

Freedom

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THE BRITISH WORKERS AND THE WAR.

For the last years the Labor Movement in this country has been going on very indifferently. There was a great enthusiasm for Socialism in the years 1886-87, but in proportion as that enthusiasm died out in the few middle class people who had joined the Socialist movement, and in proportion as the latter began to look upon it as upon a means of becoming M.P.'s, the movement began to lose its energy. Undoubtedly the ideas have been spreading, but the workers, too indolent, failed to make out of it the powerful and the indomitable movement which it ought to be by this time.

Again, there was a revival in the year 1890 when the Eight Hours Movement began. The workers conceived for a moment the hope of storming the position by means of immense May Day demonstrations which, if they had retained their original character, would have ended in strikes, nearly general, and in great labor movements. However, here again the first impetus was not maintained. Politicians stepped in, and the May Day demonstrations soon fell to the level of First Sunday in May gatherings devoid of any vigour. The demoralising idea of utilising the movement for electoral purposes gained the upper hand, and at the present moment these gatherings have lost all the importance they promised to acquire ten years ago. The great movement fell flat.

And, finally, the intervention of the different fractions of British Socialists in the last elections in favor of the Conservatives, gave a last blow to the Socialist movement. The result of these most unhappy tactics was not to give to the Liberals and Radicals the lesson which the promoters of these tactics expected to give. It was only to give a free hand to the Conservative party in their reactionary inner policy in favor of the Church and Landlordism, and to their foreign policy of Imperialism.

Three times already, since the Salisbury-Chamberlain Ministry came to power, this country was brought to the verge of war. Once with the United States on the Venezuela question, when most submissive excuses and appeals to a common Anglo-Saxon origin had to be made by the British literary people and the leaders of London "Society" to appease the anger aroused in the States by the arrogant tone of the Salisbury despatches.

War with Russia was only prevented by the skilled move of Russian diplomacy which convoked a Peace Congress and thus gave the English Liberals the possibility of starting a Peace agitation.

And, for a third time, this country was on the eve of being plunged into the most fratricidal of all wars—a war with France—when most arrogant notes were sent across the Channel in connection with the rather insignificant Fashoda incident. It was only the advice of the Russian diplomats and the coolness of M. Delcassé (who probably saw the Transvaal war coming and foresaw its consequences) which prevented the two nations from being thrown by the British landlords, Church people and capitalists into a war of extermination against each other.

At last the Transvaal war broke out. The handful of unscrupulous capitalists who have got hold of the public opinion of this country had evidently decided, in their wisdom, that the two peasant republics (whose aggregate white population hardly reaches 520,000 inhabitants, and whose aggregate Boer population hardly equals that of Leeds or Newcastle, i.e. 350,000 men, women and numerous children included) could be smashed and annexed in a couple of weeks. To go hundred against one (38,000,000 British against 350,000 Boers) and thus to annex to Britain one of the richest goldfields in the world, was too good an opportunity to be missed. The Boers don't allow the blacks to work in the gold mines; and we were told lately by the Company directors that the value of the shares of the different South African companies would double and treble if black labor could be introduced in the Transvaal gold mines.

The blacks have been brought by English law into serfdom, and are compelled in Kimberley to work for whatever wages a Company chooses to pay them; black labor would thus be an excellent means to get rid of the white laborers, who insist upon being paid high wages. This prospect of introducing the Kimberley slavery at Johannesburg was again too good to be lost by our rulers and swells, most of whom are important shareholders in those companies.

Is it not touching indeed, to see all the Chamberlain family, down to the new-born babies, inscribed as holders of shares in the South African companies (25 shares being held by the babies and up to 1,000 being held by the full-grown members of this pernicious family)! And is it not still more touching to learn that in the Kynoch Company, which supplied ammunition to the Boers, the brother of the head of the dynasty (Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, brother of Joseph) is the chief director? True that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has confessed, in his organ *The Birmingham Post*, having supplied ammunition to the Boers only up to the year 1896; but we know too well the value of such "confessions with a limitation" to attach much importance to the latter. The "brother" has confessed that it is with Kynoch's bullets and Arthur's cartridges that British soldiers have been shot on the Tugela and the Modder. What can we expect more from his modesty?

The result of this war is well known. Fifteen thousand men (3,000 prisoners and 12,000 killed, wounded and dead from disease*) are the item of the losses incurred by this country in breaking through the first line of defence of the Boers: the line which they had drawn on British territory and by means of which they have prevented, for four months in succession, a 38,000,000 strong nation, supported by her colonies, from invading Boer territory. If we add to the British losses the losses of the Boers, and put them at one-half only of the former, it will mean that no less than 6,000 Boer farmers have been mowed down. Men who demanded nothing but to be left cultivating their fields and bringing under culture such parts of the globe as no one else has ever desired or shown himself capable of cultivating.

More than 20,000 men have thus been sacrificed, during the first act of the drama, to the greediness of the Rothschilds, the De Beers, the Rhodeses, the Chamberlains and other international bloodsuckers of the Lombard Streets of London and other European capitals.

How many thousands more will have to be sacrificed now the Boers have taken to their second line of defence, which they have drawn across their own territory and which their women, in addition to their children, will aid them to defend?

The laager abandoned recently near Arundel was found to contain all sorts of women's attire, and even feeding bottles for babies, which had been left behind. Even outside of their own territory, in Cape Colony and in Natal, the Boer women share by the side of their men all the hardships of war. The "non-combatants" make in every army about one-third of the soldiers. But, when a nation takes to arms to defend her independence, everyone must be a combatant, and the Boer women, carrying their babies at their breasts, undertook to be the Non-combatants who cook the food for the men while they lie in the trenches, and who attend to their horses, to the loading and unloading of the waggons, and so on.

This was in the first line of defence; but now that the Boers have to defend their second line, on their own mother land, we shall certainly see the women, rifle in hand, defending their trenches. The children, down to sixteen years of age, are already in the trenches. The boys under that age, from ten to sixteen, are already practising with their rifles, as we saw in a photo taken by a Russian photographer in the Transvaal. Now their mothers will join them. Since the beginning of the war they have been pressing upon Kruger to permit them to form women-commandoes, and the old man was at last compelled to promise that such commandoes will be formed if the British invade the Transvaal.

* The British casualties now total more than 18,000.

The Boer mothers can safely go with the men to the trenches. From their fathers and brothers they will not hear a word that may offend their ears. They will not be in the company of those whom barrack life is rearing, and will be received as mothers and sisters.

And now, when we ask ourselves: "Who is the cause of all that bloodshed?" our pen refuses to write down the names of the Chamberlains, the Rhodes, the Rothschilds and other Christian or Jewish gold-grabbers. These are only the leaders of a current whose deepest springs are in the hearts of the whole of the British nation.

Yes, the whole English nation has been abetting the commission of this crime in South Africa. The British workers as well as their *Jingo* masters!

From the time of John Bright, when the British proletarians turned their backs to the Socialists who worked amongst the Chartists, the workers of this country have been induced to believe that the more their masters plunder in distant lands, the richer they will be themselves.

Under the pretext of finding new "markets" and keeping "open doors", the British workers have supported their masters in their policy of sucking the blood out of Turkish and Indian peasants, Egyptian fellaheen and Negro slaves. All the world had to be turned into a field of exploitation for the British, and the British workers have supported this policy with all their hearts for nearly half a century.

When the open town of Alexandria in Egypt was bombarded by the British ironclads, without even showing the mere pretext of "resistance", and when the church bells rang all over England to glorify this massacre: where were the English workers to protest against this act of highway-robbery in which France refused to join? When the Matabeles were shot "like nine-pins," their cattle were taken, and serfdom—true serfdom, I mean—was imposed upon the survivors, what did the British workers say to that? They gave their approval.

"After all," the worker said, "there is competition all round to our manufactures; so it will not be bad at all if so rich a country as Egypt be brought under English rule, and if so many millions of blacks are enslaved to us." The idea that the wealth of a nation is measured by the number of rich men in the nation, is so deeply rooted in England that by this time many millions of so-called "free-born Britons" feel happy to have thousands of rich men in the country, and themselves to earn their living as servants, as valets, as gardeners, as butchers and grocers in the service of those who plunder distant lands, or by supplying luxuries and amusements to those adventurers when they retire to a mansion or a cottage in Surrey or the Isle of Wight.

Britain is literally studded with such mansions and houses belonging to officers and officials retired on full pensions after a short service in India and the Colonies, to bankers enriched abroad, to serf-owners in Africa and the like. The main wealth of the nation is no longer made by the country's manufactures. Her chief net income is the £80,000,000 that she gets every year as interest upon the more than £2,000,000,000 distributed as loans all over the world: loans mostly twice repaid already (as Hyndman has proved, figures in hand) by Egypt, but still inscribed to their full value on the books of the Egyptian Treasury. Banking (i.e. trade in money), not the sale of British manufactured goods, is now the great and profitable occupation of the British in every town of the far East and far West. England is no more "a nation of shopkeepers," as Napoleon I. said and Mr. Huxley repeated with pride, but a nation of moneylenders and traders in gold. And, this being so, the British workers become more and more the servants and pleasure providers for rich moneylenders, for "administrators" of India who have brought it to the verge of starvation, for bankers trading in money in Asia and elsewhere, for the Armstrongs and Whitworths, with their sub-Armstrongs and sub-Whitworths, all enriched in providing the British nation with a fleet in order to maintain these sources of income.

Masters enriched by plundering all over the world, and well paid servants to those masters: this is what the British nation is going to become with gigantic strides. The present war was only the means of making a further great step in this direction.

The worst of it is that, far from condemning this policy of the nation, the great mass of the British workers, and especially the London workers, openly support it. The ideal of the "free Briton" seems now to be a well-paid servant to the man who has made a fortune at Johannesburg, at Cairo or at Hong Kong; his ambition is to have his daughter wearing the slavey-bonnet in the rich man's mansion, and his son running in a butcher, grocer or milk cart to take orders at the "gents'" doors; to

be employed in the stables or the gardens of an African Crosses and to glory in the horses and gardens of his master; to carry all over England the mistresses of the rich men on their holiday trips; to amuse them in the theatres and circuses; to sweep the streets for them; to build them mansions; to light them by electricity and to supply them with luxuries from all corners of the world. To be a servant to the rich who plunder the world: this now seems to be the highest ideal of the "free Briton"; and the war is nothing but an attempt to go further and further in that direction.

When an agitation was started in this country, in 1886, to nationalise the land, to return it to culture, to give the mass of the English nation access to their own land and to create a wealthy agricultural population which would be the best customer to British manufactures: what echo did that agitation find amidst the British workers, apart from platonic resolutions voted at the Trade Union Congress and forgotten as soon as the Congress was over?

No, to cultivate the land may be good for Boers and Hungarians; not for us. Is it not far better to say to our masters: "Plunder the world, and, provided you bribe us with some share of the spoil, we shall give you full power for that; we shall stand by you, glorify you, erect you bronze statues, and throw eggs and pen-knives at your opponents." And this was what the British workers have never ceased to say to their masters: when they seized Egypt, when they shot down the Matabele, when the great Empire took for itself the cattle of these starvelings and imposed serfdom upon them amidst a Jesuitic talk about Liberty!

Let us hope, at least, that the heroic struggle of the Boers for their independence, and all the blows that this war is going to give the just-mentioned policy of Britain in Asia and everywhere will at last open the eyes of the British workers and show them that a policy of robbery and of sharing the spoil is not always the easiest way to well-being for a nation any more than for individuals. The "Maffia" system carried on by a nation is as risky for it as the "Maffia" organised in Italy by individual robbers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Comrade Holt, of Yorkshire, writes to Cantwell as follows:

You will, perhaps, have some remembrance of the letters I sent to you a few years ago, when *Commonweal* was alive. I am still of the same opinion. I still believe that the problem of our great towns and cities is not only unsolved but unsolvable—unless taken in consideration with the agricultural interest. I regard, not only the minor evils from which our towns suffer, but the towns themselves as an effect, which it is useless to try to remedy whilst leaving the cause untouched.

I think I pointed out before, the absurdity of Land Nationalisation—inasmuch as the farm worker is already in *practical* possession of the land.

It is my earnest desire to see the worker able to retain possession and control of the produce he has raised, which impels me to write to you again. If only a knowledge of farm and country life was more widespread I think the task of showing or demonstrating the practicability of a solution of social evils by its help would be very easy.

If the problem of the towns is unsolvable, and there is a solution to the social problem: it must necessarily resolve itself on an agricultural basis. Being in possession, the question is: How to be able to hold both land and produce against Constituted Authority? The only way that I can see is to meet force by force; but how are we to organise ourselves into an efficient force?

No doubt it will take a large amount of propoganda work—far greater than any that has yet been undertaken in recent years.

This will imply a great expense, far more than can be raised in this country, try all we can. Where, then, has it to come from?

At the present crisis, at a time when the two South African Republics are engaged in a fierce struggle with the capitalists of this country, is it too much to hope for the means to be supplied us to strive for and proclaim a Commune in England?

Yours fraternally,
A. H. HOLT.

THE EFFECT OF WAR ON THE WORKERS.

(Address by Emma Goldman on February 20, in London.)

FELLOW WORKERS.—Let me begin my address with a quotation from one of England's greatest men; not the England of to day, the invading, murderous, crushing England, but the England of a time when Liberty and Hospitality were her main virtues—the England that has given the world the profoundest thinkers, the most brilliant writers, the most touching poets, from among whom Carlyle stands out like a shining star upon the firmament. It was he who said, when asked "What is the net purport of War?":

"There dwell and toil, in the English village of Dumdrudge, some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts so that one can weave

another build, another hammer, and the weakest stand under thirty stone avoidpouis. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot.....are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition: and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcases, which it must bury, and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

In these few pithy words of Carlyle, lies the whole secret of War and Militarism. Only a short while ago in what is called the greatest and freest land in the world (I mean America), from each Dumdrudge, thirty, nay, more, men were selected, dressed in uniform and shipped to a strange country; and the same was done in many Dumdrudges of Spain. Both Spain and America had nursed and suckled their sons into strong and sturdy craftsmen. These same sons had children and wives to care for—often a mother and sister to support; but no amount of tears or prayers could keep them at home; they were told to go, and so they went to blow each other's brains out. Had they any quarrel? None whatever; they, too, lived far enough apart, and in this wide world there was rather a bond of helpfulness between them. What then? In the case of the American man, we were told that a beautiful sentiment, a deep moral, was the motive power; and so it was to some extent—at least, the American people thought so. It was the deep sympathy with the suffering Cubans, tortured and starved by the butcher Weyler under the regime of the Spanish clergy and government; it was the just indignation of the American people over the atrocities committed in Cuba—I say: of the American people; I should say, of the American worker—and this noble sentiment, these humanitarian feelings, served the American governors as a good pretext for fighting Spain in order to get Cuba into their clutches.

Do you wish to know how the American-Spanish war affected the workers? I will tell you. First of all, America lost thousands of her sons—who either died of fever, lack of proper nourishment, or were killed by Spanish guns, or (as a reward for their patriotism and devotion to their country) by embalmed beef furnished by American capitalists. Instead of those strong, able-bodied men who left their shores for the battlefield, we have today thousands of broken-hearted mothers, hungry widows and orphans, who swell the number of the unemployed and reduce the wages of the workers. Then we have the War Tax of Two Cents—only a penny, you know; for the Government was kind to us—a penny War Tax that still, like the sword of Damocles, hangs over the workers' heads, that has increased the price of meat from 4d. to 6d., bread from 2d. to 2½d. per loaf, coals from 17s. to 25s. per ton, rent from 2s. to 30s. a month, beer, clothing and other necessities of life to still higher prices; it has ruined hundreds of small tradesmen, increased the ranks of the unemployed and reduced wages.

Still, all this suffering could be patiently borne if only one knew that the Cubans had been helped. Were they helped? I deny it. I say that all the blood spilt, all the lives lost, all the money spent has been in vain; the Cubans have been freed from the atrocious government of Spain but only to fall into the hands of another almost as unscrupulous. We have but to think of Homestead and its strike where eleven men were killed and some 30 wounded; of the coal strike in the Coeur d'Alene mines in Idaho, where 200 men were thrown to rot in the Bull Pen and confessions extorted at the point of the bayonet; when we think of the atrocities rampant in the South, of the negroes lynched, tortured and burned by infuriated crowds without a hand being raised or a word said for their protection—when we think of all these things, then I say that the American Government is hardly an improvement upon the Spanish, signs of which already can already be seen in Cuba, where, 12,000 workers being out on strike, the army was threatened to be called out. We have saved the Cubans from the bullets of Spaniards, only, it seems to me, to expose them to the brutality of the bloodhounds of American capitalism. But as if this were not sufficient, there is a still more degrading, humiliating and brutal result of the American-Spanish war—I allude to the invasion of the Philippine Islands and the crushing of the Filipinos, those noble rebels who are still defending their independence, though slaughtered by hundreds, their homes burned, their wealth destroyed, and their women ill-used by the very men who went to free the Cubans in the name of Liberty. Columbia! cover your face under the shame of it; for you have become but a prostitute to the vice and greed of your sons!

Again we can say with Carlyle, out of every British and Irish Dumdrudge, men have been selected, dressed in khaki and sent to the Transvaal to blow out the souls of the Boers. Have these Englishmen quarrelled with the Boers? Why, no; on the contrary they were friends until a short time back? What then? In this case we cannot even say their Governors have fallen out, for the Governor of the Transvaal has certainly done more than any self-respecting man could or ought to do in the effort to prevent war, by yielding to the demands of Chamberlain, Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Milner. No, it is not the Governors who have fallen out, but a few greedy and insatiable monsters, who

have gone mad at the sight of the red Gold in the Transvaal like the proverbial bull at the sight of a red rag, and Britannia must sacrifice her sons at the demand of her hanguan traders. No fight so justifiable, no more righteous a defence, no nobler struggle for liberty, than that we see today on the side of the Boers, a handful of farmers who have known little of military drill or modern warfare, who, a peace-loving people, have taken to their guns only from sheer necessity and are showing the world that when a people fights for Liberty and independence it needs neither God nor King on its side. I see a report in one of your dailies, that a number of ministers have called upon you to repent; God because of your sins, having been against you no little in this war. Now I always believed the English were the most pious people on the earth; at least, they have always pretended to be such yet God has punished you; might it not be because you obeyed the call of your Governors to invade and slay a peaceful people? But no, your ministers call you to repent because God for once in their crude imagination is on the side of the righteous—otherwise he is too often on the side of the rascal. I hardly, however, think it necessary to go into details regarding the English-Boer War; enough has already been said from different sides as to the results likely to obtain on the workers; blind indeed are those who do not see them already. Aside of the increase of the cost of the coal and food, aside of your 30,000 children going to school without breakfast, you have sold your breakfast, you have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage; you stand before the world as willing slaves to the whims of robbers and thieves, and you have shown yourselves incapable (in spite of the gifts of chocolate from her gracious Majesty and plum-puddings from your aristocrats) of meeting and beating a handful of farmers!

Do not tell me Mr. Chamberlain is responsible for this war; it is you who are responsible. With Ruskin I can say: "There are two kinds of slaves—we are scourged to their work by their whip: others by their ignorance; some are bought with money, others with praise [or promises of chocolate!]. Again, it matters not what kind of work slaves do; some are set to digging fields, others graves; some press the juice out of vines, some the blood of men, but it is slavery just the same, because you do things at the bidding of others."

Yes, fellow-workers, this is your curse—doing things at the bidding of others. When, oh when, will you learn to be yourselves, to think for yourselves, to act for yourselves? Not until you have learnt to understand the wrongs of War, of bloodshed, of legal murder and robbery; that all class and racial hatred is but the result of your ignorance, and that while you wilfully choose this ignorance you become the easy tools of your Governors, who are too cowardly to go out and fight themselves.

EDWIN MARKHAM WITH A HOE.

(From THE LITERARY DIGEST, New York.)

Mr. Edwin Markham recently paid a visit to the Roycroft Shop, where Mr. Elbert Hubbard, "the sage of East Aurora, N. Y.," holds court, and where the Roycroft books and other objects of art are made. Mr. Markham has of late been so often accused of being a malinger of the hoe and of the man who uses it that we rejoice with Fra Albertus in his discovery that the poet is himself no stranger to that implement. The sage thus tells the tale (in *The Philistine*, October):

"When Mr. Markham arrived at the shop, Saint Gerome, Sammy the Artist, Ah Baba and I were just starting for the potato-field, each armed with a hoe. Mr. Markham left heartily at our appearance and thought it was a planned reception; but it wasn't, it was all purely accidental.

"I sent one of the boys to the barn to find another hoe. Mr. Markham did not shy, and when he was provided we started away. We reach the field, and hoed.

"Mr. Markham is no stranger to a hoe. He is hearty, bronzed, and his white hair and beard quite belie his strong fiz-ek and boyish spirit. As we hoed we discussed the 'hoe-man.' Probably I know more clearly than Mr. Markham does, himself, just what he had in view when he wrote 'The Man with the Hoe.'

"So I explained to Mr. Markham what he meant. He was grateful.
 "The trouble with the hoe-man is too much hoe—it is hoe-congestion.
 "The hoe is all right, and all men should hoe.
 "If all men hoed a little, no man would have to hoe all the time.
 "To hoe all the time slants the brow.
 "To never hoe tends to hydrocephalus and nervous prostration.
 "Many men never hoe, because, they say, 'I don't have to.' It is a fool's answer.

"Then very many men are not allowed to hoe—the land is needed for game preserves. And in a country called Italy, where the true type of hoe-man is found most abundantly, there is an army of two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men who have to be fed with the things the hoe-man digs out of the ground.

"Wherever there are many soldiers there are also many hoe-men.
 "Some one must hoe.
 "All food and all wealth are hoed out of the ground.
 "If you never hoe, and yet eat, you are slanting the forehead of the hoe-man and adding to that stolid look of God-forsaken hopelessness. If you help the hoe-man hoe, he will then have time to think, and gradually the shape of his head will change, his eye will brighten, the coarse mouth will become expressive, and at times he will take his dumb gaze from the earth and look up at the stars.
 "Let us all hoe—a little."

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NOTES.

JINGO BLESSINGS.

War! War! War! shouts the Jingo; and its Pay! Pay! Pay! to that poor, deluded fool the worker, who, forgetting the results, also joined in the chorus while in a state of mental intoxication brought about by the lying and corrupt press.

Now we are to be robbed of £12,250,000 (this only includes the extra taxation, not the whole of the war expense) more this year to pay for a war which will help to enslave our fellow workers. For it must not be forgotten that the whole amount will have to be paid by the workers alone, because they are the only producers of wealth.

Nor is this all; for besides being robbed by his master (who will, in addition, endeavor to wring from the worker the extra income tax), he will further be charged extra for his necessities, which will also be inferior in quality (they are bad enough now) and be poisoned by all sorts of adulterations under the same pretext.

Yet the rich man will not feel the "extras;" for his "caterers" are prepared to see to that. He will still be able to enjoy his luxuries as before—undisturbed. His Havana cigars will be just the same quality and the same price as before; for the big firms assure us they will make the Cubans reduce their prices so that they may keep up the quality.

PEACE AND HER GUARDIANS.

That "Free Speech" is now becoming a mockery is very evident from the goings on at some of the meetings opposed to war. And as to the protection we are receiving from the police—without whom, we are often told, we could not get on as we should not be safe—the following letter, which appeared in *The Morning Leader* from a correspondent, will I think speak for itself:

Sir,—When stepping outside Exeter Hall at the close of the meeting and crossing the road I and a friend asked a policeman what it was all about. He informed us that "a Boer meeting was being held inside." After expressing our astonishment at a Boer meeting being held in London, I asked him if there was a chance to get inside. He immediately informed us, "Yes; go round the back; there are plenty others on the same job."—Yours, etc., H. D.

But there is one gratifying thing, and that is that all this has brought a good many more people besides ourselves to the conclusion that, for real protection, the best thing to do is to form a group out of your own ranks who are desirous of seeing such meetings undisturbed; to organise themselves in force, and meet the Jingo with force if necessary. Thus the motto "Force against force" is being taken up now.

For our part, we welcome such a movement and wish those undertaking the formation of such a force success. Though, no doubt, if such were told by us that they are acting Anarchistically, they would turn their eyes upward and exclaim: "God forbid!"

By the way, it is a pity to see the editor of the *Morning Leader* misuse the word "Anarchist." We cannot but praise him for the splendid stand he has made against this outrageous war; but he actually calls the disturbers of peace meetings "Anarchists." I am, therefore, certain that the said editor knows not the real meaning of the word he used, and I am inclined to forgive him on condition: that he reads *Freedom* regularly and subscribe to it, and that he looks up the *Century Dictionary* and finds out the real meaning of the word "Anarchy."

SANCTIFIED IMPRECUNIOSITY.

The following comes from holy lips and should, therefore, be read with great interest:

Yesterday afternoon, in a sermon delivered on behalf of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund at Christ Church, Newgate Street, the Ven. Archbishop Sinclair made reference to the poverty which, he said, existed to an alarming extent in the ranks of the clergy of the Church of England.

Throughout the country there were a great portion of them practically on the verge of starvation, and their sons and daughters were compelled in many instances to take situations as lady's maids, footmen, grocers' and drapers' assistants in consequence of their defective or inferior education.

In England there were now about 13,890 incumbencies, and more than half this number had salaries attached of less than £180 yearly.—(*Morning Leader*, Mar. 8.)

So, you see, the poor clergyman is on the "verge of starvation" on £180 a year; his children are actually obliged to "work for their living." But what of those in the ranks of the workers who on 10s. (or, if lucky, say 20s.) a week struggle on with wife and little ones, and are told to be contented with the lot in which it has pleased god to place

hem? Perhaps the "divine displeasure" is being shown towards some of those "holy hounds" who are yelping for Boer blood in the name of Christ.

WASTED ENERGY.

Horatio Bottomley wants to get into Parliament again as a Radical representative of Hackney. But our friend H. R. Taylor of the S.D.F. thinks him an unfit person because of his financial plundering in the Hansard case. But, for the life of us, we cannot see why the House of Commons isn't just the place for him. The "den of thieves" is if anything a little more so than in the days when Cobbett so named it. Besides, Justice Hawkins distinctly said that, whilst utterly condemning the immoral practices of Bottomley, he was bound to admit he had kept within the law and could not be convicted. So much for the law, and so much for the House of Commons. But one thing is clear, and that is that is that Taylor need not have made Bottomley the injured party by "libelling" him, but have left the scamp to have gone the way of all scamps. This ignoble waste of good energy always happens where Socialists mix with politics. Why drag the good cause through all this slime? We assert once again that Socialists have no business in the House of Commons, and they will never accomplish anything there—that is to say, not anything Socialistic. Leave it, then, to the Bottomleys and the Balfours, and fight the cause outside; let the people understand that there is no salvation in voting.

CIVILISED BARBARIANS.

The patriotic fever which is running so high just now—and which is about as genuine as Lipton's philanthropy, or Price Hughes' Christianity, or Salisbury's love of truth—is casting some useful sidelights on society.

No one is surprised that big whisky merchants or tobaccoists and swindling shopkeepers generally should make capital out of the war to advertise their wares, but the simpletons who think things are what they seem must feel a little astonished at the brutal, bloodthirsty spirit shown by the apparently highly cultured and refined members of our much-vaunted society. Mark you, we are not speaking of the common herd but of the so-called "upper ten" who pretend to live in a world where the brutish instincts are supposed to have no play. Alas, what a thin veneer it is that separates the savage in Africa from the savage in Mayfair. Read what these latter say of the war and what they would have meted out to the Boers if they had their way. And the fine ladies too,—they are just as bad. What sort of hearts must beat under the silks and satins of these highly refined creatures who affect all the humanities!

PETER LAVROFF.

The Russian revolutionary party as well as revolutionary Socialists of all the world have lost one of the greatest characters in Peter Lavroff. In him was united a marvellous knowledge, a strong character and richness and depth of thoughts. His scientific and philosophical works have had great influence, but above all things his ethical and social essays show him as the true educator of that splendid generation of young men and women who so gloriously fought against Russian despotism. During more than 40 years Lavroff was a great representative of the revolutionary and international idea, and a courageous fighter for his opinions. During these 30 years as an exile he assembled round him the best of the men and women of the Russian revolutionary movement. Hearing of his death the Democracy and Socialism of the whole world showed their sympathy by sending innumerable addresses to honor this really noble and courageous man.

GERMINAL.

GERMINAL! The Field of Mars is ploughing,
And hard the steel that cuts, and hot the breath
Of the great Oxen, straining flanks and bowing
Beneath his good who guides the share of Death.

GERMINAL! The dragon's teeth are sowing,
And stern and white the sower flings the seed;
He shall not gather tho' full swift the growing,
Straight in Death's furrow treads and does not heed.

GERMINAL! The helmet heads are springing
Far up the field of Mars in gleaming files;
With wild war notes the bursting earth is ringing!
Within his grave the sower sleeps and smiles.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

RESPONSIBILITY AND SOLIDARITY in the labor struggle:

THEIR PRESENT LIMITS AND THEIR POSSIBLE EXTENSION.

(The substance of a paper read on December 5, 1899, before the Freedom Discussion Group, London by M. Nettlau.)

I wanted to find a means of action which would lead large masses of the people to a conception and acceptance of a real and serious combination of the inseparable feelings of human dignity and freedom and solidarity;

I believe one such means to be obtainable, if the two elements just discussed are properly combined and utilised, namely: the necessity to interest the public (the mass of the workers) economically in strikes as well as strikers themselves,—and the necessity for the workers of a feeling of responsibility for what they do, making them use their efforts to cease to injure their fellow men by unsocial work.

Such means would give an impetus to the feelings of self-respect and of solidarity and would consequently lead large masses on the road to freedom, making them amenable to farther propaganda, as the teachings of propaganda would no longer to such a degree be contradicted by their and our own lives as is the case at present.

The main outlines of such means are, in my opinion, for the workers; to refuse to do work detrimental to the public, strengthening their position by exposing to the public plainly how they are deceived and defrauded; and for the public: to support such movements, strikes based on such grounds, by active sympathy and the boycott. Such strikes may end by a gain to the strikers and to the public, this time really at the cost of the capitalist, reducing his rate of profit. They cannot destroy the root of the system as no strike can unless it be the determined refusal to work for others, the general strike, the social revolution,—but they can link together the working classes to a greater extent than they are at present; strikes would lose their individualist character and become matters of collective interest which they are today only by sentiment and the personal conviction of some, not by their economic basis.

In practice those tactics may assume, of course, manifold forms. They ought to form part and body of the conscience of trades unionists and Socialists before all; after this, practical efforts will not be wanting.

If for example the organized building trades would resolve that no unionist may touch *slums*—helping neither to erect nor to repair them,—at the same time exposing to the public the hopelessly unsanitary character of all patchwork in this direction, the question of housing would come before the public in a larger sense than it ever has previously in spite of all committees, meetings, newspaper campaigns etc. No wonder that the people remained indifferent to all this agitation, as they saw that in reality all goes on as before; their own friends and neighbours, if in the building trade, perpetuating the housing misery by their ridiculous repairs, whilst they themselves, perhaps, if in the retail trade, return the compliment by selling poisoned stuff to eat and to drink to the builders, labourers, etc. One cuts the other's throat and the capitalist pulls the strings. If house property is condemned at last, this is done neither by the people who inhabit it and need but leave it alone, nor by the workers who repair it and need but leave it alone also, but by the sanitary authorities, who act in solidarity with the rich classes, protecting them from infection by centres of disease! Initiative and self-respect are little known among the victims of this system, and no effort ought to be spared to create them, and the feeling of responsibility is one of the means to this effect.

If the building trades of London resolved, not to lay their hands on the immense areas of slums in the East and the South of London, by one stroke the question not only of housing but also of landlordism would come to the front. The cry of the public in reply would be: *No Rent!* and the shop assistants might help by coming out, refusing to handle further the abominable food which they now sell. This might give to some East Enders the idea to inspect the housing accommodation in the West End closer or to study the food supply at the docks. In any case there would be a slight chance of getting rid of the worst features of the East End—which is something—and the amount of new and clean work which the building trade would get to do in better surroundings would repay them for the sacrifice of such a strike.

Let the textile trades expose the shoddy clothes production and refuse to produce them any longer. Even smaller sections—who might be occupied in making such goods look bright, smooth and durable on the outside, could do something to lay this before the public and set things going.

Again, as to chemical works, white lead hells and the like, where the work itself, not the product, is ruinous to health, no amount of commiseration and pity nor legislation seems effective; to make these places deserted, shame ought to be heaped on those who allow themselves to be murdered there, considering them worse than blacklegs as they really are, for they keep these places going and as long as they are worked, new victims—ignorant, sometimes, on entering work,—are attracted day by day to fill the ranks thinned by the collapse of these inevitable victims.

Or might not the shop assistants win many of their immediate demands if they seriously resolved to consider it as dishonourable to tell lies to the public as they do now to make large sales to maintain or to better their position? The public would stand by them naturally, boycotting the obstinate shopkeeper who would be left alone with his discredited inferior stuff. It is really hard for the public at large to feel sympathy with this class of workers as they are at present: we may be sorry for their long hours of work and submit in good humour to the inconvenience caused sometimes to us by early closing, but we know that our sympathy will not prevent the salesmen selling us stale food for fresh, if the shopkeeper expects them to do so.

In short, as consumers we cannot feel sympathy with the tools of the capitalist and as the great masses in both cases are workers, they remain divided and hostile among themselves and only practical action, mutual solidarity can overcome this existing hostility; conviction and sentiment are good factors also, but do not meet all cases.

I think that these examples, well or ill chosen as they may be,

illustrate at any rate my meaning, which does not stand or fall with the value of these examples however. I fully see the difficulty of making a start in this direction, and suggest the discussion of the subject of responsibility as the first step. Once a principle is understood and accepted by however few, men come forward, uncalled, unprepared, unorganized, to act upon it. A movement may start in the smallest shop by the workers throwing down their tools and refusing to do any longer their worthless, unsocial work; or it may be inaugurated in the orthodox way by resolutions of congresses, etc. The idea is, after all, only a small step forward in altruism: if a man who helps to lower the wages, etc., of his fellow-workers is despised as a blackleg on account of his unsocial act in this question, let this be extended to all unsocial work; and, if the particular workers will not see this first, let the public see it and act upon it.

All this may sound hard and heartless, but I see only two alternatives: either be purely sentimental, shut your eyes to reason, pity everybody, excuse everything and you must end by crying over the soldier killed and wounded or the policeman sometimes come to grief in the exercise of their duties. Or be logical—and then you cannot find an excuse for all this, except the altogether untrained state of public opinion on this matter and your next step will be to try to raise public opinion on the question. In ignoring or denying the principle of responsibility one simply follows either the fallacious ways of superficiality and cowardice, saddling somebody else with what we shirk ourselves, or of mere sentimentalism instead of accepting at last an unwelcome truth. Unwelcome I call it, because it apparently increases the work that remains to be done before a real change can be expected,—but as I said before if the people remain as they are, a change will never come.

It will be clear from the preceding that my suggestion is twofold: of raising the feeling of responsibility and of utilising it for the so to speak collectivist strikes in the public interest as described. If the latter are judged to be impracticable, the former proposal remains unshaken and other means ought to be found to create and to utilize this all important feeling. I strongly feel that it is unworthy of men to do to their fellow men what ever harm the capitalist bids them to do, justified in their belief by the shallow excuse of: *I am only a tool.* This may do for those who accept the present system and are satisfied to be the tools of the capitalists and the enslavers of their fellow men. But those who do such unsocial acts and yet reject the present system are, unconsciously, cowards, who will never really overthrow it. *I want men to become free in their own minds first, then refuse to do work that perpetuates the misery and slavery of their fellowmen and by this to create a broad current of sympathy and solidarity, the proper basis for further action.*

This economic action seems to me to be nearest to a man who feels free himself and finds the basis of his freedom in the freedom and wellbeing of all others. If he cannot, by refusing to work for the capitalist altogether, make an end to the present system, he will try at any rate not to work to the detriment of his fellowmen, impelled by his own self-respect and unheeding even whether their solidarity responds immediately or not. This is the Anarchist way of doing ourselves what we wish to see done.

The old political and authoritarian way is that of washing our hands of it, proclaiming these things as inevitable and thereby perpetuating them, trusting that others will do something for us which we ourselves will not or cannot do (terms, but too often interchangeable). Not accepting this finest principle in politics, we ought to reject it in social matters in the largest degree and hence emphasise the responsibility of everyone for what he does.

I will but add that in discussing this subject the term *morality* should not be used in the sense of my requiring the workers to become more moral. I have not used this word in this connection and it is open to misunderstanding. I want them to become self-respecting, dignified, free before all; and then their own feeling will tell them to refuse unsocial acts in the widest sense as they refuse to become informers and blacklegs. It is very well to say: first destroy the capitalist system and then they will acquire these qualities; but who is to destroy this system, we must ask, since Marx's dogma that the capitalists will swallow one another until none are left, no longer comforts us as it did so long the Social-Democrats?

In conclusion, I repeat that I do not wish to lessen the importance of any existing method of propaganda, but would like to see the present method discussed, especially when Anarchists meet trades unionists. An extension of trades union action from mere trade matters to efforts for public emancipation might be an ultimate outcome and would win the sympathies of all who feel free themselves and want all others to be free as well.

I should also like to see previous efforts in the same direction which I omit, communicated here.

PROFESSOR HOBSON ON WAR.

Professor J. Hobson's book, *The War in South Africa: Its Causes and Effects* (J. Nisbet, 7s.6d.), ought to be read by every British worker. Every one of our readers ought to insist upon the book being got immediately by the local libraries.

The first part of the book, devoted to the origin of the war, the Outlander's grievances, the diplomatic tricks of Chamberlain, the dishonesty of Sir A. Milner—even in transmitting despatches—and the like is very good for those who ignored facts because they wished to ignore them.

As to the second part, *The Policy of Rigid Capitalists*, it is full of the most important information. Read it! From its fourth chapter, *For what are we fighting*, we make the following extracts:

"There is no secret about the matter. This war is a terrible disaster for everyone else in England and South Africa; but for the mine-owners (partly English, but chiefly German, and especially German, Dutch and Polish Jews) it means a large increase of profits."

"The one all-important object is to secure a full, cheap, regular, submissive supply of Kaffir and white labor. Wages form about 55 per cent of the working expenses of the mines, and five shillings benefit per ton, we are told, would accrue from a full supply of labor, with a proper administration of the Pass and Liquor Laws," which would keep the Kaffirs in a sort of serfdom. "Put in a concise form, it may be said that this war is being waged in order to secure for the mines a cheap and adequate supply of labor."

For this purpose "forced labor," i.e. serfdom, is what the mine-owners intend to introduce. "The thin edge of 'forced labor' has been introduced in several direct ones outside of Rhodesia, where, under a thin disguise, it is still in practice; even in Cape Colony Mr. Rhodes, by his Glen Grey Act, has essayed to teach 'the dignity of labor' to reluctant natives who prefer to idle or to work for themselves; while the forced indenturing of captive Bechuanas charged with, but not convicted of, rebellion, is a line which may be profitably followed in the future."

"An interesting passage," Mr. Hobson continues, "in a recent speech of Earl Grey, referring primarily to Rhodesia, has a likely bearing on the Transvaal mines: 'They must,' Earl Grey said, 'dismiss from their minds the idea of developing their mines with white labor. Means had to be sought to induce the natives to seek, spontaneously, employment at the mines, and to work willingly for long terms of more or less consecutive service..... Meanwhile, an incentive to labor must be provided by the imposition of a Hut-tax of at least £1, in conformity to the practice of Basutoland, and also by the establishment of a small labor-tax which those able-bodied natives should be required to pay who are unable to show a certificate for four months' work.'"

Or, again, Mr. Rudd (Rhodes' agent) lately maintained the following: which we quote from Mr. Hobson: "If under the cry of civilisation we in Egypt lately mowed down 10,000 or 20,000 Dervishes with Maxims, surely it cannot be considered a hardship to compel the natives in South Africa to give three months in the year to do a little honest work; (for the Mines, of course)."

The only obstacle Mr. Rudd sees is the fact that "there is a morbid sentimentality among a large section of the community on the question of the natives," and he maintains that the present wages of the blacks must be reduced by taxation so as to represent a fourth part only of what the blacks can save nowadays from his wages. Otherwise he grows too rich, and returns to his fields!

The ideal of the Johannesburg robbers is to introduce the "compound" system introduced by Rhodes at Kimberley, which, as Mr. Hobson remarks, "converts a labor-contract into a period of imprisonment with hard labor and a tick system of wages." But this system alone would not quite satisfy the Johannesburg magnates. "A system of native locations along the Rand will be adopted," if Johannesburg is annexed by the English. "If a large number of able-bodied natives can be induced to break up their tribal agricultural life in distant parts, and plant themselves with their wives and families in a dense population upon lands belonging to the companies and adjoining the mines, a more effective control will be obtained. Once there, their old tribal life abandoned, prevented from wandering by vigorous administration of the Pass Law, deprived of the opportunity of getting land enough to earn a living, they can only keep themselves and their families by a regular employment on the mines at a wage determined by the Chamber (of mine owners). Such a system of native locations, assisted by Pass and Liquor Laws, a Hut and Labor Tax, will furnish a serf population, *ascripti glebæ* (rivetted to the land), which, nominally free, will be virtually compelled to devote themselves and their families to the service of the mines."

The same system of locations, already applied by the De Beers at Kenilworth (a suburb of Kimberley) to the white workers, is also the object of the Rand magnates. "The virtual supremacy of Eckstein's in the Chamber of Mines will steadily perfect the control over white labor," which is found now too "independent" by the Ecksteins and the other international robbers.

"If this war can be successfully accomplished," Professor Hobson concludes, "and a settlement satisfactory to the mine owners can be reached, the first fruits of victory will be represented by a large, cheap, submissive supply of black and white labor..... It is no extravagance to argue that the blood and the money of the people of Great Britain are being spent for this purpose.... The men who, owning the South African press and political organisations, engineered the agitation which has issued in this war, are the same men whose pockets will swell with this increase."

Now go, Tommy, and let yourself be killed by the thousand for the enrichment of the German, Polish, English and other bloodsuckers!

Social Democrats and Anarchists.

Mr. Hyndman and other Socialists would fain disclaim the Anarchists altogether, and are fond of declaring that they are the very opposite of Socialists—that they are individualists of the holdest stamp. But this contention will not stand. There are individualist Anarchists, no doubt. The Anarchists of Boston in America, are individualist; but these individualist Anarchists are very few in number anywhere, and the mass of the party whose deeds made a stir on both sides of the Atlantic is undoubtedly more Socialist than the Socialists themselves. I have said in a previous chapter that the Socialism of the present day may be correctly described as Revolutionary Socialist Democracy, and in every one of these three characteristics the Anarchists go beyond other Socialists, instead of falling short of them. They are really more Socialist, more democratic, and more revolutionary than the rest of their comrades. They are more Socialist, because they are disposed to want not only common property and common production, but common enjoyment of products as well. They are more democratic, because they will have no government of any kind over the people except the people themselves—to king or committee, no representative institution, either imperial or local, but merely every little industrial group of people managing its public affairs as it will manage its industrial work. And they are more revolutionary, for they have no faith, even temporarily, in constitutional procedure and tinkering a little trouble is always the best way of bringing on a big revolution.' *Contemporary Socialism* by John Russett, M. A.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE.

In my *Lettres à un Français*, Sept. 1870, I had the easy and sad honor of foreseeing and foretelling the horrible evils that afflict France today and, with her, the whole civilised world; evils against which there was then and is now but one remedy: The Social Revolution.

To prove this henceforth incontestable truth by the historic evolution of society, and by the very facts that are passing under our eyes in Europe, in such a way as to be accepted by all men of good faith, by all sincere inquirers after truth and then to expound frankly without reservations and without equivocation the philosophic principles and the practical ends that constitute, so to say, the living spirit, the foundation and aim of that which we call the social revolution, is the object of this work.

I know the task I have imposed upon myself is not easy, and I might be accused of presumption if I brought into this work the least personal pretension. But I can assure the reader I do not; I am neither a scholar nor a philosopher nor even a professional writer. I have written very little in my life and I have only done that, as it were, in personal defence, and then only when a passionate conviction forced me to conquer my instinctive repugnance to any exhibition of myself in public.

Who am I, then, and what is it that urges me now to publish this work? I am a passionate seeker after truth and an enemy, not less embittered, of the mischievous fictions which the party of order—this official privileged and interested representative of all the religious, metaphysical, political, judicial, economic and social villainies past and present—still pretends to use today in order to stupefy and enslave the world. I am a fanatical lover of liberty, considering it as the sole medium amidst which the intelligence, dignity and happiness of men can be developed and increased; not of that altogether formal liberty—granted, measured and regulated by the State—an eternal delusion and which, in reality, never represents anything but the privilege of a few founded on the enslavement of all; not of that individualist liberty—egoistic, beggarly and fictitious—extolled by the school of J. J. Rousseau as well as by all other schools of bourgeois liberalism, and which considers the so-called right of all represented by the State as the limit of the right of each, which tends necessarily and always to reduce the right of each to zero.

No. I mean the only liberty which is really worthy of the name; the liberty which consists in the full development of all the material, intellectual and moral powers which exist as latent faculties in each; the liberty that recognises no other restrictions than those that are traced for us by the laws of our own nature in such a way that, properly speaking, there are no restrictions—since these laws are not imposed upon us by some legislator from without, whether dwelling beside or above us. They are immanent and inherent in us; they constitute the very basis of our whole being, alike the material as the intellectual and moral. Instead, then, of finding in them a limit, we should consider them as the actual conditions and effective ground of our liberty.

I mean that liberty of each which, far from being arrested as by a barrier before the liberty of others, finds there, on the contrary, its confirmation and extension. The unlimited liberty of each through the liberty of all. Liberty through solidarity; liberty in equality; liberty triumphing over brute force and the principle of authority—which was never other than the ideal expression of this force. The liberty that, after having overthrown all celestial and terrestrial idols, shall found and organise a new world—that of comradeship—on the ruins of all the churches and all States.

I am a convinced partizan of economic and social equality; because I know that—outside of this equality—liberty, justice, human dignity, morality and individual well-being, as well as national prosperity, will never be anything other than illusions. However, as a partizan of liberty—that first condition of humanity—I think that equality should be established in the world through the voluntary organisation of the labor and collective property of productive associations freely organised and federated in communes and through the federation, equally voluntary, of communes; not through the supreme and tutelary action of the State.

That is the main point which divides Anarchist Communists from authoritarian Collectivists—partizans of the absolute initiative of the State. Their aim is the same; both parties desire equally the creation of a new social order founded exclusively upon the organisation of the collective work inevitably imposed on each and all by the very force of things; the equal economic conditions for all and on the collective appropriation of the instruments of labor.

But the authoritarian Collectivists fancy that they will be able to arrive at this through the development and organisation of the political power of the working classes—chiefly of the town proletariat—with the help of bourgeois Radicalism. Whilst Anarchist Communists—enemies of any ally or of any equivocal alliance—think, on the contrary, that they can only attain this end through the development and organisation of the power, not political but social and consequently anti-political, of the working masses equally of the towns and the country, and including all men of good will amongst the higher classes who, breaking with all their past, will frankly join with them and accept their programme. From thence arise two different methods. Collectivists think they must organise the workers' force in order to seize the political power of the State. Anarchists organise themselves with a view to the destruction of it, or one with a more polished word, the liquidation of the State.

Collectivists are the partisans of the principle and practice of authority. Anarchists have confidence only in liberty. Both are equally partisans of science, which must kill superstition and replace faith; but the one wishes to impose it, whilst the other strives to propagate it in order that convinced human groups may spontaneously organise and freely federate themselves from below upwards on their own motion and conformably to their real interests, but never according to a plan traced in advance and imposed on the "ignorant masses" by some superior intelligences. Anarchists think there is much more practical reason and spirit in the instinctive aspirations and real needs of the "masses" than in the profound intelligence of all those doctors and tutors of humanity who, in spite of so many failures to render them happy, still continue their efforts. Anarchists think, on the contrary, humanity has allowed itself to be governed too long and that the source of its evils does not now reside in this or that form of government, but in the principle and very fact of government itself whatever it may be.

It is at last the contradiction, already become historic, and which exists between the communism scientifically developed by the German school and accepted in part by American and English Socialists on the one side, and Proudhonism, largely developed and pushed to its logical conclusions, on the other which is accepted by the proletariat of Latin lands. It is equally accepted and will be so more and more by the Slavonic peoples through their essentially non-political instincts. Anarchism has just tried its first striking and practical manifestation in the Paris Commune.—[From *La Commune de Paris et la notion de l'Etat.*]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Comrades may remember that in last year's May number of *Freedom* a call, signed by Domela Nieuwenhuis, F. Pelloutier and E. Pouget, appeared, convoking an International Revolutionary Labor Congress in Paris which was to be open to all Labor Organisations, Trade Unions, Socialist Groups and Clubs and Revolutionary Communists of all countries. Last December a second notice was printed in *Freedom*, to the effect that the initiatory group had expanded and had now developed into an organising committee, composed of delegates from the various Paris groups—L. Rewy, of 71 rue Buffon, remaining as provisional secretary. It seems now intended that this Congress shall meet in September, about the same time as the Socialist and Trades-Union Congresses, and our French comrades urgently advise the previous discussion of such questions as are to be broached at the meeting, so that valuable time may not be wasted in useless debate over irrelevant matter. The three questions so far proposed (vide December circular) especially the two last—Organisation and Propaganda—are, with their issues, of the highest importance; and English groups should set to work in earnest and arrive at some decision as to their views on these points, so as to be equipped with a clear, definite and practical opinion regarding them when the time arrives to speak or read a paper before the Congress. This Congress, as comrade Pouget writes, will not resemble its fellows: for there will be no parliamentary pedants whose rôle is to force their own views into prominence by throttling those of others, and no majority rule to stamp out or out-manœuvre a weak minority. These very facts, however, necessitate careful provision for regularity and order in the proceedings, and he suggests (1) discussion upon the method of admittance, (2) the best means of carrying on discussions in Congress, and (3) the best manner of ascertaining without votes the general opinion on given points. It is evident, he writes, that all comrades coming in the name of a group will be admitted to the Congress; but as its aim is not the imposition of a uniform idea upon the members, but rather the drawing-out, elaboration of and mutual exchange of ideas, as well as of familiarising one another with the customs and habits of the localities represented, it would very much narrow the field of discussion if the delegates alone were to state their opinions; thus, there will be two classes of participants: the group delegates and the comrades who appear on their own initiative. The latter will have also the right to speak, but a distinction will have to be made between an opinion expressed on behalf of a group and a purely personal opinion. Voting being inadmissible, it may be possible to eliminate the dominant opinion of all present by simply recording that of each delegate in the first place, and adding to it such non-delegate opinions as are in agreement with these. Apparently, our French comrades, with the business aptitude of their nation, are intent on making the Congress a success by discussing preliminaries in good time and so precluding the chance of friction when the assembly meets. The English groups should do the same.

The victims of the *Domicilio Coatto* on the island of Ponzi, near Naples, would be glad to receive such papers, pamphlets and books as comrades have to spare. The *Temps Nouveaux* will send them on, or they may be posted direct to Giulia Petri, Ponza, Province of Naples.

Battachi, who has lain in an Italian prison for 22 years, was liberated on March 14th, by, as reported, "special act of grace on the king's part." At his trial the evidence against him was of the scantiest, but known as an active propagandist the government closed his lips with a remorseless hand. Meanwhile the agitation for his release has never been relaxed, and it is due more probably to this, the pressure of public opinion, possibly to dread of the red torch of Revolution, rather than to any innate feeling of clemency, that the king's act of grace has been forced from him. Umberto and his ministers would sooner torture a rebel into idiocy by close confinement, as in the case of Passanenti, than release him.

On March 17th the postponed trial of Acciarito's supposed accomplices commenced at Teramo, (Abruzzi). Their names are Ceccarelli, Gudini, Diattolevi and Colabona. It will be remembered that a confession was extorted by inhuman means from Acciarito, and while the accused admits that he spoke with them with regard to his subsequent act, they never sanctioned it or imagined it to be but idle talk. It is thought he will deny his statement when confronted with them.

Luccheni is again in his underground cell. The escape of two prisoners from the Evêché aroused considerable excitement among their less fortunate comrades, and Luccheni's treatment in consequence became more severe. Indignant at the injustice, in a moment of uncontrollable anger he flung something at the governor; the something might have been a pencil only, but it was magnified into a fearful weapon—the pointed key for opening a fruit-can. So Luccheni goes back to silence and darkness, meagre food and fiery thoughts. For him no hope; for us who think, a little more bitterness of thought, a deeper, quieter determination to spread the gospel of revolt on all sides, in all quarters.

Our old friend *L'Agitazione* has come to life again at Ancona, the first number appearing on March 14th. Another Anarchist paper, *Il Pensiero Libertario*, is struggling into being at Pisa; three numbers have come out, of which two were suppressed. The comrades editing it are now trying to raise subscriptions for a printery of their own. At Genoa the *Pro Coatti* is merged in *Il Combattimento*.

The world in general is so absorbed in watching the death-throes of Transvaal independence that a hush seems to have fallen on other misdeeds, minor governmental iniquities being overlooked in the contemplation of this monumental one, but we will briefly record three.

Martinique is an island of the Lesser Antilles group, and lies between the now American Porto Rico and the English Trinidad. It belongs to France, whose government, having long since abolished slavery, exploits the black population as the English government presently intends to exploit it in the Transvaal. Starvation wages lately roused the Martinique workers to protest, then to a strike on the plantations. The sugar mills had to shut down, and bands of strikers paraded the villages amid great enthusiasm. This was enough for the mill-owners. Word was sent a neighbouring commander of Marines, and when a body of strikers approached the wealthiest factory it was seen to be filled with soldiers. The mayor of the district, fearing a conflict, wished to talk peaceably with the men; but contempt for the civil power being the essential spirit of militarism in France and its colonies, the commander negated his desire and, instead, gave the order to fire; 24 strikers fell under the first volley—8 dead and 16 badly wounded. From a strike the movement became an insurrection, and before peace was restored many of the finest plantations had been burnt. That is the only retaliation possible to unarmed men.

Another little story from the same colony: In a village near Say, a white man on friendly terms with the natives happened to pass through after the passage of a French mission. The Chief received him in a kind but timid manner: "You are a friend," he said, "but let me show you what the whites have just done!" He led him outside the village. The mission had been hospitably received, but on leaving demanded a large force of porters. The able-bodied blacks, probably knowing what that portended, fled into the jungle; the old men, women and children alone remained. They were called out of their huts, placed in a row and shot down in cold blood. The white writes: "I counted 111 bodies as they lay in a long, sinister line; they were all shot in the back; the officer in command of the firing party was a friend of the merchant who had demanded the porters."

In the *Rescue des Revues* we are given an insight into the massacre of the Sakalaves in Madagascar. The officer who commanded the column and gave orders for the deed has been promoted and is now chief of General Gallieni's staff. It is well to remember these things—the "prince" is apt to forget his masters' past crimes in his own present grievances. The king of the Sakalaves had received a party of Frenchmen with much friendliness, when news came of the approach of troops. The Frenchmen left the king's town, Ambike, and advanced to greet their comrades. To their horror they were told the tribe was to be attacked. Remonstrance was useless. In the middle of the night the guns were posted and the advance made; at daybreak the sleeping town was entered. "The troops rushed into the houses and the massacre began. Taken by surprise and without any means of resistance, the whole population was bayoneted. Those who fled bleeding were caught and thrust afresh. The king and all his people fell that morning. Intoxicated with the odour of blood, and unrestrained, the tirailleurs did not spare a woman or child. When the sun was in its strength the town was nothing but a horrible charnelhouse, in which the French, tired with having slain so many, were wandering. When the roll was called not a soldier or sailor was missing. Red mud covered the earth. At the end of the afternoon, owing to the heat, a little mist rose—it was the blood of the 5,000 victims."

No doubt it has been in a similar, if not quite so brutal a manner, that the British North Borneo Company has lately crushed the so-called rebel, Mat Salleh, and his black warriors. Mat, like the Boers, had the bad sense to dislike British and Capitalist rule; forced into submission once, he nevertheless became restive. This time the Company sent an expedition against him; he was remorselessly hunted down and killed. We are not told how, but the custom seems to be when a capitalist can't talk sense into a rebel, to put a bullet into him, hoist the union jack and sing God save the Queen.

Now if we compare the recent massacres in the Sudan and the French colonies with those that occurred 300 years ago in Holland during its revolt against Spain, we note very little difference. Militar-

It may change the cut and colour of its coat, but it never changes its spirit. "By permission of God," runs one of Alva's despatches to his king, "we have cut the throats of the burghers and all the garrison, and have not left a mother's son alive in Nsarden." Both the *cant* and the determination to exterminate *vermin* (to use the British officers' phraseology), that is, rebels, black or white, remain distinctly what they were in Alva's time. So much for our boasted progress.

ZOLA.¹

One's first thought, on reading an appreciation of the work of Zola, is: How much such a man is needed in England today, who with his passionate love of justice, would combat the vile conspiracies that are dragging this country, through oceans of blood, to disgrace in the eyes of the world.

Herbert Burrows writes sympathetically of Zola and understands his true mission. He is right when he says that he has made a "deliberate and successful attempt to show to society the volcano on which it is dancing." In his later works he shows more. In *Paris*, for instance, he indicates in no uncertain manner the moral and intellectual forces that are working for the renovation of a society, and he shows how much Anarchist ideas will influence the next great social upheaval.

Whether Zola is simply "an optimistic Socialist," as suggested by Burrows, or whether he is an Anarchist Socialist as claimed by some, we need not stop to discuss.

Nor does it seem profitable to discuss what Burrows calls "true religion" and science. We think Zola perfectly justified in putting his trust in science as the coming benefactor to mankind. Whatever her faults and shortcomings today her position is impregnable, whilst "true religion" is still waiting to be defined.

Both for those who know Zola and for those who know him not we can sincerely recommend this interesting essay on a man who did so much to save France, and who is doing so much to enlighten the world.

Libertarian Literature.

We have received the following papers and pamphlets:

- Les Plebiennes*, weekly, 10 Cts. New 16 page pamphlet written and edited by Sebastian Faure, at 86 Rue Rochecouart, Paris.
La Liberté, weekly, 10 Cts. 15 Rue d'Orléans, Paris.
L'Avènement Sociale, weekly, 10 Cts. 46 Via Neve, Messina, Sicily.
Il Dritto, Communist-Anarchist, 60 Rue Silva Jardim, n. Coritiba, Brazil.
El Obrero Panadero; Calle Chile 2274, Buenos Aires.
La Aurora, (Anarchist); Calle Yaguar n. 247, Montevideo.
O Protesto, Liberal-Communist, 78 Rua Evaristo da Veiga, Rio de Janeiro.
Catalonia, Liberal Nationalist Critical Review, 19 Cts. 20 Ronda de Universitat, Barcelona.
O Libertarista, Spiritualist paper. Rua Silva Jardim 9, Rio Janeiro.
El Porvenir del Obrero, Prieto y Caules, 13, Mahon, Balearic Isles.
El Grito del Pueblo, Avenida Intendencia 14, San Pablo, Brazil.
Memorandum. Memoria do da Conferencia Anarchista Internacional en Chicago, 1893. Pamphlet by Pedro Esteve.
Patria e Internacionalismo. Translation from A. Hamon, Lisbon.
União Sociocratica, Catecismo Orthologico. Pamphlet. Minas Geraes, Brazil.
The Sound, organ of Universal Peace. 3 d. weekly. 185 Victoria St. London. S. W.

REPORTS.

The Freedom Discussion Group, at one of its meetings in December decided to issue a leaflet, which appeared in January, entitled *The Workers and the War*; the list of subscriptions appears below. A very successful meeting was held at the Club and Institute Hall, Clerkenwell Road, on Tuesday Feb. 20; the speakers were Tom Mann, Wittington, Parker, Emma Goldman, Williams, Mainwaring, Kelly and others. A few Jingoes interrupted at first, but feeling unable to respond to an invitation to state their views from the platform they quieted down, and the crowded meeting with much enthusiasm sent a resolution of sympathy to Dr. Leyds through the Continental press. The Discussion Group expect to issue another leaflet shortly.

A meeting was held, on March 16, at the Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court Road, to commemorate the 29th anniversary of the Commune of Paris. Speeches were delivered by Kelly, Mainwaring, Louise Michel, Caplan, Kitz, Tcherkesov and Cuiccoli. Kropotkin, having to keep his bed through a bad cold, sent the following letter:

DEAR COMRADES,—Illness prevents me from being with you at this 29th anniversary of the Paris Commune. I regret it the more so, at this moment, it is absolutely necessary that all the branches of the great Socialist movement should lose no opportunity to affirm and to stimulate the international solidarity which unites all workers, of all nationalities, against their oppressors—national or international.

The war in South Africa, which will be known in history as the most unjust war ever fought; as the most scandalous slaughtering of human beings in the interest of a handful of capitalists, and as the most terrible illustration of the crimes which even such a freedom-loving nation as England is capable of committing once it endeavours to base its wellbeing upon the exploitation of *serfs* in Africa—this war is not yet concluded, but guns and rifles are already prepared for new wars and new conquests.

The capitalist papers are now doing all they can to raise a bad feeling between France and England; and if the workers of both countries do not interfere with their mighty voices at the proper moment, we may see, before

¹ Zola, by Herbert Burrows, London, Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

this century is over, the most fratricidal of all possible wars fought between the two most advanced nations of Europe.

Take it as a rule: *One war brings another war as its sequel.* "You did not want Socialism? Well, you will have War—a new Thirty Years' War!" Hertzian wrote after 1848. Now we are in the same position.

The two great nations which are most advanced in civilisation—Britain and France—have before them this choice:

Either to boldly march hand in hand towards true Liberty and Equality, by working for the realisation of *Well-being for All.* Creating wealth by *Free Labor*, in the interest of all and marching boldly towards a Communist life based upon *Free Co-operation*;

Or, to go about conquering new slaves in Africa and Asia, trying to exploit all the world by means of their accumulated capital; and fight, bitterly fight one another like robbers fight for the spoil; and to both march towards decay.

It is with you, with the workers of France and Britain, that the choice lies. Don't expect that the moneyed classes will take the lead in that movement towards a better Future. You, you alone, can impress upon the greedy, bigoted capitalists the new lines of Progress towards Equality and Liberty.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FREEDOM Guarantee Fund.—N. £1-5s., Kampfmeier 5s., S. K. 10/6, N. W. T. 5s., D. 5s., Free Commune Group 5s., W. T. 6s., A. M. 5s., A. C. 1/6, J. M. 2/6, Annual Subscriptions.—R. Z. 1/8, Towns 1/8, Daniel 1/6, Ohnet 1/6, J. M. 1/6, Pietrafesa 1/6, Rejsek 1/6, Pfuetzner 1/6, Rolin 1/6.

Donations Publication Fund.—O. Ubt 6s, K. H. 3s., Glasse 10s., 10s., Nelson 2/6, Pfuetzner 2/6.

Sales of FREEDOM.—Leeds 4s., Office 6/8½, Liverpool 9s., Edwards 2s.

Walsall Relief Fund.

Enterprise concert (3rd portion) 9s., Westley 1s.

Subscriptions for War Leaflet.

Rhodes 2s., Discussion Group 6/2 12/10, Per Townsend 19/6, list 17 B. 5s., list 18 M. 12/3, Per F. G. 13s., collection at Club & Institute £1-6-0.

FREEDOM PAMPHLETS.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

Other Pamphlets.

- LAW AND AUTHORITY. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 2d.
 EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION. BY ELISÉE RECLUS. 1d.
 AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. BY PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
The Chicago Martyrs: their speeches in Court, with Governor Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Schwab and Neefe. Demy octavo, 168 pages with group portrait and picture of the memorial in Waldheim Cemetery on good paper. Published by A. Isaak, 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, at 25 cents, or may be obtained of T. Cantwell, 127 Ossulston St., London, N. W., for one shilling. Cash must accompany all orders.
 GOD AND THE STATE. BY MICHAEL BAKOUNIN. Price fourpence.
 THE TABLES TURNED; OR, NUPKINS AWAKENED. A Socialist interlude. BY WILLIAM MORRIS. 1s. each.
 (Only a few of these original copies left.)
 THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. BY WILLIAM MORRIS, E. BELFORD BAX and VICTOR DAVE. 2d.
 SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY. BY GUSTAV LANDAUER. ½d.
 MONOPOLY; OR, HOW LABOR IS ROBBED. BY WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
 BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE L'ANARCHIE par M. NETTLAU. Preface d'ELISÉE RECLUS; Brussels, 51 rue des Epoux, 1897; 294 pp. 5 francs; post free for 4 shillings prepaid.
 DIRECT ACTION VERSUS LEGISLATION, a new pamphlet by J. Blair Smith. Price one penny.

Jean Grave's famous book, *Moribund Society and Anarchy* translated by Voltairine de Cleyre, is now ready. We have some on sale, price 1s.,



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