

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty, that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 316.

Why?

Why drink from pools of Bondage
The bitter burning draught?
At Freedom's gushing fountain,
Life's joys may all be quaffed,—
Life's joys may all be quaffed
When we undaunted scale
The Fakir's wall, Tradition;
Its grim old Myths assail.

Why know stale crusts that Riches
In Mercy's honor gives?
There 's bread in Bounty's cupboard
For every one who lives,—
Aye, every one who lives;
Then raze the cribs of Greed!
Expose the lying logic
Of wily Profit's screed!

Why garbs of flying tatters,—
With Spongers decked in lace?
The looms of Dame Abundance
Can clothe our ragged race—
Yes, clothe our ragged race
When ancient Creed and Code,
Which bolster stiff old Custom,
Paint 'neath Progression's goad.

Why picturesque our hovels?
Avaunt! ye cruel Art
That Beauty sees in Sadness—
Begone! ye grinding Mart!—
Ye blinding, blasting Mart—
Then huts will disappear,
And Art must mimic Gladness
Not Blight, Decadence, drear.

Why crawl like filthy vermin?
Is lowliness our lot?
Arise to manly stature
And thwart the Master's plot!—
The Master's murd'rous plot
That kills us inch by inch.
Shake from our backs the Monster,
Nor from his fury flinch.

Why think the thoughts of bondmen?
Why meekly bow the head
To Autocrats who bluster?
Why Gods and Demons dread?
Why Gods and Demons dread?
Unbend thy knees, oh! Slaves!
Pitch Worship and Submission
Down deep in Cowards' graves!

VIRGUA DANIELS.

Gaetano Bresci.

Gaetano Bresci, the Italian rebel and Anarchist, whose overflowing sympathy with human suffering prompted him to strike down one of the world's tyrants, is dead (at least such is the report circulated in the daily press). All tyrants, despots, rulers, parasites, Pharisees, and hypocrites, can now breathe freely once more. What does it matter to them that they have added another tear and blood-stained page to the history of crime and misery; that they have tortured a man into insanity; that they have bought their safety through the agony and despair of a man whose only sin consisted in rebelling against wrong? He is dead; and tyranny reigns supreme.

"After all the man was only an Anarchist, an enemy to law and order, an outcast; why care about him?" echoes the thoughtless multitude.

Fortunately the world is not inhabited by tyrants and slaves only; there are a vast number of men and women whose hearts, even as Bresci's, throb with love for those whom power and greed has condemned to everlasting ignorance and despair. Men and women, in all stations of life, who see the injustice and cruelty around them; and who feel that Bresci's awful death is but another indictment against those institutions in society that are being maintained at the cost of human lives.

A society which destroys myriads of its members, must give birth to men like Bresci. It is violence and force upon which the whole system is based, and that begets force. How could it be otherwise?

Bresci is the child of Italy, where the masses of the people toil and sweat, yet never enjoy the beauties that mother nature has so abundantly bestowed upon that country; Italy, whose strong, healthy, and stalwart men must leave their native soil to wander in strange lands in search of bread; Italy, where women are wrecks at the age of twenty, and whose children, dirty, filthy, ragged, and starved, are degraded to beggars. The few have robbed the country to gain their accumulated wealth, and are now suppressing every sound of protest, celebrating orgies to drown the voices of agony coming from the prisons, where the daring spirits are confined to a life of hell. It was here where he first imbibed the spirit of discontent and hatred against a society which endures such awful conditions; it was here where he learned to understand and to love the idea that is to bring the dawn of the day, and establish human happiness.

Since man has dictated terms to his brother, the spirit of righteous indignation has been afloat; and it is well that it should be so. Were it not for the spirit of discontent, of indignation and protest against wrong, the spirit that feels every blow, pain, and sorrow that suffering and starving humanity has to endure, progress would be impossible. It was this spirit that moved man to become helpful, good, and generous; to tear down the old institutions of darkness and ignorance, and build new ones. It was this spirit that has given to past generations the power of endurance, determination, and enthusiasm in their fight for man's highest treasure—liberty.

Each age has had its John Browns, its Perovskayas, its Parsons, Spies, Angiolillo, and its Brescis, who were misunderstood, persecuted, mobbed, tortured, and killed, by those who could not reach the sublime heights attained by these men. Yet they have not lived in vain, for it is to them that we owe all that is good and noble, grand and useful in the world.

It is therefore useless to assert that the science of life, the philosophy of liberty and human independence, are responsible for the

acts of violence. This may satisfy sensational minds; but earnest men and women are beginning to understand that the philosophy of Anarchism, which occupies the most intellectual minds of our time, which has given to the world a Tolstoy, a Kropotkin, and many others, which permeates the literature, art, science, and every branch of human knowledge, which aims at the deliverance of mankind from a life of tragedy and despair, which is based upon harmony, and the recognition of the equal rights of every individual to all that his intelligence, skill, and ingenuity can produce, certainly can have nothing to do with violence, nor have the representatives of this idea ever advocated it.

Bresci has paid the penalty of his crime. And a crime indeed it was to have loved one's kind, to have felt the existing wrongs in the world, and to have dared to strike a blow at organized authority. He has lived and died true to himself; and the world will have to learn that while one Bresci is killed, hundreds are born ready to lay down their lives to free mankind from tyranny, power, ignorance, and poverty. EMMA GOLDMAN.

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Torture and Torturers.

The last two works of the writer, "Life Without a Master," and "The New Dispensation," discuss a great number of social problems. Of all these none would seem to be so vital and momentous, when we come to consider the real interests of mankind, as the question of punishment; and yet it is the one particular point in these books that seems to attract no attention on the part of the reading public. If the subject is brought up in private conversation, the listener opens his eyes with a sort of blank stare, as much as to say, "What is this man talking about?" The listener seems to say to himself: "Why, we have always had punishments; the Bible tells us to punish, and it says we must have an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. How could society exist without punishments?" . . .

Why do we punish people? Simply to cause them pain and suffering. But what good does that do? Absolutely none at all, either to the one that suffers or to the one who causes the suffering. Sometimes it is said that we punish to prevent crime. But we know as a matter of fact that punishment does not prevent crime, certainly not the crime that has been committed, and the evidence all goes to show that punishment does not even lessen crime. No, we punish people because they deserve it, because our Bible says so, because we have always done that way, and because we are exasperated and want revenge. That is reason enough, the people think.

Notice that we do not punish all people, but only those who have done wrong? Who

says they have done wrong? We say so. But how do we know? Who made us the judge over our fellow men, under any circumstances? Christ says, "Judge not." And still we try men, we judge men, we convict them, we punish them. The prisoner himself never has a word to say about the business. Is that not passing strange? How did the criminal, as we call the one whom we do not happen to like, lose his rights? Before "God" (term used for convenience) he never did lose his rights. The convict in State prison has properly as many rights as any man who lives outside of prison walls. We can imprison a man, we can cut off his ears or sever his head—but it is not in the power of any human being to take from him his vested or natural rights as a man and a citizen.

When one man murders another man, and we, having the power in our hands, hang the murderer, what is the difference in the crime in the two cases? No difference, except that the murder by hanging a man is the more cold-blooded of the two. When a crime is committed in the name and under the sanction of the law, how does it differ from a crime committed under other circumstances? There is an excuse for it, a justification, they say! Who says so? Why, the party that wants to be excused says so. But the party that suffers does not say so. Excuses have never yet changed the character of any act of wrong doing. Excuses do not excuse England in India and South Africa, nor Germany for its crimes in China. If there is a hell, and we sometimes suspect there is, or there ought to be, it must be paved with such excuses. Was there ever a crime committed in all this world that did not have some excuse to justify it, in the mind at least of the one who is guilty of the offense? When Alexander killed Clitus, did he not have an excuse? Clitus was impertinent, and besides Alexander was drunk—a very good excuse indeed, for a king. Henry VIII had a most satisfactory excuse for disposing of his several wives as he did—he wanted them out of the way. Old Blue Beard had excellent excuses in the same direction. When Napoleon had three thousand Turkish prisoners murdered at Jaffa, he had as good a reason for his crime as any man ever had, in his own mind. We stand horror-stricken and think of the suffering caused by the Inquisitors and by religious persecution generally, in the middle ages. But let us turn our thoughts nearer home, and see if we today are in any sense better than those Inquisitors and persecutors of which we complain so bitterly. For those people the heretic was the very worst of criminals, and so, as they imagined, they had a right to torture and torment this offender. We do precisely the same thing every time we imprison or torture a prisoner under any pretence. We not only cause him pain just to see him writhe and suffer, but we make his family wretched, and often leave them desolate and heart-stricken. These frightful crimes are committed every day, in some part of the land, with the sanction of the law and in the name of God. We think it is horrible to lynch a man, but that is simply because it is not lawful. But doubtless it hurts a man justly to be hung on a gallows as to the limb of a tree. Finally, what

makes it right to punish offenders as we do? Nothing but the opinions of the people. If we could get people to change their opinions on this question, punishments would cease at once, and so would crimes and offences. That is the way that chattel slavery ceased—people simply changed their minds, and what was right before is wrong now.

How unnecessary, how unjust, how cruel, how horrible it is to punish men for no other reason than that we have them at our mercy, and they have in some way offended us! It must be remembered that criminals are simply and solely people who have done what we consider wrong. But they are not in fact a whit worse than we are, or than anybody else is. They have been bold enough, or injudicious enough, to do what they thought was right, and what we thought was wrong. That was the sole source of their misfortune. But what is worse than all, they happened to be in the minority.

But after all, we fear that this article, like those that preceded it, is so much effort wasted. If a person will persist in keeping his eyes shut, how can you induce him to open them? It should be remembered that there is no man so blind as the one who will not see.

However, what answer can be made to these statements, or who can refute the arguments here presented? These thoughts are not the dream, the idle fancy, of the writer. There is nothing really new in this article, except the manner in which the subject is presented. It may be, and no doubt is new to most people, but that is merely because they are not posted on all branches of literature. Why, the thought that it is wrong to punish, is as old as the New Testament—and no doubt older. Even Beccaria wrote against punishments two hundred years ago.

J. WILSON.

How "Plots" are Made.

Two weeks ago another Italian spy was caught in a trap by our comrades of Paterson, N. J. This individual, whose name is Degl'Innocenti Raffaele, tried to induce an Italian Anarchist, a personal friend of his, to make a trip to Italy with the intention of killing the Italian king. This proposition created suspicion, and he was easily detected. When he found that he was unmasked, he trembled and willingly confessed. The comrades even refrained from giving this hideous reptile a sound thrashing, only requesting him to give a written statement of his confession, the original of which is in the possession of the comrades in Paterson.

Last March the wretch went to see the Consul Branchi in order to obtain a pardon for a "non-political crime" he had committed in Italy, and for which he had been sentenced to four years and six month's imprisonment. The consul took him into a private room, and asked him whether he knew any of the Paterson Anarchists, of their doings and intentions. Degl'Innocenti replied that he was acquainted with some of the Anarchists, but knew nothing of their doings. He was then sent to Paterson to spy on the Anarchists, and to keep the consul posted, the main purpose being to form a conspiracy against the life of the Italian king, for which service he was to receive a pardon for the crime he had committed in Italy.

Besides a revolver, a prescription how to manufacture bombs was found in his possession. This reads as follows:

Take a vessel of chinaware and a glass stick 16 to 20 inches long. Start a slow fire. Take 20 grams of silver nitrate, put it in the vessel, add 20 grams nitroglycerine, and dissolve on the fire. Then take 20 grams of wine-spirit from 44 to 50 degrees, which is to be divided into three equal parts. Pour one part into the vessel and cover it. After a few minutes add the second part, and finally the third. Then take a glass funnel, and filter the compound thoroughly, till the substance left in the funnel is nearly dry. Anyone can use this explosive by simply enclosing it in a solid vessel or iron tube.

Thus we see that the governments teach "law-abiding" subjects how to manufacture bombs, and they should therefore not be surprised when these "dangerous things" are sometimes thrown against those that teach how to make them. E. M.

What Is Democracy?

"In vain you appeal to me—you say that by an extension of the democratic regime we can eradicate the evils with which we are afflicted." But I do not believe it.

The word "democracy" is derived from *demos*, the people, and *kratos*, the power, and its general interpretation is a condition where the power of the government is supposed to be lodged in the hands of the people; that they, through the so-called representative, can make and unmake laws.

This is no doubt very soothing to those whose power of inquiry has only reached a certain limit. It may aim at the sovereignty of the individual; but then it falls short of that, because it is enshrouded with ancient traditions, and also because it does not recognize the principles of true liberty.

What has the struggle between the poor and the privileged been the last hundred years? It has been mainly for political enfranchisement. The privileged have yielded, after a desperate conflict, the citizen's right to choose his ruler. But the mere fact of being able to choose one's master is nothing more than a farce, although the privileged feared the concessions they made. But the efficacy of the vote is only a chimera—it has only blinded and deceived the workmen; for this bait so cunningly employed by the classes is the means whereby the attention of the worker is diverted from the real economical causes of his poverty, and his individuality and independence are sacrificed.

The decision of a majority is supposed to be final; it is they who can decide as to the best men to place in power. But what a delusion! Are they the most intelligent? do they think for themselves? They are always in the rear, and their ideas are more suitable for a museum than for modern life. How can they decide such a question? I cannot, for the simple reason that no man can with safety be trusted with power; he becomes tyrannous under its influence, and imagines himself superior to those whom he professes to serve. And he also becomes the victim of temptations in the camp of the enemy; in fact, the atmosphere even of a legislative chamber is sufficient to chill the

ardor of those who seek to establish better conditions of life.

The representative system is disease and corruption itself; the meanness and pretentiousness of the politician are well known—his smooth tongue, his profusion of promises, and his anxiety to get into power. Even if he has honest desires to improve the workers' condition he is prevented not only by the satellites of privilege, but from the mere fact that the legislative machinery cannot deal with those problems which affect the workman; it does not touch the root of social diseases, but only deals with side issues. And therefore by dealing only with effect instead of causes, it attempts to make wage-slavery appear more respectable and bearable in the eyes of the workman.

Politics have had their day, the veil of deception has been removed by the hand of truth, and the workers are beginning to see through this transparent fraud, that the question at issue is not a matter of placing this or that party in power to spend their time making a nest for themselves and their descendants, but one of an economical nature that can be solved only by the workers themselves. It is they who must work out their emancipation by the development of their reasoning faculties, self-reliance and independence, and contempt for office seekers and their platitudes.

What of contemporary democracies? They do not present a healthy picture. For instance France and America, where, notwithstanding the vote, human liberty is trampled under foot and the power of the capitalist remains unchecked; one need only look at these countries for a sample of this new form of tyranny.

The improvements in the workers' condition have been achieved outside parliament by their spontaneous action. Therefore, I say, for earnest men to enter the political arena is a hopeless affair, it only helps to strengthen the position of the privileged; for the belief in the power of the vote has a stultifying and dependent effect on the mind of the worker, it banishes inquiry.

Let us keep clear of politics with their lies, deceit and hypocrisy. Our place is among the workmen, teaching them the principles of true democracy—that which will relieve humanity not only from the grip of the capitalist, but from that of the ruler as well.

The abolition of the State—that alone is true democracy, leaving each individual free, where economic and social affairs can be conducted by the people themselves without the interference of arrogant officials. That is true democracy; all other forms are wretched shams and frauds.—R. C. M., in *Freedom*.

Woman Suffrage.

To the Editor,—The remarks of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., set in motion novel trains of thought. Women should certainly be protected from the ballot—if they require protection from anything! Why? "Be-

cause," the ballot is a part of the political machinery by which rulers are elected. Rulers are bosses, bosses are masters, masters are tyrants; no matter whether the system under which they operate be that of chattel slavery or one of the various forms of the religious, political, or commercial varieties. Any kind of slavery is anti-social, for antagonism is the inevitable feeling between master and slave, unless the mind of the slave is so saddened by subjection as to prevent the fire of individuality from even smoldering. Men should be protected from the ballot, also; or, what is better, both women and men should denounce and renounce it as contaminating. Majority rule, the ideal of republican government, is in no way superior to any other rule. The attainments of humanity depend upon the degree of its social development, for "in union there is strength," "many hands make light work," and "what one does not think of another will." The corruption "sex attraction" might cause in politics would signify little, for the political infamy is begotten, bred and fostered in and of corruption—"it is hard spoiling rotten eggs." If married life cannot survive with the ballot in the hands of women, woman suffrage would be a blessing in disguise; provided the advance continued until the ballot, too, could be numbered with the dead institutions. Sex slavery is preposterous. Let us strike for freedom in all things, "though the heavens fall."—Viroqua Daniels, in *Boston Traveler*.

The Case of Stub Carter.

To the Editor of the *Post*.

Sir: The announcement made in the *Post* that "Stub" Carter had been released from the New Haven jail, where he had been confined for twenty-one months for refusing to pay a military tax of one dollar to the State of Connecticut, shows what power there is in passive resistance to defeat a tyrannical measure.

Carter is a man who does not believe in war—at least, wars of invasion—so when the good old town of Ansonia, Conn., assessed a military tax of one dollar on him, he simply said that it was against his principle to pay it, and that he would go to jail before he would pay it. Result, twenty-one months in New Haven jail, at an expense of \$2.50 per week to the town that sent him there, or, say a total cost of \$227.50 added to the tax levy of Ansonia, as the cost of trying to force a man to pay one dollar for a purpose that he did not believe in. And, like Mark Twain in his controversy with the missionaries, the fact that the tax was such a "little one" had no weight with Mr. Carter, who evidently believes that "all just governments rest on the consent of the governed," and that numbers have nothing to do with principles. Suppose a million men in the United States had said with Carter that "we will go to jail before we will pay a military tax," is it conceivable that McKinley could have secured \$200,000,000 to wage an aggressive war against our brown brothers 10,000 miles away? Speed the day when millions of men

will prefer going to jail rather than spend their time in producing wealth to be used in murdering their fellow men on the field of battle.

Some day the people may become sane enough to remember, with feelings of gratitude, the man who was willing to lie in prison for twenty-one months rather than give a single dollar to aid the work of our American barbarians.—J. T. Small, in *Boston Post*.

Provincetown, Mass., May 13.

A Contrast.

A man who poses as a progressive man was recently approached by a friend of FREE SOCIETY with the view of obtaining his subscription thereto. He refused for the following reasons:

- 1, "My wife don't like that kind of literature;"
- 2, "I am a Single Taxer;"
- 3, "We have for the last ten years been engaged in the investigation of Spiritualism."

Upon first thought these reasons may seem plausible, but when the fact is considered that this man had received the paper for nearly a year without protesting or paying, the conundrum is evident.

In bold relief to the foregoing case stands that of one of his neighbors who had also received the paper for the same length of time. He also has a wife—and unlike the other man a large family as well, but he is not a slave to his wife's fancies as to the reading matter he himself is to indulge in. He, too, is friendly to the Single Tax theory, but he evidently surpasses his fellow Single Taxer in depth and liberality. His Single Tax is truly but a means to an end, just as it was to Henry George in spite of his own subsequent stultification and inconsistency, the end being the perfect liberation of the land and with it the human being—Anarchy. He, too, has perhaps "investigated Spiritualism," but if he believes in it at all, which is doubtful, he evidently realizes that the adjustment of material conditions *right here and now* is of far greater importance to himself as well as to the human race, than all the spirits that human imagination might conjure up. This latter friend did not refuse to pay for what he had received, but promptly liquidated his debt and cheerfully subscribed and paid for one year in advance, speaking of the work of FREE SOCIETY in approving and very encouraging terms. S. D.

Here and There.

At Brussels, Belgium, the owner of a printing office, who discharged nine of his employees because they refused to leave their union on his demand, was fined 200 francs in court, and ordered to pay damages to the men in the sum of 1,900 francs. In this country the judges' sanity would have been questioned, and looked upon as a miracle.

In Bohemia 10,000 miners have achieved the eight hour workday, and others are soon to follow. The Social Democrats, who opposed the agitation for shorter hours as not being in line with "scientific" Socialism, have lost many adherents among the miners.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

What economists call over-production is but a production that is above the purchasing power of the worker, who is reduced to poverty by capital and State. Now, this sort of over-production remains fatally characteristic of the present capitalist production, because—Proudhon has already shown it—workers cannot buy with their salaries what they have produced and at the same time copiously nourish the swarm of idlers who live upon their work.—Peter Kropotkin.

Notes.

Thursday, June 6, 8 p. m., a meeting will be held at *Lucifer's* office, 500 Fulton street, to discuss ways and means to further the propaganda for freedom by speech and press. All liberty-loving people are invited to attend.

Note and Comment.

"The Sons of God are Archists, not Anarchists," says the *Flaming Sword*. Right you are, "brother" Teed. "God" and his sons were ever tyrants.

McKinley made a great hit on his tour. If the millions that have been spent all along his line of march was given to the thousands who are clamoring for a full dinner pail, I think McKinley would have made a still greater hit than he did. But then even a digger Indian or a beggar has pride, and likes hero-worship. This triumphal march is the corner-stone of our future empire.—*City Front News*.

And the saddest thing about McKinley's "triumphal march" is the fact that labor organizations were prominent among those lickspittles who crawled and kneeled before "his majesty."

In reference to the present strike of the machinists, a "most prominent manufacturer, who declined to give his name," uttered the following sentiment in an interview:

We intend to stamp it out, for the demands made upon us are injurious to our business, and are beyond all reason. We have reached the last ditch, where we must stand shoulder to shoulder and fight the dictation of trades unionism. That fight we shall win. . . .

The time for conference is past. There will be no compromise on our part and we will stick out until we win. . . . We are sick of being dictated to, and of having our business interfered with by our workmen.

I say again that trades unionism must be stamped out. It is now war to the knife.

This capitalist Juggernaut takes a rather bold position, yet his attitude is much more praiseworthy than those of the hypocritical labor leaders who constantly prate about

the "friendly relations of capital and labor," and are ever willing to compromise in order to retain prestige and respectability.

The Chicago *American* has come to the conclusion that "the republican idea of government thus far seems to suggest a music hall farce." The editor is certainly correct, but he has still to learn that this applies to all forms of government. Government implies master and slave, even if the master is called "servant," and the slave "a sovereign citizen."

In another column we mention a pamphlet, issued by the Russian Doukhobors. The views on marriage of these so-called "half-barbarians," which they set forth to the Canadian government, should put so-called Christian nations to shame. The Canadian law requires that, to make marriage legal, a license for two dollars must be obtained. To this they reply:

We cannot believe, that a marriage can become legal because it is recorded in a police register and a fee of two dollars paid for it; on the contrary we believe that such recording and payment annuls marriage and breaks up its real legality. We believe that the real legalization of a marriage union is when it is brought about freely as a result of a pure feeling, of a mutual moral affection between man and woman. Only such pure feeling of love, born of mutual recognition of moral traits of character creates a real legality of a marriage according to the law of God, and not a record of same in a police register and a money fee. And every marriage which has its source in the pure feeling of mutual love, will be legal before God, although it were not registered, and other people would not recognize its legality. . . . Therefore we believe, that legalization of the marriage bonds belongs solely to God, and we cannot consent to transfer the legalization from God to the police. . . .

Peppery Pot.

The San Francisco Independent Debating Club is contributing its share toward undermining the powers of the three G's (God, Government, and Grundy). Its Sunday afternoon meetings at 909 Market street are well attended and draw thinking audiences and bright speakers.

The "Socialists" John Burns and Keir-Hardie voted on Labouchere's amendment to King Edward's allowances. These "Socialists" apparently did not realize that it was a stultification to vote on any proposition involving a salary to royalty, which plainly shows how this desire for political power corrupts. Our American half-brothers, the Socialists, are irate when we call them State Socialists, but in this instance their English brothers are not only State but royal Socialists.

"The king of Italy has created a new order—the order of the Knights of Labor, but it does not affiliate with the order of the same name in this country," says an Associated Press dispatch. From another source we learn that poor Bresci has been driven insane by the tortures inflicted upon him by the government whose responsible head is this same wholesale murderer, sitting on the Italian throne. And that is the secret of his creation of the new order of the Knights of Labor, which practically means Knights of Loafers, and is a bid for protection by a guilty conscience. The next thing in order

for this king of loafers will be the doubling of his guard and the appointment of a food-taster,—for certainly such villains are not allowed to go free by a people of the undaunted courage and determination of the Italians. But then, royalty never learns anything until their heads ornament the scaffold as a warning example, as during the French Revolution. Well has the German poet said: "Humanity will never be free until the last king and the last priest hang on the same scaffold."

C. L. James, in a recent issue of *FREE SOCIETY* (No. 306), regrets Tolstoy's religious bias, and hopes he (Tolstoy) "may be brought to acknowledge it." Evidently "misery wants company," for James, not many moons ago, in *FREE SOCIETY*, acknowledged his own religious bias by the affirmation of the existence of a deity. And for the fact that he has not yet dropped his own bias, his introductory remark in the same article in which the criticism of Tolstoy occurs, is sufficient proof. He says: "... which (the social revolution) is PREDESTINED to be the event of the twentieth century." Predestined—by whom? Back of the idea of predestination lurks the big deity, the religious superstition. Let us hope that both James and Tolstoy will not only "acknowledge" but drop their religious bias.

I appreciate and share C. L. James' opinion regarding some people's misunderstanding of Nietzsche. Whether the effect of Nietzsche's depth of thought or his ambiguity of language, or from whatever cause, he is much misunderstood. Not long since I was almost dumbfounded to hear two of his admirers, who had formerly professed to be Anarchists, renounce Anarchism and advocate archism or government because they, as they claimed, "followed Nietzsche."

Now, it is true that Nietzsche speaks a good deal of the prevailing principle of might constituting right, but his ideal, I feel safe in asserting, is that of non-invasion, Anarchism, though of course he speaks of it as an ideal far off in the future, realized by a race of people so far superior to the present that he calls it, "Uebermensch"—overman. And in this respect all intelligent Anarchists agree with him to the extent that the realization of Anarchy is a question of evolution.

The close of the session of the General Assembly of Illinois was marked by a general distribution of watches, watch chains, diamonds, rings, and scarf-pins, but it is surmised that the tokens given out to the members at the next general election in the State, will be of a less welcome kind.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The *Chronicle* is Republican, and of course the inference it wants to be drawn is the probability of the defeat of the Democratic candidates at the next general election, in which case the watches, watch chains, diamond rings and scarf-pins would go to the Republican boodlers. However, it is possible that the Socialists may by that time have learned the tricks of "how to get into power," and there may be Socialists, too, who are fond of jewelry, for "opportunity makes thieves," you know. Or, perchance, the trade unionists may have by that time become powerful and sensible enough to institute a general strike, drive off the polit-

ical loafers, take hold of industries, and declare this country an association of workers, by workers, and for workers, instead of its present condition of a government of loafers, by loafers, for loafers.

Comrade Kropotkin, in his excellent article, "The Black Invasion," translated in a recent issue of FREE SOCIETY, takes a gloomy aspect of the state of affairs which from the statistics he furnishes would seem justified. But fortunately in this case statistics often prove things "that aint so," as for instance the statistics regarding the effect of poisoning (vaccination) in the Franco-German war, which our comrade, Frank D. Blue, in his gallant anti-poisoning journal, *Vaccination*, appropriately speaks of as "the Franco-German war lie."

Besides Catholicism and even religion itself, like everything else, is subject to evolution, and is, as a matter of fact, rapidly undergoing modifications. When we consider how Beecher knocked the bottom out of hell only a few years ago; how the Bible is being revised frequently and more radically each time in order to suit the growing progressive spirit of the times; how the pope himself is forced to whine about the loss of his temporal power, and to write hypocritical encyclical letters in favor of labor; how the very foundation of religion—God—is being interpreted by the "divines" as "God is all and in all," which practically means that God has evaporated; when even such good people as Max Muller seek a "reconciliation between science and religion"; nay, when a still "gooder" man like Stephen T. Byington, our "me too" Anarchist, teaches religion in a Sunday school, and when—behold!—the "goodest" of the good, our own bard, J. Wm. Lloyd, "pleas" far a "larger religion"—then, perhaps, there may not be after all so much cause for alarm regarding the progress of the black invasion as Comrade Kropotkin thinks.

At the time this is being penned, the city of San Francisco is in spasms over the arrival of the chief of all the boodlers and corruptionists, Ma-Kin-Lee. The *Chronicle*, the largest Republican paper in this city, has the words "Prosperity" and "Protection" prominently displayed upon its building, erected upon boodle and blackmail. My attention was attracted by some things calling themselves men and women walking along the streets in rags and tatters wearing McKinley badges. They are a living embodiment of Prosperity and Protection. Mrs. McKinley is unwell, which is the only ripple on the surface of this great excitement. The bulletins gave out this morning that "Mrs. McKinley will not be able to attend to social duties." Sad, very sad, indeed, for how can the sun keep on shining without Mrs. McKinley's attending to "social duties"! The only consolation is that Mac is well fitted to represent the old lady, for even he is an expert in "social duties," in fact he is probably more fitted for "social" duties than for any other. The San Francisco tobacco merchants seem to realize that fact, for they are said to have put in an extra stock of high-priced cigars for the occasion.

S. D.

The Poor Ye Shall Always Have Among Ye.

Just for the sake of illustration let us fix the value of a man's labor at \$100 per day. As a common man is never recognized at his true value, he barely receives \$1 out of the \$100. Admirable scheme, is it not? We know our right hand from our left hand, but we pretend to be ignorant of what causes pauperism. Let us elucidate. If we are lucky and get the \$99, that's our right hand. The fellow who is unlucky gets the \$1, that is our left hand. The scriptural injunction never to let the other hand know what the right hand is doing, is religiously observed as a general rule. In fact so well established is this rule among all nations, that the golden rule, "the poor ye shall always have among ye," remains undisturbed. Great things, however, are expected from the poor but honest dollar-per-day man. Blessed be nothing, for out of that lonesome dollar must come all the issues of a beggarly family. Upon the dry and barren soil of a niggardly dollar must be cultivated all the germs of a sublime and exquisite taste, all the graces that wealth itself might bestow. The astonishing success which hath attended the frantic efforts of our left handed brothers may be ascertained at any hour of the day by consulting the statistics of our model prisons and elaborate asylums.

In 1870 a traveler asked a native of Massachusetts what was raised in the State. The native replied with a tone of pride, "We raise men." In 1890 the same question being asked, the native replied this time with a tone of shame and disgust, "We raise large crops of epileptics now, and a very, very hospitable people." Of course it is one of those dark, mysterious secrets, nobody knows how or why it happens thusly, and even if they did nobody would care to have their nervous system jarred by an explanation that would set the whole thing dead to rights. Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise. Where wisdom will bring you in a cool million, it is folly to be too ignorant; but tell it not in Gath.

Returning to our downtrodden brother, the dollar-per-day man, what can you expect for 50 cents or \$1? Diamonds? Wonderfully brilliant idea for our moneyed men to preserve the integrity of low-cut wages. By using the \$99 judiciously, the right hands and the left hands will continue their journey through life in sweet oblivion of each other *ad infinitum*. Capital and Labor might have been lovers once upon a time, but they bear the appearance of strangers now, which is a great pity, and a reconciliation ought to take place. Alas! dear friends, what a yawning chasm confronts us! It is easier by far to bridge the Pacific than to span the gulf that exists between wealth and poverty. A few pennies for sweet charity's sake dropped in the blind organ grinder's tin cup quiets our conscience, for in the eyes of men we are indeed charitable. Those who seek favor in the eyes of the Lord must not flatter themselves that he approves of the clever robbing of the gentle Peters, whereby the pestiferous Paulines may be paid with a fine flourish.

Again the cry rings out from the hearts of pure men and women at the foot of the cross, "Oh, Lord! what wilt thou have us to do that we may be saved?" Could the Lord respond to the cry with the voice of a living human being, he would exclaim, "My children, give your \$1 per day man his \$100 per day, and it will be well with your soul in the last great day." EQUALITY.

Military Drill.

I live near the State Agricultural College, where every day the cadets drill on the open grounds for half an hour before noon. It is a fine sight. Several hundred neatly-dressed men and boys in uniform, going through evolutions calculated to teach them promptness, order, obedience, cleanliness, and an erect attitude so conducive to health. But, with guns in their hands, and that alters the case!

To teach them war—murder—in the curriculum of a State school! Yet these boys seem quite unconscious of the inevitable trend of "drill." Few realize that they may be called out as State troops to shoot their fellow men, and those few no doubt believe it right to "defend their country." I said to one of them: "Why not deploy along a cornfield with hoes in your hands, instead of guns, and, at the bugle call or word of command, fall to hoeing the corn, each taking a row? There would be some sense in that! And if you must wear swords, you officers, when the fodder is to be cut in the fall, use them regularly, deftly and rapidly in cutting the corn, row after row. What a grand sight that would be! The 'squads' can 'shock' it while the band plays and you can 'double quick' home to dinner, feeling that you are really of some use in the world."

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" was the reply of the dear cadet—and time goes on. But the seed of better thought was dropped in the furrow.

ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

Fort Collins, Colo.

The Russian Doukhobors, Society of Universal Brotherhood, of Canada, have sent out pamphlets addressed to all nations, requesting to inform them, "whether there is anywhere such a country and such a human society, where we could be tolerated and where we could make our living, without being obliged to break the demands of our conscience and of the truth."

These people object to private property in land and to pay marriage license, because being contrary to the teachings of Christ; but as the teachings of Christ cannot be reconciled with the laws of a so-called Christian nation, difficulties have arisen between the Doukhobors and the Canadian government, which the pamphlet explains in detail. After giving their reasons why they cannot compromise with the Canadian laws, their letter to the government concludes:

And now we are in necessity to beg your allowance to remain in Canada until we find some other country for our settlement or to come to a persuasion, that for men who try to set their life on Christian principles there is no room on earth.

A voice in the wilderness! In vain will these good people wait for a reply, for there is no room on this earth where men could live a "life set on Christian principles."

History of the French Revolution.

VIII

But meanwhile this multitude have been performing that most unaplike process which is called Thinking. They reflect—if De Launay and his garrison are tried, for what shall they be punished? Resisting the people? Law, Order, Precedent, and so forth, exist only to do that. Defending an untenable place? If they had been agreed to defend it, the Bastille was an impregnable place. If De Launay is tried, he must be vindicated. This multitude has thought, and resolved that he shall not be vindicated. It has not thought enough to know any way of preventing his vindication but the ape-like method, bloodshed and revenge. The multitude follows the escort, snatching, pelting, howling, and grimacing, till it reaches the Place de Greve. This usual place of execution carries associations little adopted to inspire reverence for Law and Order, much to hallow bloodshed and revenge. Here Lally, borne down by court intrigue, was gagged and headed without law. Here Damiens, for sticking a penknife into Louis the Infamous, was dismembered by thirteen strong horses without law. Here, refractory fathers of children in the Parc aux Cerfs were hanged without law. Here the child-brother of Cartouche was crucified without law. Here others, too numerous to mention, have been hanged, wheeled, quartered, burnt, possibly with law, but certainly with public sorrow for them and execration for their slayers. Here he who shot the people to save the Bastille shall perish without law. The escort was overpowered, De Launay was borne to the ground; his head was cut off and carried on a pike. Two soldiers were also seized, and hanged to lamp ropes. As the multitude had been thinking, they were satisfied with a few of their slayers. It was rumored that Flesselles had written to De Launay, he would amuse the people till troops should arrive from Versailles. He was now summoned to defend himself in the Palais Royal. At the corner of his first block going thither, an unknown man shot him dead. The Bastille is taken! Yet Paris may not be safe. All night the populace were busy barricading, in hourly expectation of an attack. It was their third war vigil.

This news came upon the entire court party as suddenly and awfully as Gabriel's blast. It was midnight when the Duke de Liancourt called up his sovereign, who had just slept an hour. "This is a rebellion," said the king, after a long silence. "Sire," was the reply, "it is a revolution." The surrender of the Bastille, in truth, was but incidental to the general mutiny of the king's army. Only one of two courses was practicable for Louis—to accept the situation, or to fly. He was too vacillating to do either. At 2 a. m. the Assembly, though still nominally in session, ceased to do business for some hours, while the members were sleeping, quite exhausted. At eight, De Liancourt entered to announce that the king was coming. His majesty appeared, accompanied only by his two brothers, amidst thundering applause. He declared his confidence in the Assembly, denied that he had ever intended its forcible dissolution, promised to be guided by its counsels, and announced withdrawal of his troops. Some murmurs were heard from the aristo-

cratic party. The majority drowned them with fresh bursts of applause. They escorted the king back to his actual residence. Versailles, already thronged with new arrivals from Paris, followed, shouting. The queen was much alarmed by the uproar. When she learned that Louis was returning in triumph, she appeared on the balcony, and was greeted with plaudits, which, however, a few murmurs disturbed. The people, amidst their wildest enthusiasm, could not forget the vacillation of Louis, the tyranny of his predecessors and their noblesse, the rancorous enmity of that court whose type was this "Austrian woman." A female of Versailles pushed her way through the concourse close to Louis, and said, "Oh, my king! are you quite sincere? Will they not make you change your mind again?" A deputation of a hundred members was at once sent to Paris with the glad news. They took with it the king's sanction to organization of a national guard. Approaching by that same way whence a hostile army had been expected, they drove through a multitude delirious with joy, to the Place Louis XV. Thence they walked through the Tuileries gardens, amidst martial music, and were escorted by a committee, along the Seine, to the Hotel de Ville. Lafayette was elected to command the National Guard, Bailly chosen mayor of Paris. The people expressed an ardent desire that their king should visit them. Next day, it was warmly debated at Versailles whether he had better do so or appeal to foreign despots. He allowed a majority of his advisers to decide for the first alternative; but he imagined that he was going into danger. Accordingly he took pains to receive the eucharist, and to appoint his brother (Louis XVIII) Lieutenant of France, in case he should not return. He was actually pale when he left Versailles, though as little subject to fear as to any strong emotion. The queen, bitterly opposed to his present policy, was in a state of distraction. But the impulsive nation overflowed with milk and honey. A Te Deum was voted, on motion by the archbishop of Paris. The recall of Necker, in which someone had tact enough to make Louis anticipate the Assembly's wishes, called forth a peal of gratitude. Free Paris, with civil and military officers of her own, prepared to give her liberal king the royalest welcome upon record. Meanwhile, De Liancourt had announced in the Assembly, "The king pardons the French guards." One of the soldiers, who was present, immediately rose to say, "We cannot accept a pardon. In serving the nation, we served the king; and the scenes now transpiring prove it." Fresh thunders of applause responded.

Louis set out at 10 a. m. July 17, in a plain carriage without guards, but surrounded by all the deputies on foot. That they might be able to keep up, his progress was slow. At three, he reached the gates. From the Sevres bridge, more than three miles outside Paris, even to the Hotel de Ville, his road was lined by the National Guard in military array. Amidst this army, which numbered 200,000, were the bulk of the industrial and commercial citizens, a multitude of the inferior clergy, a few bishops, the lawyers and politicians, a vast swarm of tatterdemalions, with hunger in their cheeks but fury in their

eyes, faces marked by scenes witnessed at rustic "jacqueries," by weary tramp, by shivering bivouac, by begging on quays, and storming the Bastille. There were also many women and girls. Thirty thousand volunteers had muskets, 50,000 pikes; the remainder, more than half of all, were armed with scythes, axes, sabres, pitchforks, clubs. To a liberal king who had regretted an error, this should have been his proudest moment. A cynical despot might have seen in this enthusiastic militia, an army with which he could conquer Europe. But Louis XVI was neither a Joseph II nor a Napoleon. All his little intelligence was employed in realizing his humiliation. The rough faces were the faces of savages; the intelligent faces were the faces of traitors. All were the faces of enemies. The people, too, were inwardly uneasy and suspicious. This day, the Comte d'Artois, the Polignacs, and a majority of aristocratic leaders, fled from France. But when Louis, after meeting the new dignitaries at the Hotel de Ville, pinned a tricolor on his hat, a deafening shout burst forth, of "Vive le Roi!" which was echoed from street to street on his appearance beside Bailly in the porch. Fresh demonstrations greeted him as he descended, so effusive that he could not be quite insensible to their simplicity and fervor. A woman threw herself, weeping, on his neck. The people carried him in their arms. His postilions and suite were besieged with wine cups. Amidst cheering throngs, he made his way back to Versailles. But all this enthusiasm could draw nothing more from his stupidity than a good humored smile. His bad angel, Marie Antoinette, had not expected him to return alive. This was her greeting when she saw the tricolor. "I did not know I had married a plebeian." Thus ended the first act in this drama of national regeneration. Power had passed to the people. They could still boast that they had won it, almost without fighting a skirmish or retaliating a wrong.

"The chief thing that makes life a failure from the artistic point of view is the thing that lends to life its sordid security, the fact that one can never repeat exactly the same emotion" (Oscar Wilde.) The "sordid security" of course realizes a tremendous shock in times like July, 1789. But, by the law just stated, it rallies very soon, if only allowed to do so. The chief obstacle is that identical fear of losing landmarks and reaching a mad world, whose universality ought to teach us that it will allow no such danger.

Versailles, deserted by the defeated nobility, presented a melancholy spectacle. The king's lackeys perceived that he had lost power, and, flunkey-like, respected him no longer. One of them coolly looked over his shoulder at the edict which he was signing. Louis XIV would have sent such a fellow to the Bastille. An ordinary king would have dismissed him. Henri IV might have kicked him down stairs. Louis XVI (who weighed twenty stone) attempted to brain him with a poker! These little things tell tales.

France, bankrupted, devastated, starving, a spectre excluded by the spell of debate while that greater question about despotism and liberty was before her legislature, now rushed into its midst. The famine was not likely to abate. Crops, in the south, were short. About Puy they had again been

destroyed by hail and rain. That, in the midst of such misery, there should be some outbreaks was inevitable. But for about two weeks there seem to have been very few, and of the least culpable kind. There was poaching, wood-cutting, stopping of grain by hungry people on its way from one place to another—nothing worse. On the whole France waited for an administration of her own choice to do some good, till she found out that, like the former authority, it did harm. The recently organized parish assemblies direct local affairs—and do it ill. Special regulations, confused and contradictory, adopted by no less than 40,000 little governments for the purpose of relieving famine, put a stop to trade. For five months not a farmer has appeared in Louviers. So, at last, disappointment begets panic. Rumors fly from mouth to mouth. The monopolists have locked up all the grain. The bakers and millers are poisoning that filthy black stuff they sell for bread. Flour is being thrown into the Seine. Food is exported from Brittany. The nobles prompt all this—they hire persons to commit outrages for the purpose of discouraging liberty. The weak-minded king incurs suspicion. The "Austrian woman" heads the conspiracy, of course. Those who have observed what popular terrors are, will doubtless believe the accused as innocent of the specific crimes laid to their charge as Catiline or Oates' victims, the Jesuits, the Templars, or the Chicago martyrs. But do not suppose the intelligent bourgeois is less, or less unreasonably, afraid of the peasant than the ignorant peasant of the nobles. All over the country, imaginary riots occasion frightful scenes. At Angoulême, July 28, 3 p. m. the tocsin rings. A report flies about that 15,000 brigands are coming to plunder the town. Soon they are seen approaching in a cloud of dust! Oh—no—it is only the post-wagon going to Bordeaux. The number of brigands now falls to 1,500. However, by 9 p. m. twenty thousand men are under arms. At 3 next morning, there is a fresh alarm. The brigands have burned Ruffec, Verneuil, La Rochefoucauld, and other places. As this news spread through the country, men come in to defend Angoulême. "We had to be grateful to 40,000," says an eyewitness. Bordeaux, learning that Angoulême is in danger, generously offers 20,000 more. As no brigands appear, the brave militia go to look for them—and find nothing. This absurdity spread over a radius of forty miles. In Auvergne, there was even a greater scare of the same sort. Whole parishes took to the woods. Pregnant women perished. Individuals became insane. Madame Campau was shown a rock on which a woman, winged by fear, found refuge; but, when tranquility returned, proved unable to get down again; so she had to be lowered with ropes! Neither imagine that the common people were afraid for nothing. The invariable history of such an epidemic is that they misconceive the nature of peril, but look for it in the right quarter. The king, queen, and nobles, were really plotting counter-revolution; though in no such ways as was popularly imagined. Meanwhile, the Assembly's measures were well meant, but weak. Even before July, the king and nobles had

seen the absolute necessity of doing something to relieve distress, and done what they could, without inconvenience—greatly to the edification of those who try making out that the revolution sprang from popular ignorance and wickedness. The Archbishop of Paris had borrowed 400,000 livres. The Bishop of Troyes gave 12,000 frs., the chapter 6,000, for relief workshops. One rich man is said to have distributed 40,000 frs. within a few hours after the hailstorm. One convent of Bernardines fed 1,200 poor for six weeks. Taine says (without giving his authority) that the detested Berthier had, as equalizer of taxes in Paris, reduced over-charged quotas by a quarter. Immediately after Louis surrendered to the people, the Assembly took up a subscription amounting to \$9,000 and called on all people to send in contributions. The kind-hearted king gave the bulk of his plate. The hall was crowded with rich men, bringing their services; ladies, their jewels; and trades people, their little heir looms. Charity, which took the bolder name of patriotism, proved contagious. Poor persons who had any means to live, subscribed their mites. A school boy brought a few louis, which had been given him for spending money. A courtesan sent, with her offering, the following neat address: "Gentlemen! I have a heart to love. I have gained something by loving. I place it all in your hands, a tribute to the country. May my example be followed by *my comrades of all grades*." Meanwhile Necker made desperate efforts to borrow money, but in vain. The national credit had been totally destroyed before his recall. A few months' settling down would have restored it. But the emigrant party's attitude made that impossible. The English ambassador Dorset told Louis' ministry of a plot to put the naval arsenals in his own government's hands, while Austrians and Prussians marched on Paris. England had refused to participate in such an infamous treason. The ministers concealed this terrible news. But an intercepted letter from the Comte d'Artois to Dorset gave it wind. The effect may be imagined. France, loosed from her Titan chain of two centuries, with mangled limbs and fevered blood, was a patient in danger of tetanus. This was a douche of iced water.

As the people get frightened into doing something they sensibly resolve to be rid of their oppressors, old and new; but the latter first. One government can do much harm; 40,000 are beyond human endurance. As early as July 19 the archives are destroyed at Strasburg. At Cherbourg, this good work is done on the 21st. At Maubeuge, taxing offices disappear on the 27th. Rouen was purified on the 24th. At Troyes, after much muttering, the storm comes September 5. It is unnecessary to proceed. The old customs and new administrations are everywhere killed, till, in the spring of 1791, the Assembly yields, and gives them all a decent burial. During these riots occurred the real crimes of the first revolutionary period. It is worth seeing how much they amount to. At Strasburg, much wine was shed, but no blood. At Maubeuge and Rouen, some houses of obnoxious persons were sacked. At Besancon, there was plundering. A St. Bartholomew of partridges was enacted everywhere. At Troyes, the mayor, accused

of forestalling, fell a victim to popular fury. Major de Balzance met a like fate at Caen. Messrs. de Montessau and Cureau were murdered at Mans. At Vanes, a collecting agent was tortured. Somewhere in Languedoc, M. de Barras was cut to pieces before his pregnant wife, who died in consequence.* Other country gentlemen—in the voluminous grist of M. Taine's outrage-mill I have counted four—sustained assaults which might easily have been fatal, but were not. Six murders, or, including two celebrated lynchings still to be recorded, eight; and four assaults—such is the extent of vengeance among twenty-five million people, now that two centuries of worse than Turkish oppression have been reversed in a day. Injuries to persons and property are carefully distinguished from overthrowing authority. At Strasburg, the populace hanged a thief; at Ruen two vandals, at Besancon two. There were however some acts, very criminal under ordinary circumstances, which undoubtedly commanded sympathy or at least apathy just now. One was burning the chateaux of the emigrant tyrants and traitors. In the most feudal part of France, between Alsace and Franche Comté, incendiary fires began July 29. They spread through Burgundy, Maconnais, Beaujoleis, Auvergne, Viennois, Dauphiny. The destruction was on a gigantic scale, and excited the utmost consternation among property owners. But it did not last over three weeks. As in similar cases, there were all sorts of theories—revolutionary societies in Paris sent out the perpetrators,—similar societies sprang up where tyranny was worst, and, thence spreading, forced unwilling peasants to assist—it was a mere craze—it was a spontaneous movement, not against individuals but a class, ("down with the nests, and the rooks will fly"); etc. The truth is that, as with the houghing of cattle in Ireland, the "Swing" arsons in England, the Ku Klux and White Cap outrages here, its inner history remains unknown. This, however, is noteworthy. At first the chateaux were fired secretly, by night, without alternative. As some time and space are traversed, mobs begin to visit them by day, and demand the title deeds: having got which, they are generally satisfied.

The Assembly, after its fashion, follows the people "afar off." On August 4, M. Kerguel, a deputy in the dress of a working farmer, rose, and said: "You could have prevented the burning of the chateaux, if you had been prompt in declaring that the terrible arms which they contain, and which for ages have tormented the people, were to be destroyed. Let those arms, the title deeds, which insult not only moderation but humanity; which humiliate the human species by requiring men to be yoked to a wagon like beasts of burden; which compel men to pass the night beating the ponds to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their luxurious masters; be brought here. Which of us would not make an expiatory pile of these infamous parchments? You can never restore quiet to the people, till they are redeemed from the damnation of feudalism." There was no opposition. Nobles spoke only to renounce their privileges, priests to give up their tithes, municipal representatives to surrender charters. The feudal system was swept away in an hour. A monarchist has called this "the St. Bartholomew of property." A bourgeois retorts that it was only the St. Bartholomew of abuses. But the distinction is a little too refined.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* I suspect the authenticity of some of these tragedies. "Languedoc" is as definite as "Texas"; and nothing can be more meagre than the original statement by Lally-Tollendal (from someone's memorial), which Alison and others have amplified with circumstances. But let that go! These retaliatory crimes shall be as shocking as you please: the true point (never enlarged on before) is that they were extremely few.

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For West Hoboken, N. J.

For the purpose of forming an International League of Propaganda, a massmeeting will be held June 2, at Nepovoda Hall, Cor. Spring St. and Highpoint Ave., West Hoboken. All interested in the propaganda are cordially invited to attend.

As for the fine saying with which ambition and avarice palliate their vices, that we are not born for ourselves but for the public, let us boldly appeal to those who are in public affairs; let them lay their hands upon their hearts and say whether, on the contrary, they do not rather aspire to titles and offices, and that tumult of the world to make their private advantage at the public expense.—Montaigne.

The Letter-Box.

G. E. Lynd, City.—Very well; if the "scientific" Socialists are not opposed to government, then you admit that there is nothing else but State Socialism to attack.

S. M., New York.—"Events and Their Import" is an interesting subject, but cannot be published as written; and if we should attempt to put it in proper shape, it would not be your article.

M. G., Needham, Mass.—Returned both of your articles, "Dying Throes of Capital Punishment" and "There is a Good Deal in a Name." The first throws no light upon the causes or remedies of so-called crimes, except that "justice" will

cure "injustice," relative terms which can be defined at pleasure. Neither does the article contain substantial arguments against capital punishment, except that Jesus was against it, which assertion would arouse a futile discussion, for it is hard to tell what Jesus did or did not say. The proposition to change our name is rather late. Indeed, I like the terms Anarchy and Anarchism, and see no reason why we should not be proud to be called Anarchists. Because, to some people it implies murder and bloodshed is certainly no reason, for all new ideas have been accused of viciousness. The early Christians were once considered nothing but murderers and felons, yet they did not discard the name because the ignorant multitude had a wrong conception of their teachings.

RECEIPTS.

Levin, Walmsley, Breidau, Deardorf, Rumiz, Cairns, Goldenbaum, Toggenburger, each \$1. Rothbart, Erlinger, Lelievre, Hurson, Barile Fruttice, Spence, each 50c.

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