

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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WHOLE NO. 337.

Modern Trade.

As hares that from their burrows bound with speed,
Surpassed by no fleet hound in all the pack
Pursuing with long hot tongues lolling slack,
Where stretches the interminable mead,
And dewy grass bends low with scented seed,
Pursuers and pursued hold on their track,—
As such poor hunted hares can never heed
Aught but escape, and how to double back,
So breathless on the path of modern trade
Men race, and see the dogs Necessity
Frop widely started eyes of wild affright,
And know that if they view the dawn or night,
Or pause to gather beauty, they will be
Overtaken and flung dead by Usury.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

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An Idle Tale.

A dragon held in bonds a "ladie brightie,"
Whose tears awoke no pity in his heart.
Her life he sucked, till Arthur's nerry knight
Him slew, for all his scales and dammed art.

An idle tale that haunts me when I pass
By human rat-holes where the gaunt serfs mass;
What knight is there on dauntless purpose bent
To free the prisoned souls from monstrous Rent?

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

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Memorial Oration.

(Delivered by Voltairine de Cleyre, on November 11, 1901, in Chicago.)

Let me begin my address with a confession. I make it sorrowfully and with self-disgust; but in the presence of great sacrifice we learn humility, and if my comrades could give their lives for their belief, why let me give my pride. Yet I would not give it, for personal utterance is of trifling importance, were it not that I think at this particular season, it will encourage those of our sympathizers whom the recent outburst of savagery may have disheartened, and perhaps lead some who are standing where I once stood to do as I did later. This is my confession: fifteen years ago last May when the echoes of the Haymarket bomb rolled through the little Michigan village where I then lived, I, like the rest of the credulous and brutal, read one lying newspaper headline "Anarchists throw a bomb in a crowd in the Haymarket in Chicago," and immediately cried out "They ought to be hung."—This, though I had never believed in capital punishment for ordinary criminals. For that ignorant, outrageous, bloodthirsty sentence I shall never forgive myself, though I know the dead men would have forgiven me, though I know those who loved them forgive me. But my own voice, as it sounded that night, will sound so in my ears till I die,—a bitter reproach and shame. What had I done? Credited the first wild rumor of an event of which I knew nothing, and, in my mind, sent men to the gallows without asking one word of defense! In one wild, unbalanced moment threw away the sympathies of a lifetime, and became an executioner at heart. And what I did that night millions did, and what

I said millions said. I have only one word of extenuation for myself and all those people—ignorance. I did not know what Anarchism was. I had never seen it used save in histories, and there it was always synonymous with social confusion and murder. I believed the newspapers. I thought these men had thrown that bomb, unprovoked, into a mass of men and women, from a wicked delight in killing. And so thought all those millions of others. But out of those millions there were some few thousand, I am glad I was one of them, who did not let the matter rest there.

I know not what resurrection of human decency first stirred within me after that,—whether it was an intellectual suspicion that maybe I did not know all the truth of the case and could not believe the newspapers, or whether it was the old strong undercurrent of sympathy which often prompts the heart to go out to the accused, without a reason; but this I do know that though I was no Anarchist at the time of the execution, it was long and long before that, that I came to the conclusion that the accusation was false, the trial a farce, that there was no warrant either in justice or in law for their conviction; and that the hanging, if hanging their should be, would be the act of a society composed of people who had said what I said on the first night, and who had kept their eyes and ears fast shut ever since, determined to see nothing and to know nothing but rage and vengeance. Till the very end I hoped that mercy might intervene, though justice did not; and from the hour I knew neither would nor ever could again, I distrusted law and lawyers, judges and governors alike. And my whole being cried out to know what it was these men had stood for, and why they were hanged, seeing it was not proven they knew anything about the throwing of the bomb.

Little by little, here and there, I came to know that what they had stood for was a very high and noble ideal of human life, and what they were hanged for was preaching it to the common people,—the common people who were as ready to hang them, in their ignorance, as the court and the prosecutor were in their malice! Little by little I came to know that these were men who had a clearer vision of human right than most of their fellows; and who, being moved by deep social sympathies, wished to share their vision with their fellows, and so proclaimed it in the market-place. Little by little I realized that the misery, the pathetic submission, the awful degradation of the workers, which from the time I was old enough to begin to think had borne heavily upon my heart, (as they must bear upon all who have hearts to feel at all,) had smitten theirs more deeply still,—so deeply that they knew no rest save in seeking a way out,—and that was more than I had ever had the

sense to conceive. For me there had never been a hope there should be no more rich and poor; but a vague idea that there might not be so rich and so poor, if the working-men by combining could exact a little better wages, and make their hours a little shorter. It was the message of these men, (and their death swept that message far out into ears that would never have heard their living voices,) that all such little dreams are folly. That not in demanding little, not in striking for an hour less, not in mountain labor to bring forth mice, can any lasting alleviation come; but in demanding, much,—all,—in a bold self-assertion of the worker to toil any hours he finds sufficient, not that another finds for him,—here is where the way out lies. That message, and the message of others, whose works, associated with theirs, their death drew to my notice, took me up, as it were, upon a mighty hill, wherefrom I saw the roofs off the workshops of the little world. I saw the machines, the things that men had made to ease their burden, the wonderful things, the iron genii, I saw them set their iron teeth in the living flesh of the men who made them; I saw the maimed and crippled stumps of men go limping away into the night that engulfs the poor, perhaps to be thrown up in the flotsam and jetsam of beggary for a time, perhaps to suicide in some dim corner where the black surge throws its slime.

I saw the rose fire of the furnace shining on the blanched face of the man who tended it, and knew surely as I knew anything in life, that never would a free man feed his blood to the fire like that.

I saw swart bodies, all mangled and crushed, borne from the mouths of the mines to be stowed away in a grave hardly less narrow and dark than that in which the living form had crouched ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day; and I knew that in order that I might be warm—I, and you, and those others who never do any dirty work—those men had slaved away in those black graves, and been crushed to death at last.

I saw beside city streets great heaps of horrible colored earth, and down at the bottom of the trench from which it was thrown, so far down that nothing else was visible, bright gleaming eyes, like a wild animal's hunted into its hole. And I knew that free men never chose to labor there, with pick and shovel in that foul, sewage-soaked earth, in that narrow trench, in that deadly sewer gas ten, eight, even six hours a day. Only slaves would do it.

I saw deep down in the hull of the ocean liner the men who shoveled the coal—burned and sored like paper before the grate; and I knew that "the record" of the beautiful monster, and the pleasure of the ladies who laughed on the deck was paid for with these withered bodies and souls.

I saw the scavenger carts go up and

down, drawn by sad brutes driven by sadder ones; for never a man, a man in full possession of his self-hood, would freely choose to spend all his days in the nauseating stench that forces him to swill alcohol to neutralize it.

And I saw in the lead works how men were poisoned, and in the sugar refineries how they went insane; and in the factories how they lost their decency; and in the stores how they learned to lie; and I knew it was slavery made them do all this. I knew the Anarchists were right,—the whole thing must be changed, the whole thing was wrong,—the whole system of production and distribution, the whole ideal of life.

And I questioned the government then; they had taught me to question it. What have you done—you the keepers of the Declaration and the Constitution—what have you done about all this? What have you to preserve the conditions of freedom to the people?

Lied, deceived, fooled, tricked, bought and sold and got gain! You have sold away the land, that you had no right to sell. You have murdered the aboriginal people, that you might seize the land in the name of the white race, and then steal it away from them again, to be again sold by a second and a third robber. And that buying and selling of the land has driven the people off the healthy earth and away from the clean air into these rot-heaps of humanity called cities, where every filthy thing is done, and filthy labor breeds filthy bodies and filthy souls. Our boys are decayed with vice before they come to manhood; our girls—ah, well might John Harvey write:

Another begetteth a daughter white and gold,
She looks into the meadow land water, and
the wold
Knows her no more: they have sought her field
and fold
But the City, the City hath bought her,
It hath sold
Her piecemeal, to students, rats, and reek of the
graveyard mould.

You have done this thing, gentlemen who engineer the government; and not only have you caused this ruin to come upon others; you yourselves are rotted with this debauchery. You exist for the purpose of granting privileges to whoever can pay most for you, and so limiting the freedom of men to employ themselves that they must sell themselves into this frightful slavery or become tramps, beggars, thieves, prostitutes, and murderers. And when you have done all this, what then do you do to them, these creatures of your own making? You, who have set them the example in every villainy? Do you then relent, and remembering the words of the great religious teacher to whom most of you offer lip service on the officially religious day, do you go to these poor, broken, wretched creatures and love them? Love them and help them, to teach them to be better? No: you build prisons high and strong, and there you beat, and starve, and hang, finding by the working of your system human beings so unutterably degraded that they are willing to kill whomsoever they are told to kill at so much monthly salary.

This is what the government is, has always been, the creator and defender of privilege; the organization of oppression and revenge.

To hope that it can ever become anything else is the vainest of delusions. They tell you that Anarchy, the dream of social order without government, is a wild fancy. The wildest dream that ever entered the heart of man is the dream that mankind can ever help itself through an appeal to law, or come to any order that will not result in slavery wherein there is any excuse for government.

It was for telling the people this that these five men were killed. For telling the people that the only way to get out of their misery was first to learn what their rights upon this earth were;—freedom to use the land and all within it and all the tools of production—and then to stand all together and take them, themselves, and not to appeal to the jugglers of the law. Abolish the law—that is abolish privilege,—and crime will abolish itself.

They will tell you these men were hanged for advocating force. What! These creatures who drill men in the science of killing, who put guns and clubs in hands they train to shoot and strike, who hail with delight the latest inventions in explosives, who exult in the machine that can kill the most with the least expenditure of energy, who declare a war of extermination upon people who do not want their civilization, who ravish, and burn, and garotte and guillotine, and hang, and electrocute, they have the impertinence to talk about the unrighteousness of force! True, these men did advocate the right to resist invasion by force. You will find scarcely one in a thousand who does not believe in that right. The one will be either a real Christian or a non-resistant Anarchist. It will not be a believer in the State. No, no; it was not for advocating forcible resistance on principle, but for advocating forcible resistance to their tyrannies, and for advocating a society which would forever make an end of riches and poverty, of governors and governed.

The spirit of revenge, which is always stupid, accomplished its brutal act. Had it lifted its eyes from its work it might have seen in the background of the scaffold that bleak November morning, the dawn-light of Anarchy whiten across the world.

So it came first,—a gleam of hope to the proletariat, a summons to rise and shake off his material bondage. But steadily, steadily the light has grown, as year by year the scientist, the literary genius, the artist and the moral teacher, have brought to it the tribute of their best work, their unpaid work, the work they did for love. Today it means not only material emancipation, but intellectual and moral emancipation, too; it comes as the summing up of all those lines of thought and action which for three hundred years have been making towards freedom; it means fulness of being, the free life.

And I say it boldly, notwithstanding the recent outburst of condemnation, notwithstanding the cry of lynch, burn, crop, imprison, deport, and the Scarlet Letter A to be branded low down upon the forehead, and the latest excuse for that fond esthetic decoration "the button," that for two thousand years no idea has so stirred the world as this,—none which had such living

power to break down barriers of race and degree, to attract prince and proletarian, poet and mechanic, Quaker and Revolutionist. No other ideal but the *free life* is strong enough to touch the man whose infinite pity and understanding goes alike to the hypocrite priest and the victim of Siberian whips; the loving rebel who stepped from his title and his wealth to labor with all the laboring earth; the sweet strong singer who sang

No Master, high or low;

the lover who does not measure his love nor reckon on return; the self-centred one who "will not rule, but also will not ruled be," the philosopher who chanted the Over-man,—the devoted woman of the people; ay, and these too,—these rebellious flashes from the vast cloud-hung ominous obscurity of the anonymous, these souls whom governmental and capitalistic brutality has whipped and goaded and stung to blind rage and bitterness, these mad young lions of revolt, these Winkeldrieds who offer their hearts to the spears.

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Stamping Out Anarchism?

The sustained agitation to force Congress, as soon as it meets, to enact laws for the suppression of Anarchism, is in reality a movement to confer unlimited and irresponsible power upon the police. If a tithe of the proposals made by editors, senators, lawyers, and other "leaders" of public opinion with a view to stamp out Anarchy were carried out there would remain to the plain citizen scarcely a shred of the vaunted rights expressed in the Declaration of Independence and guaranteed by national and State Constitutions.

Under the guise of preventing the spread of dangerous Anarchistic ideas, the authorities will be able to punish any expression of discontent, any criticism, however mild or well deserved, directed against the powers that be. To write or speak one's honest thoughts, if they happen to antagonize the government, is to be made a crime. Will the American people submit tamely to a crusade designed to cast in prison all who dare to question the acts of government, who have the temerity to point out its defects, its follies, and its crimes! Let them remember that this nation was conceived in defiance of the ruling authority and brought forth amid the travail of armed resistance to the long established government of that day. Had the laws now proposed against Anarchism then been in force, Sam Adams would have dangled at the end of a rope for plotting the overthrow of British rule, Franklin would have ended his days in an English dungeon, Jefferson and Hamilton would have been able to wrangle over their conflicting views as convicts in some remote penal colony, and Washington would never have lived to be the "father of his country."

In the *North American Review*, for November, Robert A. Pinkerton, of the notorious detective agency, offers his quota to the anti-Anarchist crusade. His views do not embrace the vulgar notion that Anarchism is a synonym for red-handed murder. "The great majority of Anarchists in this country," he declares, "are unalterably opposed to all forms of murder and violence. They

realize that such an event as the assassination of President McKinley or of the king of Italy does more harm to their propaganda than anything else that can happen." Therefore, he avers, "they are violently opposed to these deeds and to those who inspire them." Yet, "plots are bred and a dangerous propaganda is systematically promulgated." Though this accusation has been repeated *ad nauseum* since the attack on the president, yet nobody knows better than the shrewd and wide awake detective chief that no proofs have ever been offered to substantiate it.

In short, if plots are hatched and murder systematically organized, why do not the police, aided by the omniscient Pinkerton, unearth the danger, bring the criminals to account, and win the everlasting gratitude of a people well nigh scared into madness? Did not the Chicago police capture the most dangerous of the Anarchist leaders, seize their headquarters, together with all documentary evidence that might be expected to incriminate? and lo! after all, these zealous officials thirsting for a conviction of the Anarchists, solemnly admit they had discovered only a mare's nest. No plots, no murder afloat, not even a bomb to be found!

Notwithstanding these facts, which could not have been overlooked by the lynx-eyed Pinkerton, he comes forward to advise the Secret Service Department that from the ranks of the peaceable Anarchists "unalterably opposed to murder and violence" spies could be enlisted to reveal all conspiracies that the "inner circle" might indulge in. "A man on the inside could have landed information years ago that would have put Goldman and the other preachers of Anarchy who inspired Czolgosz within the hands of the law." In other words, the Anarchists being a peaceably inclined lot and not given to plots or other incriminating practices it is necessary to hire a spy, or agent provocateur to manufacture the desired evidence which would bring the Anarchist leaders safely within the clutches of the law. Pinkerton's unscrupulousness is as apparent as his reckless assertion of deliberate and malicious falsehood. He says that Lucy Parsons and Emma Goldman openly preached violence and murder in Chicago. If this be true it constitutes a heavy indictment against the police, in whom as savior of society, we are asked to place such confidence and hand over such irresponsible power. If Pinkerton's charge has any foundation in fact, no new laws are needed to put an end to the criminal conduct he describes. But the police authorities both in Washington and of Chicago have recently investigated, and they know these allegations against Anarchists are not true. It is hard to believe that Pinkerton does not also know that he lies, and lies with a deliberate purpose.

Kindness and fair treatment, he tells us, are entirely lost on Anarchists; they understand only the argument of brute force. In his desperation to make out his case he cites the assassination of Mayor Harrison of Chicago, who believed in maintaining at all hazards the right of free speech. His assassin was no Anarchist, but, says Pinkerton, "he had such a total disregard for law and order as the Anarchists are constantly

pointing to as a desirable condition." The sleuth thus contorts Anarchism, with the aims of which he is not totally unfamiliar, to mean a state in which assassination "is a constantly desirable condition." The real leaders of Anarchism "are men and women of brain power decidedly above the average." It is this "quiet cultivated element that furnishes the sinews of war. . . . To get at them means clever work and a great deal of patience."

Pinkerton doubtless exemplifies the kind of cleverness required for the work in his deliberate and malicious assertion of falsehoods, unsupported by even the semblance of evidence. This is the kind of charlatanism that is now leading the crusade to stamp out Anarchism. It is truly astonishing that there should be any necessity to suppress the cultivated Anarchists who are deadly opposed to murder and violence. Clearly the crime consists not in overt acts, but in the holding of an opinion.

If Anarchy means lawlessness, as understood by the vulgar, then Pinkerton and the rest of the clamorous defenders of law and order are the worst of Anarchists. In order to suppress the imaginary enemy at all costs, they are prepared to override the law, and to brush aside every individual right upheld by the Constitution. Pinkerton has only commendation for the police who illegally suppress supposedly Anarchistic meetings. His pet remedy for the Anarchist is deportation to one of the Philippine Islands.

There they are to be provided with the means of earning a living and allowed to work out their theories upon themselves unmolested from external interference. Such an experiment, he thinks, would furnish an object lesson that would bury the cause of Anarchy in everlasting oblivion. But if an attempt of this kind should honestly be made it is not unlikely he would turn out to be mistaken. The blessings of "no government" might prove so attractive that all governments would become intolerable and the reign of Anarchism be generally inaugurated.

Meanwhile the chief work of Anarchism is to teach man that government is a superfluity, to keep before them the idea that coercive authority is irreconcilable with freedom and happiness and the complete life of the individual.

Only the fool or the knave worships statute law. The wise men see that it crystallizes, not eternal truths, but transient opinions which time invariably shows to be mistaken. Anarchism is at all times a protest against the abuse of power, against the rule of man by man, and represents a truth and an aspiration that no law nor government can successfully stamp out. WAT TYLER.

New York Memorial.

Again must we record in our annals the homage paid to our ever-living martyred comrades, who, on November 11, 1887, gave their lives for the cause. Contrary to custom, the meeting was not only of an enthusiastic and of an agitating nature, but, as circumstances demanded, included lectures on Anarchy.

In the presence of seven hundred people, of all nationalities, Comrade Jay Fox, in a

clear, simple, and penetrating discourse explained what Anarchy is and is not. He laid great stress upon the lack of "individuality" in our present society-state; and how those who dared to expose their individuality were and are persecuted, oppressed, and if necessary, put out of the way. He explained the two tendencies—the tendency toward individual liberty, and the tendency toward cooperation—of society, and with his hard and logical shafts, pierced the State Socialist's theory of the necessity of government and explained how such a theory, together with cooperation, put into practice, would make man, though free economically, a political slave. He impressed upon the minds of the audience that the attainment of liberty—Anarchy—first, and Communism afterwards, is the only safe road of our march towards the era of man.

The enthusiastic and agitation part of the program was ably carried out by comrades R. Grossman and M. A. Cohn. The former a disciple bearing the very ear marks of John Most, swayed the audience to and fro with his impassioned "appeal to arms and to the God of hosts." He emphasized that man can love when the feast of love and harmony is in progress, but now, in this system, a system based on hatred, greed, murder and antagonism of interests, a "resort to arm," revenge and retaliation is the only logical and proper response of man. Comrade Cohn in a rather long talk made an appeal for more men of Zola's calibre, for more "social heretics" and touched upon too many events out of place. With biting sarcasm he arraigned this tottering system of "might makes right," and when, with a thump on the table, he cried out: "It was the 11th of November, 1887, that made me an Anarchist," he almost made audible the voice of the audience, as they too exclaimed: "And us too."

In a rather short address, Comrade Yanofsky, the ever fighting and persistent editor, closed the meeting by a popular version of Anarchism, and commented upon timely topics. His style, his "vulgar" witicism his idiomatic phraseology, his poignant criticism of things as they are, satisfied the desires and "low" ideals of the audience.

Let us hope that Fox's words, "the commemoration meetings are becoming more numerous, more enthusiastic, and attended by larger audiences, as the years pass by," are prophetic,—as they need must be.

S. MINTZ.

According to newspaper reports, the memorial meeting in London, England, has been prohibited by the police. Of course, the British government thought to please the American "stamping-out" lunatics.

"James Eads How, of St. Louis, philanthropist, Harvard graduate, polished man of letters, reformer and heir to a million dollars and more, has become a newsboy. . . . Mr. How believes that he is not entitled to the money left him by his forbears because he has not earned it, and that it is his duty to return it to the public in some way that will work good." Thus the world moves in spite of the ballot-box and "class-consciousness."

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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.

The community that will not allow its humblest citizen to freely express his opinion, no matter how false or odious the opinion may be, is only a gang of slaves.—Wendell Phillips.

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Splinters.

The "island scheme" for Anarchists has now been talked about so much that it is becoming tedious. Cannot the "stampers out" bring forth something new and original?

The speech of Clarence Darrow on free press and free speech, reported in our last issue, has set the pencil-pushers of the daily press raging. That is pretty good evidence that it hit a sore spot.

Students of the Dartmouth University at Hanover, N. H., have organized a club to study Anarchism. It comprises the foremost students and ablest debaters of the university. They take the ground that the principles of Anarchism are well worth investigation and study. This is a healthy and gratifying indication. There is nothing that the Anarchists desire so much as an impartial and unprejudiced investigation. If the project is carried on with vigor and thoroughness, although the students may not become Anarchists, many of them will have a better idea of Anarchy than is prevalent now.

"Our Friends, the Enemy."

Oh, wad some pow'r the giffie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us—

Burns wrote. About a year ago I thought of attempting something like a synopsis of the articles on Anarchism which were appearing fast in reviews and magazines since Humbert's assassination; but as our press was overstocked with matter, I did not. McKinley's death has reopened the flood gates, and the occasion seems auspicious now. The article which especially tickled my writing-organ, wherever in the brain that is, was contributed, by Geoffrey Langtoft, to the *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1900. Mr. Langtoft has again taken the warpath in the same periodical, October, 1901. The *Fortnightly* (founded by G. H. Lewes, in 1865, as an Agnostic publication) has long been a topless slipper for the pope's big toe; and some of our comrades may be interested in knowing that it divides with the *Nineteenth Century* the honor of encouraging attacks on vivisection. Mr. Langtoft is

far better posted on his subject, far more comprehensive and purposeful in his views than most assailants of Anarchism. I need not add that he writes a great deal of hysterical nonsense. The sensible parts of his two articles may be epitomized by way of showing the hopeless feeling against which his knowledge brings him standing up.

"Anarchism," proclaims Mr. Langtoft, in his first utterance on the subject, "is not a disease, but a crime, and a crime of the most infamous nature; but it is a symptom of disease, and that disease is Democracy." Anarchists, he remarks, "are the more dangerous in that they are often highly educated." "The three most democratic countries in the world" (England, Switzerland, and the United States) "manifest the greatest unwillingness to assist in any strong measures for putting down Anarchism." "Press, platform, Parliament, and even many of our Nonconformist Churches and philanthropic movements, are veritable seed beds of Socialism and Anarchy, and the remark applies with equal force to the United States." Mr. Langtoft's clear perception that what all he represents has to fear is not a handful of "ignorant foreigners," but the pope's irreconcilable foes, "liberalism, progress, and modern civilization"; is supplemented by equally clear perception that there are no "two schools" of Anarchism—that the difference between the Anarchist with a bomb and the Anarchist with an argument, is only the difference between the Anarchist more and less persecuted. John Burns has for some years been "a Van Ornum Anarchist"—a member of Parliament. During these years, Mr. Langtoft admits, that Burns has been tolerably quiet. But he quotes from the Burns of an earlier period sentiment after sentiment as lurid as ever reddened the *Alarm*. One will do for a specimen. On April 9, 1887, Burns said, "great sorrow was expressed at the attempt to rid the earth of the czar. He was sorry too, very sorry, that they did not succeed. He asked those present if they deprecated force and extreme measures, if some of them would not like the idea of Joseph Chamberlain following the czar and Lord Salisbury to heaven by means of a chemical parcels post?" We might infer that Mr. Langtoft would be in favor of tolerating Anarchists, and making them members of Parliament as fast as possible! But no. He sees, too clearly for that, that "philosophic" Anarchism is, in its aims, exactly the same as "revolutionary," and is infinitely more dangerous, just because more deliberate. Repression, though a desperate chance—repression of "liberalism, progress, and modern civilization"! would be the only one. "Although a Conservative government was in office when this speech was delivered, Mr. Matthews, the home secretary, took no action in relation to it. Democracy paralyzes the law." It would be invidious to spend much time on the balks and blunders of so candid clear-sighted an opponent, therefore I will convince Mr. Langtoft that he is mistaken in attributing "liberalism, progress, and modern civilization" to envy, by mentioning none of his breaks, though many are extremely comical. Mr. Langtoft has no hope of stopping the mad rush of democracy, at present. We must shoot Niagara

first. "But only for a time. . . . John Smith is a working man who has saved money" (how virtuous!) "and with the money so saved has built houses, from the rent of which he derives an income." John Smith will demand security for his "income." "The rock upon which Democracy will shiver itself to atoms is PROPERTY." No doubt, that is the rock upon which all ships bound for Utopia have so far been wrecked. But the Anarchist craft is insured in a new office. This tenderness for John Smith is destined to waste its sweetness on the desert air. It is not the Anarchists but the Combines which are moving John Smith off the earth. When Smith finds that out; when he learns that the Combine is a creature of Government; and also that it is a young cuckoo which will bite the governmental hedge-sparrow's head off rather than put up with any "sass"—then, how will Smith feel, Mr. Langtoft? The Anarchists have got Smith's ear already.

Mr. Langtoft's article of October, 1901, contains so much bosh (rehashed from the ravings of the American bourgeois pencil-pushers during September last) that I was about to give it all the charity of silence. But it contains a few scintillæ of the author's evident discernment. Of the Anarchists we are again told that "many are educated, some cultured, and a few rich." The wide basis and deep foundations of Anarchism are also recognized, though not quite fully. "Fichte taught that every man has a right to live, and therefore the right to earn a living. Consequently if a man has no opportunity to earn a living, he may, and must steal; in which case theft is not theft, but is in the nature of reprisal." I did not know this of Fichte, but I can tell Mr. Langtoft who else did teach these doctrines. Cardinal Manning did, at a time when their propagation in England was no matter of theory but very seriously practical. Jefferson, whom Mr. Langtoft in one of his abberatory moods classes with Hamilton as a restrainer of the fatal democratic tendency (!) is reputed to have written a somewhat noted document which contains the following sentiments: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure their rights (?) governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter, or to abolish it." Better still, Carlyle: "Did ye mark among your Rights of Man, that man was not to die of starvation, while there was bread reaped by him? It is among the *Mights of Man*." But Cardinal Manning did not speak for himself alone, when he laid down the same principle as Fichte. If we may trust the whole casuistic literature of the Jesuit and Redemptorist Orders, he was only repeating the definite, positive doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. No wonder Mr. Langtoft is fain to cry: "I conclude by asking what Christianity has to say to this condition of things? . . . The pope is said to be writing an Encyclical against Anarchism (so that he

too is making the same mistake as others, and attacking the effect instead of the cause." In another place Mr. Langtoft attributes, I am sure erroneously, but I do not believe with intent of misrepresentation, the following sentiment to Kropotkin, and, of course, makes much use of it as a bugaboo. "All acts of man, good or bad, useful or baneful, arise from a single motive—the lust for pleasure." Readers of FREE SOCIETY know one Anarchist who has always pronounced these Hedonistic metaphysics as unsound as all others, and not for the good of the propaganda. But granting them to be the real basis of Anarchism, then it is both broad and stable; for they are as old as Epicurus, they are the first principles of Locke's philosophy, which, rather expanded than modified by Herbert Spencer's, is dominant in England and other bourgeois countries; and they underlie all that Catholic casuistry to which allusion has been made.

Mr. Langtoft sees no hope for us but extermination (of all which tends towards Anarchism, not itself alone); and admits that is but "a bastard kind of a hope." Our friend, the enemy, we may hope better things of you! You actually do know so much about us that you may probably learn more. Continue the line of investigation you have thus creditably begun; and you will find the seed of Anarchism was sown when Moses, or whoever started the monotheistic movement among the wandering tribes of Beni Israel, proclaimed that the Righteous Eternal is a jealous God. The doom of all human authority was sounded by the trumpet on Sinai. The absurd and immoral ritualism with which Priest and Scribe overlaid this revolutionary thought, fell down when Jesus brought home to men what was meant by the words, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." The popish conglomeration of Jewish and Pagan aberrations from the line which Moses first marked out, was cleared away by Luther. Since Socrates, authority in the realm of thought has been impossible for western nations. Since Bacon, precedent has ceased to be enough in morals. That all these gospels, apparently so unlike, and so easily arrayed against each other, do actually combine to make the Upas—the monster, Anarchy, Mr. Langtoft is already pretty well aware. He sees that what can draw on philosophers like Fichte, theologians like Manning, and statesmen like Jefferson, is not easily destroyed. He gives a list of assassinations among rulers during the nineteenth century, which, if it be complete, shows the habit of thinking a big thief and murderer as bad as a small one to have become quite common; and the king-business to be getting really hazardous. He sees the roots of the Upas must be torn up, or hacking at the limbs will only prune it. What he wants is to realize how low down they go. To get the taproot of Anarchism out, you must dig at least as deep as Moses. "And no man knoweth of his sepulchre until this day."

Geo. Jacob Holyoake, the veteran agnostic, writes of Anarchism in the *Nineteenth Century*. He evidently does not know much about it. All the old fallacies are repeated. There are two schools of Anarchists, philosophical and destructive. Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, and other gentlemen in office

who understand, as Mr. Holyoake does not, that laws are made for the exclusive benefit of the rich, and that their interest (called the public safety) is the highest law, are Anarchists. "The objection to law and government is simply a reversion to the savage state"—in which, however, law and government are somehow at their height, as Mr. Holyoake may learn from Sir John Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization." There are, nevertheless, many sensible suggestions in his paper. "Murder is not a mode of progress peculiar to Anarchists." "Because some Anarchist goes mad that is no reason why society should." "Furious epithets increase partisans [sic] by affording a species of spurious reason for serious retaliation. . . . We have seen a European emperor describe, in a telegram, the assailant of President McKinley as a 'dastardly person.' A dastard is a coward who is afraid of danger. Unhappily these assailants are not all cowards and these epithets incite them to show that they are not." The general tendency of the article is decidedly to throw cold water on the scare and the craze, and dispel alleged reasons why Anarchists should be dealt with differently from other people under the same circumstances.

In the regulation article, "Last Month," of the same magazine, Wenups Reid writes on Anarchism as foolishly as any common bourgeois pencil pusher. But he says one thing worth reproduction. "Most noticeable of all was the extent to which the sovereigns of Europe participated in the general grief [at McKinley's fate]. . . . The tragedy at Buffalo has drawn from the monarchs of the world heart-felt utterances which prove that they recognize in the holder of the American presidency one who belongs of right to their order. . . . To those of us who are old enough to look back as far as Lincoln's time all this seems strange and wonderful." But it had a cause!

In the *Arena*, Felix L. Oswald dreams that Anarchism "means reversion to the savage state"; and Evelyn Harvey Roberts proposes to "cure" it by what seems to be a homoeopathic remedy, "true Individualism." Both condemn the scare. So does the editor, in "Topics of the Time."

In the *Missionary Review*, Arthur T. Pier-son ranks Anarchism among "backward movements of the last half century," fumbles over all the remedies, condemns most of the crazy ones, and pronounces at last—for preaching the gospel to the poor!

Pinkerton writes in the *North American Review*. Of course he scents a job, and equally so tells more lies than you can shake a stick at: but makes two valuable admissions—that Czolgosz had no accomplices, and that Anarchism is rapidly increasing.

To sum up briefly the recent outside literature of Anarchism is, though considerable, less in quantity than might have been expected: and condemnation of the stamping-out craze is almost unanimous now.

C. L. JAMES.

From Philadelphia.

Sunday evening, November 10, George Brown delivered an address before the Literary Culture Club. The club is composed of high school boys and college students.

The audience numbered about one hundred.

Comrade Brown's subject was, "The New Spirit in Literature." He began by stating that he meant by the "New Spirit" that spirit of rebellion against the injustice of present conditions; whether the rebellion only took the form of picture or criticism of present evils, as did Thomas Hood, Kingsley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and writers of their class, or whether it added to the criticism a proposed remedy—(which he called its constructive side), as Bellamy and Socialists generally, Henry George and the Single Tax school, or that which he claimed as greater than all—Anarchy. He then proceeded to show how this New Free Spirit dominated all modern literature destined to live; that it had taken hold of the great men of all countries. He instanced Emerson, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman, in this country; Wm. Morris, Richard Jeffries, Edward Carpenter, and others in England; Ibsen in Sweden; Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Turgenieff and Gorky in Russia; and Zola in France. He explained the difference between them, and then proceeded to make it clearly understood that the New Spirit to be genuine must include the whole peoples of the earth without distinction of sex or color.

His talk lasted an hour. He then concluded by reading to illustrate what he had meant "The Song of the Shirt," by Thomas Hood, "Clear the Way," by Chas. Mackay, and the last few paragraphs from the conclusion of "Progress and Poverty."

Afterwards an hour and half was devoted to answering the questions; which turned wholly an Anarchism. Brown answered each one as it was put, which was very often in the form of a criticism, bringing out the fact that quite a few of the younger members of the club were at least Socialists. Surely this is a good sign.

This is the only meeting in the city where an Anarchist has spoken for some time.

M. H.

Here and There.

Comrade Klemencic, who is well known to many comrades in America, especially on the Pacific coast, was recently in Sydney, Australia, where he showed his usual zeal for the propaganda. Several public meetings were held on the domain, at which he spoke. The police shadowed Klemencic and other comrades, but no arrests were made. The Sydney *Evening News*, of September 10, contains an interesting interview with him, which was correctly reported.

In Russia, as everywhere else, "applied Christianity" is severely prosecuted. There are now thirty-seven young men in one prison who refuse to serve the army, claiming that it is against their conscience to murder people. One of them has already been kept in confinement for eight long years, but he remains firm in his refusal to bear arms. In another district Cossacks have been imprisoned for the same reason. A university student insisted in the court that he alone was the responsible party, for he had taught the Cossacks that it was a sin to bear arms against their fellow men. Notwithstanding, these young apostles of a more humane era were all sent to the prison, simply because they refuse to commit legalized murder.

History of the French Revolution.

XXVII

Chaumette's and Hébert's cases may have been squelched by this Speulow-Jorkins process. That favorite method of expediting jail delivery, the discovery of an insurrectionary plot among the prisoners, is said to have originated with Vadier—a radical of States General times who was now over sixty years old. It became the chief source of employment to the *moutons*—a class whose cant name might be due their plentiful lack of originality. Now was made manifest how much more effectually malice can operate through a court than through a mob. The cruelties of the government soon came to be execrated, and its discoveries of plots to be laughed at. "I am suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect!" But it had entrenched itself strongly in the hopes and fears of multitudes. It paid every pauper 40 cents a day to attend primaries; and it kept under General Rousin a perambulatory corps of 6,000—some writers say 18,000 soldiers on purpose to crush the first symptom of a seditious riot. There was no sign of such a phenomenon between June 2, 1793 and July 27, 1794 (the ninth of Thermidor). These fourteen months, during which the mob lay bound and gagged at the feet of the Committees, were evidently no period of Anarchy. They were the bloodiest and most shameful in the history of the Revolution, if not in the world.

Philippe Egalité was arrested on April 6, 1793. He did not expect conviction, for the government's character was yet imperfectly known. Persecuted by the Girondins, he had sent his daughter away with Genlis—his son fled with Dumouriez. This caused the arrest. He expressed natural indignation at his doom, but died with all the airy grace of his illustrious line. November Royalists execrated him as a renegade, coward, and patricide. Some republicans point to his remarkable consistency in liberalism as proof that, with numerous vices, he had an honest heart. I inclined to think he was essentially an easy versatile man of pleasure, "not without ambition," but with little of "the illness should attend it." His vote for Louis' death was his worst act; but surely it is a great deal to expect that he would have risked his own life for such an uncomfortable cousin. Adam Lux, deputy for Mayence, was guillotined for praising Charlotte Corday. Bailly suffered for the massacre of the Champ de Mars on November 11, a day since made forever illustrious in liberty's annals by five of her noblest martyrs. (Or was it the 10th? Confound those original authorities!) The populace hated him for his fatal act. They took him from the tumbrel, and subjected him to several hours' exposure and persecution, which the aged *savant* bore with the contemptuous fortitude of an Indian Robespierre, always averse to cruelty, though he proved more averse to insignificance, passed the day in mourning over these atrocities. "They will serve us so, yet," were his prophetic words. Madame du Barry, still fair, but fat and forty-seven, went to the guillotine, December 7. She had been to England where she sold her jewels, and had returned to engage in real plots. Her courage, how-

ever, departed at the presence of actual death. She implored the good people to save her. Turned over beneath the axe, she cried with her last breath "Encore un moment, M. le bourreau!" Chapelier and Thouret, ex-presidents of the Constituent Assembly were guillotined. Malesherbes perished at seventy-one, for having been engaged in the defense of the Tuileries—not for being Louis' attorney, as anti-revolutionary writers often say. His sister, daughter, son-in-law, grandson, and grand daughter suffered as royalists. Olympe de Ganges was guillotined for speaking well of Louis XVI. The ignorant and hasty officials made mistakes, often tragic and always ridiculous. The Duchess Biron was tired on her agent's indictment. Paine is said to have escaped trial through the blunder of the turnkey, who marked the inside of his open door instead of the outside. D'Estaing, D'Espréménil, his notable wife, Manuel Rabaut, Sombreuil, were guillotined. Rabaut had long hidden in a wall of a friend's house, like an indiscreet man. In prison the old noblesse maintained their stately courtesy and elegant dissipation. Card playing, forfeits, and rehearsals for the guillotine, were gaily shared by those going on their last journey. The latter entertainment ended by sending Fouquier Tinville to hell! Without some such diversions, the strain would have been beyond endurance. Even out side, there was a frightful increase of insanity and suicide. Superstition kept pace with scepticism. While thousands of Jean Baptistes, Francois Xaviers, Peters, and Andrews, were becoming Timoleons, Scævolas, and Brutuses, an old woman announced herself as the Mother of God, and asserted Robespierre to be her son, the Messiah! A prestidigitator who delighted immense audiences with a phantasmagoria, was besieged with requests to tell fortunes, find lost goods, and settle religious doubts. That such absurdities are characteristic of social crises has often been said. But I doubt if it ever was remarked before that they require the hot-bed of tyranny, and, given that will thrive without the crisis. There was nothing similar between the fall of the old parochial and the rise of the new Parisian bureaux. There was when Louis XV persecuted the Jansenists, although no revolution occurred. The savage's old thirst for blood is quickly revived in his descendants by encouragement. This was the era of Lyons, Toulon and Bourdeaux, of Carries and Lebon. Barere had always been reckoned a good-natured man; and Macaulay has not convinced me that his share in the sanguinary actions now went beyond finding words for the decrees of others. But the words are enough to show that massacre acted on his weak and excitable brain as a drinking bout might have operated under happier circumstances. He caught the inspiration of the company. He turned the business of the hour into poetry. He laughed and shouted, joked and sang, intoxicated with visions of horror and conceits of madness. The guillotine stood commonly in the Place Louis Quinze, close to the Tuileries.* New

* While we condemn the barbarism of executions in the best part of Paris, it is fair to remember that at the same time English pickpockets were carried from the Old Bailey all the length of Holborn, to be hanged

conduits were constructed to carry off daily blood. Women formed the front row of spectators, knitting and chatting, and counting while heads fell. The execrable government had by no means reached perfection in its trade of butchery; during the last months of 1793, but that was the only time when public sentiment sustained it—sure proof of two things—that like all governments, it was worse than the mob which made it, and that sights which appeal to both pity and revenge do not eventually cultivate the latter but the former. Several of the above mentioned acts were in 1794.

Some authors a little less absurd in their nomenclature than in Alison, have described Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon, as the triumvir of Terror. (A fashion started by their enemies in July, 1794.) But the Committee's internal administration was at first directed chiefly by D'Herbois and Varennes. Hébert's clique acting with them, now construed the law about consorting with priests so as to make it somewhat dangerous for an orthodox Catholic to receive the sacraments or hear a sermon. However, Bishop Gregoire, who would not resign, was told by the Convention to act as he thought right! Robespierre perceived that Hébert, whom he hated equally as a buffoon, an atheist, and a Communard, had gone too far. He rose at the Jacobin Club to inquire by what right a few persons not much distinguished in the history of the Revolution had presumed to assail liberty of conscience? The Club was startled by this neatly put attack. It disclaimed any intention to interfere with conscience. The germ of infidel intolerance was effectually nipped. This was a defeat for Hébert, and opened way to others. The carefully chosen words "persons not much distinguished in the history of the Revolution" were particularly aimed at him and his associates. In spite of Robespierre, he had got Desmoulins expelled for being against the system of Terror. St. Just, who baptized that system by his historic name, proposed to see that others who figured in it were right. At the Convention, there was understandable kicking against the Committee's frightful tyranny. The fall of Toulon just saved it from an adverse motion. The opposition leaders, Bazire and Chabot, were imprisoned shortly before. Conspiracies against the "Revolution," meaning the Committee, were now rumored to exist in the Jacobin Club. St. Just, accordingly, proposed to each member the following test, suggested, it is said, by Conthon: "What have you done to be guillotined for if counter-revolution should occur?" Many who could give no good answer were expelled. Clootz, Philippeaux, Eglantine, were among those deemed unworthy. Hébert, being supposed very popular with the Commune, was not. But his influence having been shaken, his friend Billaud fell into relative unimportance; while St. Just, reported to have saved the Committee, forged ahead.

just outside the fashionable West End. Rebels' heads still ornamented Temple Bar; and the Piazzetta of Venice still faced the quai with a gallows, commonly occupied, between the famous Pillars. The Place de Greve, the old monarchy's place of dismemberment, was not far from the Louvre.—Did the 18,000 men given Rousin include all "Companies of Marat" etc., perhaps?

And thus Robespierre, with whom St. Just was always in perfect unison, took another step towards dictatorship. To understand his slowly matured schemes, we must enlarge a little on chronology, which most writers about this period utterly confound, because causes produced effects so fast, and in such irregular sequence. Early in December, when the Committee's power first tottered, Desmoulins began publishing a series of anti-Terrorist pamphlets called the "Old Cordelier," (because Hébert had supplanted him in the Club of that name). Danton, Philippeaux, D'Eglantine, and Robespierre, were all supposed to sympathize with him. St. Just, he satirized. He said this Apollo of Terror carried his head "like the Host"; and St. Just was heard to grumble "He may carry his like, St. Denis" (cut off). Robespierre guarded against offending the Terrorists too much by letting St. Just strike at Philippeaux and Eglantine. The latter was next arrested ostensibly for swindling the State. In January, Robespierre, aiming to quell all rivals, but only with a view to his own security, and therefore in a cautious spirit, had Cloutz arrested, as a doubtful foreigner. Into the vortex of suspicion, was thus launched a new Ark—not of safety—"Faction de l'étranger." Paine's arrest was connected with this. And now another guarded blow at Hébert & Co. Chaumette, it began to be said made the sacred Law of Suspects ridiculous! He had been—on dit—absurd enough to boast he could tell a suspicious person by the very looks of him! Treubles, Chaumette, lest thou become thyself "suspect of being suspect!" But no rap at the Commune without a sop! Philippeaux was expelled from the Club for speaking ill of our patriot generals in Vendée—Rossignol especially. Westermann, whom Rossignol had succeeded there, did the same. Westermann also is expelled. He was well known for Danton's friend; but as yet it suits Robespierre to be the same. Robespierre, as Mr. Froude says of Henry VIII, is "the pilot." In this tempest, he will throw out all the Jonahs—only not too fast, nor unequally. Hit the Hébertists again—truly orthodox friends of the administration called them the *Exagérés*,—the *Overdone*. From early States General days, we will bring up another term of abuse; and call them *Faction des Enragés* (the Rabid Club). "I am suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect; we are suspect, you are suspect, they are suspect." From September to December, Danton has been mostly living in domestic happiness at his native town of Arcis sur Aube. It was an errand of mercy brought him back to Paris. But he was no longer the same man. Feebleness, irresolution, and bad judgment, marked the attempts of his party to arrest the Terror. Not till late in January, was it agreed to make the *Old Cordelier* a paper. The projector was Sonberbeille, one of the judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal, who in a feeling interview, told his friends that he and his colleagues had degenerated into hangmen, but could do nothing for their own lives to save the innocent. There had been fifteen executions that day, and would be twenty-seven next. And now, of course, began clamor from the other side. What was this *Old Cordelier* preaching but

"Moderation"? And, sure enough, what else? Had Danton been his former self, he must have realized that the Committee would not give up the source of its power—also, that, as a personal government, it was very open to assault in the Convention,—by what right did twelve men continue to hold office month after month?—but that it was an enemy against which no one should dare "sound the horn" before "unsheathing a sword." He chose to attack Hébert, that is Paris, a natural ally, rather than this Frankenstein of his own creation. Robespierre smelled out the true situation more promptly. He knew that government, not Anarchy, is truly sanguinary. He at first gave the *Old Cordelier* some personal assistance. He foreboded a change of public sentiment favorable to Moderation; but he now perceived the time was not come, and that he was getting himself into danger by advocating what carried so many odious associations. Billaud proposed having Danton arrested. Robespierre took his part; but tried an ingenious experiment on the public temper. He warned Danton before a miscellaneous company that charges of Moderation (in the current bad sense) had been made. When Danton indignantly repudiated them, Robespierre assured him of personal confidence. He had gained his point; for the reception given his first remarks showed that Danton was no longer popular among Jacobins. And so the game was in Robespierre's hands. One member of the Committee, Herault Séchelles, had joined his friend Danton. Robespierre was thought to have done the same; but he had not closed the door behind him. Desmoulins and Sonberbeille began coalescence during the queen's trial. The *Old Cordelier* at first described the horrible state of France enigmatically, after the prevailing fashion, as that of Rome under Tiberius and Nero. But Desmoulins, growing bolder with impunity, was now denouncing Hébert by name as the author of butchery, a thief, a social leper, and, of course, a traitor hired by Pitt to bring on reaction! With this, Robespierre had had nothing to do; and it was ticklish business, because Hébert was popularly supposed to wear the holy rags of Marat, against whose principles and martyrdom all these times were therefore blasphemies. If Robespierre were to go on with Danton and Desmoulins, he must prepare to fight the majority of the Committee, backed by Paris. It was, indeed, a possible, though very dangerous game, to attempt carrying with him his friend St. Just. If he effected this, Conthon was likely to join them; then Barere and the rest, except Varennes and D'Herbois, surely would. To this honorable course Robespierre was urged both by distaste for blood and hatred of the Hébertist. Even, however, if he succeeded so far, there was Paris to reckon with; and Robespierre, a timid person, who had always avoided battle, recoiled before the risk. Besides, Danton, not he, would then be the great man. But suppose he should take the middle course of letting people think this would soon be done; as Danton, Desmoulins, and Séchelles, were boasting that it would? In that case, he had too many friends and admirers to be in any immediate peril. Hébert would soon

be provoked into attacking the Committee. The whole Committee would have to agree on his destruction or else on Danton's, and that of the one unpardonable Dantonist, Séchelles—the first of his set who was arrested. There was no doubt which Varennes and D'Herbois would choose; but could they be sure of St. Just and Couthon? If not, their only way to get Danton's head was to give up Héberts. If Robespierre pledged his own high reputation for veracity that Danton should shortly follow Hébert; this traffic in blood must certainly be effected. Paris, indeed, was not Billaud Varennes and Callot d'Herbois; but Robespierre knew the world too well to doubt that Paris would follow Varennes, the man of deeds, rather than Hébert, the ranter. This diabolical plan came natural to one whose historical reading had made him familiar with how Antony and Octavius traded off their friends. Nor did Satan lack an angel's form to mask in. Danton's common sense taught him that authority meant the rich; and the rich included the smart rascals. Robespierre's Utopian virtue would not wink at rascals. With both Danton and Hébert gone, and Lazarus' sores still bathed in Dives' blood; why should not Robespierre be the high priest of a Theophilanthropic millennium, such as Rousseau dreamed? Robespierre, whose industry had always been remarkable, forsook the council board, and shut himself up with these tempters for a whole lunar month (February 13 to March 13). At last Hébert came out with a pronunciamiento at the Cordeliers (March 6). For two months he "had held his tongue and his heart." Now it was too much. The Committee was tainted with Moderation. If it did not purge itself, "the sacred right of insurrection" must be invoked. Robespierre returned to the Committee. On the 15th Hébert and his friends to the number of (about) nineteen were arrested—charge, being hired by Pitt (bah!) to get up rebellion. Pache, still mayor, soon came in a fright to assure the Convention that Paris was obedient (19th). The president, Ruhl, addressed him rather tactfully, but was puzzled by Danton, who spoke there for the last time. During April, Pache is found in prison. Good humored as ever, could not Danton, he who led the party of mercy, have seen that Hébert, however vile, was weak, and that it was most unwise to encourage this swoop of the very "hell-kite" Camille had begun denouncing? The doomed men went to the guillotine five days later (25th). Momoro, Cloutz, and Rousin, were among them. On account of Chaumette's popularity he had not been arrested till the 18th; but was now in prison, as Gobel also was. This was what scared Pache. Hébert died in a state of abject fear. Cloutz behaved with dignity and resignation. He extorted Hébert not a disgrace philosophy; lectured the populace on the beauties of atheism, and its ability to remove the terrors of death; and requested to suffer last that he might have more time for his argument. That no attempt was made to save them, illustrates what is called the fickleness of the multitude. But multitude is not fickle, only inscrutable.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

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