

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

LABOR DAY.

As was to be expected in the present stagnant condition of the advanced movement generally in England, the First of May has come and gone without giving any more sign of reviving Socialist activity than a very successful Labour Festival at the Crystal Palace. We quite appreciate the excellent manner in which the fête was organised; and it is only to be regretted that the thousands of workers who had a most enjoyable day could not have had their numbers centupled and have taken that fortnight's holiday which, as Bronterre O'Brien used to say, would make them masters of their own. But it would be idle to suppose that our rulers will discern in it anything more than a festive celebration of May-day; for revolutionary or even political significance it had none, nor indeed could it be expected to have under prevailing conditions; and, in this sense, it was on a par with most May Day celebrations in this year of disgrace, 1900.

In New York, however, there were more potent signs of Socialist activity if all accounts are true; and probably before the year is out the New World will give us the strongest evidence of a revival of the class war which never really ceases, but which at times like the present dies down to mere apathetic skirmishing.

This state of things is not merely the result of the war fever. For some years past the May-day gatherings of the workers have been losing the revolutionary tone which in early years of the present decade made the occasion rather an anxious time for the ruling powers in European countries.

Gradually, however, political tactics have been taking the vitality out of the demonstrations, which, except for the speeches at the Anarchist or International platforms, would hardly be distinguishable from a gathering of advanced Radicals.

The passing of "resolutions" "calling upon the government" to do this, that or the other, becomes a tiresome exhibition of insanity in the eyes of many of the workers when they come to total up the net result of it all. Governments have been "called on" generation after generation to take up the workers' burden, but only when the cry has become threatening to themselves or to class interests have they thrown to them the miserable sops which designing politicians try to glorify as the "blessings of government."

Perhaps this is the reason the workers display such enthusiastic ardour in recording their votes, as Dickens sarcastically observed years ago.

The truth is even if you want "reforms" you must show the revolutionary spirit.

The infamy of the Warsaw massacre, for there was no riot, but a previously planned attack by the Cossacks) cannot be described in words. The unspeakable monsters of Russian officialdom who deliberately provoked the indescribable murder of inoffensive men, women and children, may perhaps live till the day when these crimes will be avenged, and then the respectable advocates of law and order will have their precious feelings outraged, and will have conveniently forgotten the victims who are dying today from the blows of the knout, which, as the papers tell us, "have inflicted fearful injuries, the faces of the victims and other parts of the body being brutally torn in many cases."

The apathy and indifference of "civilized" nations to these and similar atrocities will make many despair of the fulfillment of Hyndman's prophecy that the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century will witness the realization of many of our Socialist ideals. And yet, in spite of these reactionary times, nothing is more probable. For reaction itself is an education, and in the end makes the true issue for which we are struggling clearer to the minds of those who, standing in the half-lights of a slow and uncertain mental evolution, have been cajoled and misled by the lies and the artifices of the ruling classes. As long as we remain true to the principles upon which our ideal is founded, we have nothing to fear and everything to hope.

THE SPANISH ANARCHISTS.

The agitation carried on in Spain, England and France, since 1896, against the atrocities and tortures committed upon the Spanish Anarchists imprisoned in Montjuich, has succeeded in procuring are vision of the trial and the release of the victims, but on condition of banishment.

Eleven of these comrades have now arrived in London. They are all self-respecting, sympathetic and highly intelligent men, several speaking French as well as their own language, and their one anxiety is to work at their respective trades. As usual with true revolutionists, suffering and imprisonment have augmented and not decreased their enthusiasm in the cause of Liberty. Spain has lost eleven skilled workmen, eleven intelligent minds, and what Spain has lost England and its Anarchist movement has gained.

A social evening on behalf of our comrades is being organised and will take place in the Athenaeum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, on Saturday, May 26th, at 8 p.m., when there will be music combined with addresses from well known international speakers. It is hoped that many will seize this opportunity to welcome these much-tried men. To prevent disappointment it must be distinctly understood that no money can be taken at the door. Tickets, price 6d., can be obtained from the Labor Leader office (53 Fleet st.) or at Freedom office.

IRELAND, IRELAND.

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Down thy valleys green and sad,
Still thy spirit wanders wailing,
Wanders wailing, wanders mad.

Long ago that anguish took thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and fair;
Spoilers strong in darkness took thee,
Broke thy heart and left thee there.

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Still thy spirit wanders mad;
All too late they love that wronged thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and sad.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE INTERNATIONAL,

ITS PRECURSORS, AND ANARCHISM.

X.

The Socialist State—Louis Blanc, 1831-1848.

In a society so agitated, and when even the Democrats themselves adopted the formula "to attain by politics the Socialist transformation," true Socialists should have and did have a remarkable success.

The Saint-Simonists, who in 1832 organised their Communist brotherhood in the Rue Montigny, published pamphlets and substantial volumes; they taught their doctrine in the *Globe*, where their comrade and fellow-contributor, Pierre Leroux, worked. Also the Fourierists carried on a very energetic propaganda; their activity developed, especially from 1839 till 1848. At the same time, new currents of Socialist ideas began to form themselves. In 1840 P. J. Proudhon published his famous first memoir: *What is property?* with the not less famous answer of Bismot: *Property is theft*. Other works which followed had an equally great success. No less popular was Cabet with his "Journey in Icaria," a work full of religious and authoritative doctrines.

But the real idol, the real popular master of that period was Louis Blanc with his work, "Organisation of Labour," which he began to publish in 1839 in his paper *Revue du Progres*. Only a few men enjoyed a popularity such as his; only a few books have had a success equal to that of the "Organisation of Labour." Every year a new edition was published, and that of 1848 was already the fifth.

Whence came this popularity? From the exceptional talent of the author! Certainly the literary talent, the clearness of the exposure, the freshness and sincerity of a passionate sentiment were great, and aroused the sympathy of the readers. But the fundamental cause of this colossal popularity was, as in the case of the statutes of the International, the fidelity to the most generous demands which were common to all Socialist schools and fractions.

And, really, what have R. Owen and his friends said? That the misery of the workers arises from the capitalists' forcible appropriation of the surplus-value of their work (W. Thompson). Louis Blanc was almost the first in France to give such a heart-breaking description of the economic condition of the workers and of the capitalist exploitation. The English Socialists themselves, Saint-Simon and Fourier, insisted on the organisation of production. Louis Blanc proposed the organisation of labour by organisation of national workshops. Fourier proposed a system of payment more or less equal; Saint-Simon, according to capacity; R. Owen preaching Communism quite openly; Louis Blanc gave the Communist formula: "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs."

The English said that the people organised as producer and consumer would know how to liberate themselves. Louis Blanc recommended self-governing association under all its forms. Fourier and the Owenists sought to guarantee autonomy to the communes. Louis Blanc declared that once the productive workshops and credit were organised, the State had nothing to do with the autonomous life of the association; and even during his exile, 20 years later, when he had changed much in his Communist ideas, he did not cease preaching communal autonomy—pure communalism.

Yes, in his little book, Louis Blanc propagated with an exceptionally brilliant and attractive talent, Communism, autonomous association, gratuitous, individual and international solidarity. In a word, in him Socialists of all shades found their special claims reflected. Hence his popularity among all Socialists. But there were in his political and historical writings doctrines about a rule of the State, about the revolution and the dictatorship of a central committee, of a revolutionary convention directly elected by the people after universal suffrage. By virtue of these political and revolutionary opinions, he was in complete harmony with the Democratic reformers as well as with the revolutionary Socialists.

The Democrats wanted to overthrow the Monarchy in order to re-establish the government and direct legislation. They all dreamt of the Convention of 1793 decreeing the "Social Transformation." In harmony with them were the peaceful Socialists, as Victor Considérant and others. "Direct legislation," "direct government," such became the doctrine, dear to the Democrats and Moderate Socialists. The "dictatorship of the proletariat," otherwise called the same governmental and authoritative panacea, the same revolutionary "direct government" was preached by the revolutionary Socialists, by all the Jacobins. These honest men, who stamped all conspiracies, all popular movements with their character, have been imbued with authoritarianism. They have sincerely believed that one can impose by decrees what has not been accomplished by revolution, by the people itself. Only Proudhon, with his friends, opposed this general mania, but his polemics against Louis Blanc, Victor Considérant, Ritting Lausen and others,* had little success, at least before the popular manifestations of the month of March, 1848.

Even after the events of 1849 and 1852, and under the second empire, the Revolutionists, and especially the Blanquists, stuck to the doctrine of the proletarian dictatorship. It was the same with Marx, Engels, and their friends in Germany. The authoritative prejudices were so deeply rooted in them that still in 1855 Marx tried, as we saw, to introduce the doctrine of the proletarian dictatorship into the statutes of the International. It is not astonishing that Louis Blanc became really master of the events: he and Ledru-Rollin expressed the aspirations of the two fractions of Social Democracy. The first was the brilliant writer who claimed universal suffrage and direct legislation in order to immediately organise Socialist production: the second strove for the same universal suffrage for a Democratic Republic which could but lead "to the social transformation of politics." It is the State, according to Louis Blanc, that should immediately realise the Social order. This same State, according to Louis Blanc, would occupy itself with reforms ending in the same direction. The triumphant people of February 24th carried them both into the provisional government of the second Republic, to prove to the people that no government will accomplish what has not been done by the people itself, on its own revolutionary initiative.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

While reactionary pedagogues in Russia are busy issuing treatises showing how and how not to educate the Russian youth, agreeing among themselves but on one point, viz: that a liberal education is uncalled for, that all a student requires to fit him for what should be his highest ambition—a post in the bureaucracy—is a knowledge of the "three R's"; while Social Democracy has split into two parties and is now at the tug-of-war—the semi-educated working-men's party *versus* the intellectual Marxians, our revolutionary friends keep their own special little fire burning and no police hose seems able to extinguish it. Like the strange "St. Elmo's fire" that has hovered

around the Alpine village of Berbenna for the past 25 years, which glows tranquilly or spits out sparks, neither wind, rain, snow or man being able to affect or diminish its brilliancy, Revolutionary fire partakes somewhat of the nature of a phantom flame,—an army of police and politicians may lay their comprehensive foot upon it, but like the will-o'-the-wisp it ever eludes the process of stamping out. The little revolutionary journal of Lodz, *Rabotnik*, (The Worker), has not yet been put down in spite of a traitor in the camp, who gave or sold information which led to a police raid on the secret printing office, the seizure of issue and copy, and the arrest of seven persons, 4 workmen, 2 students and a woman. The prisoners, however, were not friendless. Two hours later another edition of the paper appeared, giving the name and description of the spy, who, a day or two after, was found lying in the street stabbed to death. Apparently there were some in the town who thought it time to paraphrase a well-known couplet into: "The spy who speaks and runs away, may live to speak another day; But the spy who speaks and then is slain, why, he don't live to speak again." Revolutionary fire spits out sparks sometimes and they generally burn what they are meant to burn. Perhaps a growing suspicion of this fact is what leads a well-known spy in the metropolis, to take his walks abroad with a head that seems anxious to acquire the chameleon's trick of twisting round to see all sides at once.

Acciarito, as was expected, has retracted the statement dragged from him by mental and bodily torture in prison, and his supposed accomplices, who have been in custody for many months, were formally acquitted when recently brought to trial before the Assize-court of Teramo. From the outset of his own arrest, Acciarito denied the existence of a plot against Umberto's life, but as usual the police knew better and insisted there must be a vast conspiracy—just as now Sipido's crazy attack is being magnified by them as a result of a Boer-Anarchist scheme, and the attempt to blow up a lock on a Canadian canal into a Boer-Irish intrigue. Three years ago, investigation immediately after the event, proved conclusively that Acciarito not only had received no instructions from others, but that he had neither assistants nor confidants—his act was simply the spontaneous outcome of that same sense of justice outraged that nerved Luccheni's hand and that will always send wild thoughts surging through the heads of young and generous-souled men and women. The man walking rapidly is the last to be concerned with the mere mechanism of motion, nor does a man weigh the full import of a rash action when every dominant sensibility is on fire within him, and be the penalty what it may, to strike at Indifference or Oppression personified seems the one reprisal left him. But the international police and those in their pay can only see through a glass darkly. They hatch so many plots in company to keep their pay-roll going, that anything like self-immolation or individual action is to them inconceivable.

We now learn the truth regarding Luccheni's reported act of insubordination in the Evché prison. The two prisoners who escaped and were recaptured later in the country, either from spite or pure boasting, stated that had they wanted to do so they could have opened Luccheni's cell when getting out and have freed him. Their story, true or not, caused much stir among the officials of Geneva, who knew they would be greatly compromised before the federal authorities and their bourgeois electors, etc., if through want of precaution Luccheni happened to escape. Better to suppress Luccheni than to lose their prestige as disciplinarians and perhaps their official posts. We know what occurs in English prisons if an official or a warder takes a spite against any one of the unfortunate men under his control. There are petty provocations that are worse to bear than a downright blow. What passed between Luccheni and those around him we do not know; but apparently there began a system of provocations and "disciplinary" measures; one of the last being to deprive him of his work. Now work to a man in solitary confinement is the salvation of his reason. Think what it must mean to be staring at four white-washed walls day after day, friendless, without books, with nothing to keep willing hands busy or brain from brooding over a bitter past, a hopeless future. Well for some that prison walls are strong; for surely persecution of this nature is sufficient to imbue the calmest with Tarquin's desire to swish off heads, crowned or uncrowned, like so many poppies. In this case, Luccheni, as has been told, lost control of himself and threw a harmless missile at Authority personified. The punishment in Swiss prisons for insubordination of this kind, is confinement from a few months to five years in an underground cell. Until his trial takes place, and to give him a foretaste of what is to follow, he has been relegated to an unsanitary and dark cell where he is miserably treated and fed; should his health break down and death come to his relief, the Genevan authorities can then inscribe complacently over the door—"Hic jacet Responsibility: Bourgeois votes secure."

An international Society for the protection of wild animals in Africa, has been formed, and is holding its first conference in London. Civilised Europe apparently considers animals to come first in importance; we do not yet hear of an international Society for the preservation of native races in Africa. On the contrary a general effort seems being made to stamp out whole races by forced wars or massacres *en bloc*, a sufficiency of the vanquished being reserved for exploitation under British or other rule. The truth regarding the Congo revolt will of course only be heard in camera, even when men like the notorious Major Lothaire candidly admit that atrocities have been committed, heads and hands severed, and the like. In explanation

* *Idée générale de la Révolution*, pages 161, etc. Paris, 1851.

he added that it was necessary to compel the negroes to work since they would otherwise not labour at all. Black or white it is all the same; if men revolt under Capitalistic or Monarchical rule, it is death or abject obedience. Regarding the last massacre on the Congo, a Belgian contemporary writes: "An entire village was depopulated, under circumstances of great barbarity, for failing to transport a certain quantity of rubber within a given period. A native soldier was shot for warning another village of similar danger and his wife was put in chains. The corporal charged with the execution fired in the air but was in turn shot by order of the Society's (Anversoise) officers. Sixty women were put in chains whose husbands failed to furnish the necessary quota of rubber, and the latter in order to be made an example of, were arrested and left to perish of hunger; the total done to death numbered 150, including 84 women and 4 children, some of the women being crucified. These horrors do not date from yesterday—even worse cruelties have been perpetrated, and all to get out of the wretched blacks more work and more indiarubber!" Then we have the governor of British Kummassie inciting a revolt among the conquered Ashantees by an unscrupulous effort to trace the hiding-place of their cherished Golden Stool, an object of as deep veneration to these poor blacks as was the Madhi's tomb to the dervishes or is Westminster Abbey to Londoners. But a tribe or nation conquered by English arms has no longer any rights of its own; troops are being hurried to the governor's aid; and once more, if cajolery fails, there will be a fusillade under the union jack, and the Golden Stool will eventually cross the ocean to repose in a British Museum or Windsor Castle cabinet, each edifice having a large maw for war trophies. Northwards we have the bombardment of an Arab town by the French; it stands or rather stood, for there is little left of it, on the road to Morocco, which last as everyone knows, is, in French military-colonial eyes a kind of suburb to Algiers. Says a gunner who witnessed the bombardment: "The cannon were posted about 1,300 yards from the place; as the firing of the melinite shells continued, the great Raabah was partly demolished. When the ground had been completely swept by our fire, the infantry started on the assault. It was then that the destructive power of our cannon could be perceived. Corpses lay everywhere, headless, without arms or legs, or ripped open. Men, women, children, horses and camels were strewn in every direction, dead or little better. Out of 1,200 inhabitants, only 162 were taken prisoners. The rest were dead and were buried in the trenches." The town had no cannon in its arsenal, probably few rifles of modern make, but the French made no effort at conciliation; the Pasha had dared to assert his independence—*assez!* The tricolour waves over his home and there are a thousand Arabs the less to contest the road to Fex. But as regards Militarism there can be no invidious comparisons between the nations. Kitchener mowed down the Sudanese as ruthlessly, and we may be sure will do the same by the Boers should they give him the chance. At present the war drags on its slow length, but Earl Grey, as chairman at the recent annual meeting of the Chartered Company, has clearly indicated how the labor market will be ruled when South Africa becomes respectable and British. Says he:

1. We must dismiss from our minds any idea of developing our mines with white labor.
2. The problem, then, for the administration of Rhodesia and for the settlers is how to secure an adequate supply of black labor.
3. An incentive to labor must be provided and it can only be provided by the imposition of taxation.
4. I look forward to the imposition of a hut tax of £1 per hut in conformity with the practice which exists in Basutoland, and I also hope that we may, with the permission of the Imperial authorities, be able to establish a Labour Tax, which those able-bodied natives should be required to pay who are unable to show a certificate of four months work.
5. The directors are already making inquiries on their own account as to the possibility of obtaining Asiatic labor in the event of the African labor supply being insufficient.
6. The Government of Rhodesia will give every assistance in its power, both financially and otherwise.

What a world of savage meaning lies in that *otherwise!* Surely, as the waves of the Red Sea once rose and overwhelmed Pharaoh, that ancient taskmaster, and all his hosts, another Red Sea will one day rise in the name of outraged humanity to overwhelm the modern taskmaster, mammon England! Pipe on thou gentle Tsar, pipe on of Peace, while from out their fetters the downtrodden forge the bright blade of Revolution!

To Workers in all branches of the Furniture Trade.

The workers of the different branches of the furniture trade who visit Paris during the Exhibition are cordially invited to spend a Wednesday evening at 26 rue Tron, in order to confer with the workers of the same trade upon all subjects concerning it: wages, tools, progress accomplished in their work, different methods of working, the intellectual development of the workers of each country and their aspirations.

Everyone can lay his personal experiences before the Union Syndicale (trade union) which will take notice of the information given and ideas proposed. Those who have enough time are invited to make a written report.

Every one will be received as a comrade, without distinction of idea, party or country.

At the end of the year all this information and these reports will be printed and sent to those who contributed them, and also to those who send a special request.

Pour l'Union Syndicale de l'ameublement
(For the Union of the Furniture Trade)
L. GUÉRINIAUX.

SOPHIE PEROVSKAYA,

1881.

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch and waited morn;
And peasants say that where she slept
The new moon dipped her horn.
Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
Far toward the bleak North Pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolled as dark rivers roll;
While never once for all these woes
Upspake one human soul.

She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
Illumined with her lofty thought,
Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
A man—godlike and free.
Yet still before him yawned the black
Siberian mines! And oh!
The knout upon the bare white back:
The blood upon the snow!
The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
Fought o'er the fallen so!

And this that one might wear a crown
Snatched from a strangled sire!
And this that two might mock or frown
From high thrones climbing higher,—
To where the Parricide looks down
With harlot in desire!
Yet on, beneath the great north star,
Like some lost living thing,
That line of exiles stretches far,
Till buried by Death's wing!
And great men praise the goodly Czar—
But God sits pitying.

A storm burst forth! From out the storm
That clean, red lightning leapt!
And lo: a prostrate form
And Alexander slept!
Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
Like any blood, his crept.
Yea, one lay dead, for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For that long damning line of red
Where endless exiles go—
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down and dying so!

And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high,
That all may on her forehead read
The Martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! from out the black hood shines
A light few look upon!
Lorn exiles, see, from dark, deep mines,
Your Star at burst of dawn
A thud—a creak of hangman's lines—
A frail shape jerked and drawn!

The Czar is dead; the woman dead,
About her neck a cord.
In God's house rests his royal head,—
Hers in a place abhorred;
Yet I had rather have her bed
Than thine, most royal lord!
Yea, rather be that woman dead
Than this new living Czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar—
While like the dead, still endless tread
Sad exiles toward their Star.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

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NOTES.

THE CREED OF KIPLING.

It is not surprising that little children (imitating the stupidity of their elders, who also are still children judging by the way they are fooled and misled) should be infected with the war-fever and should try to get their share of excitement out of a state of things which presently will be bringing hard times into their already miserable lives. Those little armies of poor urchins we see parading the streets are being deprived not only by the virus of the military spirit, but still more by the base and sordid ideas expressed in the doggerel of Kipling, who should be considered rather as "the rhymester of ruffianism" than "the poet of patriotism."

If cash payments are to be the means of discharging our moral obligations, and if begging for halfpence is to be a means of excitement for titled dames, why wonder that this low and vulgar spirit should filter down to poor little children of the slums, who, with union jack in one hand and their caps in the other, beg for coppers wherewith to satisfy their cravings. It is Kipling's teaching, and if children are thereby degraded what does that matter to imperialists who are concerned with "empire" and not humanity?

As a contrast to this let us quote a few lines which our comrade Fielden, the Anarchist of Chicago, had chosen as the first thing to teach his child. The lines by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, are as follows:

Love truth, my child, love truth;
It will gladden thy morn of youth,
And in the noon of life,
Though it cost thee pain and strife
To keep the truth in its brightness,
Still cleave to thy uprightness.

It only needs to be added that Kipling, the "Hooligan," is the idol of "society" and our rulers, whilst Fielden the Anarchist is supposed by these people to be outside the pale of humanity!

LABOUR AND THE LAND.

One of the first consequences of the war so far as home industries are concerned seems to be an abnormal lack of farm labour. We say abnormal, because the normal supply leaves the land "starved," as they say, of human labour. "In Lincolnshire," we read, the difficulty of obtaining men has never been as great as that experienced during the present spring, "and consequently agricultural work is very backward and farmers at their wits' end as to a satisfactory solution of the difficulty." We are afraid that other people besides the farmers will be at their wits' end before the war is over; for next winter will not pass over without the unemployed problem coming to the front once more.

It is only a passing thought, but let us imagine for a moment the different prospect facing the workers of this country if the men and the money sacrificed and squandered on this war had been applied to the cultivation of the land.

Of course no statesman would ever dream of considering anything so unpractical, and absurd as the production of necessary food. His dream (nightmare we should call it) consists in scheming for his own ambitions; if need be, through blood and tears and destruction. He will do his best to make England a desert—till the crash comes!

MAGISTERIAL MALIGNITY.

Just recently a youth at Newport (Mon.) was convicted of stealing a pair of boots from his employer, who gave the lad a good character and asked the bench to deal with him under the first Offenders Act promising that in that case he would retain him in his employment. Alderman Vaughan, however, thought the bench ought to be consistent in their treatment of offenders,

that is to say make felons of them as soon as possible and as long as possible.

However one magistrate on the bench named Bailey happened to have a few sparks of humanity left, and offered to pay the fine which the majority on the bench—with the usual wisdom of majorities—had inflicted. Happily the boy was discharged. But when one reads the numerous cases of a similar kind in which the stain of prison-life is put like a damning mark on youthful offenders, one wonders how the average intelligent man—let alone "progressive" persons, can tolerate the law and its pudding-headed administrators.

THE LEGAL SIEVE.

It is reported from Lancashire that "time-cribbing" goes on merrily in the mills, and that factory operatives are robbed in this way to an extent that, although small in individual cases, nevertheless makes a nice little picking for the employer where hundreds of hands are engaged. As the workers are robbed right and left from week end to week end, it may be thought of little consequence that a few minutes extra per day are sweated from them. But the point is that these workers in this respect are under the paternal care of the Factory Acts, and when one remembers the time and trouble it took to get these Acts passed and the great advantages supposed to accrue from them, one begins to wonder where the benefit comes in. Truly the eyes of the wage slave want opening very wide that he may see how he is befooled by the legislative frauds. And the worst of it is these frauds so undermine his self-reliance, of which he has not too much at the best.

ANOTHER CASE.

At Sheffield on Saturday Isaac Chapman sued his employers for compensation for total blindness. Claimant has worked for the firm for 13 years as a miner, but having afterwards disengaged he recently commenced working as a quarryman under a sub-contractor. While thus employed he was blinded by an explosion. Judge Waddy gave judgment for defendant, as claimant had not followed his employment for the fortnight required by the Act. He did so with regret, considering the injury claimant had sustained.

You see fellow workers what wonderful things there Acts of Parliament are; how they come as a boon and a blessing to men who are dependent on their labour for their daily bread. This poor blinded victim of capitalist greed has much to be thankful for to the present system. And above all he ought to fall down before the wisecracks of St. Stephens, especially the broad and generous mind that introduced the clause respecting the fortnights employment. For it must be clear to the densest mind that if poor Chapman could only have postponed the accident for another week say, he might got enough compensation not to live on perhaps but at any rate to have buried him when his poor broken life was ended.

FABIANISM "FURIOSO."

Internal dissensions have been playing havoc amongst the Fabians. An awe-inspired public waited breathlessly for a Fabian pronouncement on the war. But the pronouncement never came. The Fabian mind was not made up. Now, to state the case anatomically, that mind has suffered a dislocation. In other words an election, in which imperialism practically became the test question, resulted in a substantial majority in favour of the Rhodes-cum-Chamberlain policy of crushing the Boers. The only interest all this pother has for us is to note the remarkable developments which some sophisms will produce in the human mind. That Socialism—which broadly speaking means the well-being of humanity or nothing at all—can be advanced by the crushing of small independent states, is an argument that could only have had its origin in the crazy cynicism that depraves some of the "leading" Fabian minds.

Taking the three stalwarts of Imperialism in the Fabian ranks—Shaw, Webb and Bland—what do we find? That Shaw is a man from whom anything may be expected, good, bad or indifferent; that Webb is a man of no importance outside of economics, and not much in that, in spite of the puffing of the *Chronicle*; and Bland, as everyone knows, is a negligible quantity. Such is the trio we find singing "Rule Britannia" in the Fabian stronghold to the great admiration, no doubt, of the lady Fabians. For we read that Mrs. Shaw also voted Jingo, and this gives us the idyllic picture of two loving souls united even on the question of the war. Barnato would have loved to have rung down the curtain on such a tableau as this.

But another point is to be noted, which will also have a psychological interest for those who care to study the strange vagaries of the human mind. We have before remarked in these columns that vegetarianism, which has been urged as one means of bringing peace on earth and goodwill toward man, has given us cases when its advocates have shown an indifference to human life, not to mention human suffering, which would hardly be

surpassed by a turtle-fed city alderman. Now, Mr. Shaw is a vegetarian—we were going to say of the first water; and some of us can remember his attack on some of the literary admirers of Shelley who, on the occasion of his centenary in '92, came to praise his moral character (for Shelley too was a vegetarian) with pieces of lamb and beef sticking in their teeth, as Shaw remarked at the time.

We were disgusted with the cant that was displayed over the memory of Shelley, but what shall we say of the man who today comes nourished on cereals or, to vary his own expressions, with beans and lentils sticking in his teeth, crying for the blood of the Boers. And this in the name of Socialism!

After all, it is not so much the average sensual (and sane) man that fails us at the critical moment. It is the faddist. On him you never can rely. Principles for him are mere play-things. And whether he be theosophist, spiritualist, anti-vivisectionist or simply the common or garden vegetarian, at a crisis like the present you find him, with a few honorable exceptions, carried down the stream of reaction just as easily as those whom he regards as frail mortals wallowing in the slough of sensuality.

THE PYRAMID OF TYRANNY.

By F. DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

The well-known German writer, Michael Flürscheim, says in his work, *Individualism and Socialism*, that the thin crust (consisting of the possessing class) round the red-hot lava of the social world is not more than 2 per cent of the diameter. In other words: out of every hundred persons only two belong to the possessing or capitalist class, while ninety-eight may be reckoned among the working classes.

For the sake of clearness we must first give a definition of the words "worker or laborer" and "capitalist." We call laborers all those who with their hands or with their brain (properly speaking a very strange distinction, as if the work of the hands needs no brain and the work of the brain no hands; but we follow the everyday parlance) must work to gain their livelihood. A professor, a physician, a teacher, an engineer, they all belong to the working class if they subsist on their salary and would be destitute without it. And we call capitalists all those who can live without working. In our opinion the line of separation cannot be better drawn. So two out of every hundred persons are capitalists and lord it over the other ninety-eight. How can this be?

The solution of the riddle is given us in a very nice, almost forgotten writing of the French author, De la Boétie (a friend of Montaigne's) on *Voluntary Slavery*, dating from the sixteenth century. He says:

"But now I come to a point which is the secret and the source of domination, the support and the foundation of tyranny. Those who think that the halberds of the guard, the existence of the Watchmen protect the tyrants, are very much mistaken in my opinion; I believe that the latter make use of them as a matter of form and for fear rather than that they should trust in them. The archers prevent the coming in of people who have no means of existence, and of those armed men who might perhaps undertake something. It can easily be proved that of the Roman emperors a greater number have been killed by their guard than escaped danger by the assistance of their archers. It is not the horsemen, not the footmen, nor the force of arms that protects the tyrant; but, though it is scarcely credible at first sight, yet it is true, it is always four or five people who maintain the tyrant, four or five who render the country subject to his orders. It was always five or six men who had the ear of the tyrant, and they came to him or were called by him to be the accomplices of his cruelties, the companions of his amusements, the mates of his voluptuousness and his comrades in plundering. These six do the work so well for their principal, that in the eye of the world he is the evil doer not only of his own wicked deeds, but also of theirs. These six have six hundred, who profit under them, and these six hundred do what the six do for the tyrant. These six hundred are the masters of six thousand, whom they have trained in such a way that they are able to govern the provinces or to manage the financial matters on the understanding that they attend closely to their cupidity and cruelty, and that they put these into practice whenever it will be thought necessary; and that, for the rest, they commit so many wrongs that they cannot remain in office but under the protection of their masters and cannot withdraw from the laws and from punishment but by their assistance. The consequences are very considerable. And if anyone should like to wind off the thread, he would find out that not the six thousand but the hundreds of thousands, the millions of people cling to the tyrant by means of this thread, helping one another, the same as in Homer, Jupiter boasts of his power to draw all the gods to him by pulling the cord."

In other words, the great tyrant can be a tyrant provided that he makes a few other persons play the tyrant in their turn, and these again, admit others to be tyrants in a narrower circle in such a way that we have a pyramid of tyrants—at the foot of which lie the tyrannised masses and on the top of which stands the chief tyrant.

Thus we have an artificially constructed building of tyranny. It is the only way to explain how it is possible that a small number of capitalists, only two per cent, rules with supreme power over the masses.

The capitalists have made themselves masters of all the means of exercising power. These are of two kinds, viz.,

I. The spiritual means of exercising power,

II. The violent means of exercising power.

Each of these may be subdivided again into three:

SPIRITUAL means of exercising power: 1. The SCHOOL; 2. The CHURCH; 3. The PRESS.

VIOLENT means of exercising power: 1. The POLICE; 2. The LAW; 3. The ARMY.

It is our purpose to speak of each of these separately.

I. THE SCHOOL.—Those who ingenuously suppose the school promotes the free intellectual development of the children are sorely mistaken. On the contrary, the teachers—often poor starvelings themselves—unconsciously do service as spiritual means of power in the hands of capitalism to bring up the young people in submission and meekness.

Capitalists are fully aware that: He who is master of the children is master of the future; and, consequently, in all countries the School has been the cause of a fierce contest.

Instruction in the Class-State cannot fail to be Class-instruction. For this reason there is not one school, where the children of all the citizens come together to receive instruction, in which case there would be at least one period of life in which they would all feel related as members of the same whole; no, there are separate schools for the poor and indigent, who are put off with a minimum of instruction—the children of the working classes do not want to know more in their station of life!—and schools for the more substantial classes, where the instruction is extended the further, the better the purse of the parents is filled.

The whole school is based on falsehood and hypocrisy. According to the constitution two conditions must be satisfied:

1. That everywhere in the country sufficient public primary instruction shall be given by the government;

2. That the regulation of public instruction shall take place "with deference to everybody's religious principles."

And, responsive to the Constitution, the Elementary Education Act demands that "the teacher shall refrain from teaching, doing or permitting anything that is contrary to the respect due to the religious principles of persons of a different opinion." But at the same time that this is plainly demanded by the above-mentioned Act, it claims also that "the school instruction shall be made conducive to education in all Christian and social virtues."

But how is it possible at the same time to respect a person's religious principles and to educate him in all "Christian" virtues—virtues, therefore, of a particular religion, in this case the Christian religion? What is to be done when the Christian virtues are in conflict with the religious principles? Is not the teaching of Christian virtues taking the side of a particular sort of religious principles?

According to this Act there are Christian and social virtues. A teacher is bound to teach the former as well as the latter. But what is he to do when the two sorts are opposed? And this happens repeatedly, as the following instances show:

It is a Christian virtue not to swear; for Jesus has taught in the Sermon on the Mount: Swear not at all, but let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay.

It is a social virtue to raise the two foremost fingers of the right hand,¹ whenever the men of the law demand it, and to swear—on pain of being committed to prison for not doing so.

It is a Christian virtue not to kill, according to the clear, plain words of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount.

It is a social virtue to enter the ranks at 19 years of age, without protest, and to be trained to become one's neighbour's murderer.

It is a Christian virtue not to take thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

It is a social virtue to save money and, in a great many schools the children are taught to put this virtue into practice.

Poor teacher! doomed to teach the children two things at a time which are absolutely antagonistic.

Moreover, how much are the children filled with untruths, only for the purpose of making the school conducive to the interests of the possessing classes. It would lead us too far if we were to show this in detail; but we are bound to furnish proofs of our contention, which, we are aware, must sound bold in the ears of some. Still, we are going to mention a few proofs.

In one of the patriotic songs, the children are taught to sing that they live in freedom and gladness on Holland's beloved ground.

When the child has come to years of discretion and compares the lesson taught him by the practice of life with that taught in this song, what will be his experience? That he has learned three lies in these words; for the laborer, far from being free, is doomed on pain of starvation to bear the yoke of bondage laid upon him by his master; the laborer has no cause to be glad and happy where he, as an outcast of society, is shut out from all that our beautiful earth offers for enjoyment. And, withal, the ground where he was born

¹ In Holland the oath is taken in this way and by repeating at the same time the words of the magistrate: "So may God truly help me!"

cannot be loved by him for not an inch of it is his property, and if one bore love to his native soil where he must endure poverty, care and bondage, he would prove that the last spark of human dignity had been extinguished.

At school we are taught: *Knowledge is power*; and our experience teaches us that the Preacher was right in saying: *Wisdom is good*—WITH AN INHERITANCE. Knowledge, with an independent character, is by no means advantageous; only if it does not decline creeping and crouching it may become a means of making money, but in that case we must be willing tools in the hands of capital.

(To be continued.)

From "THE MAN OF DESTINY,"

By G. BERNARD SHAW. Written in 1895.

"There are three sorts of people in the world, the low people, the middle people and the high people. The low people and the high people are alike in one thing: they have no scruples, no morality. The low are beneath morality, the high above it. . . . The low are unscrupulous without knowledge. . . . the high are unscrupulous without purpose. . . . It is the middle people who are dangerous; they have both knowledge and purpose. But they, too, have their weak point. They are full of scruples—chained hand and foot by their morality and respectability. . . . No Englishman is too low to have scruples; no Englishman is high enough to be free from their tyranny. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. Like the aristocrat, he does what pleases him and grabs what he covets; like the shopkeeper, he pursues his purpose with the industry and steadfastness that comes from strong religious conviction and deep sense of moral responsibility. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonisation. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the Gospel of Peace. The natives kill the missionary; he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it; and takes the market as the reward from heaven. In defence of his island shores, he puts a chaplain on board his ship; nails a flag with a cross on it to his top-gallant mast, and sails to the ends of the earth, sinking, burning and destroying all who dispute the empire of the seas with him. He boasts that a slave is free the moment his foot touches British soil; and he sells the children of his poor. . . . to work in his factories for sixteen hours a day. He makes two revolutions, but will declare war. . . . in the name of law and order. There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles; he bullies you on manly principles; he supports his king on loyal principles and cuts off his head on Republican principles. His watchword is always Duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side to its interest is lost."

[It would be interesting to know the sentiments that have led Mr. Shaw to side with the "enslaver on imperial principles" and the "bully on manly principles" since the outbreak of the Boer War. Does he find that the individual who "lets his duty get on the opposite side to his interest," is like the nation—also lost? But "you can never tell," in these things, "you can never tell!" Ed.]

WORKINGMEN'S INTERNATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY Congress, Paris, September, 1900.

The two circulars already issued will have prepared the comrades for the general scope of the anticipated Congress.

It seems to us well, now that the Committee of Organization is constituted, to add certain details necessary to the full understanding of the preceding circulars.

Comrades will remember that the International Congresses held in Paris in 1889, Brussels, 1891, and Zurich, 1893, provoked some discontent among the Revolutionary party, which became further accentuated by the incidents which occurred during the course of the Congress held in London in 1896.

These congresses, under the misleading influence of Social Democrats, occupied themselves almost exclusively with legislative measures, setting aside the questions which alone interest the proletariat, viz., those relating to revolutionary propaganda.

In London and Zurich the intolerance of certain doctrinaires prohibited the attendance of important sections of Socialists, and for the approaching Congress an ultimatum is imposed, not only on groups, but even on Trade-Unions, in that they must "recognise the necessity of legislative and parliamentary action, or be excluded."

A tendency largely revolutionary and anti-parliamentary, manifesting itself in labour centres, it seemed to us well for such unions as Social

Democratic ostracism rejects, to meet and debate upon the questions which specially concern them, as also to ascertain their sentiments towards the points that touch the proletariat in general. This is why our Congress is before all a working man's Congress, though there are other reasons which show that a congress has become necessary.

It is necessary because the groups must come into contact in order to exchange views and come to an understanding upon questions of theory and tactics, as to which as yet there is a lack of lucidity.

Up to now groups and individuals have remained somewhat isolated, the result being vagueness, indecision, and great loss of strength to the movement.

The effect of the Congress will not only be to knit and cement together individual relations, but to bring together a sufficient number of comrades who, having seriously studied economic and social questions, will be the better enabled to criticise such systems and points of view as have hitherto been neglected.

The Congress will also be the means of affording a complete examination of the existing method of propaganda in every country, each member being commissioned to tender this information respecting the country which he represents.

Viewed from this point also, there is a question to consider for which a congress is indispensable—that of establishing an international understanding between the revolutionary groups, an understanding obtained by a constant interchange of correspondence, and the creation of "International Correspondence Offices" for facilitating the correspondence of comrades speaking different languages.

Since the idea of a Congress that should unite all the independent elements of Socialism was broached, a number of comrades have objected that its existence would be a flagrant contradiction of anti-parliamentary principles. We do not think so.

In a parliament, men legislate; votes are given which decide a question; members of parliament are elected.

A congress is a reunion of individuals, assembled together to debate one or more questions, without its being possible for a majority to establish a resolution by force; a consensus of opinion is merely an indicating statistic, and nothing more.

In parliament the conduct of its members under given circumstances is determined beforehand. In a congress views are exchanged, ideas are discussed; party lines are not sanctioned.

From our point of view, a Congress as above conceived will have the advantage of dissipating certain prejudices at present existing between Anarchist-Communists and other bodies of Revolutionists, such as, for instance, the supposed incapability of creating a groupment productive of real results or an Anarchist autonomy coupled with organisation.

MEETING OF THE CONGRESS.

The Workingmen's International Revolutionary Congress will be held during the first two weeks of September. It will be open to groups or individuals.

It is much to be wished that all comrades could attend, but owing to economic and other reasons this will be impossible. Most of the groups will therefore be forced to send either one or more comrades in their place; in this there is no indication of a delegation with authority, a delegation, moreover, which did it exist, would be rendered powerless by absence of votes.

For facilitating and expediting the operations of the Congress, the time allotted being short, we call attention to the absolute necessity there is for groups to draw up written reports upon the questions they wish to bring forward. Such a method has the advantage of serializing the discussions and precludes repetition and loss of time.

We would also ask the groups to prepare papers, not only upon the subjects to be inscribed under the orders of the day, but also on the method of propaganda in their respective countries, so that the spread and strength of the movement may be duly shown.

It is understood that groups who are unable or do not desire to send a comrade to the Congress, may send reports notwithstanding; these will be read and discussed with as much interest and care as if accompanied and presented by a member of that group.

(This circular has the signatures of 27 French and International groups, including the editors of *Temps Nouveaux*, *Le Libérateur*, and *Père Peinard*.)

Very Scientific—But Plagiarism.

(Concerning two Manifestoes.)

Principes du Socialisme: Manifeste de la démocratie au dix-neuvième siècle, seconde édition, 1847, Paris, par Victor Considérant.

Manifesto of the Communist Party, 1848, by Karl Marx and Frederic Engels.

"What must be attacked, are the egoistic chiefs and the blind journals which lead and exploit parties, striving to retain these within narrow and exclusive ideas and in a state of hostility, the better to dominate them." (V. Considérant.)

In one of my articles in which I discussed the theory of value based upon labor, I demonstrated by extracts that the pretention of Marx in claiming paternity for this theory, so admirably expounded by

Adam Smith exactly one hundred years prior to the appearance of *Capital*, was not quite "scientific."¹

We here give the quotations from Adam Smith:—

1st.—"The annual labour of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessities and conveniences of life which it annually consumes, and which consist always either in the immediate produce of that labour, or in what is purchased with that produce from other nations," (p. 17).

2nd.—"The value of any commodity, therefore, to the person who possesses it, and who means not to use or consume it himself, but to exchange it for other commodities, is equal to the quantity of labour which it enables him to purchase or command," (p. 38).

3rd.—"The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it," (idem).

4th.—"What is bought with money or with goods, is purchased by labour," (idem).

5th.—"Labour, therefore, is the real measure of the exchangeable value of all commodities," (idem).

6th.—"Labour was the first price, the original purchase-money that was paid for all things. It was not by gold or by silver, but by labour, that all the wealth of the world was originally purchased; and its value to those who possess it, and who want to exchange it for some new productions, is precisely equal to the quantity of labour which it can enable them to purchase or command," (idem).

7th.—"Labour alone, therefore, never varying in its own value, is alone the ultimate and real standard by which the value of all commodities can at all times and places be estimated and compared. It is their real price," (p. 40).

8th.—Labour, therefore, it appears evidently, is the only universal as well as the only accurate measure of value, or the only standard by which we can compare the values of different commodities at all times and all places," (p. 43).

9th.—"The real value of all the different component parts of price, it must be observed, is measured by the quantity of labour which they can, each of them, purchase or command. Labour measures the value not only of that part of price which resolves itself into labour, but of that which resolves itself into rent, and of that which resolves itself into profit," (p. 53).

Not more scientific is the statement made by Engels, repeated by all the Social Democratic publications, and by every pretentious "scientist," viz., that the surplus-value as defined by Sismondi, demonstrated by W. Thompson (1824), and adopted by Proudhon in 1845, had also been discovered by Marx: or that the evolutionary explanation of history conceived by Vico, formulated by the Encyclopedists, by Volney and by Auguste Comte; developed so magisterially by Buckle, and in our own time by Herbert Spencer and the whole school of evolutionary philosophy—that this same explanation, strangely called materialist by Engels, is also due to the wonderful genius of Marx and of Engels himself.

One might well stand astonished before an effrontery practised for so long by two persons blinded by an unlucky sentiment of megalomania. Their German readers were, however, unable to perceive it, simply because they did not know of the existence of this English and French literature. On the other hand, the Social-Democratic chiefs in all countries being engaged in parliamentary intrigues, they are quite content to have nothing to read but two or three pamphlets of Engels and some popular exposition of *Capital*, this enabling them to pose before the workers as the true and only representatives of modern science.² All was going well, and the glory of Marx as the founder of a social science entirely his own, was spreading throughout the world. Thus it came about that every Revolutionary Communist who based his arguments upon the real science of humanity, was immediately dubbed an ignorant bourgeois, and even often treated as an *agent-provocateur*. For, said they, outside Marxism neither science nor Socialism exists; all that contemporary Socialism teaches has been formulated and explained by Marx and Engels, and especially in their famous *Manifesto of the Communist Party*.

Such was the prejudice, that the ignorant Kautsky could publish in his journal (*Neue Zeit*, 9th year, No. 8), and other ignoramuses repeat in Russian, French and other languages, that this *Manifesto* was a true bible of Socialism. It is just two years since the fiftieth anniversary

of this publication was celebrated in all the European languages. In pompous discourses all the "scientific" deputies glorified the appearance of this *Manifesto*, which, according to them, marked a new era in the development of science and even of humanity.

Who could contradict them? Did not Engels write to Dühring (1879) that ".....if Dühring intends to say that all the economic system of our days....is the result of antagonism between the classes, of oppression....then he repeats truths which have become common conclusions since the appearance of the *Communist Manifesto*?"³ No one has the right to doubt it; for it is the "great" Engels himself who states it, and with him the "scientific" deputies, including Guéde, Lafargue, Vandervelde, Ferri and other savants, who affirm that this new revelation, this new Testament, was given to humanity by Marx in the new bible of the human race, in the famous *Manifesto of the Communist Party*.

Let my readers imagine to themselves the condition of a faithful follower of the Prophet in the habit of repeating: "God is great and Mahomet is his prophet!" who, one fine day, discovers on his divan, instead of the sacred Koran, the work of some infidel *giaour*, wherein all that is most sacred in the book of Mahomet is stated with far greater clearness, precision, largeness of view and depth of thought, but above all with an incomparably superior literary talent; while, although indignant and humiliated, he knows, this stupefied believer, that the work of the infidel *giaour* appeared before the Koran, and that Mahomet, the great prophet of Fatalism, had been aware of it.

Similarly with this believer, I felt myself stupefied, indignant, even humiliated, when, about a year ago, I had occasion to read the work of Victor Considérant,⁴ *Principles of Socialism: Manifesto of the Democracy of the Nineteenth Century*, written in 1843, second edition published in 1847. There was reason for it. In a pamphlet of 143 pages, Victor Considérant expounds with his habitual clearness all the bases of Marxism, of this "scientific" Socialism that the parliamentarians desire to impose upon the whole world. Properly speaking, the theoretical part, in which Considérant treats of questions of principle, does not exceed the first 50 pages; the remainder is consecrated to the famous prosecution that the government of Louis Philippe brought against the journal of the Fourierists, *La Démocratie pacifique*, and which the jurors of the Seine quashed. But in these 50 short pages the famous Fourierist, like a true master, gives us so many profound, clear and brilliant generalisations, that even an infinitesimal portion of his ideas contains in entirety all the Marxian laws and theories—including the famous concentration of capital and the whole of the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*. So that the whole theoretical part, that is Chapters I. and II., which Engels himself says: "are on the whole as correct today as ever," is simply borrowed. This *Manifesto*, this bible of legal revolutionary Democracy, is a very mediocre paraphrase of numerous passages of the *Manifesto* of V. Considérant. Not only have Marx and Engels found the contents of their *Manifesto* in the *Manifesto* of V. Considérant, but the form and the titles of the chapters have also been retained by the imitators.

Paragraph 2 in the second chapter (p. 19) with V. Considérant bears the title: *The Present Situation and '89; the Bourgeoisie and the Proletarians*.

The Bourgeoisie and the Proletarians, is the title of the 1st chapter with Marx and Engels.⁵

V. Considérant examines different Socialist and revolutionary parties under the name of Democracy (the Fourierists are called Pacific Democrats) and his paragraphs bear the titles:

Stagnant Democracy. (p. 35)

Retrograde Democracy. (p. 41)

The Socialist Party in the Retrograde Democracy. (p. 44)

The titles with Marx and Engels are:

Reactionary Socialism. (p. 25)

Conservative and Bourgeois Socialism. (p. 31)

Critical Utopian Socialism and Communism. (p. 31)

Would not one think all these titles belonged to the selfsame work? When comparing the contents we shall see that in reality these two *Manifestoes* are identical.

Before commencing the comparison of the texts, we must enlighten the reader with regard to the fidelity of Engels to history. At the commencement of their *Manifesto*, Marx and Engels declare that "already (in 1848) Communism is recognised as a power by all the powers of Europe." (page 1)

At the Congress of Zurich in 1893, this same Engels said: "at this moment (1843-45) Socialism was only represented by small sects....." The small sects or the power? Who is right here—Marx and Engels, or Engels alone?

WHOSE MORALS? THE OTHER MAN'S!

The limited corporation in New York that is known to the uninitiated as society is taking to introspection. It looks down its own throat, into its own measureless inanities, and queries faintly ament the revelation. The leaders and masters of soirees, the floor-men of balls, the toastmasters of banquets, threaten passion with a sex asceticism. Bishops warn, husbands repent, wives cloister. Does society divorce too much or too little? Does it intrigue too shamelessly in the vortex? It crosses forbidden barriers of marriage, it encourages incursions into free fields, it riots the way of decadence, it blots family escutcheons, it turns the sacred potentialities of sex over to the comedian and the music hall. Society lifts its milk white hands and flutters and fandangles with the edges of its laced and corsetted platitudes. It fusses and feathers about loudoirs

¹ "Temps Nouveaux," Nos. 16 and 17, 1897.

² Mr. H. M. Hyndman is a happy exception. In his *Marx's Theory of Value* he makes the plain statement that "Marx is by no means the originator of the theory that labor—the cost of production in human labor—is the basis of the exchange value of commodities." Nevertheless, even Hyndman, who knows Socialism and economics otherwise better than all those Continental declaimers of Marxism, is now firmly convinced that "the growth of big capitals at the expense of small"....."the manifest and deepening antagonism between the two classes which alone really remain in our capitalist and proletarian society"..... and many other "changes and developments, were in the main predicted by Marx more than forty years ago" (p. 48).

³ Victor Considérant, a distinguished engineer and pupil of the famous Polytechnic of Paris, was one of the most prominent political and social reformers before and during the Second Republic. His name was as popular as those of Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, Proudhon, Blanqui and others. Among his numerous works the most famous is *Destinée Sociale*, in 3 vols. His *Manifesto* is a short, popular exposition of his general ideas. His influence was far-reaching, and the great Russian martyr and Socialist, Tchernychevsky (whom Marx so much admired), openly recognised the influence Considérant had upon him. He died some years ago at an advanced age, venerated by every enlightened Frenchman.

⁴ *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, French edition of *l'Ere Nouvelle*, Paris.

and receptions, ices and hot punches. Its stretch of life is across desert⁸ of social ease and arid plains of profligacy. Well: let this world look back into its own eyes. I do not see all life through the divorce court nor all ills in inherited form and ceremony. We tell you who marry and give in marriage—you who are of the four hundreds of cities—that we care less about your amours than about your incomes. We have no instinct for prying into the circumstance of your illicit loves. We are more interested in your unearned incomes. I am only once interested in your private sins. I am as many times interested in your unearned increments as there are people denied justice. In order that you may have your amours the children of the courts must starve. I do not think it nearly so sad that you defy custom in sex as that you conform to custom in economics. It is your stolen dinners that are most immediately rooted in tragedy. You no doubt never stopped to think that your excess is posited upon many another's denial. I do not say you see all origins and ramifications and results of social injustice and yet refuse to interest yourself in its remedies. You see starvation in the face of another and you still eat. Now look at your own face in the glass and you will come upon judgment. Bishops of churches which would be without income if their parishioners turned but honest pennies deplore the prostitution which these revenues provoke. It is the absence of social sympathy. And how much sin do you suppose would really survive even a commonly decent communal sympathy? Not the sympathy which apologizes but the sympathy which does not offend. It is not divorce in sex but divorce in sympathy which threatens in social order. All the marriages in New York could be made inviolate—put under lock and key—and yet the most serious peril of the metropolis would gnaw at the posts and pillars of society. Annul all formal marriages, and introduce to the social body the principles of an enlightened camaraderie, and you could dispense with the benedictions of priests and the hems and haws of legal censorship. Not that all imperfections arise in one source but that all are identically companioned. No one can know what freedom can do, or private rectitude, till they have had a chance to be tried. The age we live in is an age of trespass. We veil and forbid the essential and brazenly avow the false and the morally fratricidal. We veil and forbid the essential and brazenly avow the false and the morally fratricidal. We study all the byways of self deception. But what self was ever deceived?

A few hundred thousand people in America are now reading Sapho. The broker goes into the book into the gamble. The garbager pokes into it with his stick. The hog probes his snout between its leaves. Th Bible lies unopened in the pulpit while the priest quotes the text of Sapho. The policeman swings his club in moral curves. The magistrates spectate their rheumy eyes and seek in the distrusted pages the prizes of lust. The pardonable earth is just in spite of its moralists. Small boys and girls are tempted to Sapho. Sapho sine qua nons contemporary knowledge. Sapho, prohibited, is the good or bad of the beholder.

For two Saphos read under freedom twenty are read under the censor. The offenses the censor is instituted to prevent are multiplied under his eyes and because of the power he flaunts. For every evil existing under freedom evils in dozens appear under the police. For every mistake made by freedom magistries a hundred times transgress. For every license appearing under freedom licenses galore shadow the police. Freedom is responsibility. The censor is the club. The censor is felony. I do not contend that the individual can be perfect let much or altogether alone. But I see clearly that this individual let alone may through whatever haltings and stumblings in the end better subserve social order than if obliged to pay his tributes to Caesar. Books may be bid. Sapho may be disputed. Sapho to you is poison. To me it is water of life. We look at the stocky policeman and our sins confront us. Therefore the portly guardian clubs our consciences the way of salvation. To be free might be bad enough. But to be under the rule of a police censorship would be intolerable. Not because the policeman is less than the policeman but because he is always the policeman and perpetuates the discipline of the club. Pray, sirs, policemen, will you read books for me, and tell me where I may safely study? And find for me altars in your courts where I may worship true gods? And keep watch and ward over my every day that it may not exercise volition? Let the faith of the world exude from the police courts. Let the virtue of the world stop short of impulse till the magistrates have supplied antidotes and apologetics. Let all children be raised in slavery because a few raised in freedom will offend against virgin canons of moral procedure. Sacrifice all to save a few. Yes, to save none. For the few cannot be saved by the mailed hand. No child saved under its seal is more than technically imparadised. We only painfully learn that desirable as the virtues may be they are sometimes too dearly bought. The toll of custom is liberty. Much of what we call virtue is custom. It subserves no moral asset. We are born to tyranny and liened to habit. Art emancipated may emancipate. But art tied to the rules and rotes of censors sneaks in and out of life impotently gesturing and gibbering. I look into the red face of the policeman at the corner and say: As long as he goes his round my character is safe. But how safe am I while I resign the prerogatives of self rule to the accidents and whims of masters? The censor never says: My morals are in danger. He always says: Your virtue is in peril. He never prescribes for himself. He cradles and medicines me. His redoubtable virtue is safe beyond all the preadventures of temptation. But his wife is the ready victim of every waiting satyr. The virtue held in trust by the censor is always betrayed. Whose virtue is in danger? Yours? No. Mine? No. Anybody's you personally know? No. Whose, then? The man's round the corner. Come round the corner with me. Now, here is your man. Is he in danger? No, I

have made some mistake. Let us take another turn. So we go together turning corners infinitely, hardly hunting a victim. But the victims do not appear. Only men and women appear, our average equals, our frequent superiors, good and bad, dull and fiery. Only the person. Never the victim. Where are we led, O defaulted censor? Take me to your wards. You would not defraud me of my example? Round we go, and round again, dodging the saints, self-rebuked by the sinners, wearing out bootsoles in a diagonal quest. No crosscut achieves the lesson. Long do we wander. And finally we are driven to your doorstep for a case in point. Take my advice, then. Do not censor plays. Burn down a playhouse. Do not load the arts with padlocks. Kill them at once. Take the pens from the poets, close the lips of the singers, remove the canvases from the easels. Grapple with your problem in a first mood. We will have no more esthetics in the world. There will be no sin. The evil will be henceforth abolished. We will not wait to outgrow the sluggy drift. We will arbitrarily cut the connection between it and man. For the censor will destroy desire. He will put out the fires. The blood must be made to run cold. The chilled aspirations will take on moods only of grace. We will all plant potatoes. We will go to work in gangs, marshalled by overseers, curfewed at nightfall, even in the last privacies ruled and overruled in order to make sure that no man or woman gets into the wrong bed. The world would not then be worth living in. But the censor will have completely triumphed.

REPORTS.

During the latter part of last year we were carrying on a vigorous propaganda and were beginning to notice a little improvement in the audiences that generally attend our week-end meetings. Taking a brief review of the propaganda done in the past twelve months we were pleased with what little success had attended our efforts, and we were beginning to look forward to a still more energetic propaganda this year.

But the Jingo spirit, which has of late been rampant throughout the country, paid this town a visit and we soon found the majority of the people to be in an acute stage of "war fever," a disease now prevalent in this country.

Such being the state of affairs, we were compelled to shelve for awhile the propaganda of our principles and start a vigorous crusade against the wholesale slaughter of the people of the Boer Republics, and endeavour to check the onrush of the wave of Imperialism which threatens to swallow up the majority of the great British Public. With this object in view, we set to work to denounce the policy Judas Joseph Change again, the unscrupulous gang of Rhodesites and the international horde of Jew and Gentile financiers who are using the blood and money of the British workers to enable them to get control of the Transvaal.

The speakers were able to get a quiet and attentive hearing when we first started the anti-war meetings, probably because the British forces, in the early part of the campaign, were not so victorious as the patriots of Liverpool would have liked them to be. With the relief of Ladysmith and Kimberley the attitude of the mob completely changed. Their enthusiasm dragged them to our meetings Sunday after Sunday, dressed in their best and sporting immaculate white fronts decorated with that badge of the Stay-at-home Warriors—the khaki tie.

Constant interruptions were now the order of the day, varied by cries of "Pull him down!" But we always managed to get through with our meeting and come away with a whole skin. Comrade O'Shea has done some excellent work, and his addresses upon the present crisis have been much appreciated by the crowd. Though a great deal of time was taken up by the anti-war meetings, comrade Despres found time to deliver a lecture to the local branch of the I.L.P., taking for his subject The Possibility of Anarchism. The lecture was, on the whole, well received and gave rise to considerable discussion, in which Despres gave a good account of himself.

Our Jewish comrades have also been somewhat active of late; they have had Rocker and Caplan down to give three lectures, all of which were well received. At all our meetings we are giving in for a wholesale distribution of Stop-the-war leaflets, which are doing a good deal to destroy the Jingo feeling here. Considering that Liverpool is far from being the home of toleration, we have been most fortunate in not having the disturbances at our anti-war meetings which have characterised those in other towns.

M. ROOKE.

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