

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY

VIVE LA REVOLUTION!

At last the sun begins to pierce the heavy clouds of oppression that weigh down the peoples, and we have to thank the Russian revolutionists for sounding the note that shall ring through the century, heralding the birth of a new world and re-echoing till the workers are free.

While we all burn with indignation at the ferocity of the wild beasts who massacred the innocent, trusting workers in St. Petersburg, we feel in the midst of this agony that the cries of anguish foretell the birth of the Social Revolution.

It is not only Czardom that is doomed. It is the beginning of the end of that carnival of exploitation whose tragedies are enacted everywhere. The cries of the wounded and dying are heard not only in St. Petersburg but from all quarters of the civilised world. They reach us from America as well as from Russia, from Spain as well as from Italy, from Westphalia as well as from West Ham. And behind all these scenes of murder and misery we recognise the same blood-stained hands, the same enemies by whatever title they may be called—the rulers and exploiters of mankind.

In the ebb and flow of the great movement that has now begun, in the vicissitudes that beset all such titanic struggles, we shall be now sure of one thing—the form these revolts will take. THE GENERAL STRIKE will be the weapon and the watchword of the workers. By its means will the capitalist system be overthrown. Working both actively and passively, the foundations of the present economic régime will be sapped and destroyed by its growing strength.

How great a thing, after all, is the sight of a people struggling for its emancipation! How contemptible a thing is government in all its naked brutality! Even the blood of the reactionaries has been stirred, and for the moment, ashamed of their own creed, they have denounced the monstrous cruelty abroad, which nevertheless lurks just as surely behind their own social system, though hidden by the curtain of a deceptive political system. Touch *their* institutions, *their* property, and see the wild beast spring forth!

Still, we are all revolutionists now, and from the *Daily Telegraph* to the *Star* the denunciations of the Czar have been as strong as one could wish, and will form a very good precedent for the future.

And the future, comrades, that is with us. The Revolution will go on, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, but ever on and on till its work is done. Let us look towards the light. Let us each give our individual help to hasten the birth of the New World. The super-human sacrifices, the ceaseless propaganda of our Russian comrades are at last bearing fruit. Let our solidarity with them be expressed by the good work we can do at home. Our efforts lie in smoother channels. But let us not be deceived. Our good cause needs its workers, here as well as there, and if the civilised world has been moved by the revolutionary spirit of the Russian workers, it is the more incumbent upon us at the present moment to impress upon the minds of men and women the terrible social injustice that still reigns amongst us, and to implant the feeling of solidarity with revolutionary struggles in all countries, and hasten the day of that International Brotherhood that shall make the whole world kin.

LOUISE MICHEL.

BORN 1837. DIED JANUARY 9TH, 1905.

Our beloved comrade Louise Michel died at Marseilles, on January 9th, of double pneumonia. Our sorrow is shared by thousands who only knew by report of the grandeur of her life, for by sheer force of character she commanded even the admiration of her enemies. And her enemies were the enemies of the people. She had no others. For the poor and the oppressed she had infinite love and tenderness, for rulers and exploiters an infinite hatred and scorn. To the corrupt bourgeois, with his hypocrisies and conventionalities, these two strongly marked characteristics have appeared as an inexplicable contradiction. In reality they completed the harmony of her inspiring individuality. The people, however, to whom her life was devoted, understood this and loved her for it as no woman of the Revolution had been loved before.

It is unnecessary here to give the details of her life further than to remind our readers of her splendid heroism in the struggle of the Commune; of her immense moral influence in the prisons both in New Caledonia and in France; of her unswerving solidarity with the most wretched, the most unhappy victims of this brutal social system. It would indeed require the genius of Shelley to depict in glowing words the transcendent qualities of heart and mind that gave her the strength to do and endure so much.

In her the spirit of the revolution became incarnate, and Communism was her second nature. Bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, was suffering humanity, and to aid, to give, to help, was her "life of life."

From girlhood to the last days of her life we find her animated by the same spirit; hopeful in the darkest days, cheerful under all difficulties, of wonderful courage in all dangers. And then the simplicity of her life, her self-forgetfulness, which astonished even her friends, have left their impression even on the sordid lives of the ruling classes of the present day, who for a moment have bated their slanderous breath to do justice to the supreme disinterestedness of a great nature.

Such characters are more than mere individualities, they are landmarks in the history of social evolution. Such a life is a beacon-light that shall encourage a new generation to fight the good fight for a regenerated society. That Louise Michel could see the dawn breaking before she died we all know. That she should live to see the beginnings of the great change ushered in she never stopped to ask. For her, as for all true workers, sufficient unto the day was the work that fell to her hands.

Now she is laid to her rest, followed to her grave by thousands of the poor, oppressed workers of Paris, whose tear-dimmed eyes touched even the hearts of the bourgeoisie, and all save the Government and its hirelings showed respect for the great heart that was still.

And so this heroic life is ended, and we English Anarchists, in the spirit of international comradeship, offer our tribute of love and esteem to the memory of this real Woman of the People, this true Daughter of the Revolution. Her life is already within the hearts of the workers all over the world, and no calumnies that ever have been or ever can be written of her will do more than endear her memory to them, and increase their hatred of a system that reviles and outlaws the best of mankind to maintain the privileges of a class whose rule is the curse of the world.

To our French comrades we send our fullest sympathy in their loss and few as we are in England we nevertheless send also our whole-hearted adhesion to the revolutionary spirit that animated our dead comrade.

The future will have to estimate the debt it will owe to France for the sacrifices its sons and daughters have made in the cause of humanity.

But when the generations to come shall be enjoying the full and free life of an emancipated world, and shall read the history of the struggles that won for them their freedom, they will learn the true meaning of the life that has just closed, and will know how to love and revere the name of Louise Michel.



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NOTES.

TARRED WITH THE SAME BRUSH.

We can hardly conceive of anything more disgraceful than the tactics now being adopted by the aspirants to Parliamentary honours(?) both in Socialist and Labour organisations. If anything could shake the popular confidence in their worthiness to be entrusted in looking after "the best interests of the workers," it would surely be their present attitude. Looked at from their own point of view, it is simply disastrous; looked at from our point of view, it would seem almost enough to make Anarchists of all their followers without further argument. Squabbles and personalities have been the order of the day for a long time past, and now the editor of *Reynolds's* is doing his best to strengthen the hands of the Tories and reactionaries who are trying to force the law that the unions may not choose and support their Parliamentary representatives except by unanimity. Why does Mr. W. M. Thompson evince this sudden solicitude for the rights of the minority? Is he averse to majority rule? Not at all. Is he anxious about the funds of the unions? No; he is simply anxious about his own chance at the General Election, and opposed to the Socialists in the L.R.C. Yet he has been willing enough to hob-nob with Socialists when it has suited his turn. The poor voters who have to choose between all these Codlins and Shorts will come heavily to the ground in any case. We can only cry: Save us from them all!

THE SOLIDARITY OF LABOUR.

While we are on the subject, we must not forget to note the splendid help given by the English miners to their German comrades. A sum of £2,000 per week has been voted to them by the English unions, and arrangements have been made that no extra output shall take place to supply the German home market. One could hardly wish for a healthier sign of the growth of the international spirit in the Labour unions, and it almost compensates for the idiocy of the brainless youths in the Government, who, afflicted with the Chamberlain form of lunacy, parade their ignorance in Jingo speeches. The more rapidly the workers learn this lesson of mutual aid the better, for it will be greatly needed in the coming struggles of the next few years.

THE GERMAN COAL STRIKE.

It is, of course, inevitable that the revolt in Russia should overshadow the miners' strike in Westphalia. But the importance of it needs to be emphasised, for it signifies two very important developments amongst German workers—the growth of trade unionism, and the determination to use the strike to gain their ends in defiance of all the sterile advice, and even threats, the Social Democratic party has used to prevent the workers adopting these non-Parliamentary methods. But the workers are right, for while frothy speeches in the Reichstag by the Social Democrats would be simply laughed at, the Government has actually been compelled to virtually acknowledge the justice of the men's claims, and to take steps to bring about a settlement. They don't fear the Socialist vote, but they do fear the General Strike.

LOUISE MICHEL MEMORIAL MEETING.

A splendid meeting in memory of Louise Michel was held in South Place Institute on Friday, January 20th. The crowded audience showed intense sympathy with the speeches, which were delivered in various languages. We have only space to mention that amongst the speakers were J. Turner, W. Tchechesov, C. Mowbray, T. Marmol, R. Rocker, E. Leggatt, and Barron.

On the platform was a beautiful wreath, which was afterwards sent to Paris as a tribute from the International Anarchist Groups in London.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

This time the people has taken into its own hands the cause of the political and social regeneration of the Russian Empire. The working classes of the various nationalities subject to the Czar's yoke, in full sympathy with the aims of the workers of Russia proper have declared the General Strike against their exploiters and war against the absolutism of Czardom and of the all-powerful bureaucracy. And this time the Government will have to capitulate.

Before, the despotic power of the Czar and his bureaucracy was attacked by different parties, whether Socialist, popularist or from the side of the different subjected nationalities. The activity of all those parties has, it is evident, shaken the stability of the autocracy; but, as everywhere else in Europe, it is not such and such a party that can organise a *coup d'état*, even overthrow a Government, but a deep and national revolution can be accomplished only by a whole nation.

And this is just what is happening in Russia. It is not this or that party which excited the workers to the demonstration of the 22nd of January at St. Petersburg, at Moscow, Libau, Riga, Warsaw, Saratoff, and elsewhere. It was the people itself who spontaneously declared a General Strike, and claimed the rights of men and of citizens from the Czar. And what gives deep satisfaction to us Anarchists and all true revolutionists is that the Russian Revolution started with a general strike, always derided and hated by legal Marxian Social Democrats.

In their program the workers of St. Petersburg formulate not only their own claims but also those of their brethren the peasants, namely, the demands for the abolition of redemption payments and for the restitution of the State domains to the rural autonomous communes of the peasants.

This program is entirely formulated by the people itself; our political parties, and especially the Social Democrats, have had no hand in it. And there is much chance that these claims of the workers, supported by a general strike in all the industrial towns of Russia, may be realised, as at the same time the middle classes are revolting against the bureaucracy and the absolutism of the Czar. This political, reforming, and constitutional movement is represented by the Zemstvos (county councils), which are composed of representatives of all classes.

As at the time of Charles I. in England, as in France before the Great Revolution during the reign of Louis XVI., so also in the Russia of to-day, the Government finds itself hated by all classes of the Russian nation.

The nobility is dissatisfied because its rights and privileges are trampled upon. The industrial middle classes, which forty years ago had become the real masters of national industry and commerce, and represent interests valued at milliards of roubles, feel humiliated because State functions and even the rank of officer are almost entirely closed to them. The intellectual elements of the nation, professors and scientists, editors and authors, feel degraded by a stupid censorship of the police and of an ignorant bureaucracy.

What concerns the people, which form 92 per cent. of the whole nation, is not only that it is deprived of all civil and political rights, but is at the same time ruined by State taxes to such a degree that famine has become chronic in Russia. Every peasant and worker understands that the empire of the Czar, with its growing budget, has ruined the nation. In the last thirty years the annual budget, paid by the people of course, has increased from 300 million roubles to two milliard roubles!

These are the reasons why all classes in Russia are against autocracy, why the throne of the absolute Czar is isolated. Between it and the people flows the blood of innumerable political martyrs and of the women and children butchered by the order of the Grand Dukes, those real pests of Russia.

By the massacres of 22nd (N.S.), the Government thought to stop the waves of a popular revolution which is beginning to roll on from all parts of the empire, but events have proved already that the revolutionists sprung from the people, understand the historical importance of the movement, and will not rest till the causes of the people's economic ruin and of its political and social oppression have been removed.

RELIEF FUND For Russian Revolutionists.

As this is a moment when every possible help should be given to our comrades in their terrible struggle with autocracy, we appeal to all friends to send their help. However small it will be welcome, and will be faithfully directed into the right channels.

Received:—

	£	s.	d.
U. N.	0	10	6
D.	0	4	6
A. M.	0	5	0
W. Wess	0	5	0
T. H. K.	0	2	0
	£1	7	0

THE KING AND THE ANARCHIST.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

By "LIBERTAS."

I.

"THERE," said the King as he signed the last of a pile of State documents, "so much for work—now for amusement!"

Nobody was looking. In an adjoining apartment, through a half-opened door draped with heavy *portieres*, his two secretaries could be seen busily writing; so the King gaily wiped his royal pen on the tail of his royal coat—a trick retained from his youthful days, and for which the Queen fined him a gold piece if caught in the act—sprang from his chair, and went to the window.

He drummed idly on the panes for a moment, revolving what he should do. It was a beautiful day. The wind blew softly; the sky was clear, rain-washed, pure as the blue depths of an infant's eye; the tender green of early summer hung about the trees and mantled the hillsides; the air as it lifted the rich window-curtains was full of the song of birds, the perfume of flowers; and the river as it flowed through the magnificent park leaped, so it seemed, to meet the dancing sunshine.

The King ceased drumming.

"The papers are ready. I am off for a walk, gentlemen," he remarked cheerfully as he passed the draped doorway.

"If your majesty would first read the new treaty——" began the elderly secretary, hastily.

"Damn the new treaty!" said the King lightly as he slipped through his private door and slammed it behind him.

It was reopened as quickly, and the spectacles of the secretary glittered over the King's shoulder.

"If you will pardon me, sir, but did your majesty sign the death-warrant?"

The King did not say "Damn!" this time. He paused in lighting a cigarette, and then answered courteously, yet with a certain tartness, as the bright sunshine beat against his breast, "My dear Count, I saw no such warrant. Stay—I believe some papers fluttered under the table."

The secretary hurried into the room; a moment later he emerged, a document in one hand, a pen newly dipped in ink in the other. "If you will be so good, sir——"

The King did less than read, he barely glanced at the ominous paper held towards him. Hastily taking it from his secretary, he laid it flush against the sunlit wall beside him, and in a trice had written the superscription "Karl R." in bold characters in the right-hand corner.

The name, moist and black, loomed large upon his eyeballs; then suddenly another, the name of the condemned, confronted him as solemnly out of the halo of golden sunbeams—Karl Stirn.

"Stirn, Stirn," repeated the King, as though trying to recollect something, as he returned the warrant to the waiting secretary.

"The workman, sir, who shot at the manager of the Vulcan Ironworks in the late strike. An example was to be made."

"True, true—serve him right; the fewer of such seditious spirits we have around us the better!" said the King, and he twirled his moustache fiercely.

The secretary bowed and retired. The King whistled to his wolfhound, took a felt hat from the antlers of a stuffed elk that stood by the castle entrance, placed it jauntily on his head, and was about to pass through the portal, when an equerry accosted him from behind.

"Shall I not accompany you, sir?"

"No, no, Colonel, thanks," and the King laughed. "I'm merely going for a stroll in the park, and Boris" (he pulled his dog's ear) "is as good as ten guards." With which words he passed through the doorway.

Like most monarchs of the day, Karl R. was prone to much pomp and ceremony when residing in his capital or entertaining neighbour potentates; but when he ruralised state trappings were flung aside, and he lived (in the estimation, that is, of royalty) quite simply. But although he curtailed his sentries, court officials, and the multitudinous retinue deemed necessary to the correct dignity of a regal household, there yet were certain personages he could not, or thought he could not, do without even in arcadian recesses, and at times these formed the one crumpled roseleaf of his existence. Apparently, as he

quitted the castle door and set foot on the terrace beneath it no other human object was in sight save the hinder parts of a gardener, who in the distance lazily scratched the gravel for weeds; but as the King turned sharply round the nearest angle of the building he all but collided against a young man with lantern jaws and a spotty face, who, much like an architect's assistant intent on some abstruse specification, or a caterpillar under the paralysing glare of a sparrow's hungry eye, was trying to efface himself by a process of agglutination against the castle wall.

"Now, then, what are you doing here? Get out of my sight!" cried the King impatiently. "You know what my orders are."

"Yes, sir—yes, your majesty," stammered the youth, pale with consternation; "but I was——"

"I don't care what orders other people give you; *my* orders are that you are not to be seen!" roared his majesty. And he walked on with a scowl and a muttered "Tut, tut! What it is to be a king."

However, his good humour soon returned. For on rounding the next angle there came a tinkle of bells, and away under the trees he descried his wife and her ladies, and the heir-apparent sucking his royal thumb as in charge of several attendants he took a morning airing in his little carriage drawn by cream-white goats. A smile of pleasure lighted the King's face; the ladies were very pretty and beautifully dressed. He waved his hand to them, stepped briskly in the opposite direction across the grass and under the trees, and then, in turning round a massive oak, bumped against a man in the green garb of a forester.

"Now this is too much," cried the King, striking the turf petulently with his cane. "My orders from the first have been that you are never to be seen, never to be heard. This is the second encounter in the space of fifteen minutes. It's enough to shatter the nervous system of an iceberg this continual sense of your proximity. Can't you efface yourselves more?"

"We do our best, your majesty," protested the man, visibly disturbed at the King's anger; but being older and altogether a more experienced person than the youth who had primarily aroused the royal wrath, he continued, as he doffed his cap, "The Chief gave us strict orders to-day respecting your majesty, and if we have inadvertently overstepped the bounds of our sacred duty——"

"Your sacred duty may be to protect my sacred person, but I object to your sacred duty being in continual evidence," snapped the King. "You understand me, Matthias?"

"I understand, and will do my best to keep out of your majesty's sight," answered the man, bowing low. "If you did not see me following you from the castle door, at least I succeeded so far, sir."

The King did not seem displeased at the speaker's frankness; he smiled as he pulled his moustache. "I did not see you, and where I don't see I accept this new penalty of my rank. But why am I to be specially guarded to-day?"

"From information received we are led to believe a dangerous Anarchist is in or near this neighbourhood, sir."

"Well, why don't you shadow the Anarchist instead of the King?"

"I regret to say we have lost sight of the man, your majesty. He was being watched across the frontier, but gave the officials the slip. We next heard of him yesterday as twenty miles only to the north of this; he seems to be making his way across country to the city—of course with a sinister design."

"Why 'of course'?"

"He is an Anarchist, sir."

"Well?"

"Therefore bent on crime."

"I don't see the logic."

"Why, sir, being an Anarchist it follows he must be bent on crime."

"Who says so?"

"We say so."

"Ah, to be sure! The sagacity of your office is proverbial—a wonderful institution!" returned the King. "I honour and esteem it as one of the noblest safeguards of justice, the social system, and my realm."

There was no irony in the remark; next to his army, the King loved his police force.

So he nodded in a friendly fashion to the seeming forester, and was about to resume his walk when the latter ventured deferentially, "It would be as well if your majesty did not

wander outside the park unattended before we locate this scoundrel."

"Thank you," said the King. "If I meet the gentleman I fancy my hound will make short work with him. Meanwhile," he added, significantly, "you will retrace your steps and leave me to my own devices." Then he strode away.

The detective looked after his royal master dubiously. "If he wasn't so free with his diamond pins," he mused, as he turned towards the castle, "I'd throw up the job. What between him and the Chief, it's hot water all the time. So I'm to go back to the nursemaids, am I, and lose my chance of promotion and extras? Not you, Matthias!" And he chuckled as he began to glide in and out among the trees.

Meanwhile the King pursued his way, at first with a frown. Fine fellows though he considered his police, it yet became monotonous to have one or a pair of them at one's elbow all day. But his annoyance quickly thawed under the genial influence of the beautiful morning. Who could harbour displeasure, much less resentment, when the world lay steeped in sunshine, when the birds piped on every tree, when the lush flowers raised their heads in pure ecstasy of adoration as the sunbeams kissed a way to their sweethearts! The King drew deep breaths of the balmy air,—next to being a king, what a glorious thing it was to be alive! He grew quite sentimental, and stopped to gather a large field daisy that barred his path—his wife loved *marguerites*.

But she did not get that one. For as he bent over it, by some subtle trick of the imagination the sunshine seemed again to beat upon his breast, and there crept across the golden globe that is the heart of the flower a line of black characters, until the name "Karl Stirn" gazed solemnly back upon him as it had done from the sunlit surface of his castle wall.

The King with a blow of his cane swept off the head of the offending daisy. "Pshaw!" he muttered, striding on; "I'll never give in to false sentiment. The power of life and death is the King's prerogative—not to be relegated to his Home Secretary. All the same I should prefer that he signed death warrants on fine days."

He hurried on as though to get rid of an unpleasant thought, and presently came in sight of a low gate that at this point gave egress from the park into the highroad which bordered the royal demesne. Whistling to his dog, and determined to be gay, his pace quickened to a run; with a leap he was over the gate—and standing upon the ten toes of that immaculate person the Chief of his Secret Police.

From somewhere between the blue sky and green earth there issued a sound resembling muffled thunder. When the opposing forces had disentangled themselves and fallen apart, the growl resolved itself into words of mingled apology and explanation, profuse on the official's part, somewhat blunt on the King's.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Steinkop," he protested, readjusting his hat which had come off with the force of the impact, "but how could I know you'd be on the wrong side of the hedge? You all seem on the prowl to-day."

The Chief of Police was a large, heavily-built individual of military appearance and bearing; from either side of his lips an iron-grey moustache curled upward into a sharp point; his cold grey eyes had almost the sheen of knives in them as their keen, comprehensive glance dwelt on the insignificant-looking author of pain that for a moment had blanched his lips.

"I grieve to say we are forced to be on the prowl to-day, sir," he responded in a voice as soft as the mouth from whence it proceeded was hard; "nor shall I for one regret having proved an obstacle in your path if only it may prevail on you to go no farther."

"Stuff!" retorted the King; "I can't have my liberty of movement curtailed. With a stick and a dog I'm a match for any miscreant that bars my way."

"I admit it, sir. But when it is a question of Anarchists—"

"Well," laughed the King, "we all know our faithful Steinkop's detestation of that *canaille*. But surely these ruffians are more likely to attack you, their natural enemy, than me?"

"Not they, sir. Such arrant cowards never attack the police. They know we often carry arms, that Kings as a rule do not, *ergo*, shoot the King, but hands off the police. Pfau! there's no treatment too severe for the contemptible carrion. I wish your majesty would enact a law permitting us to shoot them at sight, the same as though they were mad dogs—which

indeed they are; mad dogs ready to bury their envious fangs into every fellow-creature who happens to be a trifle better off than themselves, and who for all their babblers manage to keep their evil schemes so close that the police of the entire world are kept on the alert in the most unmerciful manner. Take Stirn for example."

"But he is no Anarchist."

"Your majesty, his brother is. It's the same thing. No doubt he has secretly imbibed some of the latter's seditious opinions. The virus runs in families. Who but an Anarchist would have had the heart to fire at that most worthy gentleman the manager of the iron works, and give as reason that though the mills were shut, the manager was drawing his thousands while Stirn and his like starved? Gentlemen must live though the poor starve. Where would the poor be if it were not for the gentlefolk? The workers always thought that way until over-education evolved the revolutionary element."

"Just so, just so," responded the King, thoughtfully. "You're a sensible man, Steinkop. But as regards Stirn he won't have the chance to shoot a second time at any manager; I signed his death warrant half-an-hour ago."

"That's good news indeed, sir. What the mob require is an example. May I ask what your majesty's objective point is the morning?" he added softly.

"My objective point? I don't know. Boris and I are merely out for a stroll." He whistled to the dog, who bounded up to his master but snarled at the official.

"I beg of you, sir, not to go far. My men are scouring the country for a most dangerous person, no other, indeed, than this brother of Stirn's just mentioned, who, as a rabid Anarchist, is certain to be meditating some blow at society, as their jargon has it, for its crime of defending itself against a lawless workman. From information received he is somewhere in this neighbourhood. Although we are sure to track him, is it too much to suggest that your majesty would do well to keep on the right side of the hedge?" concluded the Chief, with that icy smile that with him passed for pleasantry.

"Matthias warned me about the fellow. If it comes to this, that even in the supposed security of my country home I cannot take a walk without the escort of aide-de-camps or a police posse, I shall begin to think of enacting some such law as you propose, Steinkop. I will not have the entire course of my existence marshalled to suit the whims of Anarchist reprobates. Where have you posted your men?"

"On all the main roads to the city. The country northward has also been beaten by the inch."

"Then to repay your anxiety as to my safety, I will ease your mind by strolling northward."

So saying the King passed through a gate on the opposite side of the road, and was soon lost to view in the green depths of a wood.

Whereupon the Chief resumed his way, anathematising Anarchists and committing *lèse-majesté* in the same breath as he hobbled along, throbs of pain surging at every step through his crushed toes.

II.

Now Karl R. had not yet been driven into a condition bordering on hysteria by the machinations of ministers hungering for larger supplies of secret service money from which to pilfer, the rank gossip of journalists eager to outlie fellow pressmen, or the schemes of police agents bent on an increase of pay by playing on their sovereign's fears. When, therefore, he had given Chief Steinkop time, as he supposed, to pass out of sight, he doubled straight back on his steps and returned to the highroad. He had an objective point and meant to reach it, police and Anarchists notwithstanding.

A mile along the highroad brought him to a rough track that bore sharply across country, to lead as it seemed nowhere. But the King followed it, knowing it would take him to a favourite haunt, a deserted mill lapped in green, a quiet stream where the trout lay thick. Through waste places and moist, over rock and bracken, strode the King, until finally the worn track dipped over a low hill, to broaden lower into a flowery path bordered by the flashing waters of the mill stream. Soon the old brown mill came into view, mantled with moss, its silent wheel buried in a bank of fern, a circle of ancient trees spreading gnarled arms around it, as though to shelter its desolation from desecrating eyes. But the stream ran past like

a laughing child, and the King followed it, pausing in the still reaches to watch the trout, to throw a stone at a water rat, to listen to the rapture of a soaring lark.

Presently he saw Boris bound forward with a growl and disappear round a bend of the path. When he himself turned the corner he saw the dog with muzzle down and bristles up winding a very commonplace object, a man in fustian, who, seated at the edge of the stream, was laving his feet in its waters. The wolfhound was a fierce animal, the terror of strangers, but to his master's surprise this one showed no alarm as the dog stole upon him with ominous growls; instead he held out a friendly hand, at which Boris sniffed, and then to the King's astonishment he sat down with great dignity beside the wayfarer and thumped his tail.

"They must have met before," cogitated the King on seeing the man stroke the dog's head; "a farm hand maybe, or—" he started and flushed angrily as the thought occurred to him, "if it's another detective I declare I'll hit him."

But when, his steps deadened by the rank grass, he stood unperceived over the individual in question, he saw at once the stranger was no police agent. For the hand that rested on the hound's head was roughened by toil, the shoes at his side were patched and worn, and a cursory glance at his clothing revealed both stains of labour and the dust of recent travel. The King was puzzled, for the peaked cap lying on the grass was an artisan's cap, but the friendliness displayed by Boris betokened an outdoor worker well known to the animal. Just then the stranger lifted a foot from the water, and the King saw it was bleeding. He was quite affable for a person of so much consequence, and had always been ready to win his way to popularity by a few careless words thrown to such of the common herd as crossed his path; the words cost nothing, and the herd, when not clamouring for its so-called rights, could be quite amusing in its way. So as he stood over the stranger he said in a tone of good-humoured interest, "That seems a bad cut, my man."

Until the words were spoken the wayfarer had seemed unconscious of an intruder upon the scene. With his gaze fixed on the running water, he appeared lost in meditation, accepting even the advent of the great hound as a mere detail of his surroundings. But the instant the silence was broken by a human voice he lost his listless attitude; looking round with a quick movement, it seemed to the King that the face paled under its tan, that a gleam of mingled alertness and defiance sprang for a second to the eyes. Then he answered simply, as though too weary to question deeply into any matter, "Yes, it is a bad cut, but this cool water and a herb dressing will soon put all right."

"Where did you meet my dog before?" asked the King. Warm with his walk, and noting a convenient boulder, he seated himself and examined the stranger at leisure.

"Is it your dog? I did not know. I love animals and they seem to sense it."

"I have never seen the hound take so readily to a stranger; you are surely employed in the neighbourhood?"

"No," was the laconic answer, and the eyes of the two met. Those of the King wore a look of dubious inquiry, in those of the wayfarer there flashed something like a challenge.

"He does not know who I am," mused the King, quick to miss in the man's replies the respectful terms deemed due to his exalted rank. "I suppose," and he sighed, "I don't look imposing out of my uniform and orders; but since he admits being a stranger—" And here a second, not to say a startling thought came to him: "What if he be—?" He pulled nervously at his moustache, the blood kindling within him, and then smiled as he scrutinised the man's worn features, worn with the hard labour and sorrow that is the lot of the poor, for there was nothing sinister in them. The blue eyes gazed back straight and fearlessly into his own, the mouth half hidden by a ragged beard was mobile if the jaw was stubborn, the brow serious; in all there was a look of thought and intelligence, mingled with an expression of calm strength and kindly simplicity about the face that did more than invite confidence, it forced attention. "Rugged, but honest!" soliloquised the King. Now no Anarchist could look honest. Had it not been dinned into his ears by ministers and police alike that these dread scourges bore the very brand of Cain upon their brow? Men who revelled in murder; who, lost to every moral sense, spent their dissolute lives in gambling, swindling, robbing, refusing all honest labour; neurotic, epileptic dregs of the bottommost scourgings of society; a sect impervious to reason, dead to reform, who, as his Chief of Police rightly suggested, should be shot at sight until exterminated? He had not dared

to go that length yet, but he had permitted the police hand to fall heavily on every Anarchist suspect within his dominions. The police, he was informed casually by his Home Secretary, made life unpleasant for them. "Good," the King had retorted, "the more unpleasant the better—give them a dose of their own medicine!"

Remembering these things, he smiled to himself; a quiet smoke and talk with the humble stranger chance had cast in his path seemed neither out of place in so pleasant a spot, nor came amiss to one who from sheer satiety was ever seeking new sensations.

"Where are you working if not here?" demanded the King, resuming his questioning with the easy insolence of the upper class, which seldom concedes to the lower the right to resent curiosity.

The man turned his patient blue eyes on him. "I am out of work," he said simply.

"Ah! on the tramp, then. I suppose you are bound for the city?"

"I hope to reach it."

"What is your trade?"

"I am an iron worker."

"Then doubtless you will try for a post in the Vulcan works?"

"I think not," replied the stranger, looking first into the running water and then at the King with eyes in which a sombre fire seemed to have kindled.

"Most certainly you should try there," dictated the King; "the company are excellent employers; the sincere friends of every workman who couples obedience with industry. The shops are reopening after the late strike, new hands are needed to replace the old; go there, my friend."

"I think not," was again the response.

"Well, please yourself," said the King tersely, not being used to have his advice spurned. "But as one who knows, I tell you they are the only people in the district who need mechanics. It does not do for working men to be idle, believe me; not that you look a loafer," he graciously added.

"Thank you," was answered with grave politeness. "No," continued the speaker, laying his scarred hands palm upward on his knees, and glancing from them to the jewelled, soft-skinned fingers that held the cigarette, "they are less the hands of a loafer than yours, my noble gentleman."

Was there irony underlying the retort? was that a flash of scorn in the tired blue eyes? Nothing of the kind, mere envy, mused the King, as the diamond on his little finger twinkled.

"That is the great mistake you workers make," he returned, blowing a wreath of smoke into the tranquil air. "Because our hands are soft it does not imply our heads are. Brain work is as indispensable as body work for the right ruling of this universe. I can assure you also," he added with impressive irrelevancy, "that the cares and sorrows of the rich are every whit as keen as those felt by the poor."

"That I question. The care swaddled in a manger may bear the same face as the care which nestles in a silken cradle. The sorrow which frets at the heart of the rich may be the same that gnaws at the soul of the poor. But see here: when your brain grows weary, you can rest, *none will starve* because you rest. When your heart breaks, you can flee, if so you will, to the ends of the earth until strength and the healing balm of new thoughts, new scenes, new hopes, steal in to lull the pain. For us when grief comes how may we tame or kill it? By drink, by servile belief in the supernatural, by hard labour. Does the starved horse forget his hunger when given a heavier load to drag? What prayer yet brought back the bread-winner slain to raise factory dividends, or softened the heart of a tyrannous master? In his cups the worker may drown the troubles inseparable from his present lot, but in a few miserable hours they clamour again at his breast. Ah, no! never tell me that as men live to-day the cares and sorrows of poor and rich are identical. We may fathom your joy, you never can fathom our misery."

There was silence, and a lark began to sing.

"You speak bitterly, and again I say you are mistaken," resumed the King. "Never so much as to-day have the poor dwelt in the thoughts of the rich; we are for ever doing something for you. We build you homes, we educate you, heal you when sick—"

"Dissect and bury us when dead, and yet we are never satisfied!" suggested the wayfarer, with a humorous smile. "Nay, how can content come to us seeing that the homes are workhouses, the education dry husks that choke the hungry

mind, the hospital but a prelude to the pauper's grave. Surely the wonder would be if we were content!"

"But what more can you need than what we strive to give you? Naturally in all struggles some fall by the way, life itself is a struggle."

"Just so! a struggle in which it is the poor who always fall by the way. Let a rich man stumble and a hundred hands reach forth to raise him, but a poor man—one less—let him lie!"

"My friend," returned the King blandly, "why speak with so much bitterness? Of what use to fight the will of Heaven? While the world lasts there will be rich and poor within it."

"Ah! that heaven-born dictum, the rod-in-pickle by which through dismal ages Church and State have combined to coerce humanity!" ejaculated the stranger flinging back his head derisively. "Tell me, when first our race was evolved, when first men, free and equal, began to live and labour upon this earth; tell me, was it Heaven which decreed that injustice and cruelty should for ever remorselessly follow in the wake of progress? Look across the stream at the board nailed against yonder tree, what says it? '*Crown lands. Trespassers beware!*' Was it Heaven which ordained that a day should come when the poor should have every rod of earth filched from them; when it becomes a crime for a footsore man—myself, for instance—to cast his weary body upon the sweet grass, to pluck a bough for winter fuel, to snare the wild bird or beast when stung by hunger? Do you know what hunger means, you who can squander a hundred gold pieces on a hound or jewel? I saw my wife and children die of it—I loved them."

His voice sank away; in the silence the song of the lark throbbed upon the King's ear; a trout leaped in the stream.

"How did that happen?" he asked. But to himself he muttered, "Drink, unthriftiness!"

"Listen. When first my wife and I made a home together, all went well. I was strong, industrious—they said clever—at my trade. For years I worked for one firm, giving them all I had to give, the labour of two willing hands, the craft of an able brain; in return I received a wage that, with my wife's thrift and my own frugality, just enabled us to live. Then one day, without a word of warning, I was given a week's notice. There had been a change in the partnership; a young manager was introduced who said he could double the shareholders' profits by reducing the number of workmen. With a score of others I found myself discharged. Appeal on the ground of long and faithful service was fruitless. It chanced to be a time of depression in the labour market; for months I tramped the country in search of work, while bit by bit the home was sold to feed the children. My wife—brave heart!—entered a factory, where, bending over the looms from early morning till night, she spent her frail strength in vain effort to keep the wolf from the door. The pittance she received would not have fed your dog for a year. Now and again I came on a stray day's labour; but we were falling by the way, our poverty-stricken neighbours suffered even as we did, who could help us? Yes, I know what you would say, there was the workhouse. *Workhouse?* State charnel house for the dead courage of the poor! that brands with shame every broken soul whom injustice or despair drives for shelter within its walls! that thrusts a man's head down on his breast, so that never again may he raise it with the glad words—"At least I never touched the bread of charity!" For who prouder than the poor? Better death on the kerb than the grudging dole of a parish! But we were tempted, the children—Well, no matter. One day, maddened by their pitiful tears, I went to the market place, and there from amid the plenty strewn around I took a morsel of meat. The act was seen; I was seized and dragged before a magistrate. A man of wealth and position, what cared he for Poverty outside of Charity Organisation Societies? '*Hunger is no excuse for theft,*' said he; '*two months.*' So for two months I toiled at useless labour for the State. When it was over and I crept back to the bare room we called our home, one child lay dead. Prison-branded, of what use now to seek for work? Did I but pass the market place the police like hounds were on my track—was I not a thief? One night (the stranger leaned heavily on his hand and turned to look the King in the eyes), one winter's night my wife came home from the factory. I see her now, see the door thrust feebly open from without, see her faltering steps across the floor, see her sink at my feet till her head lay on my knees. Pale as the snow clinging to her hair and cloak was the brave face I loved so well. '*Husband,*' she gasped, '*the mill and the hunger have gripped my heart—have killed me.*' And so it was. I would have given my heart's blood to save that dear

life, but want of food, the unceasing toil, her long sorrowing over her babes and myself, had done their work. Before I could raise her lips to mine, she was dead."

The narrator's voice broke, but with his eyes still fixed on the King he quickly resumed. "I know not what followed. When, weak and shattered, I was dismissed from the hospital where for weeks I had lain, they told me I was childless. Who, I ask, was the murderer of my wife and children, for murdered they surely were? Your *will of Heaven?* Never! They were done to death by the system that Kings and Governments, Church and State, devised of old and will maintain, if so they dare, to eternity—the system that gives to the rich more than he needs and takes from the poor the little that he hath. Murdered by the will of the rich, the strong, we die that he—you—may live."

The stern indictment, spoken in tones of fierce conviction, vibrated on the air; then with a hard sigh the speaker turned his face again to the water, and was silent.

The King, who had long since flung away his cigarette tapped his foot thoughtfully with his stick as he studied the stranger's profile. It was the first time he had met fustian in the raw. Many a chat in field and factory had he had with royal retainers and workmen, but he had never met the like of this frank-spoken individual before. The workmen singled out for royal attention usually wore their best clothes, and always their very best manners; sleek servitors who gazed upon him awestruck, and looked servile enough to lick the ground he trod on. Decidedly he had never yet spoken to a man of this calibre. Despite the bitterness with which he railed against his superiors, after all might it not be due less to envy than because he seemed a man of much independence of spirit? "Poor devil," mused the King. And thinking of his own wife, he began absently to pluck the delicate blossoms that starred the turf at his feet; the Queen liked wild flowers. Presently he said:

"My friend, your story is a moving but I fear a not uncommon one in these days of commercial competition. I should be unsympathetic indeed did I not feel for you. Believe me the rich are not ogres; as an observant man, you must admit there are exceptions to every rule. Yet you spoke truly when you said the system you cavil at was devised of old. Now the world goes round much slower than some people are willing to think; old systems, long-established customs, cannot be done away with in a day; the machinery that controls our existence is too complicated for rapid alteration. *Go slow* is the only safe motto in the affairs of this world, even when it is a question of deleting an abuse. Be tolerant; the rich are far more ready to help the poor than the latter choose to believe."

The stranger looked at the King with the humorous smile again on his lips. Pointing to the tree displaying the notice-board on the opposite bank, he asked: "Supposing this land were yours, are you ready to remove that restriction, or the one I noted a mile up stream, '*This water is strictly preserved. Fishing prohibited under severe penalties*'?"

"No," said the King, shortly, "for in that case land and water would be private, perhaps inherited property."

"Aye, private property! In other words, the land and water that have been filched from us. What one thing that you have stolen from the people are you, the rich, ready to return?"

The conversation, novel though it might be, was growing embarrassing. "My friend," said the King, irritably, "you feel things too intensely, and speak of the rich with so much rancour, that although misfortune may have tended to sour your spirit, one is led to infer you have also listened to the false counsel of some misguided labour demagogue, the malicious raving of some unprincipled Socialist agitator."

"I have listened to the voice of but one agitator, and he the most convincing of all," responded the stranger, "the agitator Hunger, who leads some to death, some to madness, and some, like myself, to Anarchism."

"Anarchism!" The King's brow darkened as the word leapt to his lips; from his startled hand the Queen's flowers dropped unheeded.

"Yes. I am an Anarchist," said the stranger, much as though he said, *I am a man.*

There was a brief pause, then the King said shortly, "That settles it!" He did not say what it settled, addressing as it were some invisible abstraction, perhaps the pity that had been slowly gripping his breast. Then he sprang to his feet. "Your name?" he demanded sternly.

"Michael Stirn," answered the Anarchist gravely.

And he rose and looked the King in the eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE QUESTION OF FORCE.

Extract from a letter condemning its use:—

"Now this question of force is one which requires explanation and justification. In my opinion, physical force is not necessary to overcome intellectual force, nor can it ever. . . . If you want to drive a nail, of course you would use a hammer and force, but if you desire to change a man's opinions I should think that you would not use the hammer and force to knock your ideas into his head. . . . It has long been admitted that force is no remedy. . . . I ought to say a few words as to expediency. You rightly remark in your last letter that one man armed, and prepared to use his arms, is able to keep the mastery over a hundred individuals who will not offer any resistance, etc. Now, until the rank and file of the army is educated, what hope is there of a successful revolution? Several hundred thousand ignorant armed men against as many millions of unarmed men, and out of these perhaps not one-fifth Anarchists. Even on the ground which you take up, the proposition seems to me ridiculous."

REPLY.

I will try to make my position clear as to the use of physical force in the work of social change; but you must excuse my saying that hitherto you have in no way answered any arguments that I have used in support of my view of the matter. Do not, I beg, attribute to me ideas which I am far from entertaining, and which I have never given utterance to. It is not necessary to use the artillery of rhetoric to overthrow men of straw; they will fall by themselves. Firstly, you say that physical force is not necessary to overcome intellectual force. I have never said that it was; but when you add, "nor can it ever," I look around the world and bitterly take note of the victims who have perished upon the scaffold or in the dungeons of Russia and Spain, and whose intellectual force has been quenched by death; to say nothing of others who, still living, have lost their mental vigour and suffered eclipse of intellect through the long agonies they have endured.

Secondly, you say, "if you desire to change a man's opinions you would not use the hammer and force to knock your ideas into his head." Verily, I think not myself. But has any Anarchist ever in the remotest manner suggested such a thing? Has any party or any man outside or inside of Bedlam ever hinted at such a thing? But can you or can you not see the difference which exists between these two separate ideas,—firstly, the using of physical force to compel another to accept your opinions; and secondly, the use of physical force to prevent that other from preventing *you* from exercising *your* liberty, and carrying *your* ideas into practice to your own satisfaction?

Force is, indeed, no remedy when employed by the oppressor to stifle the remonstrances of the oppressed: that is, it is no remedy for injustice in that case; but it is distinctly a remedy when used successfully to throw off a yoke imposed upon us by force.

You admit in your letter my statement about the armed man being able to retain the mastery over one hundred individuals who refuse to use force against him; but you go on to ask, "What hope is there of a successful revolution?" and state conditions which seem to make the proposition ridiculous. But, I ask again, what sane man or sober Anarchist that you know of has ever proposed that an uprising should take place before those who undertook it had reason for believing that they had a fair chance of success? You advocate education. So do I. I believe it to be our duty to instruct people that their salvation lies in their own hands, and that they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow, not inopportunely, not by running their heads against a stone wall, but when the opportunity presents itself, as it has so often done in history. Whatever may be said about the ignorant men who form the bulk of modern armies, do not forget that in the great revolution of the century before last, as well as in the revolution of 1848, and of the Paris Commune in 1871, large bodies of troops (regulars) joined the insurgents. The ignorance of the soldiery is the result of the ignorance of the populace from which it is drawn; let us work then to enlighten this people, to show it its power, and to prepare it to use that power, instead of telling it to be resigned and on no account to use force.

One fact remains, no matter what we may say or leave unsaid, the solid fact that if we are never to use force for the effecting of our purpose, we can never gain our point until we have converted all to our views; that is to say, *all* our oppressors, *all* the frauds to whom existing society is a happy hunting ground, *all* the black obscurantists who use all the means which Law and Mother Grundy between them place in their hands to prevent the circulation of Socialistic opinions, and where this is not altogether possible to neutralise our propaganda by the false teaching which they impart by means of school, pulpit, and press, subsidised by the State, and supported by all the influence of Superstition and of that nauseous inanity called Respectability.

I have no fear, however, of the enlightened masses ever adopting the policy of non resistance. I have more confidence in Humanity; there is still manhood left in it. HENRY GLASS.

P.S.—As bearing directly on this question, I send a translation of an extract from the issue of *Les Temps Nouveaux* of November 12th.

"Certainly we do not recoil from the idea of using force if it seems to us necessary. We are in the midst of a social state which began from our birth to bind us with a thousand fetters tending to paralyse us; when the constraint becomes too intolerable, we press on the cord. So much the worse if there is any breakage! The way is barred with obstacles, we want to pass, so much the worse for those who wish to

prevent us from passing. But we have never thought of imposing our social state by force, since all our efforts tend to make individuals understand that they must not submit to authority, and must take care not to take part or meddle with the dirty tricks which accompany it. Also, that in the society which we desire, everything is based on individual initiative, solidarity, and reciprocity, without any room, however small, for authority."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Belgium.

That the quieter Anarchists are the more they provoke the police mind and arouse inquiry is well known, but it is amusing to have direct confirmation of the apparent anomaly. Here, for instance, is one of the official regulations as taken from a Paris police station—an echo evidently from the Anti-Anarchist Police Conference in Rome, which doubtless holds good in every capital:—

"Every Anarchist who arrives in Saint-Germain is immediately to be placed under observation; nor to be lost sight of until he quits the locality; and the authorities of the town to which he then goes are to be warned by telegraph. Should he remain longer than forty-eight hours in Saint-Germain, his name must be placed on the Report Book, and information acquired through his *concierge* entered thrice daily."

In Belgium just now, says a writer in the *Idée Libre*, the Anarchist movement is unimportant in the centre, where the population is without idealism, and content with regard to politics to denounce Clericalism and economically to form savings banks. In the province of Namur it is unknown, since the district is given up to gross drunkenness and corrupt politics. Luxemburg, on the other hand, shows a lively growth of Anarchism, its people are less pliable, of healthier habits, and more intelligent. But Charleroi, the great manufacturing district, is distinctly the Belgian centre of Anarchist thought. A constant influx of foreigners brings with it new ideas and an element of progress. Commercialism, too, which to-day uses politics merely for market purposes, leads men to read, study, and think for themselves. Thus comes it that in every Belgian manufacturing city are to be found Libertarian if not Anarchist groups.

Germany.

Dumb wonder sometimes overwhelms one when noting the insolence of rulers and the apathy of a people. Those in the Duchy of Mecklenburg are to be taxed in order to raise 70,000 marks (over £3,000) towards the dowry or trousseau of the Princess about to marry the Kaiser's eldest son. We presume it is for wedding clothes, for the daily papers state that these are ordered from every capital in Europe by Wilhelm's directions, and if ancient custom forces the Mecklenburgers to pay for such—all the better. And not a protest from the worthy burghers in these enlightening days! Strange!

Italy.

Friction is still the order of the day between the peasants and the Government over what is called the "Latifundia" question—the right to cultivate the waste or idle lands of the country. Immense tracts of these are owned by rich property holders, who, sooner than part with an inch to the struggling farmer or peasant, like veritable dogs-in-the-manger, refuse to sell an acre for cultivation, preferring to let mile upon mile lie fallow, or turning the whole into huge grass farms, which are let to wealthy cattle raisers. If a starving peasant in some desolate region dares to sow seed on a patch of his landlord's uncultivated soil, he is at once hailed before the rural authorities; where a village defies these, the result is a conflict which usually ends in bloodshed. The lands are "private property," therefore "legally" their owner has the right to leave them uncultivated though the dwellers on and around them starve. The miserable condition of the tax-burdened peasant, his destitution, and lack of the very means of subsistence, is a matter of world-wide knowledge; but the lands are private property, and no Italian official or lawyer has yet found a "legal" solution to the problem. So the land that could bring comfort and well-being to famished thousands lies waste, and its proprietors smile at their use; but some day, as the spirit of revolt, of Anarchism, spreads into these unhappy districts, we may be sure an hour will come when it will be the turn of the starved to smile, when the Campagna and its fellow wastes, torn from the grasp of landlords, will blossom with corn and vine, when Italy belongs to the people, and not only to princes and landlords.

U.S. America.

Our Comrade Voltairine de Cleyre has been lying ill in a Philadelphia hospital for some weeks, and improves but slowly, though getting the best of skill and care. She has given up many years of her life to the spread of free thought and libertarian opinion, and, never very robust, her spirit, like that of so many propagandists, has proved stronger than her body. Friends have rallied round her from all sides to ensure that she shall want for nothing, and we hope soon to learn that she is convalescent, and once more on the list for "duty."

The *Freeland* editor, Alexander Horr, seems busy trying to coax reluctant colonisers into his camp. The prospectus is not alluring to the Communist, whatever it may be to the Socialist Individualist. The result of the mass meeting called at the Cooper Union, New York, last month, for the purpose of beating in recruits, still remains to be known. One of his lectures is labelled, "The Faults of Socialism and the Advantages of Free-land," Free-land consisting of about 600 acres of land near Bow, Washington, and the colony itself the product of the reorganisation of the "Equality" colony. The membership fee is 500 dollars, of which one hundred must be paid before a member can be accepted. Your money is wanted first, yourself and your muscles next, for the land is still uncleared. Brother Horr wants to scoop in 50,000 acres, have a membership of 5,000 and incidentally a capital of 5,000,000 dollars; for there is to be a board of directors, salaried officers, a vice-president, and Secretary (with a capital "S"). All this means money. The application for membership seems drafted on the lines of the emigrant papers demanding admission into this country!

THE BURIAL OF LOUISE MICHEL.

JANUARY 22ND, 1905.

It was during an hour of Revolution, whilst a nation too long enslaved was rising in an attempt to gain a little more prosperity and liberty, that Louise Michel—all her life an incarnation of the Spirit of Revolt—was borne to her final resting-place.

She, the ardent revolutionist, could surely not have had her burial upon a more significant occasion; for in the very hour when our brothers, the Russian workers, were falling in battle under the bullets of the soldiery of the Autocrat of the North, revolutionary Paris out in the street followed the humble funeral car of her who, arms in hand, fought for the people thirty-four years ago.

Doubtless far more imposing and ornate obsequies have been furnished the illustrious dead, but never before has the misery-laden, labour-ridden populace of Paris formed at once so touching, simple, and impressive a *cortège* when following its dead. During the fourteen kilometres from the Gare de Lyon to the spot where she, "the Good Louise," now for ever lies, the procession was a manifestation on the part not only of those whose intention had been to follow the coffin, but of a vast sympathetic concourse, massed at every corner; and in this crowd were to be seen many who, touched by the sight of the marching throngs, were weeping. Thus revolutionary Paris paid its last tribute to Louise Michel, its beloved lost one.

Half-past nine had been the hour fixed for the meeting of friends and Louise's comrades-in-arms at the Gare de Lyon. In the adjacent streets, all along the Boulevard Diderot, Groups, Unionists, Freethinkers, were waiting to fall in with the procession. It is impossible to give a full list of names; suffice that all who, in one sense or another, desired emancipation or held revolutionary ideas, were there, determined to accompany "the Good Louise" to her last bourne; every fighter known to Paris, as well as many comrades from the provinces, were present, and never, perhaps, had these found themselves banded together with so few gaps in their ranks.

Immediately preceding the railway car which contained the coffin, simply draped with a red flag, was a van filled with the wreaths sent by provincial and foreign groups and associations; and the procession had barely formed outside the station when from every group, on every side, black or red flags floated above the compact crowd, flags which that would-be assassin of the Parisians, Lépine, had declared he would not permit. But there were too many, over a hundred, so that, despite his 14,000 troopers and police, his twenty-five inspectors and his hundreds of spies, Lépine quickly understood that he would have to tolerate the banners, and throughout the procession the red flag gave a note of significance and colour to the multitude that paced behind the humble hearse.

Until reaching the Place de la Nation all went well. Groups were continually falling in on the line of march, and though this occurred the whole length of the route, at the above locality the procession had taken a definite formation. At this point arose—to be caught up group by group—the clear, powerful strains of the "International," which only died away to be succeeded in turn by the "Carmagnole," the "Hymn to Anarchy," or "La Calotte," voiced by the Freethinkers. On all sides the windows are full of curious yet sympathetic spectators; they crowd the very roofs and cling to the scaffolding of houses under construction.

At the patrol point of La Villette, a wretch of Lépine's, one Touny, wishing to show that he is there and means business, shouts, "Stop that!" to a group who are singing the "International."

If five hundred sang, a thousand took up the refrain.

"I formally forbid you to yell like that!" roared the official.

At once from two thousand throats rose the cry, "Down with the Skull-caps (priests)! Down with the Army! Long live Anarchy!"

"Charge! Clear the way there!"

At the word 500 Republican Guards brought their bayonets into position, 300 policemen clenched their fists and stiffened their muscles for a spring.

Whereupon with increased zest every singer shouted the chorus of the revolutionary chant, "'Tis the final conflict."

Our friend Touny then gathered that he faced men determined to air their sentiments fearlessly. He retreated furiously, and shrugging his shoulders left to repeat the operation at other points, with the same result.

And thus was it throughout; the comrades jested at the expense of the Municipal Guards and police, who, noting that the crowd was determined to permit no interference, were forced into silent passiveness.

In front of the cemetery, Père-Lachaise, however, an officer felt constrained to show his zeal. Noting in one corner, where the procession was less dense, a group of young fellows round a black flag, he ordered his men to capture it. They threw themselves on the group, who resisted but were outnumbered, two being badly injured, while the emblem of proletarian misery, torn in fragments, remained in the hands of its captors.

There were several similar collisions between brute force and the people, but as a rule success lay with us. At the barrier which divides Paris from Levallois, the police took advantage of a pause in the procession to try to cut it, but failed.

The head of the *cortège* was here taken by the local delegates to a fanfare of "L'Alliance des Travailleurs," and funeral marches were played to the cemetery gates. To the right of these was a stand draped with red, and on the left a tribune from which the speakers addressed their last salutations to our beloved dead.

Each spoke in turn, their tone purely revolutionary amongst the orators being the Mayor of Levallois, as an old Communist, our brave Séverine, who followed the coffin of her sister-in-charity the entire distance on foot, the Comrades Girault, Malato, Faure, etc. The crowd then slowly defiled past the remains, some to return to Paris, others to the Bourse du Travail, where a public meeting was to be held.

Thus did the people of Paris, whom she so deeply loved, for whose liberties she had escaped the scaffold only to suffer transportation; thus did they accord Louise Michel a funeral worthy of her noble life, and one, moreover, which best served the propaganda that above all else was cherished by our good and great comrade.

(DELESALLE in *Les Temps Nouveaux*.)

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