

Freedom

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY

ELISEE RECLUS.

By P. KROPOTKIN.

(Translated from *Temps Nouveaux*.)

On Tuesday, July 4th, the telegraph wires brought us the news of Elisée Reclus' death which had taken place on that morning in a Belgian village not far from Ostend. About three weeks previously the attacks of *angina pectoris*, from which he had long suffered, and which all but carried him off last spring, began to return, becoming more and more frequent and painful. Before this his friends thought that he might, with ups and downs, yet live and work for a few years. But now the organism which had battled till then so bravely visibly gave way.

"His last moment of happiness," writes a friend, "was on Monday afternoon—just a few hours before his death; it came as he heard the reading of a telegram from Russia—probably concerning the uprising at Odessa. His last completed work was the preface to *Man and the Earth*, for the Russian edition; but even up till Saturday he was able to dictate some notes for his work."

It is known that his last effort to speak in public was made in Paris at a meeting organised by our comrades to express the sympathy of Frenchmen for the Russian revolutionary movement. He came purposely for this from Brussels. "But," he wrote to me, "the sight of this fine revolutionary youth impressed me so strongly that I was forced to sit down again after two minutes."

With Elisée Reclus the revolutionary movement of the whole world loses one of its finest figures, one of its most ardent and whole-hearted defenders. And science loses in him one of those who have best felt and expressed the bond which binds man to the whole Earth, as well as to that corner of the globe where he struggles, suffers and rejoices.

Elisée Reclus was born on March 15th, 1830, in the Gironde, at Saint-Foy-la-Grande. His father was a Protestant pastor—a quite remarkable man, one of that vigorous race which had upheld many struggles to maintain its right of believing otherwise than was ordained by the Church; a man who lived his whole life loving the peasant, the tiller of the soil. One day, at the age of seventy, he saw in the fields a young peasant burying a horse, dead from anthrax. "You are young," the old man said to him, "and you are risking your life. I am old. Return home! I will bury the animal." The peasant refused—he insisted; and he worked with the spade alone the whole day. At nightfall the heavy beast was buried.

The mother of Reclus was also a wonderful woman. She had spent her whole life in teaching in a school of her own foundation. She was already nearing seventy when she realised that there was a gap in her teaching. She did not know physics. Then she set herself to learn it—conscientiously—and at the end of a year she was already teaching it to her pupils.

The family was numerous; there were twelve children, of whom Elie was the eldest and Elisée the second. They were very poor, and it is from those times that Elisée gained and kept all his life a respect for *bread*, which was in his youth so often his only food, and one to which he returned so willingly. A piece of bread and an apple, or some grapes, was all he required to live and work.

He received his first University education at the Protestant faculty of Montauban. His father wished him to become a pastor. But he early rid himself of religious prejudices, and with his brother Elie soon left for Berlin, where the great geographer Karl Ritter was then attracting a youth anxious to learn his great and beautiful generalisations about the life of the earth and its inhabitants. The two brothers made a great part of the journey on foot, accompanied by a dog, for whom in the evening the soup was reserved, whilst they contented themselves with dry bread.

I do not know where Elisée was during the Revolution of 1848, but the facts are that after the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851 the two brothers were forced to leave France. Elisée then spent six years travelling. He lived in Ireland, where he espoused with all his ardour the cause of the Irish people, starved by the English, who had robbed them of their land and killed their rural industries.

He journeyed through the famishing villages, and he thus knew the Irish in their everyday life of hunger and misery, and he loved them always, for all time. After this he went to the United States, and then to Columbia and Guiana—a journey which he described in a

little book of exquisite loveliness, *A Journey to the Sierra Nevada of St. Martha*, and which afterwards inspired him with some of the most beautiful generalisations of his work, *The Earth*. From this journey he brought back a hatred of slavery and a love for the black races outraged by the whites.

In 1857 he returned to France. Europe was awaking to that great movement which produced the uprisings of Garibaldi, the liberation of a part of Italy, and the abolition of serfdom in Russia. The United States were already commencing then the campaign which was to abolish for ever the abomination of slavery.

Natural sciences were entering at the same time into that period of awakening which transformed during the years 1856-62 the entire aspect of modern knowledge. Elisée Reclus answered to this double current, humanitarian and scientific. He contrived to interest the French in the great slavery abolition struggle which then began in America. He threw himself into the anti-imperial movement which was outlining itself in France in the sixties, and he took part in the conspiracies of the time against the Empire.

But a new movement was already beginning—the rousing of the French poorer classes, which was to stir the working men of the two hemispheres, and Elisée participated in the birth of this movement. From 1865 on he already belonged to the International Working Men's Association; he identified himself with this movement from the time of the first meetings by which it was formed in 1864; and long before the Alliance of Bakunin was founded Elisée Reclus already belonged to the secret association also founded by Bakunin in Italy in 1864, and known as the International Fraternity an association, dissolved in 1869.

In fact, Elisée was a Communist long before the foundation of the International (his brother Elie, a convinced Fourierist, published a Fourierist paper during the Empire), and the great Association of Working Men did nothing beyond offering to the French Communists a new international field of action.

Towards the end of the Empire Elisée was in Paris, and had his monumental work, *The Earth*, published in 1867-68; the first volume of this work, *The Continents*, placed him immediately in the foremost rank of geographers of our time.* Like everything which Elisée has written, this is a work of remarkable beauty. From the beginning to the end the manner of explaining the general ideas, or of describing certain features of Nature, has a force, a beauty, and a gracefulness which, with the exception of Alexander von Humboldt, has no equal in the whole literature of the century. I was telling him once how I was struck in Madrid, as I deeply enjoyed the works of Murillo, with this idea—"Why does the *beautiful* live for centuries?" "The beautiful?" Elisée replied; "but that is an idea thought out in detail." And since then, every time that I read a page of his, I remembered this definition. Murillo's Madonna would not be *beautiful* were it not that every detail—her hands, her hair, down to the folds of her garment,—harmonised with the fundamental idea of the picture: the ecstasy of pure love. In the same way a page by Elisée would lose its *beauty* if the fundamental idea were not so well thought out in its details, that every detail, every secondary idea, comes to frame, to enforce the original idea of a given page, chapter, pamphlet, or book.

When the war of 1870-71 broke out and Paris was besieged, Elisée Reclus inscribed himself in the National Guard, and joined the company of aeronauts, directed by his friend, the photographer Nadar; and he helped in that organisation, marvellous for the time, by which besieged Paris was kept in regular communication with the provinces unoccupied by the Germans. But events moved quickly in those days. The revolutionary Socialist energy accumulated in France, and especially in Paris, during the last few years of the Empire could not spend itself in pure loss without the bursting of the cloud, and without leaving at least a landmark for the future. The revolution of March 18th broke out in Paris; the Commune was proclaimed.

Here Elisée, who had always felt himself one of the people, gave the true example of how a revolutionist ought to act in a popular revolution. While the Blanquist leaders and the Jacobinists accepted posts in the Government of the insurgent city, and even the Federalist-Internationalists accepted their nominations to the Council of the Commune, Elisée shouldered his rifle and remained in the ranks of one of the battalions of the revolted "federes." His brother Elie, a devotee of ancient art, placed himself under Vaillant, and rescued in

* A short summary of this volume exists, written for all, and published by Hachette at the price of one franc.

(Continued on page 23.)

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LABOUR NOTES.

It does one good to find that, after all, the present political fever among Labour men has not retarded the progress of Anarchist ideas. Why, even *Justice*, no longer hoping anything from the L.R.C., can afford for the moment to try and analyse the political "State," and in doing so, as our old friend Morrison Davidson shows in *Reynolds's*, comes to the inevitable Anarchist conclusion. Has the recent visit to France helped H. M. Hyndman to break with the Hegelian philosophy on this point? If so, let us hope others will assist him to rid himself of a few more Marxian cobwebs. Only somehow, even such a doctrinaire as he, while occasionally coming out splendidly on some point, will again return to his vomit as soon as someone has the courage to apply the teaching. And so long as there are any political ambitions lingering about this is sure to be the case.

The time has now come when a few questions should be put to the Labour politicians. Already a lot of money has been spent; much more will be required. Some unions, or rather some members of the unions, are beginning to chafe. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants are in for an internal struggle on this question. Legal opinion has been taken, and it seems this is: "That no trade union can levy for political purposes unless the rules distinctly state so." This would seem to imply that money paid out of the funds for such purpose is also illegal. So there is little doubt but that the thousands so far spent by the L.R.C., are for the most part money illegally taken from the union funds of the various societies affiliated. Of course this does not apply to the two tiny Socialist bodies, the I.L.P. and the Fabian. What really has happened is—these two are perfectly logical and sensible in this business, the unions are being plucked.

This would not be so serious if the officials of the unions were retaining their old activity on the purely economic ground. But what progress has the trade union movement made during the last five years? Practically none. In many cases the unions have gone back. Where has the old fighting spirit of the "New" trade union movement gone? All the active men who ten to fifteen years ago were shaking up the dry bones of the old skilled unions, and securing such economic improvements for their members that the capitalists were scared almost out of their skins, are now busily engaged wooing constituencies to send them to Parliament to talk. "The day of the agitator has gone; the day of the legislator has come," said the man who led the Dock Strike, a year or two after securing his seat in Parliament. And that spirit now runs right through the Labour movement. Soft seats at St. Stephen's are much nicer than hard knocks with employers!

Not only so, but if anyone dare to doubt the wonderful things that are going to happen when a score or two of Labour (?) men get into the House of Commons, why "he is a traitor"! If one asks, What has been accomplished by those already there? "You must wait till their number is increased" is the reply. But fifty or even a hundred—what then? Why they could turn out Governments! Could they? Only by playing the game for one or other section of their opponents. We have heard a lot about Australia! Let us hope that the idiots who have been bamboozled by Labour politicians as to the wonders accomplished there by similar tactics have read the articles in the *Clarion* by Tom Mann. Though himself a politician, he has innocently shown that in those parts where the unions are weak Labour is exploited to the full. And so it would be here. Labour men in Parliament could do nothing to prevent it.

Direct action with the employer by organised Labour could do more in one year to improve the conditions of the workers than a century of twaddle, resulting in so-called "labour laws," would do in a century. Even such poor creatures as the shop assistants are slowly finding this out. Just recently in Swansea our friend John Turner, who has devoted the best years of his life to organising his colleagues, succeeded in obtaining such improved terms of service for seventy or eighty members in one large house there that could not have been got from Parliament at all. It means over £600 a year in their pockets; eight to ten hours work week less, better food, and many minor improvements. What has been done there could be managed elsewhere if only they would organise and act.

Combine such action with the mutual help of one another, and the demands of the workpeople would be irresistible. Unfortunately, when the money is wanted to waste in electioneering, there is a disposition to economise in other directions. The fighting men of a few years ago are now all for conciliation in Labour disputes. Men who have the courage to

act must be restrained, and the funds that should have supported them are spent in sending, or trying to send, the leaders to make laws. This is the situation that will create Anarchists. A few years of bitter political disappointment will do more for the Anarchist movement than years of theoretical talk. Another decade will see the Anarchists take the lead in the English Labour movement. At least, it will be the fault of the Anarchists if they don't. Already the rank and file are disgusted with the vanity of the would-be law-makers!

PLAIN DEALER.

LITERARY NOTE.

THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The German Anarchist paper, *Der Freie Arbeiter*, has brought out, as a first instalment of its "German Working Man's Library," a forty-eight-page pamphlet, "The Social General Strike," by Arnold Roller, which discusses the whole question in a very comprehensive way. The pamphlet was immediately confiscated by the Government, but our copy has reached us.

The author begins by showing in this pamphlet how the idea of a general strike has developed lately, notwithstanding the opposition of the Social Democracy of all countries, and how it is imposed upon the working men by the very industrial developments. Now it wins ground in Germany (where Dr. Friedeberg is its active advocate), as everywhere else. Not the "political general strike," as the Social Democrats like to say, but the general strike of the working man, which, under favourable conditions, may lead to a social uprising.

The author examines next how recent events have proved the possibility of a nearly general strike, and how even the partial strikes, when they affect a vital branch of production, rapidly generalise if they last for some time, gradually enveloping a number of connected branches. And he discusses next what the workers will have to do if they stop production while they must continue to consume. Placed in such conditions, society evidently will have to resort, first, to its accumulated stores of provisions, and next, see that none but those who work on useful things should have a right to the common stores. A general strike, if it lasts for some time and leads to a proletarian revolution, has evidently the advantage of putting the conflict between the working and the ruling classes on its proper footing of a conflict between Capital and Labour. The struggle, if struggle there comes, is fought at least on its proper ground. The effects of such a strike on the army, and the impossibility of armed intervention from without if the strike spreads to other countries, are considered next and then the author examines the reorganisation of industry which ought to result. The extremely interesting inquiry which was opened on this point in June, 1902, by the French central trade unions' organ, *La Voix du Peuple*, is mentioned under this heading. The luxury trades declared in that inquiry quite unanimously that they would dissolve and take to other trades, while all the unions in the useful and necessary trades declared that they should remain and immediately proceed with the supply of other branches of production with the produce necessary for their work, as well as with the Socialist or Communist reorganisation of their respective trades.

A short but very instructive history of the general strike idea, and of the more or less general strike of the last few years follows, and the pamphlet concludes with a very useful bibliography of the subject. The chief literature is by our French comrades and by the Comité de Propagande de la Grève Générale, which was nominated in 1903 by the French Labour Congress. Besides the above-named weekly, *La Voix du Peuple*, and the newly-started monthly, *L'Action Directe* (Direct Action), there are a number of pamphlets by the Revolutionary Socialist Students of Paris, the above-named Committee of Propaganda, G. Ivetot, E. Girault, and A. Bourchet, as also a thick (3fr. 50c.) volume of inquiry, published by the *Mouvement Socialiste* review. In German there is, besides the above analysed pamphlet, a pamphlet by S. Nacht (translated into different languages), and one by Dr. Friedeberg (1904). Several pamphlets have also been published in Spanish, Italian, Dutch (by Domela Nieuwenhuis, 1904), Portuguese, Polish and Russian. In English there is the report to the Dublin Congress of the Agricultural Labour Unions in 1903, entitled "Anti-Militarism and General Strike," and addressed to the Congress by the French delegates. It has been translated into German.

Altogether, a pamphlet similar to the one just mentioned, dealing with the whole question in about the same way, but with the English working man and his struggles in view, would be very desirable.

REPORTS.

"Wonderland," Whitechapel, was packed on the occasion of the Bakunin commemoration meeting on July 2nd, hundreds being unable to get in. The proceedings were enthusiastic throughout. C. Mowbray was chairman, and the speakers were M. Greenstein (in Russian), Sachs (Yiddish), Withington (English), Morleit, Wilke, and R. Rocker (German).

A meeting in memory of Elisée Reclus was held on Monday, July 10, at New Alexandra Hall, Jubilee Street, Mile End, and the speakers and audience showed their great regret at the loss of our valiant and well-beloved comrade, and appreciation of his lifelong efforts on behalf of the oppressed of all nations. The story of his life which we print this month should stir up every comrade to help on the cause of Anarchism for which Reclus fought so untiringly.

** The article on "Bakunin" in last month's issue was stated, in error, to have been written for the *Workers' Friend*. It was, however, written specially for the Bakunin numbers of *Germinale* (London) and *Der Freie Arbeiter* (Berlin).

** Any books on Anarchism, Socialism, or kindred subjects forwarded (if obtainable) on receipt of order and cash. Inquiries answered on receipt of stamped envelope.

(Concluded from page 21).

the cellars, during the bombardment and conflagration, almost under the fire and the swords of the Versailles men, the treasures of the Louvre and of the National Library.

From the very outset the Commune had had in view a sortie to Versailles, and this sortie took place on the first day of April. Elisee, gun in hand, participated in it. He was taken prisoner on the plain of Chatillon, and he drank the full measure of physical suffering and insults to which the triumphant bourgeoisie subjected its prisoners.

"On our entry to Versailles the crowd of bourgeois, with their gallant dames hanging on their arms, received us with all imaginable insults whilst we, with bound arms, filed past them. One man—I thought I recognised in him a member of the Geographical Society—struck me a heavy blow on the head, calling out, "Oh, the villain!" His lady struck me with her sunshade. . . . After all the fatigue of the previous night I fainted."

Then came all the horrors of the plain of Sartory . . . the sentinels firing point blank on whosoever dared rise, tired of wallowing in the mud. Every day batches were led off to be shot. . . . Then came Brest. It was only at the prison of Mont St. Michel that they breathed for a short time.

But all the scientific men of England then awoke. Darwin, Wallace, W. Carpenter, and many others of other nations signed a petition demanding the liberation of the great geographer, who had been condemned to transportation in November, 1871. In January, 1872, this sentence was commuted into banishment, and Elisee was able to join his brother Elie at Zurich.

The first thing he wrote in Switzerland was *The Story of a Mountain*, a companion volume to his *Story of a Brook*, perhaps the most beautiful of all his writings, wherein he thanked the mountains of Switzerland for the service they had rendered him in allowing him to regain a sort of mental equilibrium after all he had lived through and suffered during the civil war. For in this Elisee Reclus and Goethe are at one. As for the one, so for the other, all Nature lives—the mountain, the stream, the forest are all brothers and sisters to man.

* *

It was at Clarens, in 1872, that his principal work, *The Universal Geography*, was begun; of this the first volume appeared in 1876, and the last—the nineteenth—eighteen years later, in 1894.

The immensity of this work may be understood if I say that for each one of these volumes, which number about 800 pages, Reclus consulted something like 1,000 volumes and articles. Sometimes an article or a volume was read solely to change here and there, in the original text, an adjective, replacing it by one which would better characterise a certain people, or a valley, or a plain. It is almost impossible to understand how Elisee succeeded in combining such splendid generalisation as one finds in his *Geography* with this infinite mass of picturesque details—laughing, sombre, or majestic, but always poetical—with which each volume is so full, that it would be hard to recommend a better travelling companion to a traveller. When one thinks at the same time that a new volume appeared every year, and that the whole was published in weekly numbers, without missing a week, one can hardly realise how so immense a work was ever accomplished by man. And yet there is not one line in this gigantic work which is not written by his hand, either in the first manuscript, which outlined broadly the work, or in the innumerable additions which were made after the first manuscript had been printed in proof.

It is especially in the descriptions of great nations, as well as in those of thousands of little people, that Elisee excelled. One would think that these descriptions must repeat themselves. Nothing of the kind! And in speaking of the smallest tribe he always found a few words to inspire his reader with the feeling that all men are equal, that there are no superior or inferior races.

* *

It was at Clarens that we became acquainted, and soon all of us had learnt to love him by meeting him at meetings, at congresses, and at the informal parties of the Jura Federation. Side by side with the *Bulletin*, the organ of the Federation, Reclus had started, with Lefrançais and Joukovsky, a monthly review, *Le Travailleur*. Then, when the *Révolution* was founded at Geneva, he joined us and soon identified himself completely with our paper. To help us, he disdained no work, however small it might be. And later on, when the Anarchist movement took a more violent form, he did not halt half-way; he endorsed all the consequences. He knew how to hate, as he knew how to love; and he hated the *régime* of the bourgeois. The movement which took place in the Lyons and Monceau-les-Mines region also had his entire sympathy. He, who would have used violence with no man for his own sake, understood that the enfranchisement of the working men could not come about without acts of violence which would awaken the masses, nor without great struggles between exploited and exploiters.

Thus from the moment when the *Révolution* was menaced with persecution Elisee placed himself entirely at the disposal of the Geneva friends who kept up the paper after I was arrested. It was then that he wrote so often for *Le Révolté*, and that he delivered in Geneva his lecture on "Evolution and Revolution," of which the Anarchist conclusions scandalised his numerous friends and scientific admirers.

He remained the "Communard" he had always been. And later on, in the nineties, when so many others, terrified by the bombs at Paris and scared by the theories which were cropping up in our circles as a negation of bourgeois morality, hastened to move aside, Elisee

Reclus remained where he was. He took his place amongst those whom the governing classes and the Socialists of the Government had placed outside the law; and he did it so well, so frankly, so openly, that the governing classes of every party, who were at this time exploiting the Republic, vowed an implacable hatred to the Reclus family—at least, to its entire revolutionary branch.

Paul Reclus was implicated in the prosecution of "the Thirty." His old father, Elie, was arrested, conveyed to the police office, undressed there, and measured according to what these cads of make-believe scientists term, in their jargon, "anthropometry." . . . Elisee was not arrested, for the sole reason that he was not then in Paris; but the "friends of order" did not spare him any of the venom of their insinuations.

France at that time was in a very sad state. What Elisee suffered as he saw not only the upper classes, but the French people, and even the Paris workers, throwing themselves at the feet of Alexander III., and prostrating themselves at the sight of an empress's smile; what he suffered in seeing the last hope of the monarchist, Boulanger, so near success and missing the dictatorship only through lack of force in the pretender himself. . . . What he suffered in seeing this fair France, which he loved so deeply, fallen so low,—all this he told to no one. But he let us guess it by some word in a letter, or some sentence let drop when on one of his short visits to London.

He left France for good, and went to settle in Brussels. It was not until the conscience of the French nation began to awake during the Dreyfus case, that he decided again to set foot on his native soil.

* *

In the meantime he founded a really "free" university in Brussels—one of those universities such as Europe, regenerated some day by the Social Revolution, will see. In this university it was that Elie Reclus delivered his wonderful course (nearly 100 lectures) on the origin of religious ideas, and of religions, and that Elisee gave for several years courses on the development of human societies under the influence of various geographical conditions. These lessons, from which Anarchism stands out, as a conclusion, as a scientific necessity, form the essence of a fine work, in three large volumes, *Man and the Earth*, which has just begun to be published in Paris.

In the spring of last year Elisee Reclus completed this work. The energy which he had retained up till then, in spite of the heart disease which had touched him for the first time in 1880, began to diminish visibly. The death of his brother Elie in January, 1904, had also been a severe blow to him.

We thought at the time that we were about to lose him. The ceasing of heart-beats repeated itself nearly every night. And notwithstanding that, between these painful attacks, as soon as some force awoke in him and he was in the presence of some young friend, he ever returned to the great ideal which had always inspired him during his whole life—Anarchism. The first signs of awakening in Russia, which showed themselves at that time, filled him with joy. He saw the dawn of the Social Revolution which he well knew would not confine itself to Russia, but would finish by embracing all Europe.

After the massacres of last January in St. Petersburg, he had yet the courage to come to Paris and to speak for a few minutes, hailing the first bright rays of the Russian popular revolution. But it was evident even then that if his mind retained its entire lucidity and force, the heart could no longer cope with the functions of keeping up the spark of life. It ceased to beat on the night between the 3rd and 4th of July.

* *

Anarchism has already produced a group of characters of marvellous beauty. Elisee was one of the most striking, one of the most expressive. One sees men, very revolutionary in their thoughts, but one cannot help asking oneself—How will they accommodate themselves one day to the beginnings of the Social Revolution, when they will have to give up many habits of a leisured life or of the life of exploiters of other less lucrative trades and professions, such as we all are, we men of privileged trades? How will they attune themselves to the principles of equality, without which no Social Revolution is possible? Where will they find in their tyrannical souls that tolerance for conceptions of other people side by side with a passionate love for their own principles? Will they possess that equalitarian trend of thought, which is, in fact, the essence of Anarchism? Where, at last, will they find this understanding of the errands themselves of the mind and the passions, which become an element of progress when the dying "twilight of the idols" comes and upsets a decayed *régime*?

Not the slightest of such doubts was possible in regard to Elisee Reclus. He was an Anarchist to the uttermost depths of his mind—to the smallest fibre of his being. Dry bread would have sufficed him to go through a revolutionary crisis, and to work at building up a future full of wealth for all. He managed to remain poor, absolutely poor, in spite of the success of his beautiful books. The idea of dominating anyone at all seems never to have crossed his mind; he hated down to the smallest signs a dominating spirit. For him, who knew so well all the peoples scattered over the globe, and showing us now the stages once passed through by mankind; for the man of science who could at a single glance retrace in his mind the long martyrdom of man—for him Anarchism was not a poor lover's dream. It was the conclusion, the keystone of human history, a science; the aim, indicated with as much necessity as is the path along which our solar system is to-day directed in the infinite space. And Nature—that beautiful Nature which he loved as Goethe and Shelley loved her—was for his mind a physical necessity, so he never let himself be turned

away from his path by any of the superstitions which are inspired by the fear of an imaginary other world.

And then the ideal, for him, meant application to-day. The hypocrisy of the despot and the ambitious man, which makes them say: "This is good for to-morrow, and in the meantime I shall continue to rule"—this hypocrisy he never knew. Since Nature, the study of Nature, of history, of man under all latitudes and at all times, had brought him to see in Man—both in the community and in the individual—a product of the surroundings; since he had conceived Anarchism in its sense of progressive force acting through the ages, it was for him no more a vain word, or a far off desideratum. He saw, even to-day, a better way for men to live without seeking to govern one another. He practised even from now this mode of life, and had he found himself once again in a revolted Commune, his motto would have been: "Anarchism,—straightforward, consequent, audacious, and therefore triumphant!"

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Spain.

Owing to the long drought, and the lack of work in Andalusia the population is suffering intense misery. While the young king amused himself paying state visits to his brother monarchs this summer his people were dying of starvation at home. Agricultural labour at a standstill, the peasants are swarming into the cities in search of work and food, neither of which are to be had. In Malaga alone over two thousand famished persons filled the streets on one occasion, to the terror of the authorities, who speedily massed all the troops at hand. There seems, however, to have been little rioting. Fully open to the gravity of the situation, the citizens did what they could for the unfortunate wanderers, and there is no more proudly patient or grateful an individual in the universe than the Spanish peasant when fairly treated. In the industrial centres strikes continue of more or less importance. At such a juncture one would have supposed the Socialist party would be on the alert, both to organise propaganda and make some special effort on the part of the workers. How small a hold they have on the sympathies of the people, however, is proved by the fact that, awakening to the situation, they called for a general strike which was to commence in July. On the date arriving not a single workman came out! The S.D.F. of Spain is not in the ascendant.

The *Tierra* of Havana has been exposing the inquisition of Cuba. The horrors of Montjuich are being reproduced at Santa Clara on the persons of imprisoned strikers. Garcia upon his release has made some astounding revelations. The practices of Spain are renewed in a colony over which until recently the Stars and Stripes waved protectingly, and which virtually remains American. Wherever we find the trail of State authority, so do we find cruelty at its base.

In spite of the pessimistic news respecting *La Protesta* of Buenos Ayres printed in our last, we are glad to say that we have now received the paper up to the end of June, which proves that it is still living and doing good work, whether or not its staff lies imprisoned on a man-of-war.

Russia.

The meeting of the Zemstvo Congress in Moscow on July 19th marks an epoch in Russian history.

It met in defiance of the authorities, who, after formally forbidding it, felt themselves too feeble to crush it at once out of existence. Its 200 members were representative men; men of birth, education, or of known worth and position in the community. They gathered together from all parts of the empire, and passed resolutions embodying the grievances of the nation and the only remedy possible to each. How serious a matter such deliberations were considered by the imperial coterie becomes plain from the fact that Nicholas delayed his departure and conference with the Kaiser in Finnish waters, while Troubetskoi, the liberal-minded nobleman who is spokesman for the higher class of Russian reformers, has since been politely told to take change of air; in other words, has been expelled from his country. Instead of bending to the storm, the palace party in its dying throes sows indignation broadcast, thus paving the way to further disaster. It is interesting to note that the Union of State Officials sent an address of sympathy to the Moscow Zemstvo; yet another sign of the times, and a significant one, were more needed to open blind eyes. For there are blind eyes, and not in the Russian Government only. Many of the European States still refuse to believe that a *bona-fide* revolution is taking place within view of their horizon, or that fate itself, when the hour arrives and all else fails, will rise on the side of a crushed people. Throw them some sugarplums, douche them with cold water—a shower of rain before this has given quiescence to incipient rebellions; should revolt continue, guns and battalions will speak for us. But it remains to be seen to which side, when the crucial moment comes, these will talk in Russia. For day by day now we hear of troops and seamen fraternising with the people, till Cronstadt, the port at the very door of the capital, wavers in its allegiance, and Cossack regiments everywhere complain of being weary of butchering. Almost every soldier returning invalided or otherwise from Manchuria has become a rebel *en route*, while without exception the officers are with the revolutionists to a man; crippled or sick, their only reward for loss of limb and daring courage is a pitiful pension of between two and three pounds a month. They lose nothing, they gain at least moral satisfaction in joining the ranks of those determined to win better conditions for their countrymen. Something must come of all this, let Tsardom and Prussian despot confer as they will on the open sea at midnight.

Two especially among the resolutions adopted by the Zemstvo delegates call for attention. They intend to make common cause for the public good with many of the leagues now cropping up fast throughout the empire—such as the Leagues of Engineers, of Physicians, High School and University Teachers, State and Zemstvo (municipal) Employees, and, most important of all, the Press League and League or Federation of Leagues, all such bodies being classed as officially illegal. Next, all hope of the Government granting specific reforms being over, the Zemstvo Congress has resolved to appeal directly to the people and act independently of the authorities. For this purpose it will be called together again early in September, when the people will be invoked to resist all unjust Government measures of any sort or kind. Hence, though anti-revolutionary as a whole, the Progressives in the late Congress carried the day; there is to be no more knuckling down to police or imperial ukases, while seeking to relieve the intolerable wrongs under which the country writhes. No wonder the high-minded Prince Troubetskoi has been expelled.

Japan.

Civilisation began among this wonderful people about 2,000 years ago. Up to fifty years ago they were busy absorbing the best elements of the East, then

the country became politically and commercially open to Western influence, since which, while assimilating and perfecting the best, they have also accepted some of the worst. Industrially, the workers are in an abject position. Once there was no Labour Question, now there are capitalists as greedy and pitiless as any in Europe or America. In trade, as in factory, the worker is exploited without mercy. Women and children, under the promise of good wages, flock into factories, where they become virtually imprisoned, where there is no legal regulation, and none to note the hardships and moral degradation to which they are subjected. The employer is heaping up wealth while the labourer sinks lower daily, so that his very nature is changing as it has changed the world over under the present system. Once every man sang over his daily task, once even England was "merrie"; now there is grim taciturnity and oaths in place of song. In Japan there is little or no factory legislation, and, waking up to their position the workers are studying trade unionism. A strike in Japan is still illegal, and the police may prevent any attempt at a meeting, for the Government knows that Socialism has its supporters amongst myriads of the factory slaves, and that Anarchism does not lag behind. There is a Federation of Trade Unions, and a few of the trades are fairly organised; but publicly their power is not felt owing to the repressive attitude of the authorities, as shown in the suppression of the Social Democratic party. The greed for commercial superiority and wealth has seized on the leaders of this nation as through the past century it has gripped hold of modern Europe. Unless they can throw off its yoke we shall one day see the red flag waving in Tokio as it has done in Paris, and a call for justice that will not be denied.

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