

Freedom

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"PATRIOTISM" AND MORAL COURAGE.

The orgies of brutality and blackguardism which have disgraced England for the past few months, and have hardly yet ceased, have been excused by the cunning exploiters of the ignorance of the masses under the plea of patriotism. It requires very little reflection to discern the sophistry and falsehood at the bottom of this assertion; for if patriotism means love of one's country, then the Boers and the Boxers are the patriots and we are the would-be destroyers of that sentiment when displayed by other nations.

It is useless to waste words on persons who have no sincerity in their speech or their actions. They must be told the truth to their faces, and as a consequence they must be given clearly to understand that, as manifested today, patriotism means plunder.

It is a far cry from Caractacus to Chamberlain, and the two men (or, rather, we should say: the one man and the scoundrel) are not more widely divided by the gulf of time than they are by the moral gulf which separates them. In Caractacus were displayed the courage and the fortitude which all can admire; but he fought in the land that he loved to resist the invasion and the domination of the Romans. Was this patriotism? If so, it differs from the base and sordid spirit of our times as the Greek tragedies differ from the blood-and-thunder of the penny gaff.

For years, as we all know, the screw man of Birmingham has stood as the arch-type of the renegade and traitor in political life. And yet he rides high on the waves of so-called patriotism! He! with one eye on the Johannesburg gold-mines and the other on a peerage!

It is not, however, solely by reason of the schemes of unscrupulous financiers and the venality of the press that we have come to the present pass. It must be attributed also in large measure to the pitiful lack of moral courage in men of the present day. Intelligent people begin to understand that it is not only necessary they should not do evil. It is equally necessary they should resist and even attack the evil done by others. These two ideas are, in fact, moral equivalents; and England's disgrace rests as heavily today on the shoulders of those who have maintained a cowardly silence and an apathetic indifference, as upon those who have waved flags and shouted themselves hoarse without knowing the reason why.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn from such a state of things is that a century of unbridled commercialism has deeply undermined the moral courage of the nation. Perhaps little better could have been expected from a people who pass their lives in making and selling adulterated goods, who read a press that lives on the lies of its editors, its correspondents and its advertisements. Where the accumulation of profits or increase of wages excludes the possibility of an honest expression of individual convictions a courageous manhood cannot be expected to thrive. Commercialism makes cowards of us all if we are anxious to swim with the tide, and that anxiety has been the prevailing one during the present deluge of Jingoism.

Nevertheless, John Morley is right when he says the future is with Socialism, and the truth of this will be evident when the passing fever subsides. But it will then be more than ever incumbent upon us to see that the Anarchist ideal of Socialism—Free Communism—is kept well to the front. And let us hope, too, that our Social Democratic friends will set about purifying their Socialism from the bane of politics and adhere to the propaganda, lest some day a Joseph Chamberlain should arise in the ranks of Social Democracy.

For, as William Clarke says in his excellent article in *Reynold's* Jubilee number, "We must have a great idealism worthy of support. When all is said and done, it is a great idealism which is, above all, lacking in public life." And again: "Mere political reforms can accomplish little, and men are deceived into thinking they have power because once in five or six years they are graciously permitted to cast a vote."

WHY THERE ARE ANARCHISTS IN ITALY.*

" Gaetano, pitying the wasted multitudes, had yet in his aspiration some glamour of the Romantic Middle Age; he would raise them that were down by a new and better feudalism, in which the glorious old houses of Italy should be captains and leaders again. He was drunk with the pride of history. But I, though belonging to a lower class, had once, at Oxford, been caught in the same delusion; I had gone through it, and behold, it was a dream. In his vision there was banqueting at festal boards, and the wine ran; not so in the grey day of realities. To my hardier view, which I shared with the wisest on both sides—with the black troop that refused to advance and the crimson that made ready for battle, the feudal system lay buried beyond hope of resurrection. . . . I proposed that we should travel, were it only a few miles over his father's hands, or up into the Sabine Hills, and on the edge of the Roman Campagna that I might learn how the people existed, and whether any change could be wrought by the nobles themselves.

" We rode up and down some ten days. The wild mountains, even in the lap of winter, kept their lovely green forests; at a distance many a village, high perched, or nestling under woods, with its melodious name, made an instantaneous picture; but when we climbed up thither, the enchantment was gone. Houses vile and mean, windows without glass, floors of polluted earth, chimneys yawning to the sky, with a few embers gasping out their last breath. And men, women, children, spectres in their rags or their nakedness,—hungry, chill, fever-bitten, listless, dying by slow famine, which seemed to work upon them as it were opium, dulling their five wits.

" At Canterano, a village built of stone, we stopped one forenoon to lunch under a smoky roof, in a hovel fit for cave-dwellers. Never shall I forget the cry of dismay that broke out, when I threw to one of the dogs behind us a fragment of the tasteless polenta, which neither Gaetano nor I could get down.

" Ah, vedi, Signor buono,' exclaimed with tears a haggard creature, whose hair fell about her in disorder, ' Vedi, la prego,' and she ran with outstretched hand to intercept the morsel, ' you give the dogs our bread; but we have none for ourselves. Why so cruel?'

" I did not mean to be cruel; it was want of reflection, and a sudden disgust at the sight of food so loathly. When, to make amends, I gave the poor creature a one lira note, she fell on her knees and kissed it repeatedly; no saint's relic could have called forth a more lively devotion. No, I shall never lose the memory of Canterano. There was a sprinkling of snow on the hills; the day was keen with tramontana, and the lights clear as in an icy landscape. And within these hovels, or on the rugged ascent of the steep street, lay Hunger and Fever clinging in a close embrace, their gaunt figures emblematic of the country that stretched before us in desolation unspeakable, away to the gates of Rome. . . . Everywhere it is the same story. The people are gangs of slaves, driven to work by an overseer who is the right hand of the middleman, himself the screw to the absentee or indolent landlord. The English would not lodge their swine—hardly, indeed, their lowest class of peasants, treated often worse than swine. . . . in the wretched huts where one half of the Italian nation finds its home."

" Perhaps you feel the misery of our poor people more than we who are used to it. I hear you talking of it with Gaetano passionately. Then, my heart burns too,' concluded Constanza in her kind voice.

" I feel it, yes, day and night I feel it, Signora. The imagination of all that suffering has been with me as though I alone saw it, and were too poor to lessen it by one single throb, for years together. At Oxford, in that garden enclosed of ours, where its echo seldom pierces. . . in London, an Inferno which ten thousand poets could not exhaust of its terrific pains and tragedies, though they dipped their colors in the burning lake; in America, the land which was to have proved a morning-world of freedom, manly toil, and happiness. Last of all I come here, to this ancient home of things great and beautiful, but there is no change, no relief. . . ."

" 'It is true,' said the Cardinal. . . 'the Church abhors violence; she

* Extracts from Dr. W. Barry's last work, *Arden Massiter*. [Dr. Barry, as a resident of long standing in Italy, knows the scene he peoples well. To judge from this book he sympathises strongly with the miserable of all lands, but a mass meeting of Roman "prolos", driven desperate by the incapacity of their Ministry at home and their generals in Abyssinia, is still to him only a "mob" fit to be cut down by a squadron of Piedmontese cavalry; while his Anarchist is the usual overdrawn lay-figure, who never existed outside fiction, and in this instance is a queer compound of secret police-agent, brigand, and society man owning a strain of royal blood. But as royalty upholds the police system and the brigandage of capitalism, perhaps the Doctor's "Anarchist" owed his privilities to Heredity.]

condemns all secret associations. What could we not have done, as Tertullian remarks of the first Christians, had our maxim not been rather to let our own blood be spilt than to spill that of our enemies? But all these years—Signor, observe it well—not once have we conspired against the powers that be. There is no Catholic Freemasonry, no preaching of sedition in the pulpit—nothing but patience with a firm expression of the rights which we claim. . . . No violence, I repeat,—no conspiracy. Well, but how if Providence puts its hand to the work? Signor, in Europe, at this hour. . . I see only two powers standing. . . they are the Church and the Army. Parliaments, as Gambetta told the French Chambers, are a collection of jockeys and horse-doctors. . . . As for kings, if the soldiers turned against them, I pray you where would they be? But soldiers are no longer hirelings; they are the people. And there is a natural alliance between the soldier and the priest. . . .

"The big voice had sunk under the weight of reflections that carried in them all the future. I, too, was aware of the portentous consequences which must follow upon the drilling and arming of the nations. It could not be an everlasting parade.

"I tell you frankly," resumed the Churchman, "I have not one ounce of trust in United Italy. All history cries out against it. I believe in federation—small states, local independence, and the Holy Father President of our Union, which would look up to Rome as its capital."

"He never let me out of his sight. I began to realise the terror which, from time immemorial, has weighed on the Italian spirit, above all in the South, where spies or police have gone prowling on the track of the citizen day and night. I was never alone, never at liberty; followed in all my gyrations by invisible eyes."

An Appeal to the English Anarchist Communists.

COMRADES,—The present war-frenzy and its accompanying imperial froth have a depressing effect upon progressive thought. To those progressive thinkers who judge circumstances by their surface appearance, the outlook is gloomy and pessimistic; as a result, when they should be striving to keep their heads above water, they too often allow the tide to carry them where it may.

Reaction, in most cases, is merely temporary; sometimes it is the forerunner of a great crisis. The present flood of imperialism may be a forerunner of an important crisis. The present state of affairs is, in many ways, similar to the state of affairs which preceded the revolutionary flood of one hundred years ago. It is quite possible that social evolution has reached one of the points where "history repeats itself." This being so, instead of the Anarchist movement becoming—as it appears—pessimistic, it should become optimistic and active.

There are two important signs of the good health or ill health of a movement: first, the state of its internal organisation; and, second, the strength or weakness of its literature. Are the signs, in the Anarchist movement, such as speak of its health?

Let us examine the position without mincing matters.

There are sufficient Anarchists in England to form a number of strong working groups. This is not an exaggeration; for there were, a few years ago, strong working groups, and we feel sure there are more Anarchists today than there were then. At one time we heard of a number of groups in and about London doing propaganda. Of late such groups have been silent, apparently having ceased propaganda work. Such, also, appears to be the case with most of the provincial groups. This seems to us to mean that many of the comrades have become victims of apathy and pessimism. Apathy may be excusable in a movement which is conservative; but amongst those who profess to be progressive its presence reflects discredit.

Reviewing the state of affairs of the past seven months, there may be a slight excuse for much of the lack of propaganda, seeing that the workers have been hypnotised by the Imperialistic Deity, which, otherwise might have resulted in a risk to life and limb without any progress of any description being made. But no such excuse can, we think, be made for the apparently general neglect of the internal organisation of the groups.

If we cannot do outdoor propaganda we have all the more time for putting our organisation in good shape in preparation for an attempt—when the time becomes favorable—to regain our lost ground. We are the vanguard of the movement; upon our present action depends its future. If we are not prepared to carry out our functions as a vanguard, surely our place is not at present in the movement.

If we badly need an excuse, we might say that some groups have become broken up by comrades removing to other towns; but such an excuse does not explain our position *re* our literature.

What is our position in this case?

There are sufficient Anarchists in England to keep going two good strong papers—irrespective, we think, of outdoor propaganda. As the number of Anarchists has increased, we do not think the above is an exaggeration. A few years ago, when the movement was weaker than it is now, we had FOUR papers in full swing. Today we have only ONE paper, which we support so well that often a month passes without it appearing. It is continually threatened with collapse. When a pamphlet is sold out, there is often not sufficient funds for its reprint.

Is this creditable? Is it a right action on our part? Is this the method which the vanguard of a revolutionary movement should adopt? Decidedly not!

It is easy to say: "Freedom is a middle class paper;" "it does not appeal to the working class;" "the individual or individuals who have it in hand do not run it on true lines!" If these statements are true or false, the position is still the same.

The position is: that the present state of our literature reflects discredit upon us. If, from a point of principle or of personality, it is alleged that *Freedom* cannot be supported, why in the name of common sense don't the comrades say so, and start a paper (or papers) which they may consider worth supporting.

If it is too much trouble to do this, let snobbishness cease and let us put the existing paper—even if we think it defective—on a firmer footing. If the paper needs improving, no matter how willing to improve it the Freedom Group may be, they cannot carry out their desire without our support. If we withhold our help and so withhold the opportunity for the Group to show their intention of improvement or otherwise, our excuses and allegations but reflect back upon ourselves.

We hold no brief for *Freedom*, neither do we desire to appear dogmatic. Our writing is intended as an appeal for better organisation and, what we consider of greater importance, for a revival of our literature. It matters not to us if it is a revival in connection with *Freedom* or apart from it, so long as it is a revival and results in the practice of our old motto: "Agitate, Educate and Organise."

W. ANDERSON, M. ROCHE,
[Joint secs. Liverpool Anarchist Groups.]

Very Scientific—But Plagiarism.

II.

The Classes and their formation.

In order to proceed with our contention, it is sufficient to follow from the beginning the text of Marx and Engels' *Manifesto* without any alteration and to quote the passages from Victor Considérant's *Manifesto* upon the same subject. I regret that the quotations from the latter cannot be longer; for Victor Considérant is really a brilliant exponent.

1. *Marx and Engels, page 8.*—"In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank."

Victor Considérant, page 1.—"The societies of antiquity had as principle and law Force; as politics War; as aim Conquest; and as an economic system Slavery; that is to say, exploitation of man by man in its most complete, most inhuman, most barbarous form. . . . Slavery was the basis. . . . slavery and the SPIRIT OF CASTE. Such was the character of the antique social order."

2. *M. and E., p. 8.*—" . . . in the middle ages, feudal lords, vassals, guild-masters, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these classes, again, subordinate gradations."

V. C. p. 1.—"The feudal system was the result of conquest. . . . Its predominant occupation was still war and especially the traditional and permanent consecration of primitive privileges from the conquest. It had as an economic system an exploitation of man by man already a degree less hard and brutal—Serfdom."

3. *M. and E., p. 8.*—"The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society, has not done away with class antagonisms."

V. C., p. 2.—"The new society has sprouted from feudal society by development of industry, science, labor. (P. 5) " . . . Notwithstanding the metaphysical liberalism, notwithstanding constitutional equality before the law. . . . the actual social order is only an aristocratic order, no longer by principle and law, it is true, but in practice. (P. 6) "The classes are perpetuated by birth in their relatively inferior and superior condition. . . . only it is no longer law, right, political principle, which place those barriers between the great categories of the French people; it is the economic organisation, the social organisation itself."

[The words, "economic, social organisation," were italicised by V. Considérant because the last passage, like many others, shows that the Socialists of that period understood better than the "scientific" ones of our days the rôle which economic factors play in social development.]

4. *M. and E., p. 8.*—"It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones."

[Against this passage without any indication of the historical and social facts, I should quote the whole of Chapter 5, where V. Considérant expounds so clearly this social evolution, under the title: *Rapid development of a new feudality.—Collective serfdom of the workers*, but the article would become too long. So I only quote a few passages.]

V. C., p. 6, 7, 8.—"A phenomenon of the greatest importance manifests itself quite clearly today: it is the rapid and powerful development of a NEW FEUDALITY; of an industrial and financial feudality which regularly supersedes the aristocracy of society by annihilation or impoverishment of the intermediate classes. . . . There could result from this nothing but general slavery, collective subjugation of the masses—destitute of capital, tools, education. . . . Absolute liberty without organisation is nothing but complete surrender of the disarmed and despoiled masses at the mercy of their armed opponents fully supplied. Civilisation, which began by aristocratic Feudality and whose develop-

ment has liberated the industrial classes from personal or direct servitude, now ends in *industrial Feudality* which works out the collective or indirect servitude of the workers."

5. *M. & E.*, p. 8.—"Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat."

V. C., p. 10.—The title of Chapter 10: "Division of society into two classes: a few possessing all; the great majority deprived of all."

V. C., p. 6.—"..... On this large social battlefield some are instructed trained to fight, equipped, armed to the teeth..... and the others—robbed, naked, ignorant, starved—are obliged to implore for work and low wages from their enemies!"

V. C., p. 26.—"Industrial war has, like military war, its conquerors and its conquered. Industrial Feudality constitutes itself, like military Feudality, by the fatal triumph and the permanent supremacy of the strong over the weak. *The Proletariat is the modern serfdom.*"

6. *M. & E.*, p. 8.—"The manufacturing system took its place. *The guild-masters were pushed on one side by the manufacturing middle class.....*"

V. C., p. 4.—"It (the Revolution) has destroyed the *guild-masters, the mastership, the old corporations.....*" (p. 6-7) "After the great explosion of '89, after the destruction of the old political system, after the annihilation of the feudal property, of the industrial system of *mastership and guild-masters.....*" (p. 30) It has destroyed the *mastership, the guild-masters, the corporations, the system of feudal property*; it has despoiled the nobility and the clergy, but it has not created any institution... It has delivered the whole industrial and social workshop to anarchy² and to the *domination of the strong*; misery, corruption, fraud, vices and crimes are ravaging and increasing."

Here we see the origin of the first page of the famous Manifesto-Bible of Social Democracy, of this pretended scientific revelation! As one sees, "the ignorant utopians" knew a little more and, especially, described the formation of classes in our capitalist society a great deal better than these mediocre copyists.

But let us continue our unattractive task. Let us see what Marx and Engels say in the other pages of *their own discoveries* upon this same subject of the classes.

7. *M. & E.*, p. 8.—"Thereupon, steam and machinery revolutionised industrial production. The place of manufacture was taken by the giant Modern Industry; the place of the industrial middle class by industrial millionaires."

V. C., p. 9.—"In whatever branch it may be, the great capitals, the great enterprises are law to the small ones. Steam, machinery, the large factories have easily triumphed, wherever they appeared, over small and middle-sized workshops. At their approach the old handicrafts and artisans have disappeared, to leave nothing but factories and proletarians..."

Let us continue for a moment this quotation from *Considérant*, who expounds so admirably what the plagiarists so shamefully mutilated.

"Besides, we continually see unexpected discoveries springing up, which, suddenly renewing a whole branch of production, carry disturbance into the workshops. After having broken the arms of the workers, thrown on the streets masses of men—at once replaced by machines—these discoveries crush the masters in their turn..." (p. 9-10).

8. *M. & E.*, p. 9.—"The bourgeoisie wherever it has got the upper hand has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations..... It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom: Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by political and religious illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation."

V. C., p. 4, 5.—"It has destroyed the last remains of the feudal system. (p. 7) "After the annihilation of feudal property..... and the proclamation of *industrial and commercial liberty.....*" (p. 5) the result is that, notwithstanding the metaphysical liberalism of the new law... notwithstanding the constitutional equality of citizens before law..... (p. 7) the actual social system is as yet nothing but an aristocratic system; on the industrial and social field are only individuals facing each other, with *full liberty to act on their own strength.....* the odious mechanism of free competition without guarantee breaks down all laws of justice and humanity.... So *free competition.....* has this inhuman and execrable character: that it everywhere and always depreciates wages."

9. *M. & E.*, p. 11.—"They (fetters of feudality) had to be burst asunder; they were burst asunder. Into their place stepped *free competition*, accompanied by a social and political constitution adapted to it, and by the economical and political sway of the bourgeois class."

We will speak afterwards about the political domination of the bourgeoisie, and I shall quote Chapter 9 from Victor *Considérant* under the title: "Infederation of the government to the new aristocracy." If this was not mentioned one would believe the following quotations from

¹ "Anarchy" is used by Victor *Considérant* in its ordinary bourgeois sense.
² The English edition of the Manifesto contains in the first six pages a self-praising preface of Engels', so that the beginning of the Manifesto is on page 8, instead of page 1 as it is in the original German edition.

Marx and Engels upon Free Competition to be the continuation of that from V. *Considérant* on the same subject.

W. TCHERKESOV.

(To be continued.)

THE LABOR WAR IN AMERICA.

That the British public are nine-tenths fools, as Carlyle put it, can be readily seen in the way they accept without reserve all of the lies that the daily press feed them on from day to day. As an example: the news we receive here from America from "our own correspondent" and "our special correspondent", is sometimes so misleading that an American in London can but rub his eyes and say to himself, "Have my fellow countrymen changed so greatly, or have I been drinking?" The reports of the Croton Dam strike in New York and the street-car strike in progress now at St. Louis are two glaring examples of how inaccurate "our own correspondent" and "our special correspondent" can be when they really try. The strike at what is known as the Croton Dam, was a strike of some Italian workmen against the exactions of the contractors, who not only exploit these poor workers by starvation wages, but in the price they have to pay for board, and in other ways. This is comparatively easy; for they speak little English as a rule and so fall an easy prey to these vultures. The contract system is bad enough at its best; but with these poor Italians there is not one vulture to feast off them but two, for there is the *second* contractor or *Padrone*, as he is called, who gets the men for the contractor; so the poor wretch is exploited twice over.

It sometimes happens that the contractor prefers to deal with the men direct. When this happens, the *Padrone* comes around, stirs up trouble with the men to get them to strike, then he goes to the contractor and points out that had he furnished the men there would have been no trouble. So the next time the Contractor gives the *Padrone* the job of furnishing the men. From the information we have regarding this Croton Dam affair we believe it was fomented by the *Padrones* and afterward got beyond control. The men intrenched themselves and threatened a Spion Kop affair; the Militia was sent for and for several days there was a "hot time in the 'ole town"; a Militiaman was killed; the contractors made some concessions, and the strike was over; some fifteen of the strikers were arrested and the leaders will, undoubtedly, have to serve long terms of imprisonment. Long live the strikers!

The Tram Strike at St. Louis seems to me to be one of the fiercest and most successful strikes of its kind that has ever taken place in America. "Our own correspondent," who lives in New York, is reporting a strike that is taking place nearly eleven hundred miles away with all the accuracy that usually characterizes him; even the *Radical Morning Leader* had an hysterical leader last week, written on the strength of "our correspondent's" cable in which we were informed that the strikers had pulled two women off the cars, stripped them naked and so drove them through the streets for having patronised the car companies. My opinion was then, that, were this act really done, it was done, not by the strikers (who were men), but by women; and this view has proved to be correct, for in a letter from St. Louis (dated May 30th) I am informed that women were doing this very thing and not the strikers as reported here. A tram strike in America is usually of short duration. The strike is declared. By the end of the first day all the men have left work. The first night there is a little excitement; a few cars are stopped. The second day things get a little warm: cars are stopped, blacklegs are beaten, and some property is damaged. By the third or fourth day riots are in progress, the militia is called out, a few strikers or sympathisers are killed, numbers are wounded and innumerable heads are broken, a great many are arrested; and in another two or three days the strike is over and the strikers are beaten. It is short, sharp, and bloody.

The St. Louis strike seems an exception—and indicates development. It has been on a month now and, from the amount of dynamite they are using and the property they are destroying, one could almost imagine them to be United States troops engaged in civilising the Filipinos or British troops establishing "equal rights for white men in South Africa." It is certainly to be regretted that a struggle must need be so fierce as to result in women being stripped naked and beaten while they are driven through the streets, but we live in an age of brutality; and then we Americans soon forget. At present we are reminded of our duty by a virtuous press (à la *Daily Mail*) and the righteous indignation of the tram companies.

The women of St. Louis are but emulating the example of their sisters at Homestead in 1892; they in turn, but followed the methods of their French sisters of 1792. In 1892, when the Homestead strikers defeated the 400 Pinkerton thugs sent to kill them and compelled them to surrender, it was the women who, when the Pinkertons were marched as prisoners through the town, attacked them with the fierceness of revenge—and this in spite of all the men could do to prevent them.

If you like it was brutal; but it was the natural result of the vicious treatment the capitalists mete out to the workers every day of their lives, and it shows them what a merry time is in store for them on the morrow of the revolution. But then we are in England, and we have it upon the authority of Ben Tillet, that to destroy property is to play into the capitalists' hands,—and Ben knows what he is talking about (???). And the *Daily News* said it was inspiring to think of the wholesome respect British workers show the Constitution. So it is; so it is.

H. K.

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NOTES.

INDIA'S WRONGS.

The enthusiasm that prevailed in the Colonies (according to the daily press) at the beginning of the South African war, their readiness to help the "mother country" in her struggle for equal rights(?) in the Transvaal, was put forth to the world as a sign of the goodness of British government.

We, however, knew from the beginning what all this enthusiasm meant. We have heard how India, or rather the Indian government, voted a big round sum to help the Chartered Co. to take possession of the South African goldfields, while at the same time the people of India were starving and dying by the hundred. The government, however, took no notice whatever of them and, what's more, actually said in its reports that the people were in no immediate need.

Now we know the true state of things; and in spite of all the monetary help sent to them from different parts of the world the evil increases, and millions are now hovering between life and death.

It is not necessary for us to say here what good the money expended to help the wholesale slaughter of the Boers could have done for the starving Indians: for everyone knows well enough the necessity of bread for the Indian. This, however, goes a long way to illustrate the advantages of British rule over India! But it matters little which State governs a people; for to "rob a people and then let them starve" is the foundation of each and all governments.

An editor of a Liberal paper says: "Incidentally we learn that in one town forty-three deaths were registered in January as directly due to starvation." Then he wonders why "Lord George Hamilton conceals such facts." But that editor must be pretending to be ignorant of government officialism and its high sense of truth and candour.

JUDICIAL LOGIC.

It is curious how sometimes the most staunch upholders of "law and order" unconsciously to themselves give vent to expressions which, if they paused to consider, would make them see the absurdity of all man-made laws. Yet, while seeing the logic of one side of a subject, they ignore the other side or decline to discuss it with equal impartiality.

At the annual meeting of the Romilly Society, Mr. Justice Mathew, among other things, expressed himself as follows:

The current testimony was that the man who was flogged would go on being criminal and not take to higher and better forms of livelihood.

Now we wonder what the same learned judge would say, if told that this principle not only applies to flogging but to all sentences he or any other judge pronounces upon a so-called criminal. And if you question his right to judge others and to pass sentences, knowing conditions are what they are, you may be sure that he will regard you as an Anarchist and have a strong desire to meet that objection with a sentence.

But then, you see, he is not aware of having repeated a statement which we have made over and over again, *i. e.*, that punishment does not diminish crime, but rather tends to increase it. Of course he would rather resign than admit the logic of an Anarchist.

PEACE BETWEEN PEOPLES.

The following is an editorial from the *Morning Leader* June 2nd:

It is refreshing to read of the the highly successful excursion to the Paris Exhibition organised by Messrs. Lever Brothers for the workpeople at Port Sunlight. It was not an exhaustive visit which these fly-by-nights paid the French capital between their release from work on Friday night and their return to it this morning. But it was quite enough, one can readily believe, to inspire many of them with a determination to extend their sphere of observation for the

future further than it has been their habit to do. This will be all for our good. Some precautions seem to have been taken to prevent any unpleasantness. They proved quite superfluous, the Parisians showing themselves in every way amiable to their guests. Little else was to be expected. If the workmen of the nations were responsible for the peace of the world there would be less cause for apprehension. It is not they who make wars. They have to pay for them.

The above speaks for itself and also goes to confirm our statement that the workers all the world over could live in peace, if left to themselves, and that on their account it would not have been necessary to support standing armies to protect their interests. On the contrary, they are made to support armies and navies for the protection of those whose interest it is to rob and cheat the workers all the world over, and who, at the least protest on the part of the latter, have them shot down like dogs.

J. M.

A WORD FROM SHEFFIELD.

Comrade Stockton, from whom we should like to hear more frequently, sends us the following letter from Sheffield:

Yes, our propaganda has fallen on evil times. Who could have foreseen this ten years ago? Anarchists, Socialists, are nothing nowadays; the great *bête noir* is the Pro-Boer. And, perhaps, justly too. For, after all, is not the Pro-Boer the most *practical* opponent (in the true sense of the word) of capitalism? In many cases unconsciously, no doubt.

You say you have not lost heart. Is there any need to? True; the forces of militarism and gold, aided by the Hooligans, seem to be all-powerful. Seem to be, I say; for to me the South Manchester election came as a revelation. Think of the country actually at war and the electors being called upon to save it. Think of the many mean and dirty tricks resorted to to blind and prejudice the people; such as, for instance, placarding the walls with letters from dying soldiers at the front, stating that all the army were looking anxiously to South Manchester to return the Tory and save the country; and then try to realise what between 3,000 and 4,000 people voting for the other man means. It means that our teaching is bearing fruit; that the enemy's great game of bluff is getting played out, and that there is a solid strata in the country which cannot be swayed by party or passion. Do you remember Kropotkin's teaching of the power of minorities? This minority is much greater and stronger than we ever dreamed of, and one twentieth part of it would be infinitely more powerful than the frothy and volatile majority worked to a frenzy by the *Daily Mail*.

We must watch and wait, and drift a bit perhaps; but inside of five years those who are waving union jacks and the tawdry tinsel of Imperialism will be flocking round red flags crying: "We've got no work to do." Down here we are doing nothing; but this won't last for all time.

I send heartiest wishes that you may all long be spared to keep a "good heart" in the "one true faith," the hope of the ultimate triumph of which alone makes life at present endurable *viz.*: human liberty and happiness. Yours rebelliously

H. STOCKTON.

DEMOCRACY AND ITS HEROES.

"Fighting Mac" (Gen. Hector Macdonald) has received a great deal of praise, since the Soudan campaign, as an illustration of the self-made soldier; and he has been held up for admiration so often that the following picture of him by Mr. Menpes, the well-known painter, is interesting:

He gave Mr. Menpes a good illustration of the enormous difficulties of the Intelligence Department during the war. "I'll tell you what it is," said he, in his soldierly way. "I trust nobody in Bloemfontein—not men—certainly not women. The children are the only safe draws. What I do is to stuff my pockets full of sweets, go out for a walk, and talk to the children. They tell you where their papas have gone."—*Daily News*, June 30.

What a heroic soldier to tempt children, poor little innocents, to tell where their papas have gone so that they may be killed or captured by a foe who outnumbered them eight to one. What brilliant strategy this! Is it the irony of fate that makes the man who has risen from the ranks to power the most cruel and contemptible of the ruling classes? or is it that of all kinds of tyrants the democratic tyrant seems the worst? History tells us that the latter is the case.

H. K.

Freedom offers *Reynold's* its hearty congratulations on its Jubilee and appreciates the good work it has done, especially during the present reign of Jingoism.

Comrades of all shades of opinion we are sure unite with us in best wishes for the future happiness of Fred Charles and his wife. On May 22nd he was married, at St. Faith's, Norfolk, to Miss Skerritt of the S.D.F. We trust they may have many years of health and strength to help on the good cause.

We very much regret that the extract printed in our last issue under the title "Whose Morals? The Other Man's!"

appeared without acknowledgment. It was from the pen of H. L. Traubel, editor of *The Conservator* (Philadelphia), and appeared in the number for April, 1900, of that journal.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC.

The Midland Counties Anarchists are holding their Annual Picnic at Monsal Dale (those who don't walk or bike will take Midland train to Monsal Dale station) on Monday, August 7th.

The Leicester Group has arranged for tea at Mrs. Bridges', Monsal Dale, at 3.30 prompt. Will those who desire tea to be provided kindly communicate with Archibald Gorrie, 18 Princess Street, Leicester, not later than August 1st.

THE PYRAMID OF TYRANNY.

By F. DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

At school we learn: *Labor ennobles*; but our experience soon makes us understand that actually there is no greater shame than labor. Who are most honoured in society: the idlers, who have never worked and yet can spend a lot of money, or the poor toilers, who have done nothing but work from childhood? The patent of nobility, of labor, the horny hand of a worker, is highly praised and commended in assemblies and addresses, but nobody grudges another the pleasure. The blessings of labor, commended so much at school, are made use of to bring boys and girls up to be clever workers, i.e. to be sources of wealth for those who do not work. Is not the ideal, for which a great many persons drudge, though they do not always succeed, to work so hard for a short time that they have feathered their nests and henceforth can live without working?

At school we are taught: *Honesty is the best policy*. But when the child, in its innocence, asks if those people who dwell in the largest houses are the most honest, and the poor fellows who people the most miserable huts the most dishonest, can the teacher in good faith answer in the affirmative? If not, the words are not true, and so all sorts of sayings and adages are inculcated in the child's mind; that the teacher himself knows not to be true.

It would not be a hard task to go on in this way, but we think that these few examples are so striking and so convincing, that nobody can accuse us of not having given sufficient proofs for our contentions.

The children are also taught to respect their betters; and when we consider who these betters are, nobody will dare to say that this word implies the worker ennobled by his labor, the man of science or of art; no, let us be honest and acknowledge that by "our betters" are meant: the people who dispose of a well-filled purse (even though they are anything but respectable in their public conduct), and the temporary authorities (even though they had played fast and loose with their principles in order to rise to high offices). In a society constituted with so little freedom and so much hypocrisy as ours, basing itself so much upon the distinction of classes, it is an impossibility to bring up one's children as truth-loving, just, independent thinking men and women; for suppose they are educated at home in that way, the out-door influences tend to neutralize it. Nothing in the world is more taken amiss in a person than "being himself," especially by the large majority who are nobodies. The character is wholly lost, even though knowledge is cultivated; and yet, what does a society signify, the members of which are utterly unprincipled?

The school constituted as it is at present, must be conducive to keeping up appearances as if young people are developed into thinking persons, but it is nothing but show. In reality it serves to teach children so much that the possessors have no trouble with servants, who might injure them by their stupidity. The fault is not the teachers'—though there are, alas! many who act in favour of a system, by which they are oppressed and injured themselves—but it is in the existence of classes in society.

As soon as the children of the possessing class are concerned, we see immediately how much greater care is taken of their education. In a society in which everything is measured by money, we cannot do better than estimate the "love" of the leading persons by the money they wish to give for it. Why, every child attending a common public school—and the children of labourers almost exclusively attend these schools—costs 25 guilders (about £2.1.6); every child attending a secondary school—and these are the children of more substantial people—costs 125 guilders, that is five times as much; and every pupil of universities—the future authorities—costs 630 guilders or more than twenty-five times as much. And so we see that it is nothing but hypocrisy when we are told that at present so much is done and sacrificed and so much interest is taken in the instruction of the rising generation. By casting the minds of the children, when still very young, into a mould, which will make them, when grown-up people, useful tools in the hands of capitalists, the latter have their private interests at heart. And that is the use of the school. That the thing has two handles, and that this minimum of knowledge may become a means of further development, is a fact which they cannot remedy, but which is by no means their intention.

II. THE CHURCH. The second spiritual means of power, which capitalists make use of in order to restrain the people, is the Church. Here, again, they begin with the children, whose minds are to be

blunted by all sorts of false notions and untruths. A sort of spiritual chloroform is administered to them to lull their intellectual faculties to sleep. And afterwards the same method is continued at church, by means of the sermon. Do you ever hear a word of rights there? To hear these sermons would make a man believe that he has nothing but duties! Resignation, submission, contentment is quite common there.¹

They even dare comfort the poor wretches who are toiling during their whole life under the burden of excessive labor, by the thought of a hereafter, a life after this life, in which they will be compensated for all their sufferings, provided that they have behaved quietly and submissively here below. What are the sufferings of the present time compared to the eternal bliss which will be theirs after a short time? And if we express our doubts or if we even ask the clergyman how he knows all this and if it is true, indeed we incur a severe lecture for our unbelief and our heretical dispositions! If people say: "Why, all this may be very good and true, but we should like to be a little more comfortable on earth", then it is an instigation of the Evil One, to which they must not give ear. "Be submissive"—that is the continually repeated sermon, and other things are not heard. Submission to one's parents, submission to the authorities, submission to one's betters!

But what is the way in which the clerical gentlemen live themselves? As a rule they do not despise the good things of our earth; on the contrary, they are often known to have sweet teeth, to be good wine-tasters, who prefer sitting down at the well-provided tables of the rich, to eating from the humble and indigent dishes of the poor. They know how to propose a compromise, so that they do not tell the truth to the rich, lest they should fall into disgrace, though the teachings of Jesus are anything but pleasant for them; and they advise the poor to submit to the fate which has been laid upon them by God's will.

Do the rich believe in the truths of the Gospel? By no means. For if they did so, how could it be possible for them to remain quietly in their palaces and to enjoy all sorts of things, whilst their poor brothers and sisters are subjected to nameless sufferings and heavy cares? If they really believed, that the poor shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, they would not be so stupid as to enjoy so much during this short earthly life with the expectation of the everlasting tortures of hell.

The very fact that they can bear with such a state of things, is a decisive proof that they do not believe themselves in what they cause to be preached to others. Does not Professor Buys, a man of learning, say: "Be careful, you and I, let us work on as long as it is day time, and when at length the moment has come and the night is before us, let us then have a prayer of thankfulness on our lips towards Providence, who placed us in a world where so 'great wages are laid up for little labor'; but how it can be that such a man dare say so to people who work 10, 12, 14 hours a day (and longer) to gain wages that do not even enable them to provide themselves with common necessities, we cannot understand; at any rate it does not show many sparks of feeling in that man.

Suppose a father gave one child everything it wanted and suffered the other child to live in want, what would you call him? A tyrant, would you not? And you would be right! But what else does God do with men, his children, by placing some of them—and at any rate innocent children are not responsible for the circumstances under which they enter the world—from their cradle in the wealthiest condition, so that they have enough of everything and to spare, and by accustoming others from their prime of life to a privation which is a disgrace to mankind? So, when the church teaches submission to such conditions, which are crying to heaven, it is the Church itself that most of all undermines the belief in God, for there is no God, unless he be good.

Our countryman Douwes Dekker, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Multafuli" says in his touching and energetic poem: *Prayer of one who does not know*:

The child that fruitlessly invokes the father, does no harm . . .
But cruel is the father to whom his child calls in vain.
And far more beautiful is the belief: there is no father,
Than that he should be deaf to his own child.

But the Church held a tight rein over the masses; it served as a sort of celestial police and in that character exercised a much greater influence than the terrestrial. It worked with reward and punishment, threatened with everlasting tortures and promised an uninterrupted bliss. By these means it was strong, and capital did not grudge the ministers of the Church a life in clover, if the latter only took care that the people should be diverted by the illusions of a future better life from seeking for the causes of this present misery.

It is true the better developed disentangled themselves; as freethinkers they rose above the bulk of the people; but, no sooner did they begin to discover that these free thoughts found their way to the lowest classes of the people, the laborers, than they retraced their steps. That had not been their intention! Oh, freethought was very good for the upper classes, but the light was too strong for the lower ones: they had better remain in the Church to find comfort and relief there. Why? For this obvious reason: if heaven is taken away from above our heads and hell from beneath our feet, what else do we retain but the earth, on which we live and move? Well, let us for this reason

¹ As a general rule this is still true, but it would be unjust not to give due allowance to the fact that there are in Holland, the same as in England, a few clergymen who advocate their Social Democratic or Christian Anarchist principles even in the pulpit.

make no longer a hell on earth over the entrance of which it says: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" but let us make a heaven of it, and this can be done!—When our eyes are opened to this, we shall grow discontented and impatient with conditions, that degrade and dishonour us. And the consequence of it will be that we shall begin to work to put a stop to the oppression and tyranny exercised over us by a handful of people. In his *Ruins* the Frenchman, Volney, gives the following conversation between the priests and the People:

The Priests.—Dear brethren: Much beloved children! God has appointed us to rule over you.

The People.—Show us your heavenly authority.

The Priests.—The only thing that is required for that is faith; reason confounds.

The People.—Do you rule without reason?

The Priests.—God demands peace; religion commands obedience.

The People.—Peace presupposes justice; obedience requires knowledge of the law.

The Priests.—We are on earth only to suffer and to endure.

The People.—Set us a good example.

The Priests.—Would you live without gods and without kings?

The People.—We wish to live without tyrants.

The Priests.—You want intermediators.

The People.—Mediators between us and the kings! Courtiers and priests, your services are too expensive; henceforward we will serve our affairs ourselves.

Then the small number of priests exclaimed: we are lost, the people are developed. And the people replied; we are saved, and because we are developed, we shall not abuse our strength, we claim nothing but our rights. We feel wronged, but we forget our grievances; we were slaves, we could command now, but we want nothing but to be free. Freedom is nothing but justice.

Indeed, it is so! From the moment the people are developed, they do not want mediators or priests. Relying on ignorance and a certain disposition to mystery, capitalism uses the Church as a tool to keep the people erring through the night of ignorance and the twilight of mysticism.

(To be continued.)

THE SPANISH ANARCHISTS.

The meeting arranged by *Freedom* for the double purpose of welcoming and aiding the Spanish Anarchists, who upon release and expulsion from Barcelona reached London last month, took place at the Athenæum Hall on May 26th. As the matter was put in hand rather hurriedly owing to a desire that all the Spaniards might be present, there being a possibility of their separating in search of work, the proceedings were more or less of an informal character, speeches being interspersed with songs. Comrade P. Campbell acted as Chairman. After reading some kindly-worded letters of regret from Walter Crane, E. Carpenter, Keir Hardie, Cobden Sanderson, T. F. Green and others, expressing their inability to be present, our Chairman spoke of the objects of the meeting, and before calling upon the first speaker, Mr. W. M. Thompson, Editor of *Reynolds' Newspaper*, paid a warm tribute to the courage and honesty of all connected with the paper during a course of fifty years devoted to the cause of Justice and Democracy. It was the eve of Reynolds' jubilee, and three hearty cheers had to die away before Mr. Thompson could commence his brisk and pertinent address. Tom Mann followed, forceful as usual, then the well-known comrades Kropotkin, Louise Michel, Marmol, Withington and Kelly, also J. Melich and B. Oller, two of the Spanish comrades, whose spirited words even when not understood aroused a corresponding chord of enthusiasm. Mrs. Tochetti and Jenny Atkinson sang for us, as also the Spaniards, whose stirring revolutionary songs, like those of the French, are full of a fire and vim unknown to our unimpassioned English (so-called) revolutionary airs, which do not make the heart beat faster than the sober singing of a Scotch Psalm. Financially, in spite of the hurried arrangements, the meeting was a success, a surplus of between £10 and £12, being handed to Mme. Kropotkin as treasurer of the Spanish Fund, amongst the contributors being Mrs. Mole, an anonymous Dutch sympathiser, Walter Crane and E. Carpenter.

A few details respecting the Montjuich sufferers may not be out of place. Our Spanish comrades are all young men, mostly of fine physique, with the mingled element of melancholy and dignity in their faces that is common to all their race; traces of sickness, induced probably by hard labour at Ceuta under unhealthy conditions, still linger about one or two. Juan Ollé, labelled a dangerous and ferocious criminal and maltreated for five days in Montjuich, possesses features pathetic in their gentleness. Vilas, Vitella and Vilaplana were condemned to death, and passed what was to be their last night in the prison chapel. The police swore that Vilaplana was a blacksmith by trade and the actual maker of the bomb that caused so much destruction. But for the frantic efforts of his family he would have been shot; at the last moment they were able to convince his judges that he never had been a smith, but was a foreman weaver; whilst proof also came to hand that the two condemned to die with him were not metal but mosaic workers. The death sentence upon all three was then commuted to 20 years penal servitude. It was said that like true men they had faced death as calmly and collectedly as if it had been sleep. Four others, Sala, Melich, Mesa and Caus, were kept three weeks in a dark cell under daily threats of getting their turn of torture. Death seemed preferable, for it was by torture that the five men who were subsequently shot had been forced to state their participation in an act of which they were probably as innocent as the other victims of police fabrications. So one of the four sharpened his wooden spoon with a piece of broken glass—it could pierce his throat if necessary; another prepared a morsel of poisoned meat; a third steeped three boxes of matches in water and drank thereof, but did not die, the matches not being Bryant and May's; the fourth intended to throw himself upon the throat of the guard who came to lead him to torture and to hold on till they put a ball through his heart.

Callas, who had his face mutilated by pressure from one of the instruments of torture used in the mediæval inquisition, still remains in prison. Ten

others, six of whom actually sailed for Liverpool but were reshipped by order of their government on pretence that the English authorities refused them admission into England, have been exiled to Tangiers, Mexico or Cuba. It is interesting to know that Marzo, one of the vindictive judges of our comrades, is now dead; in his dying agony he is stated to have repeatedly cried: "It was not me! I am not guilty of torturing the Anarchists!" As for Portas, if any man can curse his existence, he surely does! His name is now a by-word throughout Spain. Wherever he is recognised cries of indignation, of scorn and anger, are showered upon him. He skulks from town to town like a hunted dog. The moment he seems securely hidden from an outraged public, the Spanish press draws attention to the fact. *Where is Portas? Search for Portas!* appears in large type on their editions, until the wretch is again unearthed. He is then pointed out to the people; the restaurants grow empty when he enters them, the hotel-keepers request him to leave their houses, the tobacconists and cafés are warned of his approach and are boycotted if they sell him anything. So long as he remains in Spain he will be the despised of all. This also must be borne in mind: that but for the dogged resolution, the unwearied and determined efforts of friends and sympathisers with these prisoners of Montjuich, some would now be rotting in the ditch of the fortress and the remainder still suffering penal servitude. The hand of the Spanish government was wrung until the strength of public pressure bore fruit, until the vindictive fingers were forced apart and 22 falsely accused men were released from an unjust fate. We must agitate, agitate, and agitate upon every occasion of governmental usurpation, injustice and oppression, no matter what part of the world is concerned; if it has to be with the rifle, with the rifle; if with the pen, with the pen; but there must be no pause. Friction will wear away the hardest rock, and when governments learn that the people have a fiat as well as a tongue and can use the first to as good purpose as the last, they will think twice before they riot roughshod over Liberty and Justice, as is their custom in this the hey-day of their armed strength.

THE INTERNATIONAL, ITS PRECURSORS, AND ANARCHISM.

XI.

The Socialist State—a general prejudice of 1848.

In the events of 1848 we find proofs that the wrong but very attractive idea of Louis Blanc, about the State as reformer and Socialist, was adopted by the Democrats and the revolutionists. In England, as we know at present, the Democrats, assisted by workers' associations of all shades, the Socialist Owenists included, brought their "Charter" into Parliament (11th of April) claiming reforms. In Germany, at that time, some isolated groups of advanced men were slightly acquainted with Socialism. However, there also the conception of Socialism was a form of State Communism and much more authoritarian than with Louis Blanc and the French Democrats.

Only a few weeks before the revolution of the 24th of February, the German Communist League published in London *The Communist Manifesto*, by Marx and Engels. As our readers can see from my articles (*Very Scientific—but Plagiarism*) in the May, June and following numbers of *Freedom*, the theoretical part of the *Manifesto* was copied from the Fourierists and especially from Victor Considerant's manifesto. Concerning the practical part, the authors repeat only what Louis Blanc so eloquently propounded from 1839 in the five preceding editions of his *Organisation of Labor*: the all-powerful State, absorbing and subduing everything—as the Social Democrats would have it do today.

In reality, neither Louis Blanc nor the French Democrats—Ledru-Rollin foremost—ever sacrificed the autonomy of the commune or the rights of the citizen to the State. Louis Blanc especially insisted upon the right of the national workshops and associations to carry on their economic and administrative life according to their own agreement. It was to be expected that all enlightened men in France would have condemned as monstrous the Socialism preached in the eight revolutionary immediate measures of the *Communist Manifesto*.

Happily for humanity, "the *Manifesto* passed unobserved through these stormy events; and the number of copies published being insignificant, it became a bibliographical curiosity. Only after 1872 the *Manifesto* began to spread throughout the nations."¹

So that their *Manifesto* began to be read after the International and the Commune; it had no influence upon these great Socialist movements. Let us not forget this avowal from one of the chiefs of parliamentary Socialism.

Not only did the *Manifesto* exaggerate the functions of the State; the fundamental idea of Socialism, as introduced and confirmed by it, was borrowed by Marx and Engels from the French Socialists and Democrats, especially from Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin. "By politics to social transformations" (Ledru-Rollin). "The Democratic State will organise the Socialist production" (Louis Blanc). Such are the mottoes of Social Democracy till the present day. And if these gentlemen said that they are faithful to the revolution of February, we should have nothing to say against them; only we should have some honest discussions about the rôle of the State in social life. Personally I should have just as much esteem for them as for many Radical Socialists who honestly strive for their program. But, unhappily, they proclaimed the strange idea that "parliamentary tactics," "direct legislation," "the dictatorship of the proletariat," "by politics to Socialism" and other commonplaces of 1848 had been discovered by them. Engels in his so-called *History of Socialism* does not say a word about France of 1840-1848; his German readers believed from this that all these

¹ E. Vandervelde, "The Jubilee of the *Communist Manifesto*," *Peuple, Brussels*.

things had been invented by him, and that never in France had anything like a Socialist agitation or a revolutionary idea existed.

With the German workers such a belief is to be excused. Crushed by capitalist slavery, these honest people had no time to learn French and study history. But what shall we say of Frenchmen, and even "scientific" Frenchmen, who endeavour to let the commonplaces of the French Democrats of 1848 pass for a novelty? What is most revolting, is: that in the name of these old claims they fight to the death against every new and progressive idea; they decry, as true reactionists, the slightest revolutionary attempt in every country, without distinction. Sooner or later the French workers will understand that the history and principles of Socialism have been misrepresented, by making them believe that the *Communist Manifesto* gave some new ideas to humanity. This is not so. On the contrary, among their claims in its practical part, the authors have introduced so much authority and State monopoly, so much negation of the rights of the individual and of the minority, that they rendered Socialist equality hateful and provoked that individualistic movement which ended in Nietzsche's cannibalistic morality.

Here we give their Socialist reforms:

- 1.—Abolition of property in land, and application of all rents of land to State expenses.¹
- 2.—A heavy progressive or graduated income tax.²
- 3.—Abolition of all right of inheritance.³
- 4.—Confiscation of property of all emigrants and rebels.⁴
- 5.—Centralisation of credit in the hands of the State by means of a national bank,⁵ with State capital and an exclusive monopoly.⁶
- 6.—Centralisation of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the State.⁷
- 7.—Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the State⁸; the bringing of waste land into cultivation, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.⁹
- 8.—Equal liability of all to labor.¹⁰ Establishment of industrial armies,¹¹ especially for agriculture.¹²

What is humanitarian in this project of an ideal constitution of the Social Democracy is drawn from the French Socialists and Democrats. Even the monstrosities are borrowed from the Jesuits of Paraguay, from the emperors of Byzantium, from the cruel despot Nicholas I. of Russia.

I repeat: the adoration of the State, the blind belief in its benefits were general. A Democratic republic based on universal suffrage like Switzerland or the present French Republic, would, according to the belief of that period, accomplish the social regeneration of humanity. With the exception of some Owenists in England and Proudhon in France, they all believed, and with much sincerity, that once universal suffrage was introduced they would arrive at power with their friends and partisans. So every party was certain to realise social justice:

- The Democrats by politics (Ledru-Rollin);
- The Socialists by organisation of labor (Louis Blanc);
- The Revolutionists by the dictatorship of the proletariat (Blanqui);
- The German Communists by monopoly, sequestrations; by a labor army and discipline.

W. TCHERKESOV.

Libertarian Literature.

- El Amigo del Pueblo*, Socialist Anarchist paper, edited by German Ortega, Calle Ciudadela 270, Montevideo.
- El Rebelde*, Anarchist paper, edited by M. Reguera; Casilla Correo, 15, Buenos Aires.
- La Vos de la Mujer*, pub. at Rosario de Santa-Fé, Uruguay.
- O Grito do Povo*, Revolutionary Socialist paper, pub. at S. Paulo, Brazil.
- La Federacion*, pub. at Tampa, Fla., U. S. A.
- X., Sociological and literary paper, edited at Calle del Pan, 31, Granada, Spain.
- La Redencion Obrera*, Trade Union paper, pub. at Calle de San Juan, 3, Palamos, Spain.
- La Contribucion de Sangre*, pamphlet pub. by the Biblioteca de La Revista Blanca, Calle de las Posas, 12, Madrid.
- El Porvenir del Obrero*, fortnightly paper, pub. at Prioto y Caules, 13, Mahon, Balearic Islands.
- Fiori di Maggio*, pamphlet by G. Ciancabilla, pub. by Ruffo and Ciani, 338 E. 117th St., New York.
- Gli Anarchici*, (from the French), pamphlet pub. by the Bibliotheca Anarchica dell' Aurora, West Hoboken, N. J., U. S. A.
- Cum se Explicat Anarchistii; Destainuirile Unui Expulsat; Vremuri Noi*, pamphlets pub. by the Bibliotheca Miscarai Sociale of Bucharest.

¹ All land to the State! In Turkey the land belongs to the State, to the Sultan, who cedes it to his loyal subjects.

² Claims of the French Democrats.

³ This is taken from the Saint-Simonists (see chapter VII.).

⁴ An old abomination practised by all despots and oppressors.

⁵ This is from Louis Blanc, but mutilated.

⁶ This State monopoly is a crime against Socialism, and its invention might have constituted Engels' glory if it had not been practised before in Byzantium.

⁷ Realised by Bismarck and the Tsar, the great Socialists!

⁸ Again from Louis Blanc, badly mutilated.

⁹ Borrowed from the Jesuits of Paraguay.

¹⁰ Poor humanity! condemned to hard labor.

¹¹ Exactly as with the Jesuits in Paraguay. Oh, Candide! Oh, Dr. Pangloss!

¹² Tsar Nicholas had already military colonies for agriculture. True Bagnios. Poor humanity! the majority of you are agriculturists, and it is for you that Marx and Engels prepared slavery under the etiquette of Socialism. No, no! they have nothing in common with Fourier, Saint-Simon or R. Owen.

MODESTY—v.—CANT.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—These little alabaster figures on the mantelpiece, Mr. Crotchet, and those large figures in the niches—may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent?

Mr. Crotchet.—Venus, sir; nothing more, sir; just Venus.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—May I ask you, sir, why they are there?

Mr. Crotchet. To be looked at, sir; just to be looked at: the reasons for most things in a gentleman's house being in it at all; from the paper on the walls, and the drapery of the curtains, even to the books in the library, of which the most essential part is the appearance of the back.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Very true, sir. As great philosophers hold that the *esse* of things is *percipi*, so a gentleman's furniture exists to be looked at. Nevertheless, sir, there are some things more fit to be looked at than others; for instance, there is nothing more fit to be looked at than the outside of a book. It is, as I may say, from repeated experience, a pure and unmixed pleasure to have a goodly volume lying before you, and to know that you may open it if you please, and need not open it unless you please. It is a resource against *ennui*, if *ennui* should come upon you. To have resource and not to feel the *ennui*, to enjoy your bottle in the present, and your book in the indefinite future, is a delightful condition of human existence. There is no place, in which a man can move or sit, in which the outside of a book can be otherwise than an innocent and becoming spectacle. Touching this matter, there cannot, I think, be two opinions. Now, sir, that little figure in the centre of the mantelpiece—as a grave *paterfamilias*, Mr. Crotchet, with a fair noble daughter, whose eyes are like the fish-pools of Heshbon—I would ask you if you hold that figure to be altogether delicate?

Mr. Crotchet.—The sleeping Venus, sir? Nothing can be more delicate than the entire contour of the figure, the flow of the hair on the shoulders and neck, the form of the feet and fingers. It is altogether a most delicate morsel.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Why, in that sense, perhaps, it is as delicate as whitebait in July. But the attitude, sir, the attitude.

Mr. Crotchet.—Nothing can be more natural, sir.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—That is the very thing, sir. It is too natural: too natural, sir: it lies for all the world like—I make no doubt, the pious cheesemonger, who recently broke its plaster facsimile over the head of the itinerant vendor, was struck by a certain similitude to the position of his own sleeping beauty, and felt his noble wrath thereby justly aroused.

Mr. Crotchet.—Very likely, sir. In my opinion, the cheesemonger was a fool, and the justice who sided with him was a greater.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Fool, sir, is a harsh term: call not thy brother a fool.

Mr. Crotchet.—Sir, neither the cheesemonger nor the justice is a brother of mine.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Sir, we are all brethren.

Mr. Crotchet.—Yes, sir, as the hangman is of the thief; the squire of the poacher; the judge of the libeller; the lawyer of his client; the statesman of his colleague; the bubble-blower of the bubble-buyer; the slave-driver of the negro; as these are brethren, so am I and the worthies in question.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—To be sure, sir, in these instances, and in many others, the term brother must be taken in its utmost latitude of interpretation: we are all brothers, nevertheless. But to return to the point. Now these two large figures, one with drapery on the lower half of the body, and the other with no drapery at all; upon my word, sir, it matters not what godfathers and godmothers may have promised and vowed for the children of this world, touching the devil and the other things to be renounced, if such figures as these are to be put before their eyes.

Mr. Crotchet.—Sir, the naked figure is the Pandemian Venus, and the half draped figure is the Uranian Venus; and I say, sir, that figure realises the finest imaginings of Plato, and is the personification of the most refined and exalted feeling of which the human mind is susceptible; the love of pure, ideal, intellectual beauty.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—I am aware, sir, that Plato, in his Symposium, discourseth very eloquently touching the Uranian and Pandemian Venus: but you must remember that, in our universities, Plato is held to be little better than a misleader of youth; and they have shown their contempt for him, not only by never reading him (a mode of contempt in which they deal very largely), but even by never printing a complete edition of him; although they have printed many ancient books, which nobody suspects to have been ever read on the spot, except by a person attached to the press, who is therefore, emphatically called "the reader".

Mr. Crotchet.—Well, sir?

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Why, sir, to "the reader" aforesaid (supposing either of our universities to have printed an edition of Plato), or to any one else who can be supposed to have read Plato, or, indeed, to be ever likely to do so, I would very willingly show these figures; because to such they would, I grant you, be the outward and visible signs of poetical and philosophical ideas; but, to the multitude, the gross, carnal multitude, they are but two beautiful women, one half undressed, and the other quite so.

Mr. Crotchet.—Then, sir, let the multitude look upon them and learn modesty.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—I must say that, if I wished my footman to learn modesty, I should not dream of sending him to school to a naked Venus.

Mr. Crotchet.—Sir, ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant; where they had poetry,

we have cant; where they had patriotism, we have cant; where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant. And, sir, to show my contempt for cant in all its shapes, I have adorned my house with the Greek Venus, in all her shapes, and I am ready to fight her battle against all the societies that ever were instituted for the suppression of truth and beauty.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—My dear sir, I am afraid you are growing warm. Pray be cool. Nothing contributes so much to good digestion as to be perfectly cool after dinner.

Mr. Crotchet.—Sir, the Lacedæmonian virgins wrestled naked with young men; and they grew up, as the wise Lycurgus had foreseen, into the most modest of women, and the most exemplary of wives and mothers.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Very likely, sir, but the Athenian virgins did no such thing, and they grew up into wives who stayed at home—stayed at home, sir; and looked after their husbands' dinner—his dinner, sir, you will please to observe.

Mr. Crotchet.—And what was the consequence of that, sir? that they were such very insipid persons that the husband would not go home to eat his dinner, but preferred the company of some Aspasias or Laïs.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Two very different persons, sir, give me leave to remark.

Mr. Crotchet.—Very likely, sir; but both too good to be married in Athens.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Sir, Laïs was a Corinthian.

Mr. Crotchet.—O!s vengeance, sir, some Aspasias and any other Athenian name of the same sort of person you like—

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—I do not like the sort of person at all: the sort of person I like as I have already implied, is a modest woman, who stays at home and looks after her husband's dinner.

Mr. Crotchet.—Well, sir, that was not the taste of the Athenians. They preferred the society of women who would not have made any scruple about sitting as models to Praxiteles; as you know, sir, very modest women in Italy did to Canova; one of whom, an Italian countess, being asked by an English lady, "how she could bear it?" answered, "Very well; there was a good fire in the room."

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Sir, the English lady should have asked how the Italian lady's husband could bear it. The phials of my wrath would overflow if poor dear Mrs. Folliot—: sir, in return for your story, I will tell you a story of my ancestor, Gilbert Folliot. The devil haunted him, as he did Saint Francis, in the likeness of a beautiful damsel; but all he could get from the exemplary Gilbert was an admonition to wear a stomacher and longer petticoats.

Mr. Crotchet.—Sir, your story makes for my side of the question. It proves that the devil, in the likeness of a fair damsel, with short petticoats and no stomacher, was almost as much for Gilbert Folliot. The force of the spell was in the drapery.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Bless my soul, sir!

Mr. Crotchet.—Give me leave, sir! Diderot—

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Who was he, sir?

Mr. Crotchet.—Who was he, sir? the sublime philosopher, the father of the Encyclopædia, of all the encyclopædias that have ever been printed.

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Bless me, sir, a terrible progeny: they belong to tribe of *Incubi*.

Mr. Crotchet.—The great philosopher, Diderot—

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Sir, Diderot is not a man after my heart. Keep to the Greeks, if you please; albeit this Sleeping Venus is not an antique.

Mr. Crotchet.—Well, sir, the Greeks; why do we call the Elgin marbles inestimable? Simply because they are true to nature. And why are they so superior in that point to all modern works, with all our greater knowledge of anatomy? Why, sir, but because the Greeks, having no cant, had better opportunities of studying models?

The Rev. Dr. Folliot.—Sir, I deny our greater knowledge of anatomy. But I shall take the liberty to employ, on this occasion, the *argumentum ad hominem*. Would you have allowed Miss Crotchet to sit for a model to Canova?

Mr. Crotchet.—Yes, sir.

"God bless my soul, sir!" exclaimed the Reverend Doctor Folliot, throwing himself back into a chair, and flinging up his heels, with the premeditated design of giving emphasis to his exclamation; but by miscalculating his *impetus*, he overbalanced his chair, and laid himself on the carpet in a right angle, of which his back was the base.—From *Crotchet Castle*, by Thomas Love Peacock.

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN."

The following official document which appears in the pages of *Free Russia* for June, will be interesting reading, in view of the English press representing that H. I. M. had objected to and dispensed with police precautions during his recent visit to Moscow. "An official Commission was formed to attend to the preliminaries connected with the imperial visit", and the document below "is a faithful translation of the rules enforced by that Commission":

ANNOUNCEMENT.

1.—Every owner of a lodging or premises, the windows or balconies of which give on some street on the route of the *cortège* of their Imperial Majesties, is bound to present to the undersigned member of the Commission not later than 28th March two copies of a list of all persons who will be present in his lodging or premises during the Imperial procession.

2.—The owners of the premises will control the admittance of persons visiting the house on the day of the Imperial visit, and will be responsible for the persons who are admitted being the same as those entered by him on the list.

3.—The owners or managers of the houses are bound to observe the following on the day of their Majesties' arrival:

- The gates of the houses must be locked from the morning of the arrival of their Majesties.
- The key of the gate must be handed over to the head porter of the house, who must remain at the front gate of the house.
- No person must be admitted through the gates unless he or she lives in the house or has the right of admittance to certain premises according to the list presented to the member of the commission. Outsiders in case of urgency may be admitted, but only with the permission of the member of the Commission or of the police.
- All the doors on the ground floor giving on to the street as well as all the windows through which admission from the street is possible must be locked.
- Only persons mentioned under sub-section c, section 3, of the present announcement may be admitted through the front doors.
- It is forbidden to erect any seats or stands for onlookers in front of the gates.

5.—The owners and managers of houses are bound under personal responsibility to stop all admission to the lofts and roofs during the time of the drive of their Majesties. For this purpose the member of the Commission will inspect the lofts, after which the entrance to them must be locked and sealed by the member, while all ladders serving as fire escapes must be inaccessible for the length of fourteen feet from the ground by nailing boards on them according to instructions of the member of the Commission.

6.—The opening of windows as well as the admission of the public to the balconies giving on the streets during the drive of their Majesties is permitted. To these windows and balconies persons may be admitted on the personal responsibility of the owner of the lodging or premises. These persons must be absolutely sober and only those for whose admission the permit has been obtained according to rules. Those admitted must not have with them either opera glasses or field glasses or photographic apparatus. The owner of the lodging is bound to take on himself the whole management of the premises belonging to him.

NB.—The number of persons who may be allowed to be present in the balconies must be decided by the Engineer of the Commission.

Signed: Member of the Commission,
AR. KELEPOVSKY.

(Then follows his address.)

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