

Freedom

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ANARCHISTS AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By P. KROPOTKIN.

II.

We saw in our preceding article that, according to what Brissot wrote in that most interesting historical document—his pamphlet, *A ses Commettants* (To his Constituents)—if “order” had not been re-established in France, after the bourgeois Republic had been proclaimed in September, 1793, the fault lay with those who were then called “The Anarchists.”

Who are, then, these Anarchists of whom Brissot speaks so much and whose extermination he is so eagerly clamouring for?

They are not one of the political parties in Parliament. The National Convention contains a Right, the Montagne, the Girondins, the Plain or rather the Swamp (Marais), but no “Anarchists.” Danton, Marat, even Robespierre or some other Jacobin may sometimes march in line with the Anarchists; but the latter are outside of the Convention. They are—need it be said—above it: they dominate it.

They are the revolutionists all over France, devoted body and soul to the Revolution, understanding its necessity, loving it and working for it.

Many of them group themselves round the Commune of Paris, because it is still revolutionary; others frequent the Jacobin Club; a great number are in the Club of the Cordeliers; but their real place is the section,* and still more the street. They are in the galleries of the Convention directing therefrom its debates. Their means of action is the opinion of the people, not bourgeois “public opinion.” Their true weapon is insurrection. Through this weapon they control the deputies and the executive power: they make them move on.

When the occasion arises to strike a blow at the ancient institutions, to rouse the people, to march with it against the Tuileries, it is they who prepare the attack and march with the people.

When the revolutionary ardour of the people is spent, they re-enter the ranks, remain obscure and unknown, spreading their revolutionary ideas and spirit till a new occasion comes to strike a new blow. Only the venomous pamphlets of their enemies permit us to see the immense revolutionary work which they have done.

Their ideas are neat and decisive. “The Republic!”—Most certainly!—“Equality before the law?”—Agreed. But this is not all. By far not!

“The conquest of economic freedom by the use of political liberty as the bourgeois recommend them?” They know this to be impossible.

They want the thing itself. The land for all—which was then called the “Agrarian Law.” Economic equality—at that time called “the levelling of fortunes.”

Listen to Brissot:—

It is they (he says) who . . . divided society into two classes, the haves and the havenots—the *sansculottes* and the *propriétaires*, and who stirred up hatred between these classes.

Under the name of sections (he goes on to say) they never ceased to worry the Convention with petitions for fixing the maximum price of corn.

They send “emissaries who preach everywhere the war of the *sansculottes* against the possessing classes”; they advocate “the necessity of the levelling of fortunes.”

They brought about

that petition of ten thousand men who declared themselves in a state of insurrection—unless the price of corn was fixed, and who all over France provoked riots.

These were, then, their crimes. To divide the nation into the possessing and the non-possessing classes, to excite these classes against each other—to call for bread—bread for those who work, before all?

They were certainly good Anarchists. Who of the learned Socialists of the nineteenth century found better words than those of our ancestors of 1793: “bread for all”? More words, less action!

As to their ways of proceeding, this is how Brissot described them:—

The spreading of crime (he says) is caused by its impunity, and this impunity is secured by paralysing the courts of justice; the Anarchists protect this impunity, paralyse the law courts either by terror or by denunciations and accusations of aristocracy.

The Anarchists of Paris every day set the example of continuous attacks against property and personal security; and their emissaries, styled Commissioners of the Convention, preach everywhere this violation of the rights of man.

Yes, this is how people work during a revolution.

He mentions further “the perpetual declamations of the Anarchists against the owners of property and the merchants whom they describe as “monopolisers”; “the owners of wealth, who are continuously pointed out for the steel of the brigands”; “the hatred of the Anarchists against all public functionaries.” . . . “A man put in office,” he says, “instantly becomes odious to the Anarchist, he seems guilty.” And for good reason, we shall add, when we think what the functionaries did in those years.

But where Brissot gives himself away entirely is when he enumerates the virtues of “order.” This passage gives an insight of what the Girondist bourgeois would have given to the French people if the Anarchists had not pushed the revolution further onwards.

“Look at the departments,” he says, “which succeeded to fetter the fury of these ferocious men; take, for example, the Gironde department. There order never ceased to reign; the people was law-abiding, although the price of bread rose to ten sols (nominally fivepence, which meant much more than now). . . . It is because the advocates of the agrarian law were banished from this department (read: hanged); because the citizens closed that club where teachings (of such a character were delivered)—namely, the Jacobin Club. And so on.

This was written after the uprising of the 10th of August (which was the overthrow of Monarchy), when the blindest could not help seeing that if everywhere in France the people had been “law-abiding, although the price of bread rose to ten sols a pound,” a revolution would never have come, and the Monarchy, which Brissot claims to combat, would have lived—perhaps for another century, as in Russia.

The reading of Brissot makes one understand what the bourgeois of those days kept in store for France and what the Brissotists of our own time still keep in store for the people, wherever a revolution is going to break out.

“The disorders of the Eure, Orne and other departments,” Brissot says, “were caused by harangues against the rich, the monopolisers, by seditious speeches on the necessity of fixing, by armed force, the price of corn and all foodstuffs.”

Of Orleans, he has to tell: “This town enjoyed tranquility since the beginning of the Revolution, and though it was a centre for corn, public order was not disturbed when the want of corn created riots in other places. . . . This harmony between the poor and the rich did not agree with the principles of Anarchy” (certainly not!), “and then one of these men whom order exasperates, and who only looks out for disorder, came to disturb this happy concord by exciting the *sansculottes* against the possessing classes.”

Well done. But how can the bourgeois forgive the Anarchists of that time or of to-day for being the disturbers of that happy “concord between the rich and the poor?”

(Continued on next page).

* All Paris was then divided into sections which corresponded with the judiciary electoral districts, and were mere meetings of those of the voters who those to come together in order to support the revolutionary agitation.

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NOTES.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Spencer was the greatest philosopher of the nineteenth century. His numerous works make a library in themselves, a systematic survey of which *Freedom* will publish in its next issue. Now we pay only a short tribute to the glorious memory of the great thinker and honest and modest man.

As a philosopher, Spencer has vigorously shaken the foundation stone of the idea of God, of authority and of superstition on which the power and privileges of the rich oppressors are based. He proved clearly that there is no place in Nature and in its life and development for an imaginary God, invented by the ignorance of the primitive man. In politics he denounced the State as a pernicious establishment bequeathed to us by the barbarians, and strengthened by those idle and oppressing social classes living on the labour of the people.

It is quite natural that for those great ideas Spencer was hated by clergy of all denominations, by the nobility, by the landlords and capitalists, by all politicians and admirers of the State, including our friends the Social Democrats. But every free thinker and true friend of the intellectual, social and moral emancipation of mankind admires all the world over the wonderful works of the deceased philosopher. Every friend of progress and justice will pay his tribute of admiration to Spencer for his courageous condemnation of the barbarous, abominable war against the Boers, as well as for his last political utterance before his death, "Who has the right to oblige an Englishman to buy his bread where it is dearest?"

TURNER AND THE L.T.C.

At a time when the life and spirit of Trade Unionism is at such a low ebb, it is refreshing to note a revival of the old feelings of solidarity in the action of the London Trades Council in unanimously protesting against the action of the United States Government in the Turner case. Certainly any body of men claiming to be men, could scarcely do less for such an old and well-trying comrade lying in the grip of the enemy. But we hope they do not intend to go to sleep again after this one effort. For it is useless for them to close their eyes to the fact, spite of Quelch's disclaimer, that the Anarchists are in the forefront of the fighting line in the struggle for the emancipation of the workers.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

It is typical of the condition of England to-day that the leading liberal and progressive paper, the *Daily News*, should be so saturated with the maudlin "spirit of Christianity" that it becomes positively Pecksniffian in its unctuousness. For instance, a poor broken old workhouseman writes some childish verses about thanking god for all his mercies, &c., &c., and the *Daily News* gives them to the world, presumably, as exemplifying the true spirit that should possess us all. How sublime! Driven into the workhouse by the most infamous of all social systems—our masters, preaching progress above all, tell us to thank god for all his mercies! Well, what with god in the workhouse, the devil in the potteries, Harmsworth, Pearson & Co., in the press, and Chamberlain in politics, England has much to be thankful for. If she ever should emerge from her priest-bound stupidity—and there seems a doubt about it—she may wake to find the true cause of her miseries is neither god nor the devil, but the exploiter in all his manifold shapes and forms. What will the *Daily News* say then, poor thing?

Kropotkin's pamphlet, "The Coming Revival of Socialism," advertised in last month's *Freedom* will not be ready for some time.

(Continued from page 1).

"Anarchy, moreover," cries Brissot, "created the revolutionary power in the army!"

"Who may doubt still," he says, "of the fearful evil which struck our armies owing to this Anarchist doctrine which, under the disguise of the equality of rights, tend to establish a universal and EFFECTIVE equalisation? The latter being the scourge of Society.

This Anarchist doctrine which strives to level all, talent and ignorance, virtue and vice, offices, pageants, services."

Certainly the Brissotists will never forgive the Anarchists for this crime. An equality of rights, that may be threatened, provided it never becomes an equality in fact.

Hence Brissot never relents his wrath against those navvies of the Paris camp who once demanded that their salaries and those of the Deputies should be the same!! Think only of it! Brissot and a navy put on the same level! Not by right but in fact!! What scoundrels! Talk of this to the Brissotists of the next revolution!

But how, we may ask, did the Anarchists succeed in exercising such a great power, which enabled them to dominate even the terrible Convention? How could they dictate to her their decisions?

Brissot tells it in his pamphlet *A ses commettants*, and in another, *A tous les républicains de France, sur la société des Jacobins de Paris* (October, 1792). The galleries, he says, the people and the Commune of Paris dominate the situation; and they force the hands of the Convention, each time it has to adopt a revolutionary measure, like the abolition of the Monarchy, the execution of Louis XVI., or the restitution of the common lands to the village communities and the abolition of all feudal charges (the latter, by the way, could only be done after the elimination of the Girondists: whilst they remained in the Convention they bitterly opposed this "attack upon property," and prevented such a law being passed).

In its beginning, Brissot tells us, the Convention was "very reasonable." "The majority of it was pure, healthy, fond of principles, never turned their eyes from the law." All propositions tending to humiliate, to crush the "fomenters of disorder," were agreed to "nearly unanimously."

One may imagine from this the revolutionary exploits that could be expected from these gentlemen who had their eyes always turned towards the law—monarchic and feudal; fortunately, the Anarchists interfered. They understood—and this is their title to glory—that their place was not in the midst of these gentlemen, in the Convention—but in the street; that if ever they stepped inside the Convention, this should not be for negotiating with the Members of the Right and the (so-called) "toads of the Swamp," but to command, be it from the galleries, or, in still more important cases, by invading the floor of the Convention with the people.

In this way, by-and-by, "the brigands" (Brissot means the Anarchists) "raised their heads. From accused they became accusers, from silent spectators of our debates they became their arbiters."

"We are in a revolution," was their reply to this reproach. And so they were.

Well, our ancestors, the "Anarchists" of 1793, were, we must say, more far-seeing, and showed greater political wisdom than all those who then, and since then, assumed to govern France.

If the Revolution had ended by the triumph of the Brissotists, without abolishing the feudal system and without having restored the land to the Communes—where would we be to-day?

Hence honour and glory are due to those "fomenters of disorder," those "levellers of fortune," our forerunners!

(To be continued.)

THE CREEPING DARK.

By FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

In Paris, when you traverse the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois until you come to the Rue Sevigne, you will find upon the corner a building of agreeable architecture erected in the Sixteenth Century for a Breton family named Kernevalec. From 1677 until 1696 Madame de Sevigne lived in it. It belongs now to the City of Paris, and contains a collection illustrating the history of the city and of the Revolution.

In a room of the second floor, in a corner near a fire-place, there is the portrait of a man, painted in oil. Under this portrait, in a glass case, is a long double coil of rotten rope, connected at intervals by short sticks, and a clumsy, broken saw.

The portrait is the likeness of a Frenchman named Latude.

The rope and sticks are the remains of a ladder by which he made his escape from the Bastille.

The Bastille was a stupendous old castle built for Charles V. in the Fourteenth Century, and which was left standing when the boulevards were levelled in 1670. With its massive walls, ten feet in thickness, and its eight sombre towers, it rose just at the entrance of the city, and the cannon on its battlements commanded the adjoining suburbs of St. Antoine—the quarter occupied by the working classes.

Up to the 14th of July, 1789, when the revolutionists battered it to pieces and liberated everyone in it, that is to say, for a period of one hundred years and over, the Bastille was a favourite place in which

to put people and forget about them. Charles Dickens' wonderful story, *A Tale of Two Cities*, is founded on such an incident.

Latude escaped from the Bastille a few years before its destruction. He had spent thirty-six years in one of its dark, cold, vermin-infested dungeons, and had retained his reason. He went into his cell a young man, and came out, down this rope ladder, an old one.

He had harmed no human being and had committed no crime, but he had done something which in that day in France was worse than either.

He had referred slightly in public to a courtesan of Louis XV.

There were then commonly in use amiable little epistles called lettres-de-cachet. These were blank commitments to prison signed by the king. If the king were fond of you he would sign one of these blanks and give it to you, and when you came across a man who was not to your mind, you had only to write his name in the blank space provided and give the paper to the commanding officer of the Bastille.

He would do the rest. The prisoner would need to be charged with nothing, and he need not know why he was sent nor who sent him. He would never come to trial.

If he had influential friends, you could write a bogus name in the lettre-de-cachet, but be sure the officer got the right man. Then there would be no record to trace him by; he would just disappear.

Madame Pompadour made out a lettre-de-cachet for Latude when she heard he had spoken slightly of her. She did the same for many another man of whom the world will never know.

Madame Pompadour was the flower of a system of exploitation. She was neither better nor worse than her compeers. Opportunities were hers to have her will, and the public machinery had been so ordered that private malice might be served by it.

In the United States to-day the first step has been taken towards ordering the legal machinery of the nation for private ends in criminal procedure. This fact may not be generally recognised, but it is true.

In the middle of a peaceful and orderly meeting of American citizens in Murray Hill Lyceum, New York, Secret Service detectives of the United States, authorised by the Secretary of Commerce and Labour at Washington, arrested John Turner, an Englishman, chief organiser of the Retail Clerks Union of Great Britain and a member of the London Trades Council.

The detectives had no civil warrant; they had no authority other than that of the Department of Commerce and Labour.

The Department of Commerce and Labour has thus publicly demonstrated for the first time the reason for its establishment; it is to do the dirty work that no other department would sacrifice its dignity to. Its servants took Mr. Turner to Ellis Island, a Federal Government reservation, where a special "board of inquiry," whose proceedings were not made public, decided that he was an "Anarchist" and therefore subject to deportation under the Federal law.

Turner had made no incendiary utterances in this country; he had not, in the words of the law, "advocated the overthrow by force or violence" of any organised Government. It had simply been reported in advance of his coming to America that he had ideas of government differing from those commonly accepted.

Clearly and literally this man is arrested, tried by a secret court, and remanded to jail without bail by a United States Court, awaiting deportation, because he professes to have ideas differing from those of other people.

It is to this mean and vulgar level that plutocracy has dragged a once noble and dignified nation. A people once peerless in the Congress of the World now stoops to practices that in France made even a harlot infamous.

The Goddess of Liberty has been translated into a Pompadour. Her once chaste outlines have been degraded by public debauchery. She has been foully betrayed by those whom the people elevated into high places to guard her virtue, and the men who once walked proudly in the purity of her shadow hang their heads in honest shame.

Whom the gods destroy they first make mad.

You cannot fright the pest with border fortresses.

Social wrongs cannot be righted by killing individuals; and revolutions cannot be averted by deporting them. You cannot hit a thought with a shot-gun. Men who kill and men who suffer for Liberty are effects, not causes. They are the products of collective wrong-doing.

The same crime that Leon Czolgoz committed against William McKinley, the United States Government, administered in private interest, is now committing against John Turner. One crime is as futile as the other.

After using the American Government to enrich themselves and impoverish the people, a comparatively small number of men are now beginning to use this same Government to stifle criticism, as the Pompadour did.

Unless there soon comes to the flood, in United States politics, an influence which is not fatuously deceived by plutocratic wiles—an influence which has a principle for its guidance, unless that futile and vulgar ignorance which stands by in stupid apathy while the giant bulk of a great Government is used to bully a single defenceless man is soon dispelled, the American Republic will soon be distorted into a bawd compared to which the Pompadour was a Delphic Sibyl.

No matter who the man is who is accused, the beginning of these secret examinations in one case is the beginning of secret examinations

in other cases. A precedent once established, nothing is easier or more insidious than the spread of such evil practices.

The rapidly unintelligent law under which John Turner is suffering outrage and persecution is the prelude to the lettre-de-cachet. It is the first step in a progressive encroachment upon individual liberty of thought by centralised and irresponsible authority, and its ultimate logical consummation is the imprisonment or death of every man or woman who dares to challenge the outrages of organised wrong.

John Turner is the beginning.

The end will be Latude.—*The Worker* (New York).

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

United States.

The news from New York is encouraging from the propagandist point of view. Turner writes cheerfully from his cell in Ellis Island, and although expecting deportation eventually, is sanguine as to the good results for Anarchist propaganda arising from his arrest. The English press, as usual, take no notice of this important matter, and only the *Standard* reported the crowded and enthusiastic meeting held in Cooper Union Hall.

Progressive opinion in the United States is thoroughly aroused, and Anarchist principles are freely discussed and applauded at meetings, while in the press they are, as a rule, receiving fair treatment.

Turner has received several requests for articles on Anarchism, the first of which will appear in the *Independent Magazine*. Altogether Anarchist ideas are attracting more attention and are appearing more in their true light than (to quote Turner) "they would have done with ten years of hard propagandist work."

By the latest account we understand that the warrant for his arrest was signed two days before his lecture, so that it was not anything said on that occasion which led to the action of the American Government.

We have only space to mention that the mining strike in Colorado is assuming the proportions of a civil war. The troops are out, the miners are armed, but at present are losing ground through dallying with messages to Roosevelt! Gompers and other "leaders," we hear, are keeping a very respectable silence.

Buenos Ayres.

Comrade Creaghe sends a long and interesting letter from Buenos Ayres, from which we hope to print some extracts in our next issue. We can only say now that stirring times have been experienced in that part of the world during the past twelve months. At one time a General Strike was declared, to which the Government replied with martial law, and the brutalities and outrages then committed by the police pass all imagination. Yet nothing of this was noticed by the English press! Under the sway of the Harmsworths and Pearsons (dictated by Chamberlain) the Englishman is gradually becoming the most ignorant and bigoted inhabitant of the civilised globe.

Australia.

Comrade Fleming, of Melbourne, sends us news from there which proves that Anarchism has some followers even in that land of State Socialistic aims and methods. On the 11th November last a meeting commemorating the execution of the Chicago Anarchists was held at the Trades Hall, Melbourne. The *Melbourne Argus* gives a long and favourable report of the meeting. We only have space for the following:—

"The red flag of Anarchy, behind which armies of unemployed had marched, and under which Mr. Fleming has addressed innumerable Sunday audiences on Yarra Bank, waved over the platform of the Old Trades Hall last evening. The occasion was the anniversary of the execution of four Anarchist martyrs. The announcement that the meeting would be addressed by Tom Mann, Comrades Fleming, White and other Anarchists, resulted in a large attendance. Other members of the Trades Hall Council stayed away, as that body did not give official recognition to the meeting.

"Mr. Fleming congratulated the meeting on the presence of Mr. Tom Mann, who had carried out his whole-souled, universal, cosmopolitan idea of the labour movement. (Cheers.) What was Anarchy? A great many people in Melbourne looked upon it as a bogey. They were afraid of the Anarchist, who was unarmed, and yet they were not afraid of the Government, with its force and its Gatling guns. All laws were based on force. The Government used its power to compel the poor to produce wealth, which they then taxed out of them. He was not satisfied with this state of society. (Hear, hear.) He bucked against it. (Cheers.)

"Mr. Tom Mann explained that he was not there to defend or advocate any 'ism.' His reason for addressing them was that he felt it his duty to his fellow men to take part in the commemoration of the deaths of good men. He had himself taken part in work similar to that on which these men were engaged. What did his hearers intend to do? Were they going to submit for ever to plutocratic domination? Plutocracy dominated this State as completely as it dominated England, America, or any other country. (Hear, hear.) They opposed Socialism because they recognised with the advent of Socialism their days were numbered. Everyone knew the cause of poverty. It was not the incapacity of the worker to produce, nor was it the unkindness of the Deity. All that was called for was co-operation. The red flag did not frighten him. (Cheers.)

"Mr. White also addressed the meeting, which was orderly throughout, and frequently cheered the speakers."

NOW READY.

MODERN SCIENCE AND ANARCHISM.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

Translated from the Russian by DAVID A. MODELL, and revised by the Author.

Price 1s.; Post free 1s. 2d.

LONDON: FREEDOM OFFICE, 127, Ossulston Street, N.W.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The appearance of the first number of the *Independent Review* was looked to as something of an event. One heard that this was to be a periodical not like other periodicals—a monthly entirely different from those of which we already have so many. This review was to hold the mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure. And it was to do more than this: it was to be essentially and unflinchingly independent of all recognised creeds and canons, progressive in every department of life, the trumpet of new movement in every sphere. To expect this was, perhaps, to be unreasonable; anyhow, it was to court disappointment. The *Independent Review*, so far as the two numbers now before us enable an opinion to be formed, is excellent of its kind. It is admirably got up, and, for the most part, quite admirably written. Elijah Helm and Hugh Bell are entitled to speak with authority on the probable effect of protective tariffs on cotton and on steel, if any men living are; and there are few, indeed, who possess that distinction and richness of style, that almost Platonic flow of beautiful and nervous language, which makes the article on Ecclesiasticism the most noteworthy we have read anywhere for some time; while the plea for a programme in the first number is written with real sympathy and a most liberal breadth of view. But though one does not want to carp, one expected something different, not in degree, but in kind, from the *Fortnightly* and the *Nineteenth Century* and all the rest. It was too much to expect. If the *Independent Review* has little or nothing to say to *Freedom* so far, one may still give it credit for being nearer us in sympathy than any other review that is being published now. In the generous plea for equality of opportunity of the editorial article, in the enthusiasm for progress and the revolt against authority which seems to be the dominant note there, we may, perhaps, read the message “wir heissen euch hoffen.” The message, if it be there, is not yet very clearly expressed; but one's general impression is that we have at least cousins at work in this new review; that if brothers in the fight are to come from anywhere, it will be from there. Therefore we must not blame severely, express disappointment too plainly, if we do not find a full-blown flower, but only the rather doubtful and uncertain promise of a bud.

The question that M. Delpon de Vissu proposes to answer in the last numbers of the *Revue Blanc* is this: “Is free America on the way to Socialism, and is the day of the change far off?” The author gives a historical account of American Unionism, and of its relations to politics and Socialism; he explains the antipathy felt by the present-day unionists for Socialism, by its past connection with political action and the ensuing discord; and then he considers the various solutions to the labour problem.

Arbitration cannot, he thinks, solve questions durably where the parties concerned are not agreed in principle. State Socialism can alone safeguard the consumer and lead to industrial peace.

M. de Vissu is interesting owing to his personal knowledge of America, and the articles are well worth reading, although the argument is somewhat disconnected and hard to follow.

In the main it would seem that, after having shown how the results of political action have discredited Socialism in the eyes of the American working man, he advocates a form of Socialism that cannot be attained by other means. On the other hand, whilst he praises the law-abiding attitude of the unions, he shows that it is impossible within existing conditions to realise the desiderata of the workers.

The truth is a law-abiding attitude logically leads us to the political action by which we hope to make laws to our taste, whilst purely economic action within the sphere of legality is, owing to the rights of the capitalist, inevitably fruitless to the workers.

He that hath ears . . .

About a year ago Miss Addams, of Chicago, wrote a chapter on charitable effort in a book on Democracy and Social Ethics that showed much insight and experience. What she principally insisted on was the profound gulf that separates the moral life of different social classes, making it rare for middle-class and working people to understand and appreciate one another, and making helpful advice and friendship almost impossible between them.

These observations of the social workers in a great American city find an echo in an article published in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is written by a woman who has felt the same difficulty, and who wishes to contribute to a more just appreciation of the working-class wife and mother.

The author knows that middle-class people think that the women of the working classes are dirty, thriftless, incapable and in some way responsible for their own misfortunes; and she describes in a few suggestive pages the devoted lives of these women who have, on an average, to provide for a family out of a pound a week, and have all the charm taken out of them while they are still young by the drudgery of keeping the home together through bad times and good alike.

We have nothing but praise for the author who indicates so warmly the brave hearts on which the well-being of any society must in so great a measure depend, and makes us think what fine people these women would be were the resources of civilisation turned to their account, and were the pressure of daily needs diminished so that leisure and variety of interest might grace their lives.

G. B.

LITERARY NOTES.

Liard-Courtois, *ex-forgat*, *Souvenir du Bagne*. Paris, Charpentier et Fasquelle, 1903. 3fr. 50c.

This volume of 447 closely printed pages describes, with infinite detail and in very readable form, the life of a French Anarchist propagandist in the early nineties, his sentence of five years' transportation to Cayenne, under a very shabby legal pretext, and his life in prison, on board the convict ship and at Cayenne, until the expiration of his term in January, 1899.

The author, borne up by the determination to live through this ordeal to come forward to tell the world of the horrors of the French penitentiary system, succeeded, some time after being set adrift penniless in Cayenne, to reach France, and has since, in numerous lectures and in this book, given the most vivid picture of French prison life which we know in modern times.

The scores of Anarchists transported to Cayenne for long terms of penal servitude, and the many who had to undergo shorter terms but were provoked by ill treatment to this or that breach of rules, which served to mete out endless fresh years of prison to them—if they were not shot dead rightaway—all these victims of a rotten society whom their torturers believed to be dumb and silent for ever on the heat-scorched rocks in the ocean, have found a voice which proclaims their sufferings at last to the world.

With its vivid and heartrending descriptions of tortures and massacres this book forms a good introduction to the heroic age of Anarchism—the latter eighties and early nineties.

N.

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