the British settler. As to the pillage of the Negroes' cattle, it was simply taken by the British—not only during their military expeditions, but again in virtue of a law, an Imperial law, passed in all calm at home, a law which ordered merely and simply the seizure, the appropriation—that is, the robbery—of three-fourths of all the cattle of the natives.

The horrors which British and Dutch settlers have committed upon the Blacks in the Cape Colony at the beginning of this century were revolting. But these were accomplished by individual settlers; while now the policy of the *British Empire, sanctioned by Parliament*, is a policy of undisguised robbery, of serfdom, of enslavement. To this policy of enslavement, robbery, filibustering expeditions—of Imperialism in a word—the British nation has given its full sanction at the last elections. And the English Social Democrats have their full share of responsibility for that policy.

When we saw the Conservatives and the Unionists coming in a crushing majority to Parliament at the last elections; when we saw that triumph of Land-grabbing, Capitalism, Priesthood and Imperialism,—we foretold in these pages that the unavoidable result of that victory would be—War. And since that time the British nation has continually lived under the menace of a war. War was very nearly breaking out for the Venezuelan goldmines, and it was only when it was ascertained that England cannot live as much as a few months without importing American wheat, that the provoking tone of the notes written by Salisbury's Cabinet was changed for one of humility towards the United States. War with Germany, and another with France were again on the point of breaking out; and war with Russia for the wildernesses of Manchuria was only conjured by a formidable effort. Twice, in the course of these few years the navy has already been mobilised, and—who knows if this time the mobilisation will not end in real war.

For ten years the present rulers of Britain have made all their power to stimulate the warlike spirit of the overfed middle-classes. In ten years the most vituperative language has been used—by Conservative, Unionists, and their motley tails against those intelligent men of Britain who understood that Ireland must have Home Rule, that the Dutch in Africa are a rising nationality, that Crete must go to Greece, and that the country has everything to reform at home instead of waging wars all over the world. And the unavoidable, the necessary result of all that campaign, as well as of the protracted war into which the

Conservative-Unionists have now embarked the country, will be—fatally—the creation of a standing army capable of crushing the British workingmen the moment they revolt against the land and money grabbers.

This is where we are going to be landed next. For all this talk about the splendid effects of dum-dum bullets and Lyddite shells the British nation will have to pay—with the blood of her own workingmen. The beast is already well awake in a certain class of British Society, and when there will be no more Boers to blow up—they will look for enemies at home, in the slums of their own big cities.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of FREEDOM.

How solve the social question?

How shall we attain the object at which we aim: food and other necessities of life, well-being for all, and also liberty and security for all?

We want to reclaim all things, which influence the conditions of our existence, from the hands of the capitalist; we do not agree that everything should be the property of those who claim to have given money for it. In short, we desire that the rule of the money-bag shall cease.

Towards this end the workers must direct their efforts. And I do not believe that we can vanquish the State before we have abolished the use of money. The abolition of money we must have before us as a goal—not as an idea which may be realised some day or other, we do not know when; but as something that *we* will realise. On this we must all set our hopes: those who are in distress, those who have many children and are exhausted by the toil necessary for their support, those who fear to be without the means of subsistence in their old age, those who cannot get a livelihood because they have not learned any craft, those who are exiled for their opinions, all widows and unmarried women who have children with whom they must share their poverty year in year out, all the criminals and all the prostitutes. And then we shall have set our hope on something that will not fail us.

As long as money is power, the State—our great oppressor—remains an unshaken wall. But the police and the officials do their work, not because they think it right, but because they want the food, clothes, etc., that may be obtained with the wages of a policeman or an official. The juryman do not find verdicts because they think it right to do so, but because they dare not omit to come when they are summoned by the forms of the law, and they are mostly unwilling. Therefore, if we can offer all people all articles without demanding money, the State will dissolve like a strong fortress of ice in warm weather.—The functions of the State will then cease, and it will disappear.

And can the workers establish a condition of things wherein everything shall be free to all without money-payment? Yes. The workers work now for money; and as long as they demand wages, money is needed to carry on production. But if the workers cease to take money for their work the only excuse for the capitalist to take money for the wares produced has vanished. The workers ought to prepare to say to the employers one Saturday: "We do not care about money; retain it yourself." When the workers have said that, the employers have no longer any right to take money for the produced articles—they are not paid for. But the goods are made for the use of the public, so the public should be able to get them without money being demanded. We ought then to supply all orders, both new and old, whether these are directed to the workers or to the former employers or to the respective offices. Nobody will feel inclined to pay when the workers have not been paid. In all shops the salesmen and saleswomen should cease to take money of the public, as they themselves cease to demand money for their work, and the public cease to pay.

Towards this we ought to direct our agitation in meetings, in the press, in trades unions, in co-operative societies, public and private. It is evident that the co-operative movement will be of great importance. The consuming public can without opposition let the goods in the warehouses of the co-operative societies go out without demanding money; this will strengthen people who are afraid of ceasing to demand wages for fear of temporary need. When they really get food and clothes without paying money they will perceive that there is no danger. Therefore, the spread of co-operation is of importance to the attainment of FREE ACCESS; and everyone who desires this latter ought to take part in the co-operative movement.

H—n.

Solidarity.

In the July *Freedom*, Kelly tells us that we are lacking in solidarity and suggests a Christmas national conference as a corrective. Whatever tends to bring men together, to induce them to enter into closer relationships, is a good thing; but these congresses are poor helps. Most usually they tend to create division—and division is an accursed thing.

I do not know whether I shall make the point clear, but I would say that association for the purpose of *talking about* doing work is a hindrance to good fellowship and in no way to be compared with association for *doing* direct immediate work.

Solidarity is an attribute of the *worker*, not of the *talker*. The times when solidarity has been most in evidence in the movement have been those times when the most active propaganda was going on. When men are doing immediate work for a just and noble cause their hearts are involuntarily drawn to one another. When the propaganda slackens the solidarity dies.

If a fund is to be raised to which we shall all subscribe I would suggest that it be a fund for promoting direct propaganda. A series of big public meetings during the early part of next year will unite the forces of Anarchism and raise a solidarity which will gladden Kelly's heart.

THOMAS REECE.

Is the State the Enemy?

A correspondent in the October "*Freedom*" artfully endeavours to draw me into a discussion over the merits of certain phraseology adopted in my "Comment on a Commentator." A "barge" as we in Yorkshire term a

wordy warfare, has its virtues; but it has also a peculiar fascination that oft leads humble mortals away from the main point at issue, i.e., the Truth. So I'm not having any!

On the other hand, one feels moved to consider the question of whether man is quite as bad when left alone as he is when under the control of the State. There is a common misconception that occurs to my mind and that is the notion that man being descended from that—what's his name?—oh, *pithecanthropus erectus*, (the name is enough to condemn him) is animal, and of course, bad. Being bad and animal, he invented the State, and other things like, I suppose, wars of conquest and Stock Exchanges and so on. This position is the one held by politicians and reformers as they come around and try to cajole one into trying the policy of "step by step." "Yes," say they, "man is bad; he is not quite so bad as when he had that peculiar name, but he is still so very bad that he needs the paternal care of the State; he must be governed, his anti-social traits must be vigorously suppressed, he must be thoroughly de-animalised and disciplined, so that some day in the far-off millennium he will be able to do the square thing." And, generally, if chatting with Anarchists, these gentlemen will conclude with homilies on the position of the parent to the child, a consideration that we will, however, dispense with here.

There has been too much cant talked about "animal derivation." Mundane existence could be very enjoyable, so one hopes that we shall continue to be animals. There is nothing in the term to be ashamed of, and in fact if we in society at present had a little more of the animal trait about us it would be a very desirable addition to an otherwise scanty social sense. As I sit here and write, I just observe a flight of crows speeding toward their home in yon' wood. They don't live on one another—they are *too* animal. Watch their flight and see the bird apex always changing; how the younger and weaker birds are always shielded by the stronger. These are animals, social animals; and the main characteristic of social animals is mutual aid. Well, now, man's ancestor, the erect ape, was a social animal; and if it had not developed mutual aid to a greater degree than other animals surrounding it, it would not have been so successful in the struggle for existence.

Having come so far, we will not surely be ashamed of the animal origin of man, but will recognise that the traits common to man and other social animals are traits worthy of attention even in the nineteenth century.

So we come to this, that man—being social—is good, innately good; because badness—that is, anti-social conduct—is inimical to his best interests. He is good, not because of its virtue in the abstract, but because he can't help it; because it is as much a necessity of his nature as it was for his ancestor—the ape with the funny name—to grow hair on his body to protect him from the inclemency of the climate.

Now, then, what do we find to-day? All around us has sprung up an octopus-like organisation, the State; not the reflection of man's rottenness, but man's demoraliser. Its effect has been to kill all, or nearly all public spirit; and has, by rendering Justice an abstraction—immobile and unfitted for the needs of a progressive people—created the idea that we must look to the letter of the law rather than to social needs. A fungus upon society, it has sucked from it its inherent traits, usurped social sense, left man backboneless and automatic, because those functions he should and *did* carry out himself have been hypocritically assumed by it.

Kropotkin, in *The State: Its History & Role*, has pointed out that the origin of the State in Europe is of recent date, the sixteenth century. Since then it has gradually acquired more and more power and has concentrated into its hands all those social functions that were fulfilled by the guilds and custom-law. Its origin was allied with the gradual perfecting of exploitation. It was perfectly natural that the feudal barons, merging into the industrial kings, should seek to encourage the growth of a "concentration of the functions of the life of society" which would mean that they would have—as the dominant class—the shaping of fixed laws and statutes, taking out of the hands of the free citizens the organisation of their own lives.

What was might has now become right; for does not the State declare so? So here stands man robbed of his active and intelligent participation in social life, borne down and degraded by the conditions of his labour,—caused by a property system, whose *raison d'être* is the State,—what wonder is it that he is back-boneless, hypocritical and slavish. The proof of his innate goodness, of his natural social character, is to be found in the fact that despite all that is against it, in spite of the intensely artificial nature of his life, he yet, when one touches the secret chords of his nature, acts and thinks socially and loves his fellows. This is because, despite his conditions, he must expand; it is the first condition of his life.

The State represents all the artificiality that there is in society, it represents all that would keep man from expressing the full beauties of his nature, so that the cry "Down with the State; the State is the enemy!" is an expression of that Anarchist spirit which declares that man free from conventional trammels, is man good—because social; noble—because self-reliant; progressing always toward the infinite ideal.

W. M.

THE INTERNATIONAL, ITS PRECURSORS, AND ANARCHISM.

VII. (continued from No. 139).

Working Class Movement and Chartism (1832-1848).

The English Socialists, especially Robert Owen, took an active part in the parliamentary agitations of 1802, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1832, 1834, 1836. In 1815 they organised the *Ten-Hour Labor Day* Committee; and, after the moderates had included a Ten-Hour Working Day in their political programmes in 1832, they organised during their great agitation a committee for obtaining an *Eight Hour Day* with a minimum wage. In order to arouse the power of initiative amongst workers, they inaugurated the movement for co-operative production and distribution, which to-day embraces more than a million producers with an annual turnover of £4,000,000 by productive societies and £41,000,000 by distributive societies.

In 1831 they organised, at Birmingham, the "People's House" (Maison du Peuple) with its library, school and popular lectures; the following year they established the Socialist labor exchange under the name of the National Equitable Exchange of Labor. Lloyd Jones² has reproduced an engraving of their labor note. It is the labor note (bon

de travail) of modern Collectivists as well as of Proudhon's "People's Bank." This note of the Birmingham branch, established in 1833, had the value of one hour's work. It bears the signatures of Robert Owen (governor), Woolfield (director).

But it is their organisations for propaganda and popular action which, more than all else, astonish the whole of the historians who have specially dealt with this period (Booth, Kirkup, Gibbins, Webb, Lloyd, Holyoak, Brentano). In 1833 when they founded a federation of all their local organisations under the name of the General Union of the Productive Classes, it comprised more than 500,000 members. Amongst the societies belonging to this Federation, we notice The Laborers' Union, The Harvesters' Union, Agricultural Laborers' Union (one sees these fine fellows were not scientific and did not separate the village from the town). Neither were women's Union's lacking in their Federation: Women Gardeners, Women's Mixed Union, Seamstresses' Lodge, Lodge of the Women of Great Britain and Ireland, Ancient Virgins. This last society distinguished itself by its activity during the Oldham riots in 1834.

Just about this time trade unionism developed rapidly. That this movement felt the influence of the Socialist propaganda we find evidence in Spencer Walpole, the historian and Home Secretary, who says that "the workers of this period were Socialists and Chartists." We find further and still more important evidence of this in the fact that the first Trade Union Congress, convened in 1833, was presided over by Robert Owen. The Social Democrats, themselves, are obliged to state that the second phase of the Chartist movement commenced toward 1830, and that its advanced elements were largely under the influence of Robert Owen. The organisation which played the most important rôle in the Chartist agitation, The General Union of the Productive Classes, was composed almost exclusively of Owenites.³

Such was the labor movement in England from 1830 to 1838. Such was the practical initiative and activity shown by the Socialist agitators of that day, and above all by Robert Owen—that true child of the people, that remarkable expression of the popular spirit.

It is easy to understand why his contemporaries admired him so much and why the great scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, wrote in 1896 to the London Congress: "As a boy I was a disciple and ardent admirer of Robert Owen. I now once more return to my first love, and am a firm advocate of the Co-operative Commonwealth as giving the best promise of human happiness." We can also understand how Holyoak, the historian of the co-operative movement, could say of him: "Death has admitted through his mysterious portals greater friend of the people," and how Colonel H. Clinton could say, "Of all who ever breathed the breath of life, Robert Owen was the man of largest heart, of head most wise." Indeed, this true child of the people labored with the quiet sagacity and good nature of the people, modest, simple and tender like all the true representatives of the popular spirit; and Shakespeare's passage on Brutus suits him admirably: "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Whilst rendering Robert Owen and these English Socialists the homage due to them, we are obliged to show that there existed in their ideas a striking hiatus on the rôle of the State exploiter and oppressor.

In the society of the future, according to them, the State must disappear; Humanity having arrived at solidarity and Communism, living under the free agreements of autonomous communes. But how the State, this defender of all the abominations of capitalist society, shall be destroyed, giving place to a free life of comradeship—this is what they have not pointed out. Neither do we find amongst them any indication of methods and means for combating it. Pioneers of a new conception of social life, they consecrated all their energies to teaching that from the State and Parliament could only be gained *some partial ameliorations, some palliatives*; that the social emancipation of the working class must be based upon their economic emancipation and that the work of enfranchisement will only be accomplished by the workers themselves; for "thenceforward they alone will regulate human affairs—then become their own affairs" (see Chap. V., W. Thompson's quotation).

Whilst in full agreement with their principles, these English Socialists through the International, as we have seen (see chap. I.), elaborated a whole powerful system of trade unions, co-operative societies, strikes, etc., for the economic struggle, they have not left us on the other side, so far as I know, any indication of means for combating the State.

Nevertheless, they rebelled against State oppression. We have seen them at the head of the agitation against the Conspiracy Act and other political abominations. How was it these brave men, who repudiated the State for the future and combated its oppression, did not endeavor to destroy it as they tried to destroy economic exploitation?

The reply is quite simple. Against the State at this period were arrayed Republicans, Radicals and bourgeois, all adversaries of Socialism. It is true, these parties merely fought against this or that form of government, whilst glorifying the State and the principle of Authority. At the same time they rejected Socialism, declaring themselves against "Utopians" who wanted to overthrow all social order, destroy morality, marriage and other sacred institutions. The Jacobins in France, the Carbonari and Young Italy,⁴ Young Germany, Carlyle and many other sincere friends of the *political enfranchisement* of nations, condemned the Socialist agitation.

Except Blanqui and his intimate friends, all revolutionists before 1840 treated Socialists as dreamers, as moderates. The Socialists on their side, up to 1845, believed the social question could be settled without a revolutionary struggle against the State. It is only towards 1840—45 that an evolution toward revolutionary action is observable among

Socialists. Some, like Louis Blanc and afterward Ferdinand Lassalle and Karl Marx, declared themselves for the conquest of political power in order to secure Socialist legislation, whilst others declared themselves enemies of the State and much later became active revolutionists, combating both economic exploitation and the State in all its functions and organs.

The first, the Social Democrats, still preach to-day peaceful and legal action. We others, Anarchists, on the contrary, are one with all revolutionists in their struggle against political oppression. We have borrowed from these English Socialists their ideal of Free Communism and their equally free trade organisations together with their economic struggle. We, like the Carbonari and Young Italy in their day, are alone amongst revolutionists the bugbear of the political reaction. As Free Communists we have also arrayed against us the implacable hatred of the bourgeoisie, whether Democratic, Republican or Social Democratic.

Later on we shall treat in detail this Revolutionary Socialist synthesis worked out by Anarchist Communists since the Paris Commune of 1871.

At the period of the great labor fermentation (1831—1838) Revolutionists and Socialists were still distinct. Whilst the latter agitated the working class in the name of economic and social reforms, the Radicals of all classes carried on an agitation in the name of Liberal and parliamentary political reforms. Their propaganda issued in the first Reform Bill (1832). But as in France, where the people were not slow in discovering that the glorious days of July only benefited the bourgeoisie, so in England one can show the same process of disillusionment. The originators succeeded towards 1838 in recommending the agitation. Some members of Parliament, some bourgeois Radicals, and the popular agitators, Hetherington, Cobbett, Cleaver, Lovett and others formulated the famous six points of the People's Charter. They demanded:

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|--------------------------------------|---|
| (1) Universal suffrage. ⁵ | (4) Vote by ballot. |
| (2) Annual parliaments. | (5) Equal electoral districts. |
| (3) Payment of members. | (6) Abolition of property-qualification for candidates. |

As one sees, this Charter was mean enough from the Socialist point of view; being purely parliamentary. These demands—less than moderate—surprise us. The Socialists of that day found in such a program the very forgetfulness of Socialism.

But the agitation became general and the Socialist workers, as I have said, joined it *en masse*, giving the movement a far wider character than its promoters would have wished. We find in an address by one of the most popular champions of the movement, the Methodist preacher Stephens, proof that the people were even then stirred by their secular demands—that is to say, their claims for social equity. "Chartism, my friends," he said at a great workers' meeting in Manchester, "is no political movement where the main point is your getting the ballot! Chartism is a knife and fork question. The Charter means a good house, good food and drink, prosperity and short working hours."

This declaration, which well reflects the Socialist influence, was in direct contradiction to the views of the political leaders.

There existed a kind of distrust between the masses and their leaders. Even in 1848 when the popular agitation reached its culminating point, when, on April 11, the great petition was to have been carried by an enormous procession and presented to Parliament, this distrust contributed considerably to the complete failure of the movement. The number of signatures, as well as of those attending the demonstration, was much less than in 1834 at the time of the demonstration against the condemnation of the Dorchester laborers.

Truly Chartism, from the point of view of immediate results, was an abortive movement. The political chiefs were neither revolutionists nor representative of the real demands of the people, and they led the movement into a deadlock. Still, its indirect influence on the whole intellectual, moral and social life of England was immense. The workers learned their emancipation, as the Owenists had repeated for a couple of decades, must be "essentially their own affair" and distinct from politics. From thence arises the trade union distrust of politicians; from thence their distrust of Social Democracy and the ridiculous progress this party makes in England.⁶

If this abortion, Chartism, awoke amongst the people the same sentiment that the bloody days of June did in France, on the other hand in the intellectual field it provoked amongst the friends of progress a literary movement full of sympathy for the disinherited. The poems of Thomas Hood, the novels of Charles Dickens—particularly *Hard Times* and *Bleak House*—pleaded in touching and passionate language the cause of the people. Not less impassioned were the sermons of the learned theologian and reformer, Charles Kingsley,⁷ who says in one of his discourses:

"All social systems favorable to the accumulation of capital in the few; which hunt the people from the soil possessed by their ancestors; which reduce the producers to the state of serfs and day laborers living

on wages and charity; which make of him a degraded slave deprived of all wellbeing. All such systems are contrary to the Kingdom of God proclaimed by the Christ. . . . Laws and constitutions do not come from God if they tolerate such things; they are accursed and must perish, taking with them and destroying as much of these things as possible. —Indeed, they are going to perish in their own corruption."

Still more energetic, if possible, in his revilings against the capitalist order was the great historian, Thomas Carlyle⁸—this strange prophet of modern times who would save humanity by supernatural leaders and by "hero-worship." He covered with sarcasm the reforming ministers "empty as the east wind" and parliament which he terms a National Palaver. His style becomes truly pathetic when he speaks of the misery of the people:

"There are scenes of woe, of degradation, of desolation on the like of which the sun has never shone in the most barbarous regions inhabited by man. Liberty, men say, is divine. But the liberty to die of hunger is not divine; quite otherwise."

This literary movement aroused a liberal emancipating spirit in English life which moulded men like William Morris, the poet, publicist and Socialist agitator, who sung of wellbeing for all, of really free Communism.

W. TCHERKESOV.

[The above quotations from Kingsley and Carlyle, being *re-translated* from the French, are not verbatim.]

FREEDOM and SLAVERY.

Freedom, that is the right to think and act for oneself, without the interference of others, is the great stimulus of progress. It is in point of fact, the only condition in which humanity can attain the higher spheres of development, which all thinkers desire to see realised. To be free to use the wealth created by the present and anterior generations of man for each person's individual welfare and comfort, and also to enable us to extend our productive powers, and seek out fresh marvels: not for the benefit of the few, but for that of the whole of humanity. These conditions are attainable, because they are based on justice and reason, therefore in the end they must triumph.

But a large majority of people think it desirable to leave the propagation of the principles of justice and equity in the hands of the intelligent minority, that small band who, in the history of human progress, have contributed so much to the welfare of mankind. Therefore mankind has to suffer from misery and oppression through the prevalence of ignorance, and because the untruths used by those in power, notwithstanding man's mental development, still serve in the nineteenth century to fetter his intelligence. Although he may desire Freedom and Justice yet he fails to realise their practicability. He fears that humanity is not fit to be trusted, and that it is desirable that it should be divided into two hostile factions, the oppressors and their victims, to be continually wasting their lives in bitter conflicts.

So much for the lies which our children's minds have been impregnated with by our masters and their cringing satellites. The teaching of respect and obedience to Wealth and Power, makes the unjust hand of reaction all the more certain in its base desires. The rich do not like truth, it is an unpleasant element to them, for by its growth their position becomes uncertain. They claim the right, which they have held for ages, to dominate mankind and to monopolise the wealth, created by the industry of the workman, leaving him the barest necessities.

But the monstrous position these wielders of power occupy in the world is becoming more and more unstable, for like all superstitions, that concerning the subjection of man, will not stand criticism. The brilliant rays of truth break asunder the chains of oppression. It matters not what they represent themselves to be, even if politicians, we know that self-aggrandisement is in the end their chief desire, if that is not the case why do they seek a position of power? Even the politician in embryo, if honest, soon becomes dishonest through the action of corrupt institutions and other evil influences. Man is not fit to be trusted with power. Not even if it were possible for him to gain the realms of perfection. He is so apt to view those under his subjection, as it were from a pedestal, regarding them as the "common herd". What right has any individual to control or direct others? It cannot be urged that rulers possess any wisdom, except that of maintaining and strengthening their own position and that of their class of parasites, or that they know the needs of each individual in a community better than the individuals themselves. They may pretend to. Each individual understands his needs better himself; what he likes or dislikes. Human development is only possible when all the various needs are satisfied; that is a natural law, not one written on parchment.

This spirit of domination is the nucleus from which springs all human woes, and co-existent with it there is also the desire for appropriation. Under such conditions to talk of Freedom is sheer nonsense, for it does not exist. Man is not free when his will is subordinate to wealth and power. He is a slave; because he is forced to yield the major portion of what he produces into the hands of idlers, and because he has little or no power as regards his destiny. He is the victim of those who impose their ideas and whims on other people. In recent years the privileged have been compelled in some respects to relax their oppression. Opinions can be more openly expressed than hitherto, and the press is not under the influence of such restraint as formerly, but there is plenty of scope for improvement. With these things in mind some persons erroneously assume that freedom exists; this is a fallacy, for it is merely a matter of licence; you are permitted to do certain things because the growth of new ideas has been too formidable for the

¹ Disgusted with politics from this time, he ceded his place on the Parliamentary Commission to Ostler. Robert Owen had very little inclination for politics and its honors.

² In his work: *Lifetime and Labor of Robert Owen*.

³ E. Marx Aveling, *Working Class Movement in England*, London, 1896, p. 28.

⁴ The noble and heroic Mazzini, the soul of this movement, ended by attacking Socialism and the International. See *The Political Theology of Mazzini*, by M. Bakunin.

⁵ It is interesting to note the parallel between events in France and England. The agitation for universal suffrage and social reform commenced in France about 1838—39.

⁶ After working 16 years their candidate, the editor of *Justice*, their sole journal, only obtained 200 votes at the last elections at Reading.

⁷ The author of *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and other Socialist novels.

⁸ *Chartism*, 1840; *Past and Present*, 1843.

oppressive element. But never forget this element remains. The privileged if occasion arises can always forge fresh chains; in a word, if a dog has been allowed a long chain it can always be shortened.

Thus it is clear that man is a slave both mentally and physically, because he clings to ancient myths and dogmas which suppress his intelligence, and also because his will is subordinate to the power of others. He shrinks from enquiring into matters concerning his own welfare and that of his community, preferring to leave his destiny in the hands of cunning rascals, who are only too glad to profit by his ignorance and credulity. What of those who by the use of political power desire to bring about a greater equalisation of the wealth? Needless to say they have been nothing but failures. Politics merely deal with side issues, without touching the social diseases themselves. They are opposed to reason because they attempt to deal with effects without considering the causes which make misery possible. The Socialist of today has been the partisan of reaction on the morrow, after he has gained office. As a ruler he seeks now to stifle the spirit of discontent and by the artful devices of government to manufacture some petty enactment, which only serves to create worthless expectations in the minds of the struggling poor and nourishes the spirit of dependence on others. Better conditions can only be brought about by the workers themselves. It is the lack of initiative and the apathetic demeanour of the workers which the spirit of domination fosters, that gives such scope to cunning tricksters of all shades. There are Socialists who while condemning the privileged classes of today, wish to bring about their abolition, and then create another in their place. With such illogical ideas we have no sympathy. The State, whatever forms it may adopt, must always be an oppressive instrument; and should the State idea ever gain the ascendancy how formidable that oppression might become. Life under the regime of the law-burdened State, invested with such power would be intolerable. The new legislators and their cringing satellites would form the nucleus of a new privileged class who, being invested with power, would utilise it to their own advantage. The workers would be mere machines, whose will power would be subordinate to that of gangs of bigoted and jealous officials. Everything would be stereotyped and reduced to a dull level. The same groove would be made to suffice for one and all, there would be no opportunity for the development of the various individualities.

There is only one principle of liberty and truth, that is allowing the individual fullest scope for the development of all his faculties: the liberty of each bounded by a respect for the liberty of all. We believe the State idea is a snare and a delusion: if the State did improve the economical condition of the worker, it cannot respect his liberty; for government and liberty are incompatible. It behoves the workers to take no heed of those rulers in embryo, who are always making vain and absurd promises which they do not intend in many cases to carry out, for true progress is only possible where the fullest liberty of the individual is recognised.

R. C. M.

Acknowledgements Crowded Out. Full list next month.

ATTENTION!

DEAR COMRADES,

Since it became known that Emma Goldman was going abroad she has been requested by a number of comrades to visit their respective cities and lecture to them before leaving the United States. She has accepted a number of these invitations, and this will delay her departure for some weeks. She will not arrive here until early in November; but I trust that comrades in the provinces who have expressed a desire for her to visit them will not discontinue their preparations or grow anxious because they have not heard from me. They will do so in due course; and, in the meantime, I should like very much to hear from Leicester, Sheffield and Nottingham.

Our comrade is just finishing a most successful eight months tour in the United States, doing glorious work for the cause of freedom. She sends greetings to all comrades.

The following is a list of lectures that she is prepared to deliver, leaving it to the judgment of the comrades to select which they please:

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. <i>The Aim of Humanity.</i> | IX. <i>America: the land of the Free and the home of the Brave.</i> |
| II. <i>Religion.</i> | X. <i>Politics: their corrupting influence on Man.</i> |
| III. <i>Patriotism.</i> | XI. <i>Strikes and their effect on the American Worker.</i> |
| IV. <i>The Basis of Morality.</i> | XII. <i>Marriage.</i> |
| V. <i>A Criticism of Ethics.</i> | XIII. <i>The New Woman.</i> |
| VI. <i>The Origin of Evil.</i> | XIV. <i>Sex Problems.</i> |
| VII. <i>Authority versus Liberty.</i> | |
| VIII. <i>Why I am an Anarchist Communist.</i> | |

H. KELLY, *Freedom* office,
127 Ossulston St. London, N.W.

REPORTS.

LIVERPOOL.

In spite of the late inclement weather we manage to keep up a vigorous outdoor propaganda; and the old red flag still proudly floats from the Column. Comrades Despres, O'Shea and Kavanagh have been very energetic in their

denunciation of the policy of Chamberlain, Rhodes and Co., and have roused the patriotic ire of the local jingoes. On the whole, the meetings have been somewhat noisy, and at times rather hostile with a little of the Trafalgar Square element. One member of the audience—shocked and horrified at the "treasonable" utterances of a comrade, gave vent to his wounded feelings by jumping on the plinth and howling the National Anthem, which rather amused the crowd; but as no encore was forthcoming the minstrel sweetly opined that Despres was "a bloody Kaffir," and departed. We have another friend, attired in a frock coat and tall hat, who generally turns up at our meeting and calls for the immediate execution of the Honorable Joey; but apart from this, things seem to be improving and we have bright prospects for the future. At present, we are arranging to hold a Chicago Martyrs' commemoration, and doing our utmost to render it successful.

I would like to remind our comrades of the appeal in my last report for any old literature they may have to dispose of; will they kindly send it on as soon as possible. By so doing they will oblige us and greatly assist the propaganda in Liverpool.

M. ROCHE.

FREEDOM PAMPHLETS.

- No. 1. THE WAGE SYSTEM. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 2. THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 3. A TALK ABOUT ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM BETWEEN TWO WORKERS. BY E. MALATESTA. 1d.
No. 4. ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM: ITS BASIS AND PRINCIPLES. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 5. ANARCHY. BY E. MALATESTA. 1d.
No. 6. ANARCHIST MORALITY. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
No. 8. ANARCHISM AND OUTRAGE. BY C. M. WILSON ½d.
No. 10. ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL. 1d.
No. 11. THE STATE: ITS HISTORIC ROLE. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 2d.

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.

Other Pamphlets.

- LAW AND AUTHORITY. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 2d.
EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION. BY ELYSEE RECLUS. 1d.
AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.

The Chicago Martyrs: their speeches in Court. with Governor Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Schwab and Neebe. Demy octavo, 168 pages with group portrait and picture of the memorial in Waldheim Cemetery on good paper. Published by A. Isaak, 43 Sheridan Street, San Francisco, at 25 cents, or may be obtained of T. Cantwell, 127 Ossulston St., London, N.W., for one shilling. Cash must accompany all orders.

Our comrades announce that they intend to publish Jean Grave's famous book, *Société Mourant et l'Anarchie*, as translated by Voltairine de Cleyre, at the same price—1s. We shall have some for sale, and those who would like to read it can send us their orders.

- GOD AND THE STATE. BY MICHAEL BAKOUNINE. Price fourpence.
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.

- SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY. By GUSTAV LANDAUER. ½d.
MONOPOLY; OR, HOW LABOR IS ROBBED. 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*.

DIRECT ACTION VERSUS LEGISLATION, a new pamphlet by J. Blair Smith. Price one penny.



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"Free Society." An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism. 236 Clinton Pk., San Francisco, Cal. U.S.A.
Agent for *Free Society's* publications: T. CANTWELL, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N. W.

Printed and Published by J. TURNER, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N. W.