

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

¹ 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.

VOL. VII. NO. 41.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 339.

The Rebel Song.

Sing, O my soul, the song to me,
The song that martyrs sing,
That dare to do and dare to be
Forever and forever free
From master, priest and king!

For the cry that martyrs heard of old,
I heard in the streets today—
The moan of victims, homeless and cold,
The sob of children bought and sold,
And the perishing by the way!

And the cry has burned, and is burning still,
And the pain will never cease,
While a captive bends to a captor's will;
Through summer's heat and winter's chill
For me there is no peace!

So sing to me the rebel song,
The song that tyrants dread!
Echoing down the ages long,
Bursting tomorrow, full and strong,
From the graves of the martyred dead!

HARRY M. TICHENOR.

— O —

Why Not Be Logical?

Before the slave when he breaks his chains,
Before the free man tremble not.

— Schiller.

When a bolt of human lightning strikes with a crash that rescends to the ends of the earth, it generally kicks those in its immediate vicinity "silly." This in a measure accounts for the attitude taken by our revolutionary comrades in this country towards the act of September 6 at Buffalo. Had the bolt fallen in London, Berlin, Milan, or St. Petersburg, the tumult in our vicinity would not have been so terrific nor menacing. This, coupled with the fact that the average American citizen considers his government the grandest on earth and all others correspondingly vile and tyrannical, would have made it comparatively safe to express opinions relative to the act, and also to openly sympathize with the rebel.

But this time the bolt struck at our own feet; and alas for human consistency, how many of our bold revolutionists who applauded a Luccheni and Bresci, and accepted their acts, had the courage to accept Leon Czolgosz and his act? It is poor logic to say the least, after acknowledging the deed of Luccheni or Bresci as vital factors in the great movement against all government, that is sending quaking thrills through every force-propped institution on earth, to deny that fair-faced rebel who died in the Auburn prison on October 29, bearing witness with his last breath that he performed the act "for the sake of the good working people." Yes, logic so poor that it could have only emanated from minds that were panic-stricken by the nearness of the blow.

Everything points to the fact that many of our good comrades lacked the courage to be logical; and thought only of fleeing from the wrath to come. In former like tragedies, where "distance lent enchantment to the view," and consequent safety, did they pause to demand a regularly accredited diploma,

proving the rebel a graduate of the Anarchist school, before embracing him? No; cool and collected they recognized the spirit of revolt and hailed it, though it was incarnated in the blood-stained, execrated form of a brother. I distinctly recall how one of our most learned comrades, a revolutionist, was inspired to write a poem on the the assassination of the empress of Austria:—Time and again he has, in the Anarchist papers, applauded the spirit of Luccheni and Bresci. This too in spite of the fact "that it rests on no reliable testimony, that either, after their arrest, said anything worth repeating." (These are his words in reference to Leon Czolgosz, whom he repudiates as an Anarchist in a late issue of FREE SOCIETY.) While it was equally true in the cases of Luccheni, Bresci, and Leon Czolgosz, that not one of the three was reported as "saying anything worth repeating," are we to judge from this that they said nothing worth repeating? Oh the shame of such an inference, when we recall how those three comrades were as good as dead to all the world, after their respective deeds had unchained the tiger of authority!

What sort of an impression would we have of Perovskaya, Caserio, Angiolillo, Luccheni, Bresci, had we accepted official reports and a lying press as authority? "Fools, beasts, idiots, brutes, fiends incarnate, degenerates, murderers, common murderers, assassins," etc. These were the epithets showered upon the helpless prisoners locked behind iron doors, excluded from human sympathy, and whose living voices never again should fall upon a friendly ear. But our American philosophers of the revolutionary instinct saw over and beyond that deluge of hate and misrepresentation; saw the State and its unspeakable crimes, the human parasites who perform its functions and the unbearable tyranny of their class; and saw as in a vision the symbol of future deliverance in the spirit of those despised rebels who gave all and dared all in that last supreme protest. In the face of these facts, comrades, how dare you deny this last herald of the revolution you acclaim?

From first to last the conduct of Czolgosz proved that his motives were identical with those king-slayers we have never denied, not even those who deplored their acts. For this reason I accept him and his deed as a part of the great movement against authoritarian institutions, as a part of that great human tide constantly rising against oppression in direct response to natural law. That tide is composed of all the elements in human nature, and each and all contribute to that huge force which steadily bears the human race out to the broad open sea of liberty and progress.

Leon Czolgosz performed his act deliberately; he took all the responsibility upon himself; he neither hid behind the flag nor the bulwark of law and order, as common

murderers do, who compose the class at which he struck. He showed no desire to shirk the price exacted; he looked with contempt on their hall of justice, and scorned the lawyers the court appointed to defend him, refused even to speak with them on the matter, as the lawyer mentioned in his plea. If ever a human being represented the incarnation of all that human revolt against authority is capable of, Leon Czolgosz did. Yet in the face of his contemptuous attitude towards the court, his refusal to make the least effort to cooperate in the defense for his life, as common murderers do, there were radicals who actually believed the miserable lie telegraphed all over the country that Leon Czolgosz broke down and screamed with terror when placed in the steel cage at Auburn to await the hour of his death. What is human credulity not capable of?

Then there are comrades who have likened this heroic young soul with Guiteau and Prendergast, forgetting that these two latter were half-demented; that they held a personal grievances against the men they slew; and further that they cooperated in the long legal fight for their lives. They recognized the law; their blow was not against authority, but against individuals. The authorities recognized this; and how different was the treatment accorded these poor wretches, compared with that of Czolgosz. They were not shut up like wild beasts away from all who would befriend them as he was. Friends and reporters had access to Guiteau and Prendergast; and their last hours were cheered by human sympathy.

It is a divine law of nature that no human being is so bereft that a friend will not rise up to console him in the hour of trial, if brute force does not conspire with authority to prevent. But as for that poor rebel against law, I have not the heart to call up the hell he passed through. As a comrade writes me, he must have been a giant to bear up through it all, while no drop of human sympathy was allowed to fall upon his quivering heart. I would say to those comrades who have puzzled their brains to discover that "Czolgosz was crazy," that "he was a Republican," that "he was a Socialist," that "he was not an Anarchist," etc., that they have only to consider the actions of the authorities, and the course they pursued with the prisoner from the moment of his arrest to his legal murder, as ample evidence pointing conclusively to the fact that Leon Czolgosz had revolted against government, which he fully recognized as the despoiler of the working people. This was his great crime in the eyes of the authorities, and the reason why they took extra precautions to seclude him from the public eye.

A youth to whom mother Nature had given a fair, open face, a warm, sympathetic heart, and a courage that prompted him to die for the sake of the working people can-

not but excite a deep interest in the minds of the people, dangerous to existing institutions, if his true picture is allowed to go before the public. To prevent this, our "saviors of society" robbed him of every legal courtesy or consideration that is shown a common murderer. I do not think there ever was a case before in the history of this country where a prisoner went through the formality of a trial, who was so utterly forsaken as Czolgosz. The lawyers appointed for his defense, disgraced even a disgraceful profession in the part they played. But nothing could be expected from that element. As for ourselves, let us confess we were cowards, that we thought more of the reputation of the cause than we did of principles we dishonored when we deserted a rebel and brother in his last extremity. As for that rebel, he proved he could do without us, that he alone could meet the beast he unloosed, and die unconquered for the "sake of the working people."

I have received a number of feeling and beautiful tributes to the memory of Leon Czolgosz; the expression of responsive hearts who appreciated the nobility of his motives, and exulted in his strength and courage. Some of these are from men and women grown gray in the ranks of labor, others from ardent minds standing on the threshold of a noble manhood or womanhood. One message in particular I recall for its rare good sense, written as follows by a girl of fifteen: "I think we should not condemn this man, but try to understand him."

There are wise ones who could profit by the common sense of this child.

The last echoes of the tragedy of September 6 have died in the distance; already the laurels, wreathed by the hands of knaves, are fading on the brow of him who sleeps in the shadow of God's house at Canton; already he is numbered with an infamous past; while from the grave of him who lies in that winding sheet of lime in the shadow of a prison, seed thoughts are springing, nourished by a principle that tyrants cannot destroy. Already those thoughts are blossoming into high resolves in human hearts that tend to hasten the coming of the day that will end the martyrdom of the good, the true, and the brave.

Caplinger Mills, Mo. KATE AUSTIN.

Wat Tyler's Recipe.

I was requested before the recent unpleasantness to write some sort of a critique on Wat Tyler's recent series, and, with a view to that, I have lately reread the whole discussion—Leighton, Morton, and the rest. It seems to me that Wat Tyler's views require criticism at but few points; and that at all of these he is not quite consistent,—in other words, can be shown to refute himself. "The Era of Transition" series begins by stating that economics are not all of the social question; but they are a great part. Both propositions are sound. It might be inferred that, though Anarchists ought to study economy and have their views about it, they can scarcely expect to find there the solution of all their problems, as Wat Tyler afterwards appears to think they can. We proceed over familiar ground which shows that Wat Tyler is by no means unacquainted with that branch of the subject he considers

so important. "Competition reduces prices to the cost of production"; the "price of money, and therefore interest, is rapidly falling with the accumulation of wealth." (I need scarcely stop to remark that price of money, though I say it, is among those incorrect and awkward expressions for which economists need, but have not yet got, a one better in all respects. Price is value stated in terms of money; money, therefore, has no price. But money has value. To put the theory as accurately as I can,—Competition reduces the value of each commodity to the cost of production. But value is "a dependent variable." Nothing has any "exchange" value except in terms of something else. If that of A falls, that of B rises. There cannot, therefore, be a general fall or rise in values. Accordingly, competition must alternately reduce the value of one commodity and another. For a very long time it has been reducing the value of money, and therefore the rate of interest.) The profits of capital are, indeed, increasing absolutely, but relatively to the investment they are declining. The rate of wages, on the other hand, is increasing absolutely, and also relatively to the share of capital *pro rata*. Yet prices are still above the cost of production; so there is a leak somewhere. "The natural wages of labor," said Adam Smith, "is the whole product." But labor does not receive the whole product. Moreover, though wages increase relatively to the share of capital, they do not relatively to the demands of labor. The "standard of comfort" rises. The laborer is a sad greedy dog,—"a wild beast," as my friend Geoffrey Langtoft says. He won't be satisfied yet till he gets the "natural wages," which we remember, are the whole product, thus actually reducing price to cost. Of course, he is also lamentably extravagant. The increased investment of his virtuous savings in interest-paying banks (whose cashiers sometimes take a trip to Canada) is, as I can tell Wat Tyler, exaggerated. I looked into the figures a year or two ago, when I was getting up an economic article for *L'Humanité Nouvelle*; and I found that the bulk of the savings' banks deposits were not made by laborers, but, for short time, by men of business, who had no other means of immediate investment. Where, then, is the leak? Wat Tyler proceeds, in a measure to show us, though he omits some important items. The capitalist, as Karl Marx stated long ago, is fighting against reduction of his stock to the cost of production, with zeal as desperately praiseworthy as Hector showed for Troy, or Mrs. Partington against the Atlantic Ocean. He cuts wages, whenever the laborers will bear to have them cut. He forms immense combines to undersell competitors, and make the scale of operation defeat the lowness of rate. Unfortunately, the laborers are his chief customers. In cutting their wages, he cuts his own throat. In overstocking with cheap goods that market which the cut leaves open to them, he induces a commercial crisis. Given the bourgeois system, such crises must occur. "Though they cause the most terrible calamities, and shake the foundations of bourgeois society like earthquakes," it is they, says the philosophic

historian of bourgeois society, which reduce prices to the cost of production. Whither shall a poor hunted capitalist turn? He has long been sick of "wars for commercial supremacy" among nations of somewhat equal power. He cheerfully foots the bill for 4,000,000 idle soldiers, not to make wars, but maintain that balance of power whose final result is to render them unprofitable. He finds his land of promise in weak countries. The Hawaiians, the Chinese, the Boers, the Filipinos, the Negroes of Darkest Africa—they will do to exploit. But, alas, there is a Judas among the disciples of the economic Messiah! The Christian merchant finds a profit in selling the Boers and Chinese up-to-date weapons. These barbarians are not slow to learn barbarous tricks. The very gang who plunged the British government into Weyerism are now "bringing pressure" to make it pocket "national honor" and get out again. Japan, long regarded as a most exploitable country, has taken her place as one of those "civilized powers" with which there can be no monkeying. The very niggers, among whom the slave-trade and cannibalism increase under the banners of the Congo "Free" State, may explode some day, and exact a fearful indemnity for the cursed ivory, of which every pound has cost a life. The fact that the Christian merchant is a traitor, aiding public enemies, cuts no ice. To hang him for doing business would indeed, shake, like an earthquake, the foundation of bourgeois society!

I need not repeat after Wat Tyler, Morton, and myself, one demonstration that the twist in this Gordian knot is government, or the refutation of Leighton's idea that government now does or ever did anything else than harm, and that continually. Anarchy is the best possible condition for resisting foreign aggression. Laws do not prevent crime, but create it. Wat Tyler shows that the State Socialistic operations of Russia, for example, but any country which goes into them would do as well, are ruinously wasteful. They can be made to appear thrifty by contrast with some doings of private enterprise, only on condition we forget that this private enterprise has never yet existed under a truly free system of competition. The trail of the governmental serpent is over it all. A capitalist is not merely an employer. Far from it truly. Every man who buys anything, is an employer of the labor which produces the same. He only is a capitalist who buys, not to use, but to gain interest by selling again. But the possibility of doing that depends always upon some sort of artificial monopoly. And the root of all such monopolies is in the great monopoly, which is government. Wat Tyler might have strengthened his case by showing, which would have been very easy, that when the claws of this polyp relax a little, they never recover their former grip. He speaks slightly of free trade, as of a mere convenience to the chief producing nation, which was England and is getting to be America. But England will never go back to the protective method. No people who have once tried the experiment of Anarchy in any department of life consent to have government take that department under its control again.

Having thus seen that our bourgeois society rushes unimpedably towards the gulf of Curtius, Wat Tyler naturally inquires how we are to get across. And here it is, I think he begins to get a little muddled. In one and the same article, he quotes from Adam Smith "taxes form the support of the unproductive classes," and asserts that "the chief economic factor contending against wages (the producers' share) is interest." Surely these are incompatible propositions. Wat Tyler uses the word interest in its ordinary commercial sense; for on that is based his whole argument about mutual banking; and besides, in the same article, he resolves profit into the elements of wages, interest, insurance against risk, and the enforced tribute of monopoly. I will not say this analysis is strictly correct. In fact, I do not think so. Wat Tyler justly says, in opposition to Henry George, that rent is, at least here, little else than interest on the price of the land. Still, Roscher has shown that rent and interest, though they nearly measure each other, do not quite; and thus there may be an enforced tribute of monopoly which does not enter into profit, a thing distinguished by every economist from rent. Moreover there is an element in profit which it was among Warren's most unfortunate oversights to ignore. Most unfortunate, because it must have long prejudiced others, as it did me, against his entire system. The enormous profit frequently realized by a successful inventor, like Edison or Bessemer, is not an enforced (artificial) tribute of monopoly. A man's monopoly in his ideas is natural; and patent laws are rather designed (indisputably no doubt) to encourage selling this monopoly than to protect it; for in the absence of law it needs no protection. Such profit might perhaps be called wages; but it was a ridiculous "break" of Warren's to say that the wages of an Edison "ought" or could possibly, be made less per day than an oiler's. However, if wages, interest, insurance, and tribute of monopoly, do make up profits, then that interest which remains after eliminating the other factors, is the commercial five per cent or whatever it may be, which a man can get for putting money, as lender or sleeping partner, into a business which he does not help conduct. And this, therefore, it must be that Wat Tyler means. But this interest is not a tax. If the support of the non-producers is derived from commercial interest, it is not derived from taxes. The only way I can account for Wat Tyler's thinking so, is to suppose him still haunted with the old time idea that interest is an exaction from distressed borrowers. But that idea is certainly erroneous. Any man of business will gladly take all the money he can get for such security as he possesses, and pay commercial interest on it. Exaction from distressed borrowers is but an exceptional practice—the practice of some pawnbrokers, dealers in *post obits*, etc. Neither is interest analogous to hire for the use of a horse, as Bastiat supposed, nor to the rent of a house. A horse can be hired, a house rented, only to one who thinks it better to hire or rent as needed than to own which perhaps, in free society, no one would. But any man of business will any time prefer borrowing money at current rates

to anything else except owning it. In this fact lies the true explanation of interest. Trade involves the element of speculation. To buy cheap that he may sell dear, is always the merchant's game; he well knows that value is a seesaw; to take advantage of the markets, he must have money; and to do that, he will always pay a rate whose proportion to the expected profit is fixed by competition among business men. The propositions about interest as paid by the producers, and about harmony between the objects of employers and employed, are all colored by this fallacy. The producers, of course, pay for all but what they get. They are not, however, the direct bearers of interest, and would not be eased by abolishing it, if that were possible. It comes out of what was stolen from them before interest could exist. It is the offal and bones of the leviathans who devour each other in Wall Street, Change Alley, and the Bourse. The producers pay it in no other sense than this, that the very bodies of these cannibal kings have first been nurtured on their spoils. The processes by which they themselves were exploited is very different. It is, as Adam Smith said "taxes." It is that undesignated element of profit treated in "Progress and Poverty," Book III, Ch. IV. If we are to find a place for it in current nomenclature, says Henry George, we must call it wages of superintendence. This name applies well enough to those gains of an Edison which, accordingly, are legitimate. But it does not apply, as George points out, to such vast acquisitions in land and income as were made by the Credit Mobilier. They are not product, but charter-*for*, to give the argument an ethical twist, they are not rewards for serving the public, but plunder exacted from it at sword's point—the sword, of course, being legislation.

Having once got out of the road, as I conceive, Wat Tyler strays rapidly. Like George, he underrates the Credit Mobilier kind of larceny. The multi-millionaire, he thinks is made by interest. I say by legislation. The East India Company was the first of those vast chartered syndicates, whose heirs are now masters of the world. It is an open secret that our American aloes, who shoot up from a counting house or a meat-market in a day, are only agents for a very small ring in London and Frankfurt. This owns the money. They merely invest it here.

Tyler's remedy is naturally worthy of his diagnosis. Communism, he says, is in heaven. So is Proudhon's Bank. And there I would let both of them stay, till I see some practical method of bringing them down to earth. All the causes for the failure of Fourieristic experiments resolve themselves into one cause,—the existence of government. And the same cause would defeat a mutual bank. In the days of truck pay, the heaviest capitalists of this city, nearly the biggest in the Mississippi Valley, I mean the Eau Claire Lumber Co., formerly Chapman & Thorpe, notwithstanding their sacred character as a very rich corporation, were fined and made to behave themselves by the United States government, for printing their own due bills, "with intent that these should circulate as currency."

Wat Tyler is also wrong, and inconsistent, in describing Proudhon as the founder of

Anarchistic philosophy while admitting that such Anarchists as Lum and Parsons learned their economics from Marx. Proudhon deserves all praise for not being afraid to call Anarchy Anarchy. By this he became the godfather and chief nurse of what, however, was already like some protected industry, a sufficiently healthy infant, at least sixty years old. But Marx was the young one's instructor in economic philosophy. It was Marx who pointed out the solidarity of interest, first among men of a trade in all countries, next among the proletaires in general everywhere. It was Marx who expanded Ricardo's law of prices into the doctrine of surplus value, and showed the helplessness of the proletariat through governmental methods. It was Marx who advocated associations of the trades and of proletaires generally, which, discarding patriotism, should substitute international leagues for civil government. In Marx' economics I find just one grave error, which he got from his own teachers, Ricardo. Improving on Malthus (who entirely rejected these innovations) Ricardo had asserted that increase of population must sink wages to the minimum cost of keeping and reproducing laborers (the Iron Law). Marx seized on this as a polemical weapon. But Malthus had said that the word reproduction covered a fallacy. The laborer's wages are not the minimum on which he can live and marry, but the minimum on which he will consent to do so. This criticism has been reproduced without credit, by John Stuart Mill. Malthus did not fail to see that the laborer's willingness to live on scraps was a measure of his stupidity, which the exploiters are, therefore, interested in perpetuating, nor (which is very important) that this is bound up with the Church's teachings about marriage. He missed seeing only one point, which in his time he could not have been expected to see—that the freedom of man is inseparable from that of woman. I need not add the latter is wholly inconsistent with government, its policy, and its purposes. But before Marx became too much of a politician, (because his Socialistic organization had absorbed what was left of Lassalle's) he did enough for Anarchism, to deserve a high place among its originators on the Continent. And this I have always given him, notwithstanding the sneers of St. Pierre Joseph's infallible successor. Holding, as I do, that speculation is of the essence of commerce, rests on monopoly, and causes interest, I identify all with government, the true point of attack. Revolutionary methods (king-killing, etc.), though bound to have their trial, I readily grant are not the most effective. The Anarchist with a book is more formidable than the Anarchist with a bomb. But the Anarchist with a bank or a phalanx is, I fear, but a poor critter. The Phlegethon we would turn underground, is, as Epaminondas said of the Spartan empire, mighty at the mouth, but little and easily choked up at the source, if we go there. The job is done if we but teach the enlightened class to regard governmentalism as an exploded superstition; and show the State Socialist that his idol is not, nor in the nature of things ever can be again, while it lasts, any more than a puppet manipulated by a tiny clique of money-bags. I really believe this can be effected in a very few more years. Time enough to discuss the merits of Communism and Mutual Banking when the removal of government has made it possible to try either one or the other. C. L. JAMES.

FREE SOCIETY.

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Asso.

A. ISAAK.....PUBLISHER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered October 29, 1901, as second-class matter, Post Office at Chicago, Illinois. Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he, who, in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

Splinters.

The constitutional convention of Virginia has taken back its bluff to exclude free speech as one of the "constitutional rights." Despotism is a dangerous game, for despot and slaves alike.

"The liberties of the people are in a sorry plight when Goldman, Parsons, Isaak, Havel, and Darrow are their sole defenders," says the *Chicago Journal*. Precisely so. It is well to have such an admission, although not exactly intended thus. The spirit of freedom is in a sorry plight, when one cannot raise his voice for the liberty of opinion without being abused and brow-beaten by penny pigmies, otherwise the press, or "lever of public opinion."

It is announced from Washington, D. C., that the writing, including the signatures, on the original Declaration of Independence has entirely faded so that it is now merely a blank sheet of parchment. Most timely and appropriate! As with the passing of time the original Declaration became faded and indistinct, so in the spirit of the times the spirit of the Declaration faded away and became a blank, empty, phrase.

From a mad raving and vicious lying, the press has passed to an almost complete silence on the subject of Anarchy. This latter way is no doubt more wise than the former, although neither solve anything. But the whole course of the press is strongly suggestive of a bull who has seen a red cloth.

Comrade Morton wastes some very good space in *Discontent*, to declare that Roosevelt "should receive the commendation of every liberal," for his act of entertaining a Negro as a family guest. It is an act of common occurrence, and deserves no "praise," and receives none ordinarily. Fair play to the enemy, certainly; but no favoritism!

One of those awful and inevitable calamities of our industrial system occurred at Telluride, Colo., on November 20. Owing to a fire close by, the smoke penetrated the entrance of the Smuggler-Union mine, and

about twenty-five lives were lost from suffocation. The facts go to show that had there been facilities for closing off the draft at the entrance of the tunnel, or had some of the buildings been blown up to stop the fire, the men would have escaped with their lives. As in many other instances, the safety of the workers was not attended to, as that costs money. Men being numerous and cheap, their lives are of minor importance. It is useless to complain that a law has been violated, or commercial greed shown. The cause of the matter is human slavery. Remove that cause, and men will not be compelled to stake their lives for the benefit of other's profits. But as long wage slavery itself is not assailed, its minor results are unpreventable.

During the past week Congress has assembled; and that important institution in American politics, "the president's message," has been delivered with due pomp and ceremony. A goodly portion of it discusses "Anarchy." It is a pitiable exhibition of stupidity and ignorance. Instead of showing the least knowledge or discernment, it is simply a rehash of recent newspaper ravings during a time of panic. I had credited Roosevelt with some independence and intelligence; but I must admit that I was a victim of "dope," and committed the folly of giving credence to some current reports.

ABE ISAAK JR.

Defense Fund.

A number of comrades were arrested on various pretexts during the popular clamor. Of these the Home comrades, Larkin, Govan, and Adams, G. Ciancabilla, editor of *L'Aurora*, and John Most, editor of *Freiheit*, are still in the hands of the authorities. A vigorous defense is being carried on in each case; but funds are needed for this purpose. An appeal is therefore sent out. It is hoped the comrades everywhere will contribute to the extent of their ability.

O. A. Verity is secretary of the defense committee at Home, Wash., and he will receipt for all contributions sent there. The trial of the Home comrades will take place some time in February.

Contributions for Comrade Ciancabilla's defense should be sent to *L'Aurora*, Box 203, Spring Valley, Ill.

The Workingmen's Defense Association has charge of John Most's appeal. The secretary is Ed. Brady, 182 E. 82d St., New York, N. Y.

Love and Freedom.

Only sparrows and swallows dare to confide their love to the walls and trees of Paris. They live and love among us. We certainly have canaries in cages who lay and sit. But what sad sweethearts they make! One would think our canaries were married before the mayor. Their enforced union, the habit of imprisoning them behind bars is as stupid as a marriage. They have pale and peevish young ones, who never expand their wings with the freedom of the offspring of love.

You should see the sparrows at liberty in the holes in the old walls, the swallows at liberty on the chimney tops. They love and breed in the open air, and marriages among them are marriages of inclination.—Emile Zola.

— o —

Chords.

A great part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. . . . It existed prior to government, and would exist if the formality of government was abolished. . . . A great part of what is called government is mere imposition. . . . Instances are not wanting to show that everything which government does has been performed by the common consent of society, without government. For upwards of two years from the commencement of the American Revolution, and a longer period in several of the American States, there was no established form of government. The old government had been abolished, yet during this interval, order and harmony were preserved as inviolate as any country of Europe.

The instant formal government is abolished, society begins to act. A general association takes place, and common interest produces common security. So far is it from being true, as has been pretended, that the abolition of any formal government is the dissolution of society, it acts by a contrary impulse, and brings society closer together.

Man, were he not corrupted by government, is naturally the friend of man. . . . The idea of having navies for the protection of commerce, is delusive; commerce needs no other protection than reciprocal interest; the only interruption it meets is from the uncivilized state of governments.

If we look back to the riots and tumults, which at various times have happened, we shall find that they did not proceed from the lack of a government, but that a government itself was the generating cause; instead of consolidating society, it divided it; it deprived it of its natural cohesion, and engendered discontents and disorders, which otherwise would not have existed.—"Rights of Man," by Thomas Paine.

— o —

A Protest Against Electrocutation.

Writing in the *Figaro* (Paris) on the electrocution of Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, M. Alexander Hepp—who is neither a Socialist nor an Anarchist—utters the following pointed protest:—"It all took place within the prison walls, with no witnesses but the prison officials and a few picked gentlemen. What then, becomes of moralization by terror, of the argument drawn from exemplary chastisement, and the sight of the expiation? They have no longer any force, since all goes on in a parlor of Dame Justice. On the other hand, this privacy, with its shamefaced air, sharpens still more all that is remorseful in our consciences at these reprisals of society. If the exercise of the alleged right to kill, in a public place, with a howling crowd looking on, filled the generous mind with horror,

how much more sickening the idea of the silent, secret execution, as if those engaged in it were ashamed of themselves. The conscience feels bewildered when the right to kill seeks to exercise itself with a refinement of cruelty, and calls in to do its work the greatest inventions and the finest fruits of science. No doubt the hand of the assassin was unhesitating, the wounds he made were horrible; but is one horror to be punished or avenged by perpetrating another? If there be really progress, why show it in refinements of penal cruelty, and not in the raising of the mind? This partnership of the savant and the executioner, of modern light and the darkness of the Middle Ages, of so-called free thought with the most sinister survivals of the bad old times, is stupefying."—*Freethinker*, London.

Sarcasm.

I wish to congratulate the comrades everywhere on a new contribution to Anarchist literature by our friend "Teddy the Terrible." I refer to that part of his message to Congress relating to Anarchism.

In it he shows a thorough understanding and knowledge of the subject which is little short of marvellous. For purposes of propaganda, it is in my opinion equal, if not superior, to Capt. Schaack's "Anarchy and Anarchists," (and we know how good that is).

Considered from a literary standpoint, Teddy's work is a masterpiece of art; contains no sensationalism; and its general tone shows a culture and refinement found only in such classics as "Deadwood Dick," "Roaring Bill," "One Eyed-Mike," etc. "Nuf Sed."

H. W. KOEHN.

Incredible.

Who would have believed it both possible, after reading the American denunciations of Spain's concentration policy in Cuba in 1897 and '98, that within three years American generals would be applying it in the Philippines? Yet the unexpected has come to pass. In Samar the strictest orders have been given for the entire population of the island to concentrate in towns, accompanied by the threat that any one found outside them will be shot or hung as an enemy of the American people. Any man who should have dared in 1898 to prophesy such a state of affairs would have been denounced far and wide as a slanderer of the United States, and been informed that the American flag never would cover such infamy. Now, however, the situation has changed, and it is almost impossible to get those newspapers which were most outspoken in their denunciations of Spanish misrule to discuss the situation in the Philippines. When they are forced to comment upon it by such mishaps as the recent disaster in Samar, it is only to assure their readers, as did the *New York Times* recently, that the situation in Luzon is satisfactory.—*New York Evening Post*.

Prefatory to the associated press dispatch giving an account of the last effort made to induce Czolgosz to implicate others in a conspiracy to assassinate, at which time the prisoner steadily persisted as before in his

statement that neither Emma Goldman nor any one else had told him to kill the president, but that he did so because McKinley wouldn't give him work and was continually talking about prosperity, the *Southern Mercury* makes these observations:

"It must be remembered that there was no witness present at the sweating process, and we must satisfy ourselves with what the keeper relates and as he relates it. The reader will not fail to notice the devilish treachery of the keeper in offering the prisoner a hope of escape if he would accuse others. Here for once, at least, it is surely permissible to praise the prisoner's manhood, and sense of honor which made him spurn the offer of freedom in exchange for betraying innocent blood with a lie. It is also to his credit, that the keeper failed miserably in attempting to make him accuse Emma Goldman, by meanly telling him what she had said about him."—*Texas Observer*.

* This was a lie. Emma Goldman did not make the remarks attributed to her.

Here and There.

On December 2 five judges of the superior court at Philadelphia heard a petition of habeas corpus for the release of Alexander Berkman. The petition holds that "entering a building" (without further description) for which he was indicted three times and sentenced three year on each indictment, is not an indictable offense. The court reversed its decision until a further date.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* has a Correspondence Column where anything, even Anarchism may be discussed. A comrade informs us that special courtesy is paid to those residing outside of Philadelphia. This is a splendid opportunity to get some truths before the public.

A man in Minnesota has been sentenced to three year's imprisonment for shooting a supposed Anarchist. There is quiet a difference between shooting an Anarchist, and an Anarchist shooting someone else. Berkman received twenty-two years for the same offense.

The Un-Henly Hen.

"Do look at the impudent baggage and see the airs she gives herself," said the speckled hen; "the cock says that she is a blue-stocking, but her blue-stocking shall not save her from having a peck on the leg if I have to do it myself."

"Then she will have a blue leg," said the brown hen, swelling out her feathers, "and serve the creature right for her vulgar pretensions. Just look at her, standing there, now, staring at the sky instead of scratching the ground like an honest hen. She is doing it to attract attention. Have you heard that she said that, if we constantly tried to crow, and taught our chicks to endeavor to crow, in a few centuries hens would have as good voices as cocks?"

"Absurd!" exclaimed the speckled hen.

"Mad!" screamed the black hen, whose nerves were weak. "Shut her up, shut her up, give her a piece of my mind."

"For my part, I don't see any advantage in crowing," said the brown hen, "the best life is the domesticated one. What my mother and grandmother did is good enough for me; they pecked, cackled, and scratched round, moulted, and got broody, and so I am right in cackling, scratching, getting

broody, etc. There is nothing like a family for bringing out your best qualities. O, the nights I had when my eldest had the pip; how much better to have a heart than head."

"A hen should be all heart," said the black hen. "that's what I say, you know."

"You will see the blue-stocking will make a poor thing. She will be a bad daughter, a worse wife, and a mad mother," said the speckled hen.

"She is very self-opinionated," said the brown hen, "and thinks she knows everything; and she dresses in a low, conspicuous way, brown and black and speckles are so much more genteel than yellow."

"Yellow is too cheerful and sunlit," said the bantam, "eh? Sunshine is very vulgar, eh? Colors ought to be suppressed by law. If we had, say, a brown sky, black grass, and speckled flowers, that would be much finer."

"I don't go so far as that," they all cackled unanimously.

"The fact is, color is common because you don't wear it, and she does," said the bantam, "that is enough, of course. Nature must be altered and made genteel, a few more drabs and grays, perhaps."

"I should not object so much to her wearing yellow in the hen-house," cried the speckled hen, "but what I think is so bad is that she parades out of doors in it, and that makes everyone stare."

"Why shouldn't they stare if it gives them pleasure, and she does not mind it?" asked the bantam.

"What a queer fellow you are!" said the brown fowl. "Why, of course it is wrong to be stared at. My mother always said so; she did not know why, and of course what was enough to convince a hen as clever as she was, ought to do for us."

"Not at all," said the bantam; "have a reason if there is one, but I don't think there is. The truth is, you don't care for thinking yourself, and don't want anyone else to think. You desire to interfere with the yellow hen's liberty, and tyranny is always bad. If she is different from you, she must be either deformed or the beginning of a new type; in either case you ought to let her alone, for if she is deformed, she should be pitied and sympathized with, and if she is the first divergence towards a new type, that is the best thing that can happen for everyone. As for heart, that is only good when balanced by head. You loved your eldest when he had the pip, but if you had learned the right way to treat him and feed him, he would not have died."

"Cruel!" sobbed the brown hen. "I gave him p-p-p-pastry up to the last."

"Pastry was the worst thing you could have given him," answered the bantam; "a pepper-corn would have been more to the point. But come, don't excite yourselves. The blue-stocking is not likely to be a bad wife, for she is not such a fool as to get married under present conditions."

Then the bantam strolled away, and the speckled hen said comfortingly:

"Don't cry, dear, she is an impertinent, story-telling minx, and has set herself up even to teach the cock. While as for that fellow," looking at the retreating figure of the bantam, "he is getting more overbearing every day."

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

History of the French Revolution.

XXIX

On the 22d of Prairial (June 10, 1794) Conthon introduced a terrific decree. The Revolutionary Tribunal was to be reconstructed. Twelve judges and fifty jurymen, picked fellows, were to serve on all the panels. The jurisprudence of Terror was reduced to a few sentences. Whatever the Tribunal thought uncivic was to be so. Whatever satisfied the jury was to be proof. It was expressly provided that the court might convict arbitrarily, without evidence. The State was to have counsel, the prisoner none. Death was the only penalty. An unusually hot debate followed. One man said it was as good to blow his brains out as live under such laws. A proposal was made to exempt members of the Convention. Robespierre would not consent. He was asked to name the guilty members. He declined. Supported by the whole committee, he got the decree passed. But it was a fatal triumph, for it warned all his colleagues of a proscription in which any one of them might be included. Fouquier prepared with gusto for a great increase in slaughter. And now signs of reviving clemency began to cheer the doer of evil that good might come. Collet d'Herbois spoke ill of Tinville—over whose shoulders he meant to whip Robespierre. The Attorney, said the Actor, would "seduce" La Guillotine! This Vestal of Terror was removed to Chaste St. Marceau, out of well dressed peoples' sight. The principal butchers next became marks for assassins. Tinville thought prudent to keep out of view. A man named L'admiral fired three shots at D'Herbois. A girl, Cecile Regnault, came armed to Robespierre's dwelling, with the apparent intention of killing him. It is remarkable that Robespierre tried to save this poor child, who seems to have been insane and unfit to carry out such serious designs; but the credit he might deserve is impaired by a remarkable complication. The bloody Vadier has got hold of Robespierre's "divine mother" Catherine Theot. Mademoiselle Regnault, L'admiral, and no less than forty-six other persons, were indicted and guillotined together, among them being two beautiful and dissolute *ci devant* ladies, named St. Amaranthe, who adhered to the Theot sect and were very thick with both Robespierres. On the same day (June 17) the "Mother of God" and her high priest, Dan Gerle, were brought to the bar of the Convention; where every infidel member enjoyed the sight of this withered hag exhibited as proof what Robespierre's revival of religion meant! Robespierre was furious. He threatened to expose Vadier's cruelties. He reluctantly gave up the St. Amaranthes; but he bullied Tinville into suspending prosecution of his other friends. "The Mother of God" died in prison. Dan Gerle outlived the Terror. Robespierre now ceased to attend the Committee—a crowning blunder; for who could forget his incubation of poison during Ventose, or fail to see the cold blooded serpent was nourishing his fangs again? Had Robespierre been in the habit of studying Thucydides instead of Plutarch, he would have known that at such times the dull man who strikes first will destroy the intelligent one who deliberates too long. The conspir-

acy against him was originated, as Alison intimates, by rich rascals. He had got Fouché expelled from the Jacobin Club for a rogue—and an atheist—but, never personally cruel, though so easily led by policy to share in other's cruelties, he had neglected to have this odious fellow guillotined, which should have been an easy job. Fouché, if his memoirs are genuine, tells us himself, what at any rate is corroborated by Barras, Sergeant, and others, that he went about pretending to have seen the forthcoming proscription list, and warning members of the Convention that their names were marked. Sixty were thus united against Robespierre—Feuillantists, Girondins, Dantonists, Hébertists and rogues. Barras, another monumental knave, who, I suppose, may be believed against himself, says he had had interviews with Billaud Varennes and Robespierre, and was convinced both meant to punish his rascalities. Fréron, the old journalist, deep in the robberies and carnage of Toulon, was a conspirator for similar reason. Tallien, "the butcher of Bordeaux" was brought in by a more honorable motive, which has half redeemed his fame. The influence of his mistress, Madame de Fontenay* made him greatly mitigate the Terror where he had power; and procured her the divine title *Notre Dame de la Pitié*. For this angelic crime she was now in danger.† The conspirators' original intention was to attack the committees as a whole. Having scented this out, Varennes, D'Herbois, and Barere, tried to rally their forces. St. Just returned from the army to Paris, and a conference was held, at which Robespierre was urged to tell whom he wanted punished. He named Barras, Fouché, Tallien, Carrier, Fréron, and Dubois Draucé, one of the slaughter-men of Lyons. Varennes supported him; but some members of the committees would not agree. Explanations and shaking of hands took place between Robespierre and Varennes—and D'Herbois, who had quarreled at previous meetings; but it was only a truce. In St. Just's opinion, it was a snare. There can be little doubt Varennes and D'Herbois now first began to intrigue with the conspirators. The latter saw how much stronger they would be if aided by a faction in the Committee. The bloody men in the Committee remembered that Robespierre had repeatedly leaned towards Moderation, remembered his game of sacrificing extremists from both sides, remembered the result of his previous "retreat," and in his mention of Carrier read the doom which impended over the Terror—therefore, probably, themselves. Robespierre again withdrew from the Committee. He still lived, as he had done since

* This lady was the intimate friend of her fellow prisoner, Josephine Beauharnais. Their chastity was on a par; and this Napoleon well knew. But the common assumption that variety in love means discarding one for another, is either a perverse error or shows great ignorance of the world. Even after Napoleon's policy caused a legal separation, he continued quite openly to be Josephine's lover.

† The infamous Carrier, at large on bail in Paris, joined against Robespierre to save his own neck, whose time was actually prolonged by the "dictator's" fall. Varennes and D'Herbois would, it seems, have protected him (see below), but that their power ceased with Robespierre's. Courtois, thief and forger, was also in the plots, of which his house became headquarters.

the massacre in the Champs de Mars, with a family named Duplay, to whose daughter, Eléanore, he had become attached. He used to walk with her on long summer evenings in the Champ Elysées, accompanied by his big Danish dog Bruant. At a later hour he visited cafés and played chess, on his skill in which game he prided himself. His friends, with St. Just at the head, urged him to strike a decisive blow. The mayor Fleuriot; the procureur of Paris, Payun; the procureur of the Committee, Tinville; and the commander of the guards, Henriot; were ready to serve him. Young Jacobins, *tappeturs*, with loaded sticks, escorted him about. Anonymous letters, advising him to "dare," came through the mail. But with a pedantic honesty and irresolution, not unlike that of one among his antique favorite, Tiberius Gracchus, he would use only constitutional means. The Convention, where he had so often triumphed, was the weapon he was oiling. He forgot, it seems, that his use of it had become an old trick—forgot that Gracchus was howled down and clubbed to death in the Senate.

During June, the slaughter roll went up to 672, more than double any previous month. In the twenty-eight days of July preceding Robespierre's death, it reached 765,—average nearly 28 a day!* It has been already observed by me and others, that Robespierre was innocent of these worst butcheries. So too was atheism—the government had become Christian or at least Theophilanthropic. Hébert and Clootz were sleeping in dishonored graves. The pious Barere distinguished himself, as usual, by zeal for the fashion—which happened just then to be murder. In a ridiculous Carmagnole he attributed the acts of Charlotte Corday, L'admiral, and Cecile Regnault, fanatics who had sealed their devotion with their blood, to the influence of Pitt's guineas. He proposed and carried a decree that no quarter should be given English soldiers. In a brush with the bayonet soon after, none was given. Barere greatly elated, proposed that the decree should be extended to all foreigners, unless they surrendered within four and twenty hours. But the soldiers refused to execute the

* "In the autumn of 1793, there was undoubtedly reason to apprehend that France might be unable to maintain the struggle against the European coalition. . . . But at that time eight or ten necks a day were thought an ample allowance for the guillotine of the capital. . . . In the summer of 1794 . . . the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was not content with forty, fifty, sixty heads in a morning." Macaulay (Barere). At the first of those periods mentioned, there was no daily sacrifice in Paris. At the period last meant (just before the Couthon-Robespierre decree of Prairial) the average was about ten. While Robespierre lived, it never exceeded twenty-eight. Individual batches only were as high as Macaulay says. They sometimes reached, twenty-two, I think, in 1793. Concerning the denunciations mentioned above—they were sometimes secret to this extent that the committee which received them held back information on the ground of their not including proofs but only reasons for arrest on suspicion. In all cases, however, the committee at least had the names of the accusers, and could require them to make their words good. The trials were public, and the court until Prairial went by the evidence given there; under those ordinary rules of French laws, which in many respects conflict with English ideas of justice to the prisoner; but do not allow private information to influence the result. Nor can this last be well read into the Robespierre-Couthon law of Prairial 22.

orders of the Convention, which accordingly remained a dead letter.* About this time, Barere was at last admitted to the Jacobin Club, and soon after called to preside.

It is among the innumerable extravagances of anti-revolutionary literature to describe Paris, during these terrible days as wrapped in "funereal gloom"; as a city where no man's neck was worth a rush unless it intervened between a dirty red night-cap and a ragged coat, and where, even with protection of those sacred emblems, it was necessarily chilled by the vicinity of a deadly knife. In truth evidence is plentifully lacking that a family which let politics alone felt, or had reason to feel, in danger. There is no recorded case in proof that the law requiring every one to take a side annoyed that immense majority who always side with the *de facto* authorities; that the laws of suspects and the denunciations, harsh and unjustifiable as they were, served the turn of private spite or cupidity. Under that terrible regime of "Virtue and Terror," it would have been very dangerous to so abuse them. The Great Committee kept no Lion's Mouth for secret accusations, like the Venetian aristocracy; it issued no blank forms of arrest, like the French monarchy, it did not like the English government, treat the reader of seditious literature as a felon, and the perjured *mouton* as a simple misde-meanant. He who tried to swear away the life of an innocent fellow citizen, would have stood an excellent chance to lose his own. There is undoubtedly a certain likeness between the reign of Virtue and Terror in Paris, and the Puritan regime in London. But French Puritanism never approached the dismalness of English and American; nor were they as grim and ghastly as sensational writers paint them. Oliver Cromwell dressed like a nobleman after becoming one. Robespierre, though he carried all he possessed on his back, was a heavy swell from first to last. Barere and Sechelles were men of pleasure. To prove the Unbreachedness of one's principles in France by going ragged, was what it was in England to prove the soberness of one's conversation by abjuring starch. It was a fad, accepted and exaggerated by hypocrites, for a short time, but scorned, by those whose character needed no outward badge to recommend it—even before Hebert's fall. Throughout the Reign of Terror, the theaters and concert halls of Paris were nightly crowded. *Ci devants* and new rich mingled in grand balls. The *canaille* danced upon the site of the Bastille. Clichy was the Mabile of the period. The fete, of the Revolution were among its most striking and characteristic scenes. Carrying out the analogy of Puritanism, Virtue and Terror had their excitements for those too poor or too scrupulous to share the genial kind. The next day's batch (*fournée*) of trials was

awaited as eagerly as the weather bulletin. Bets were made on the number. Conversation about the guillotine was as racy as a hell-fire sermon; and the *tricoteuses* counted falling heads with gusto worthy of Tertullian. Mercier has preserved an anecdote which used to delight Barere; and illustrates strikingly "the grotesque combination of the frivolous with the horrible." It would be quite a mistake to suppose the power which put down treason could put down human nature. When a zealous brother at the Club set the red cap on Robespierre's head, he threw it off and trampled on it. When Santerre proposed to purge the city of obnoxious dogs and cats, the lovers of these quadrupeds arose with all the zeal of anti-vivisectionists. The captor of the Tuileries backed down! "Let Hercules himself do what he might" the love-sick feline continued to make night hideous and the hydrophobic cur remained a terror to old ladies as before.

On the 7th of Thermidor (July 25), the Convention, having heard rumors that the boy Capet was ill-treated by Simon, appointed a committee to investigate. They found "Louis XVII" locked up within his room, in clothes which evidently had not been changed for months. His bed and his person were covered with vermin. His body was diseased, and his mind had become imbecile. He was properly cared for during the remainder of his life, which ended June 8, 1795. Robespierre had nothing to do either with his ill-usage or his liberation, for care of the Capet children had hitherto been left to the Communal government, which is said to have given Simon a hint that, though Louis must not be put to death, it would be convenient if he found patriotism enough to die of his own accord.* Robespierre, however, had been making preparations and giving warning to his enemies in his usual leisurly fashion. His brother and St. Just were summoned again to Paris. According to the "Memoirs of a Regicide," there was, on or about the 3d of Thermidor, another conference for the purpose of deciding what members of the Convention should die under the law of Prairial. The Committee could not agree about two names; and Vadier angrily tore up the whole list. On the 8th of Thermidor, Robespierre reappeared in the Convention. He read a speech of tremendous length, which Cambacères assured Napoleon, was full of beauties. It certainly was full of blunders. He picked at several of his colleagues—among them Cambon,† a

* A person known as the duke of Normandy afterwards appeared, who claimed to be Louis XVII. Like the pseudo-Baldwin, "Perkin Warbeck," and "Sir Roger Tichbourne," he produced some remarkable facts; but in his case these were such as he might easily have learned. The most striking is that on the 26th Prairial (June 14), 1894, the Convention ordered young Capet should be pursued in all directions. Some Sisters of Mercy testified to having attended Mme. Simon during her last illness, in the year 1819. She confessed, they said, having smuggled her charge away in a basket of clothes. The "duke's" biography was written by his believer Beauchesse. There were other pretenders of less note.

† He was the only witness called by Fouquier Tinville against Danton; and his testimony by no means pleased his own side. He afterwards expressed much regret for the events of Thermidor.

execution of the Girondins. The two main points in this rambling harangue were that it was time for bloodshed to cease; and that a few persons ought to be punished for exceeding their powers and bringing disgrace on liberty. Nothing is clearer from subsequent events than that this was the only course to be taken. Nothing could be more indiscreet than Robespierre's way of proposing it. He still called no names, but left the axe of Prairial hanging over every head. He, however, gave notice to the men of blood. It is doubtful if Varennes and D'Herbois made up their minds to attack him until now. He retained the offensive role of dictator: but he did not, like Critias, have his Satyrus at hand to drag off gainsayers, though Henriot was all ready for that job. Lecointre, of Versailles celebrity, moved that the speech be printed and sent to the departments. Barere seconded the motion, and it passed. After an awful pause, the conspirator Bourdon moved to reconsider. Vadier brought up the matter of Catherine Theot. Varennes spoke against the printing. Cambon made an angry reply to Robespierre's attack. Robespierre was reduced to apologizing, and did not manage it well. Panis, late Dantonist, at one time accused of wanting to make Robespierre a dictator, asked whether it were true that he and Fouché had been marked for death? Instantly a host of members, afraid of their necks, but perceiving that carnage had become prudence, began to cry "Give us the names! Give the names!" Robespierre who always lacked quickness, fell into complete confusion. Nothing was made clear by his explanation but that he would not give names. Amar now moved that the speech be referred to the Committees. Barere, assuming his old familiar role of peacemaker, begged his colleagues to avoid disputes which could please only the common enemy;—and, seconded Amar's motion, which prevailed. Robespierre gathered up his voluminous manuscript and walked away, defeated but by no means overthrown. A little yielding, it is probable, might still have induced harmony in the committee. Instead of this, he resolved on an appeal to the Club. News of the scene in Convention had gone about; throngs were gathering; the excitement was great. The Club was sure to be crowded. Robespierre was there betimes; so were Varennes and D'Herbois. Robespierre received an ovation. It was understood he had prepared another speech in answer to expected objections. The Club called loudly for the first part, listened to his verbose eloquence two mortal hours, and greeted every period with thundering applause—sure proof that he was right in thinking the time for Moderation had arrived. When Varennes and D'Herbois attempted to reply, their voices were drowned by hooting and execrations. Knives were drawn on D'Herbois; and he fled with his friend to the Committee, which remained all night, in session and very anxious, at their retiring room. The Club demanded to be led against them. Their overthrow would have been easy. But Robespierre had repeatedly said there should be no Cromwell—not even himself, and to this scruple he adhered, through it became a transparently foolish one from the moment he attempted to arouse the populace. Some voices, it is said, cried "Where is Danton?" Where, indeed? Danton, Westermann, might have arrested the stream of carnage without arresting the progress of democracy. But they were dead—slain by Robespierre, as a prick from a rusty nail may cut short the promise of the most brilliant genius.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* Macaulay speaks with just severity of Barere's decrees and the effects they must have produced, if they had produced any. But he surely forgets that no quarter was given the English in the last campaign of Napoleon, whom he praises for disobeying the Convention. Or are such barbarities justifiable in even an usurping king, and execrable only in a Jacobin? It is another gross misrepresentation to describe as unparalleled wickedness in Barere what had already been done by Girondins.

339

The number printed on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

The following named persons will receive and receipt for subscriptions to FREE SOCIETY.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—H. Bauer, 73 Spring-garden Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—M. Kisluck, 1108 Baltic Ave.
B. Morwitz, 2018 Baltic Ave.
BALTIMORE—M. Kahn, 1139 Granby St.
BOSTON—K. A. Snellenberg, 54 Haskins St., Roxbury.
BUFFALO—Hattie Lang, 56 Wasmuth St.
CHICAGO—H. Havel, 515 Carroll Ave.
A. Schneider, 515 Carroll Ave.
CLEVELAND—E. Schilling, 4 Elwell St.
COLUMBUS, OHIO.—H. M. Lyndall, 416 E. Mound St.
LONDON, Eng.—T. Cantwell, 127 Ossulton St., N. W.
MONTREAL, Canada.—Norman Murray, 21 Beaver Hall Hill.
NEW YORK—M. Maisel, 170 Henry St.
PHILADELPHIA—Natalia Notkin, 242 N. Second St.
SAN FRANCISCO—R. Rieger, 322 Larkin St.

FREE DISCUSSIONS IN CHICAGO.

Pertinent questions are discussed in the following meetings, of which the comrades can avail themselves to disseminate our ideas.

Chicago Philosophical Society meets every Sunday evening, 8 p. m., at 26 E. Van Buren St., Hall 202. Lectures on all questions now agitating the public mind will be delivered. Subject for December 8: "Development of Society." Speaker, T. Morgan.

Free speech without an exception clause. All welcome.

Chicago Commons, Cor. Morgan St. and Grand Ave., every Tuesday evening. Subject for next Tuesday: "Law, and why we need it."

Daughters of Revolution, 203 Michigan Ave., every second Friday night. December 13 Louis F. Post will speak on "Henry George."

Freisinnige Gemeinde, (German), Schoenhofers Hall, Cor. Ashland and Milwaukee Aves., every second Saturday night.

Debattir Club No. 1, (German), every second Wednesday night, at Freyman's Hall, Halsted, Cor. North Ave. Subject for Dec. 18: "Socialismus als Weltmacht." Sprecher: Prof. Untermann.

Free Lectures given every Sunday at 3 p. m., Handel Hall, 40 Randolph St., by Dr. O. Hanish. Subject for December 8: "Why I Live, and Why Now."

As we predicted, Captain Oberlin is to have a new hearing. It simply "won't do at all" to have a four million dollar thief

in prison any great length of time, even if cared for like a guest rather than a prisoner.—Texas Observer.

A scheme is on foot to revive the Topolobampo colony.

Although Roosevelt seems to have no fear of the "color line" when it is black, it is altogether another story when the color is red.

Self-development is greater than self-sacrifice.—Grant Allen.

The Letter-Box.

B. B., Walnut Springs, Tex.—All right! I don't think you'll feel like killing us, after you get through reading.

J. A. E., Cripple Creek, Colo.—Thanks for encouraging words. Only ignoramus can take the "stamping-out craze" seriously.

A. B., Philadelphia.—We were glad to hear that Mr. Pleydell resists compulsory vaccination, for it is thus that the law will become void. Let us hear the result of his fight.

M. S., City.—If you paid 50 cents for "Field, Factory, and Workshop," there is due you ten cents. We intended to sell the book for 50 cents, but changed our mind.

F. T.—We think it futile to refute the "criticism" of the *Freie Arbeiter-Stimme* in FREE SOCIETY. All who have read Comrade Goldman's article know that Comrade Janoffsky has set up a strawman and tried to knock him down by contradictory "argument." Why not reply in the F. A. S. directly?

C. B. W., Denver.—Sorry to say that your postal came to late for the change.

J. N. L., Montey, Kans.—Your encouraging words received. If all old soldiers were imbued with your spirit, the Grand Army Post would not have stood as it did toward the Home colony. Greetings.

MEETINGS.

New York City.—SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB meets every Monday evening, 8:30 p. m., in Civic Hall, 128 E. 28th St., between Madison and Third Aves. Subjects:

December 9—"Anarchism and Communism." R. Grossman.

December 16—"The Perfect World—A. D. 1200." Lincoln King.

Dec. 23—"Discipline." Mrs. E. B. Firm.

Dec. 30—"Anarchists and Anarchism: their Principles and their Tactics." Alexander Horr.

Cleveland, Ohio.—THE LIBERTY ASSOCIATION meets every Sunday, 2:30 p. m., at 393 Ontario St., Arch Hall. Free discussions follow the lectures.

FIELD, FACTORY AND WORKSHOP.
BY PETER KROPOTKIN.

This interesting work has now been published in a popular edition. No student of social and economical affairs can do without it.

The book contains the following chapters: The Decentralization of Industries.—The Possibilities of Agriculture.—Small Industrial Villages.—Brain Work and Manual Work.—Conclusion.—Appendix.

Price, paper cover, 40 cents, postpaid, 45 cents.

Order from FREE SOCIETY.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

BY
PETER KROPOTKIN.

This interesting autobiography of the well known Anarchist and scientist, is one of the most important books of the Anarchist movement, as well as one of general interest. "He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries than of himself," says the noted European critic Georg Brandes. "One finds in his book the psychology of official Russia and of the masses underneath, of Russia struggling forward and of Russia stagnant. And he strives to give the history of his contemporaries rather than his own history. The record of his life contains, consequently, the history of Russia during his lifetime, as well as the history of the labor movement in Europe during the last half-century."

The book contains two portraits of the author, and one of his mother. It is excellently printed and well bound; 519 pp.

Price \$2.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE 1871.

Translated from the French of

P. O. LISSAGARAY

By ELEANOR MARK AVELING.

The above book is the most reliable history of the Commune of 1871, and should be in every library of the student of revolutionary movements. Arrangements which we have made with the publishers enable us to mail the book postpaid for

75 CENTS.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

THE FAMOUS SPEECHES OF THE EIGHT
ANARCHISTS IN COURT

AND
ALTGELD'S REASONS FOR PARDONING
FIELDEN, NEEBE AND SCHWAB.

This book contains a half-tone picture of our eight comrades and one of the monument erected at Waldheim cemetery to the memory of those murdered by the government. This is the best edition of the book ever printed. It contains 168 pages.

Price 25 cents.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

MORIBUND SOCIETY
AND ANARCHY.

Translated from the French of

JEAN GRAVE

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

CONTENTS:

The Anarchistic Idea and its Development.—Individualism and Solidarity.—Too Abstract.—Is Man Evil?—Property.—The Family.—Authority.—The Magistracy.—The Right to Punish and the Savants.—The Influence of Environment.—"The Country."—The Patriotism of the Governing Classes.—Militarism.—Colonization.—There are no Inferior Races.—Why We are Revolutionists.—As to what Means follow from the Principles.—Revolution and Anarchy.—The Efficacy of Reforms.—The Experimental Method.—What Then?—Anarchism and its Practicability.—The Unvarnished Truth.

The book is printed in large type, and consists of 176 pages.

Price, paper cover, 25c; bound 60c. Five copies \$1.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

BOOK LIST.

ALL ORDERS FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS
RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

Essays on the Social Problem.....	
.....H. Addis	05
The New Hedonism.....Grant Allen	05
Plain Words on the Woman	
Question.....	05
God and the State.....Bakunin	05
The Same. (London edition).....	10
The Proletarian Revolt, a History of the Paris Commune of 1871.....	
.....G. B. Benham	25
Prodigal Daughter; or, The Price of Virtue.....Rachel Campbell	25
The Worm Turns.....V. de Cleyre	10
Evolution of Modesty.....	05
The Emancipation of Society from Government.....Dallan Doyle	05
Hilda's Home. Cloth \$1.....	
.....Rosa Graul	50
Moribund Society and Anarchy. Cloth 60c.....Jean Grave	25
A Physician in the House.....	
.....Dr. J. H. Greer	2.75
The Education of the Feminine Will.....Harlor	05
Marriage and Morality.....	
.....Lillian Harman	05
Regeneration of Society.....	05
Love in Freedom.....Moses Harman	05
Motherhood in Freedom.....	05
Government Analyzed.....Kelso	1.00
How to Dispose of Surplus Products and Employ Surplus Labor.....Kinghorn-Jones	05
Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal.....Peter Kropotkin	05
An Appeal to the Young.....	05
Anarchist Morality.....	05
Law and Authority.....	05
Memoirs of a Revolutionist.....	2.00
Paris Commune.....	05
The State: Its Historic Role.....	10
The Wage System. Revolutionary Government.....	05
History of the Commune. Cloth.....Lissagaray	75
The Economics of Anarchy.....	
.....Dyer D. Lum	25
Anarchy.....Enrico Malatesta	05
Anarchy. (Is It All a Dream?) James F. Morton, Jr.).....	10
A Chambermaid's Diary.....	
.....Gustav Mirbeau	50
Commune of Paris.....Wm. Morris	05
Monopoly.....	05
Responsibility and Solidarity in the Labor Struggle.....M. Nettelau	05
God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition.....W. Nevill	05
A Cityless and Countryless World. Cloth.....Herman Olereich	1.00
The Slavery of Our Times. Cloth.....Leo Tolstoy	75
Mating or Marrying, Which?.....	
.....W. H. Van Ornum	05
Judgment.....Wm. Platt	05
Evolution and Revolution.....Reclus	05
Direct Action vs. Direct Legislation.....J. Blair Smith	05
Helen Harlow's Vow.....	
.....Lois Waisbrooker	25
Perfect Motherhood. Cloth.....	1.00
The Temperance Folly.....	10
Wherefore Investigating Co.....	25
Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses.....E. C. Walker	15
Revival of Puritanism.....	10
What the Young Need to Know.....	15
Vice.....	15
The Ballad of Reading Gaol.....Oscar Wilde	10
Life Without a Master. 336 pp. Cloth \$1.50.....J. Wilson	1.00
The New Dispensation. Cloth.....	1.50
The Coming Woman.....Lillie White	05
The Chicago Martyrs: The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court; and Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab.....	25