

PRICE, 5 CENTS.

# The Rebel

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSITION OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

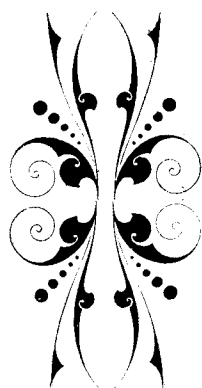
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OCTOBER 20, 1895.

No. 2.

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# .. THE REBEL ..

AN ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER, 20, 1895.

No. 2.

**11<sup>TH</sup> OF NOVEMBER**

Memorial Meeting, under the Auspices of THE REBEL Group, will take place on Sunday, November the 17th, 1895, at 8 P. M., in Caledonian Hall, 45 Eliot Street. **SPEAKERS:** Miss VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE of Philadelphia, and H. M. KELLY.

To defray expenses an Admission of 10 Cents will be charged.

## THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

Shall the American workingmen, who hold anarchistic opinions, be represented in the next international congress at London?

Evidently the Social-Democratic promoters of the congress do not intend that they shall. They have given notice, that only those delegates who believe in political action will be welcome. If we can be certain of anything in the future we can rely upon the Social-Democratic majority to expel any Anarchist, who raises his voice even though one should succeed in passing the committee on credentials. The real question, therefore, is shall we send delegates to London knowing beforehand that they will not be admitted to the Congress. It is urged by our London comrades that by so doing we could eventually compel the Social-Democrats to drop their pretensions to being the sole representatives of the revolutionary workingmen throughout the world, force them in short, to call their "Congress" by its true name — a Socialist Congress. Granting for a moment that we could do this, would it be worth while? To me the game does not seem worth the candle. The Social-Democrats are not such important people as we are apt to imagine and their "Congress" is attractive to us, I fancy, chiefly because we are not wanted in it.

I don't believe that one American workingman in a thousand ever heard of this alleged international Congress. The Social-Democrats of America, who are composed almost exclusively of German and Russian emigrants will, it is true, send a few gentlemen across the ocean and these gentlemen will no doubt speak very eloquently in the name of the toiling masses of America. These orations will perhaps be printed in the party papers, but as these papers are printed in German or "Jargon", the American workingmen will be none the wiser. The only effect the Congress will have on this side of the water will be to stir up an enormous amount of jealousy among the brethren,

who think themselves competent to represent the party and much bitterness and vexation of spirit among the unsuccessful candidates, and not a little grumbling on the part of the rank and file, who pay the bills.

Social-Democracy is attractive to those who long for a new society and would like to get it without paying the inevitable price of revolution. It is much more agreeable to exercise one's constitutional prerogatives of the ballot, to take one's place in the ranks of a constitutional and lawful political party, than to proclaim one's self an enemy to "Law and Order" and take the consequences.

Moreover as this is the age of "purchase on the installment plan", it seems very sensible to buy reform on the installment plan also.

But we need not fear that any great number of Americans will ever become Social Democrats. Once let the people get an inkling of the truth, even a faint hope of a better social order, and they will never wait for a generation to realize their hopes. The really enlightened class, the plutocracy, realize this truth very clearly, they are not wasting any time, in preparing for the conflict to come; industrial centers are being garrisoned by the regular army, every large city is already covered with armories, and more are constantly being added, the working classes are almost crowded out of the militia, and the officers are selected with an eye to their usefulness in butchering striking workingmen.

The work we have to do is to bring the American proletariat to a realizing sense of things as they are, and to arouse in them an ideal of things as we would like to see them, and as we believe they can be made.

Of course the anarchistic delegates after they have been excused or kicked out of the congress will not go home forthwith. They will meet in a conference of their own, and after adopting a protest against the Social Democratic lack of sociability, will doubtless do much useful educational work among each other, giving each other details of the conditions in each country and province, criticizing each others opinions, debating disputed points, in short by rubbing against each other. This in my opinion will be the really valuable part of the congress, as far as our propaganda is concerned.

I wish we could send a dozen young men to take part in it, if we had the money it would be a judicious way of spending it. But we have't got it, and if any comrade desires to go I fear it will have to be at his own expense. First of all keep the "REBEL" and the "FIREBRAND" running, and then if we have anything over — why — let us consider other ways of spending it for the cause.

JOHN H. EDELMANN.

## THE NEW ERA.

BY P. KROPOTKINE.

It has been discovered that the vast space beyond these planets and suns is peopled by others extremely minute—small masses of matter these, which circulate in every sense, having each their own distinct life, and whose effects, infinitesimal as they respectively may be, are yet so immense when taken together that they completely modify the force of the giants placed in the centre of the system. Kant and Laplace derived the planets from one central mass. To-day we displace the centre of gravity. The central mass or agglomeration, is itself but the result of the action of these infinitely small molecules of matter, and it is these little Pariahs who build up the planets, who retain the heat in the sun, who by their rapid revolutions maintain the life of the whole. One step further, and attraction itself, which has (contrary to Newton) been placed in the centre of our radiant sun, becomes but the result of the movements of molecules—of the infinitely small.

In a word, without entering further into technical detail, up to the present time we have been accustomed to consider the whole and its result, without inquiring particularly into the origin of this result or lingering over the humble units which go to form the whole. Now, on the contrary, our attention is fixed on the very particles upon which we have hitherto barely cast a furtive glance, with the result that before long we shall be enabled to decipher every individual action of and each individual unit that helps to form the grand total. A mathematician, when studying a whole—that is, a given quantity and its resultant—would remark: "We are to-day about to fix our attention upon the minute parts of which this whole is composed."

Such is the point to which astronomy is tending, and not astronomy alone, but the general conception of the universe—cosmogony.

Now, what we see occurring in the study of the universe is being repeated in every branch of science, including that which treats of the relations of mankind.

Anarchism forms, in fact, one of the most important parts of our method of conceiving of nature—a philosophy which proclaims itself and which might be termed synthetic philosophy, if Spencer had not already employed that name to designate a system from which he has drawn so many incomplete and contradictory conclusions, if frequently opposed to our own.

Anarchistic thought is thus but a branch of that general method of reasoning which promises to become the philosophical thought of the civilized world.

A few other examples, taken also from the domain of science, will even more clearly establish this idea.

A similar change is taking place in the sciences which treat of animate beings.

Where hitherto men spoke of creation or of the appearance of species, they to-day study the variations which occur in the individual under the influence of environment and of the adaptations of their organs to conditions which vary every day.

"The individual himself is treated as a complex being, as a colony of infinitely minute atoms, associated together, yet each retaining its own distinct life. The divers organs of plants, of animals, of men, are considered as a collection of cells, or rather of organisms

living each its own life and associating together for the purpose of forming organs, which in their turn group themselves together, yet each preserving its own individuality throughout—the whole going to form the complete individual. "Man", replies the physiologist of to-day, "is not a being!" He is a colony of micro-organisms, of cells grouped into organs. Study them, study these groupings, if you wish to know what man is."

"Formerly we were told of the soul of man, which was endowed with a separate, an almost isolated, existence. To-day we discover that what was called the soul or spirit of man is an excessively complex thing, a collection, an agglomeration of faculties, each of which requires to be studied separately. They are, of course, intimately associated; no activity can manifest itself in one without every other responding to the call. But each possesses its own life, each its own centre of activity, the organs. And instead of being the science of the psychic faculties appertaining to the individual as a whole, psychology becomes a study of the separate functions of which the life of that individual is composed.

"But it is especially in sociology that the change becomes most apparent.

"I will not speak of history, because you all know how the point of view on that subject is changed, how the cult of "heroes" disappears, and how, the more it is studied, the role of the masses acquires importance, how the great deeds of history appear more and more as the result of thousands of individual wills. Who is there who has not perceived this, even should he only have read the war of 1812 as depicted by Tolstoi? No, we do not need to speak of history; but let us take, for instance, political economy.

"The founder of this system, Adam Smith, entitled his work "The Wealth of Nations." The products of nations, their imports and exports, their rates of exchange, etc., were what then occupied the political economist. But to-day political economy no longer interests itself with the wealth of nations. It wishes to know if the individual, if each individual, has his wants supplied. It no longer desires to measure the wealth of a nation by the value of its exchanges. It measures this by the number of its prosperous individuals, as compared with the number of those vegetating in misery. The point of view is entirely changed; so that now, before writing upon the wealth of nations, the student would consider it necessary to go from house to house, to knock at every door and inquire of those behind each whether they had had a meal, whether each child has a clean bed, whether in each household there was bread for to-morrow. The needs of the individual and the measure of their supply—such is the material required by the political economy developing itself to-day.

"And, finally, in politics, we no longer ask what is the precise form inscribed upon the code of each nation, what the distinctive mark of the State. We desire to know how far each individual is free, how

far the needs of each local autonomy are satisfied, what is the intellectual level of each person, how far each is the slave of his prejudices, up to what point he is free to express his thoughts—all his thoughts—and to act in accordance with the impulses of his mind and heart. It is still of the individual that we wish to know, feeling that the political condition of a nation—the result—will appear of itself once we understand the individuals which compose it.

"In a word, upon whichever side of the sciences touching animate and inanimate nature or human communities we turn our eyes, everywhere we find this eminently characteristic tendency of the age. Formerly we were satisfied to study the results, the grand totals; to-day our attention is fixed upon the minute individualities composing those sum-totals.

"Just as to the astronomer our great central star becomes eclipsed before the multitudinous lesser ones throughout space, so the nation, the State, appears as the simple product of agglomerations of individuals, developing, growing before the very eyes of historian, political economist, politician and social reformer.

"At once the product and instigator of that method of thought which now begins to dominate every science, Anarchism is the offspring of that vast impulse, that great stirring up of opinion, which is overmastering all minds and which should govern our subsequent development. It is the application of this method of thought to our economic and political affairs at the moment when man is liberating himself from the prejudices which have been forced upon him by religion, science, education and legislation, which reflected mere abstractions the better to lead him to forget the reality—man toiling, suffering, struggling in misery.

(To be continued.)

## AMERICA'S FLAG.

BY EDWARD O'DONNELL.

Hurrah for the rights we have had and have not!  
 Hurrah for the heroes thro' whom they were got;  
 Hurrah for their ashes that helped to cement  
 Al. over ruled people without their consent,  
 Hurrah, boys hurrah, pray, what else may we brag?  
 Why the glorious, resplendent American Flag!  
 Hurrah for the mill slaves compelled to compete  
 With the lightning's mad bolts as before them they beat,  
 Hurrah for the stomachs half empty and faint  
 Which perish contented, nor strike 'gainst restraint,  
 But cling with affectionate tears despite "gag"  
 To our glorious, resplendent American Flag!  
 Hurrah for the thousands entombed in our mines,  
 With death ever fighting, while hope seldom shines,  
 And hurrah for the cheerless ones gathered at home,  
 When the mother 'mid sobs whispers—"father wont come,"  
 Then hurrah for the baron in mellow punch "jag,"  
 Who seeks night's repose in America's Flag.  
 Hurrah for the millions of promising lives,  
 Shut up for scant wage in our mercantile hives,  
 With honor imperilled, which soon must succumb,  
 Selecting its place in the dive or the tomb,  
 Or live on in shame 'till time wrinkles the hag,  
 And adds one more star to America's Flag!  
 Ah, yes; we have stars set in mock-Heaven blue  
 And we've stripes neatly traced to enliven them, too;  
 And we're told equal rights by each stripe and each star,  
 To the nation—the people—insured and upheld are,  
 While the millions whose lives still thro' poverty drag,  
 Look up with delight at America's Flag.

## THE TYRANNY

OF THE

### RULING CLASS IN ITALY.

(Open Letter to the American Comrades.)

You ask me to tell you all about Italy, but you cannot imagine what an enormous task it is to examine even superficially the conditions prevailing in that beautiful yet unfortunate country.

It is not so many years ago when Wm. E. Gladstone, witnessing the infamous spectacle then presented by the tyrant Bourbons in the kingdom of Naples, summed up the indignation of his soul in a memorable letter, which created great excitement in all Europe, and concluded by styling that government: "The Negation of God." If another Gladstone, with eyes wide open across the horizon of the future, was to visit Italy nowadays, and wished to sum up just in one sentence the sense of horror provoked by the ruling class over there, personified by Francis Crispi, thief and tyrant, I cannot tell what kind of negation he could find that would tally with the skepticism of the times, and with the frightful ugliness of the picture.

Certain it is that the mere objective enumeration of all the banking, political and anti-social enterprises perpetrated by the governmental brigandage, now saddening Italy, would furnish sufficient material, not for a letter, but for whole volumes. And the impartial historian of the future will be frightened, and perhaps linger in doubt before such a sewer of moral depravity and political cruelty.

But Europe and the so-called civilized world care little nowadays of what is going on over there, because the systems of governments of the ruling class are so much alike in their whimsical sequence of violence and fraud, that it is not considered wise to raise one's voice against these perfidious effects, the natural and inevitable outcome of class-government, and of governments in general.

It then devolves upon us, Anarchist-Communists, to analyze these phenomena of economical and moral distemper of the reaping class, and to denounce to the workers of all countries, the extortions and the wickedness of the several ruling classes and of the several governments, in order to trace back the general causes, from which we might come to universal conclusions, applicable to all countries and all peoples.

\* \* \*

In Italy, then, the economical and political system of the ruling class is fast approaching bankruptcy.

Now, too late, alas! we can understand how all the patriotic declamations of the Italian high class for the "unification" and the "independence" of the peninsula tended only (except the disinterested sacrifice of the true martyrs) to the conclusion of a good bargain. After the foreigners were expelled and the bargain closed, the Italian people had to pay a dear and salty bill.

The patriotic awards became a title of annuity for life. He who had served the Bourbons, or the Pope, or the Croats, quietly changed his livery and put forth all his efforts to serve the new masters. It was simply a changing of coat of arms and colors; nothing more.

The servants at court, at the seat of government, at the magistracy, at the army, at the police, were all the same; in spirit, if not in person, always more Croat and Bourbonic than ever.

The economical conditions of the laborers became worse. In northern Italy the *pellagra* poisons the blood of the poor farmers. A never-ending succession of commissions of inquest—after many lunches and few serious studies—came to the conclusion that the *pellagra* was caused by insufficient and poor nourishment! Just imagine: the greater part of the farmers, in the Venetian province, work (when they are lucky enough to find any work) for a salary, oscillating between 50 centimes and a franc a day, always below a quarter of a dollar. The women working on the rice plantations for the consideration of a few cents a day, will do an awful, trudgesome work, bending over the putrid water of the marshes.

Oh! I never will forget the shiver of horror that crept all over me the first time I saw those poor women, bent low, under a burning sun, dragging themselves along like the souls of purgatory, in the midst of those malignant exhalations of the marshes. Many of those among them who do not contract the *pellagra*, die of consumption.

Well, would you believe that, after so much thinking and laboring of Commissions of Inquest, anything has been accomplished in behalf of those poorly fed mortals?... No need to dream of it. The salaries are still on the low ebb, the work is scarce, and yet, before the eyes of the despairing toilers there are to be seen stretching away far distant immense plains still wild and unredeemed which the joint work of men truly free and possessing these lands in common, and the tools to cultivate with, would surely convert into luxurious gardens.

Instead of this, however, the avarice of the owners and the stupidity of the government allow the soil to lay sterile and full of malaria, and the poor farmers in want and poverty.

No wonder that the visiting foreigner, turning his dazzled eyes from the enchantments of the *riviera*, beholds, on the port of Genova, group after group of discouraged people, emigrating from that land of beauty; poor, unhappy mortals who are going to bear away to the remotest shores of Africa and America their inheritance of wretchedness, of ignorance, and, I am sorry to say, even those criminal impulses that are the consequence of their having been so poorly fed and brutalized.

Still, do not despise them; love them as your brothers, these rejected of Italy. O you, our American brothers, be lenient toward them, in spite of their faults, because they have suffered a great deal; many, many tyrannies, the worst that have downtrodden the earth, have passed over their neck, from the invasions of old, down to the very Italian *Huns* of our times, led by that brigand of venture, Francesco Crispi.

\* \* \*

Worse yet, if possible, is the wretchedness and shame of southern Italy. The political world of the Neapolitan provinces is enslaved to a high handed coalition of ruffians called the *Camorra*, which creeps, insidiously, through every highway and by-way, from the church to the state. Below, there is only a multitude, noisy but sad, in the midst of such splendor of sky and sea; a whole nation darkened by centuries of slavery and superstition, who, even after C. Darwin, is stupid enough to crowd in masses, to go and see—the miracle of San Gennaro.

And the ruling class of Italy finds it very convenient to have it so because, as long as the people will be satisfied to dwell in the hope of gaining an entrance to paradise—on the other side—the easier will they bear, without rebelling, all the torments of the real hell on this earth.

But it is in Sicily, where the rapacity of the landlords, on one side, and the wretchedness of the laborers, on the other, reach the most frightful extremes. There, the feudal system is still in vogue, in all its crudity, and the agricultural establishments squeeze out ferociously the blood from the tortured muscles of the peasants.

In the sulphur mines the condition of the laborers is heart-rending. For a few cents a day, crowds of little children are made to perform a dreadful work. A very heavy basket of mineral is loaded on their backs, and they are then pushed on, up the steep path of the mine, like the damned souls in Dante's *Inferno*. They climb, out of breath, howling and exhausted. Their bodies become distorted. They are young in years, yet they look old and decrepit, they are in the fulness of their virility and you would think them to be sickly, starved. They are called *carusi*.

Do not think I am exaggerating; on the contrary, the heart, horrified, lessens instinctively the truth, out of respect for human dignity. You only have to read the description of that bestial life written, in powerful and tragical words, by a senator and ex-minister of the king, Paskale Villari, in his "*Lettere Meridionali*," in order to be overawed.

Well, it is just there, in that island, kissed by a smiling sun, and yet so unmercifully scourged by the perfidy of all the rulers that passed over it; it is there in the midst of those poor peasants, looking more like skeletons than human beings; in the midst of those deformed *carusi* that in the heart of the winter 1893-94, was heard the pitiful cry of the famished, echoing from vale to vale, joined with another of protest. It was so long since the rulers of Italy had promised a more humane food to those poor wretches, they were obliged to resort, very often, to wild radishes and a mixture consisting of mud and bran, in order to satisfy the cravings of their empty stomachs. This would seem incredible, and yet it is too true. A chunk of that mixture was brought before the Deputies and this calumny on bread was passed around, from hand to hand, among the Honorables, as they examined it in disgust. Then, as usual, the matter dropped, and no more was said. And when the cry of the hungry Sicilians frightened the better classes, a story was circulated giving an account of secession, of secret understandings, between the islanders and France. Some armed troops were dispatched into the Island; the officers and the soldiers having received the order to scatter, right and left, a gift of cold lead, for every request of bread. And the shot of their soldier brothers tore open the chests that had dared to refuse to be silenced by mere promises. And there had been no lack of promises to be sure!! Thirty-four years previously, the Italian fatherland had sent Garibaldi, with his famous one-thousand followers, to liberate the Island from the Bourbonic tyranny. To make the lie even more atrocious, the Fates had reserved for future history to remark that, one of the organizers of the Garibaldian expedition, Francis Crispi, should himself ordain the state of siege and the shooting of the Sicilian plebeians.

\* \* \*

After the Sicilian fratricide, following close on that of Lunigiana, where the anarchic masons, in order to respond to the appeals of the Sicilian brethren, had organized insurrectional bands, the senile madness of Signor Crispi, which to his Italian admirers seemed and seems sheer energy, grew still worse and nothing could check it.

He began with the monstrous condemnations by martial law, which, allowing no sort of guaranty for the defense of the accused, inflicted thousands upon thousands of years of reclusion, and reached the maximum of the most cynical frenzy with the exceptional laws and the deportation *en masse*.

The Bourbons of Naples and the other small tyrants of other lands had never yet brought such contumely upon the most elementary principles of the liberty of the citizens, as the Jannizzaires of Crispi have done right along, since the promulgation of the exceptional laws against the Anarchists.

Laws wrested from the knavery of the deputies by governmental frauds, and applied with treachery.

With no more evidence than the bare police-reports, certain commissions, enslaved to the central power, and in a secret session, as if concocting a crime, have condemned *en masse* the most upright citizens, whose only guilt consisted in having been faithful to the cause of the meek, the wretched, the downtrodden. And, after having wrested the fathers from the sons, the husbands from their wives, and even little children from the arms of their mothers, (as was the case, the most pitiful among the rest, of the women-comrades Ballerini, Borani and Grandi), after having destroyed the happiness of so many families; after having scattered more hatred than could be done by millions of lectures and incendiary pamphlets, they brought all these poor unfortunates to the dark fortress of Porto Ercole and shut them in, proceeding then to inflict on them incredible tortures, leaving them exposed to the cravings of hunger and thirst and cold, and provoking them so, in a thousand ways, that they might rebel and furnish a pretext for a general massacre.

And, more than once, did the soldiers shoot them down, until these poor wretches, becoming aware of that infamous project, began to advise reciprocally each other to be calm, choking within their breasts the impetuosity of their indignation and grief. Some of them who were ailing from the time of their arrest, became seriously ill and some died. The unhappy Bandoni, whom I recollect to have known in Piomburo (and I almost can see him yet, meek, laborious, idealistic, doubled up over his shoe-maker bench, and never tiring of work, following up the bright dreams of his upright mind toward a future of love and of justice) they arrested, and hand-cuffed him in a brutal manner, although he was not feeling well and had lost one of his legs when working in his younger days. They threw him into the infernal ditch of Porto Ercole, where he died of want, suffering and grief. When the poor fellow had been already two days dead, like a grim Neronian joke, the order was given for his liberation!

But for these tortured ones, for these martyrs, barbarously destroyed in the social warfare, the crocodiles of the hired press, have no tears, as they have no condemnation for these assassinations committed slowly yet in cold blood upon the undefended. Their cries and maledictions are all against the avengers, who, raising up suddenly and terrible from the livid hole of the human wretchedness, sum up with a thrust of the dagger or with a bomb, hurled against some

powerful man of the earth, all the despairs unknown and derided by the multitude.

These are some of the iniquities and there are still many more that strike the lower class. But would it be possible to enumerate all the meannesses, all the turpitudes of royal Italy?

Rome, the city which has seen, from the heights of her seven hills, all the greatness possible to mankind, has been converted at the present time, (according to the sayings of Carducci himself, the great poet, now become a court minstrel), "into a forest of thieves and a brothel of souls." There it is, in the coarse and ugly hall of Montecitorio, that the representatives of the Italian privileged class are now presenting the last act of the political farce, the dirtiest of any which a ruling class has ever dared to inflict on a public of imbecile slaves.

Francis Crispi, whom several news-papers and men in power daily call an extortioner, a trigame, a prevaricator, a forger—and there are undeniable proofs of it—is the boss, the idol of the dominant class in Italy. There is no need of another thermometer to measure the fever of cowardice and of moral tuberculosis which will finally drag to an inevitable and shameful death the all-grasping class in Italy. The more frantic he gets, the more this class, fearful for the coming storm, clings to this renegade Jacobin as to a rock of safety.

But no force whatever will prevent his total downfall, when the waves of popular indignation will surge against him.

And we have faith that the day is coming; because we understand the Italian people. Centuries of darkness are heavily weighing upon Italy together with unheard of oppressions of physical and intellectual sterility. All the barbarians of by-gone times, all the oppressors of the dark ages have passed over her form and torn her in pieces.

In no other country has the power of money kings so scourged the laborers as it has in Italy.

But there is yet a lion calmly slumbering in fair Italy! Woe! when the people of the peninsula wake up! Woe! when the laborers of Italy take up the glove of defiance hurled against them by the tyranny of their capitalistic foes.

Perhaps, no people in the world can show, in its history, so many pages of formidable rebellions and generous rescues, as the Italian commoners.

Tell it yourselves, O American comrades, to our American laboring brethren, that, in the great final struggle of all the oppressed against their oppressors, the unfortunate, yet magnanimous Italian people, looking wistfully toward the coming day, in which all nations will be gathered together in a universal nationality, will give to the cause its most fiery enthusiasm and heroic dash.

PIETRO GORI.

IN THIS country the people govern themselves. Politicians are merely the servants of the people, and elected officers merely carry out the will of the people. Only an Anarchist could doubt that. But in New York the recent Republican convention was Platt's convention, Platt's men were in complete control and carried out the schemes of the "Boss" without opposition. In Pennsylvania Boss Quay was equally successful, and in Maryland, Boss Gorman has resumed complete control of the party-machinery. Now who controls Quay, Gorman, and Platt?

# "THE REBEL"

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## NOTES.

ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM is, I suppose, of foreign origin. Neither Bakounine, Kropotkine, Reclus or John Most were born under the starry banner; still, in spite of Mr. Pomeroy of Chicago, Anarchist-Communism is spreading among Americans. As a matter of fact, it has found its way into the sacred ranks of the U. S. army, and I know of at least one native American who is spreading the doctrines among the rank and file, with true American energy and tact. On the Pacific Coast, too, there are Anarchists from Los Angeles to Portland. In the latter city they are very much in evidence as the FIREBRAND well attests, and what is more the Firebrand group are nearly all American born, and have not imported either their doctrines or their zeal in spreading them. From Iowa, too, I have most cheering news. There are American born Anarchists in Iowa, and they have even gone so far as to form a colony about which I hope soon to have an account for the REBEL.

\* \* \*

THE STRIKE of the Iron workers in the Oliver works at Pittsburg is "off". The men have given up all their demands and beg only to be taken back on any terms. Poor devils, I can sympathize with them.

\* \* \*

A FEW years ago the Russian Jews were the white coolies of New York. They worked at starvation wages in the various branches of the ready-made clothing trade. Since then they have organized and struck for higher wages and decent conditions again and again, and they won their strikes, too, until now they have wages and conditions of work that are superior to those of many American workmen.

\* \* \*

THE STRIKING Iron miners of Ishpening, Mich., have been starved and bulldozed into submission. They have declared the strike off. But the troops will not be withdrawn at present, to quote from a press dispatch. Well, the American workingman is a practical man, and refuses to learn from theorists, but then it must be said that the American plutocrat is giving him some very practical schooling. Perhaps some day he will graduate.

J. H. E.

ANARCHOPHOBIA is a disease confined not to our ruling classes alone, but, as past experience has sufficiently proven, to our step-brethren, the State-Socialists, as well. The afternoon of Sunday, Sept. 27, had been announced to be utilized by the several social dissenters of local fame in behalf of the laudation and free prescription of the various panaceas they promulgate as a cure for the ills of our time. Among the Single Tax, People's Party policy, Prohibition muzzles, etc., a few meetings of the Social Democrats were to take place, too. Some of our comrades deeming the opportunity a favorable one laid in a supply of several hundred copies of the new comer, the REBEL, and directed their steps towards the gathering-place, the Common. Hardly had our comrades displayed the journal than the eyes of the literature-venders of the S. L. P. sparkled feverishly, and it did not take very long before the principal man made his claims loud to "having the monopoly" to sell their literature at those meetings. Our friends scattered themselves on the grounds and tapped the crowds of the various "gospels", "christian" not excluded, placing here and there a copy into the hands of the curious, meeting with no protests from the side of the arrangers of those meetings, until, yes, until—the official organizer of that "only", party dealing in "Scientific Socialism", one named Squire Putney, came up to one of our comrades and warned him not to fall into trouble. The warning being half a threat and half a protest against interfering with the sale of their literature, our friend inquired whence that trouble was to come, from the side of Mr. Putney or the police? at which no direct response followed. About an hour passed and nothing unusual occurred. All of a sudden our comrades with bundles of the "REBEL" in their hands were surreptitiously approached and surrounded by six policemen, headed by a sergeant, who in the bulldozing manner familiar to individuals of their species, aspired to ascertain the aim of their presence at that meeting with that dreadful journal. The reply was: "to secure subscribers". "Well", argued the bluecoats, "this is equal to trying to sell that paper and involves a breaking of the law", etc. After taking the names of the two comrades and warning them to never show up again on the Common with that sheet the bluecoats watched the departure of our friends. From the questions made by the representatives of the law, and the fact of their presence in such numbers it plainly appeared that Mr. Putney played something of the informer which talent is certainly to be expected in one who is nominated by his party for the office of Atty. General of the State of Massachusetts. For a beginner it's a pretty fair start, and we congratulate the S. L. P. upon the character of their candidate.

\* \* \*

Comrade Mowbray's recent visit to Chicago has stirred up the animals, like unto the old times of 1886 and the two or three succeeding years, when said animals bled the frightened capitalists out of a goodly number of their superfluous dollars by "finding" bombs in ash boxes and other innocent places. The animals began to frisk about in real agile fashion. They declared: "This Anarchist Mowbray is coming to Chicago to make trouble; to preach anarchy", etc.

The animals thought they saw a chance to bleed a few more dollars from the capitalists. Preparatory to this, how-



ever, they hung out their breath for an airing, got the bloom out of their noses (as well as they could), read up on the best method of taking the blurr out of their eyes and steadying the step; this done, the animals put themselves much in evidence. They cleaned the canker from their brass buttons, brushed the dust from their uniforms, tried their clubs over lamp-posts and innocent people's heads, and finally declared there "was going to be no red flag anarchy nonsense preached in Chicago".

Nothing was left untried to prevent Mowbray from reaching the people. At the first meeting which he addressed the animals were omnipresent. They were upon the platform, spread out all over the park and loaded into patrol wagons half a block away. Comrade Mowbray's address was delivered in such a dignified, clear and logical manner that the animals became desperate, and as they saw our comrade was nearing his conclusion, they laid violent hands upon him, and but for rare presence of mind displayed by Mowbray, they would have arrested and dragged him off to prison, and the animals would have had another opportunity to have posed as "saviors of society". Notwithstanding all the lies of the police force and the capitalist press, Mowbray's meetings were a success and his trip to this city will be of lasting benefit.

"Times are hard", work hard to find and wages low for the slaves of this city.

L. E. P.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A VOICE FROM TEXAS.

Once more we reach the anniversary of the martyrdom of Albert Parsons, Louis Lingg, George Engel, Adolph Fisher, and August Spies. Though dead, their silence is to-day more powerful than the voices strangled November 11th, 1887.

By the murder of these five leaders of the people, the plutocrats thought to ensure their safety; instead they dug their grave. The world is gradually learning the true history and significance of this crime of crimes. Even now the boastful assertion of the daily press, that "Anarchy is dead" is heard no more. Instead comes the cry for repression to curb its rapid spread! All the powers of governmental despotism are to be invoked. Fools! Did they think they could annihilate principles by strangling the men who advocated them? Did not Parsons tell them: "Men die, but principles live"?

Let us remember the Eleventh of November, and forget not the brave souls who, on this day, sealed with their lives the devotion to the grand principles of human freedom.

These men were martyrs. They died because they preached a better condition for humanity. They were foully murdered by the ruling classes—because they dared to oppose the infamous gang of thieves who live upon the industry of the toiling millions—the working bees of the human hive. Their lips are forever closed. Hushed are their voices in the eternal silence of the grave, but the grand principles they taught, the great truths they told, still live. Amid the silence and solitude of the earth they sleep the sleep that knows no awakening. But the voices that were strangled that day of martyrdom have worked a revolution which nothing can successfully oppose. Their death was the real beginning of the Anarchist propaganda in America. And on this day were born immortal souls that will lead the van of human progress down the corridors of the future, until their monument will rise in the realization of the principles for which they died.

Dallas, Tex.

ROSS WINN.

## A PIECE OF HISTORY.

Among all the nations, the United States alone has passed the opportunity for developing a representative form of government. Separated as it is by two vast Oceans, comparatively secure from sudden invasion, the capacity for republican government to minister to the welfare, peace and happiness of its citizens has been fairly tested.

Free government, a free people, was the talismanic charm which caused the immigrant to abandon the old world and hasten to the new, in search of happiness under "Free" government. Let the history of the last hundred years, which forms the record from which the living present learns its lesson of the past, show how far has this dream been realized? Let the prophecy of Lord Macauley answer. In May, 1857, he wrote: "As long as you (Americans) have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the old world, and while that is the case the Jeffersonian politics may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly populated as old England, wages will be low, and will fluctuate with you as well as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams and hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented.††† The day will come when in the state of New York there will be a multitude of people, none of whom have not had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner. † † † What is the workingman likely to do when he hears his children cry for bread?"

Alas, for the laborer, the day has come; the prophecy has proven true!

What was this "Jeffersonian politics? It was sounded in the Declaration of Independence, (Jefferson being the author) as the inalienable rights of man, but this high-sounding assertion was soon nullified in the "Star Chamber" debates which followed between the Anarchists Paine, Jefferson and others upon the question of slavery, and John Adams' definition of what constituted slavery adopted. He said: "What matters it whether you give the food and clothes direct to the slave, or whether you just give him enough in wages to purchase the same? It was here the rights of property triumphed, and the rights of man were lost sight of. We still had political, but not economic rights. This was because the United States government, in common with all other governments, rests upon the wage-system of labor. And the propertyless class—the wage-earners—are compelled by competition to sell their labor—theirself—to the lowest bidder, or starve.

Is it not clear then, that, "the best government that the sun ever shone upon", does just what all the other governments have done, simply rob its subjects.

Paine was correct when he said in his "Rights of Man": "It is a perversion of terms to say that a charter [government] gives rights; its effect is to the contrary—that of taking rights away. Rights are inherent in all the inhabitants, but charters, by annulling those rights in the majority, leave the rights by exclusion in the hands of the few."

The great struggle of this age is to be between the governing few and the governed many. The billows of discontent will roll up from among the masses, the ruling class will attempt to drive them back in a sea of blood, but the pages of history show how futile has ever been this attempt, when those billows were along the lines of evolution. The people will yet learn to look away from government for relief; then they will have severed the last chain which binds them to a dark past.

LUCY E. PARSONS.

Chicago, October.



## A LESSON TO SOCIALISTS.

Disaster has overtaken the Liberals; their majority has disappeared; their administration has been condemned by the merciless vote of the electors. The different sections of the party are occupied in picking holes in each other; but for us their dissensions have little interest. What we care to do is to make clear to ourselves the causes which have contributed to the fall of this progressive and reforming government.

How comes it that what legalist Socialists call "the national opinion" should reject a government whose measures were such as the Home Rule Bill, Eight Hours Bill, Parish Councils Act, Factory and Workshops Bill, and many projects of a kindred nature, to say nothing of the "Democratic Budget" of 1891? And for whose benefit? For the benefit of a coalition of the upholders of the divine and hereditary legislative rights of the House of Lords, of coercion in Ireland, the hoodwinking of the people by clerical instruction, and their degradation by the enlarged privileges of capitalism and exploitation!

Certainly, from our point of view, all these Liberal measures were but superficial palliatives. As Anarchists and Communists, it is not what is generally called "Home Rule" that we desire, but the complete self-government of every Irishman in an equal and Communistic society. It is no eight hours of slavish labor that we desire for the toiler, but the right of each to work at his own pleasure and for himself, his family, his friends, his neighbors; for a free, united, and Communistic mankind. From our point of view, the Liberal measures were means whereby the people might have been turned out of the direct road towards social and economic freedom. But it must, in justice, be recognised that the Liberal government was putting in practice what the Social Democrats of all Europe are preaching to the people as "Socialistic reforms." More than that: the English Liberals, with their Home Rule and federalist ideas, are in advance of the representatives of "Scientific Socialism," who declare themselves for an absolutely centralized State (Liebknecht and the "Communist Manifesto" of 1848)—for a State where the minority will be forced to submit or leave the country; where the worker will have less liberty of choice in his work than in our days of capitalist exploitation (Kautsky, "Erfurt programme"); where rebels will be deprived of daily bread (Bebel); where, in a word, the minority will be treated as they were at the Zurich Congress of 1893. Yes, the English Liberals have gone ahead of the Social Democrats.

And yet this Liberal government has experienced an overwhelming defeat at the elections. Are the people disgusted with it, or are there other causes for its condemnation?

It seems as if the successors and former colleagues of Mr. Gladstone have threatened too many vested interests at once, too many stupid prejudices

of jingoism, landlordism, clericalism, too many ancient rights, to the degradation and exploitation of the masses, as enjoyed by brewers, spirit distillers, and publicans. They did not realise that they were not strong enough to resist a coalition of privilege-mongers and monopolists, of clericalism and ignorance. An all-powerful coalition indeed! since it is the landlords, capitalists and plutocrats, the clergy of all denominations, and the church by law established, who are in possession, the masters of the nation. Such a coalition could be resisted only by the people united in a general strike, by an armed revolutionary movement. To go forth against it with voting papers while it is supreme is as silly as the faith of legalist Socialists in their parliamentary majority declaring for a collectivist "social liquidation."

Let the partisans of legalism and parliamentary action ponder the fate of the Liberal party. Perhaps they will at length perceive that, in a conflict of interests, triumph lies with those in possession, and that the first acts of social emancipation must be to dispossess the possessors, and to destroy and abolish the State organisation, which protects the privileges of the exploiters and puts at their disposal all these formidable means of hoodwinking, degrading, and exploiting the people. The Liberals, now so disgracefully beaten, had not only a majority, but the reins of government in their hands. Amongst them were men of great political capacity, great administrative experience, men of European popularity. But scarcely had they touched, or shown a disposition to touch vested interests and privileges, than they were thrown to the ground. It is likely that at some future time—perhaps half a century hence—a Social Democratic majority, and its vote for a social liquidation, will fare better than the Liberal government of to-day? To believe that it will is to be very simple-minded.

As long as the rich and the exploiters of labor are left in the absolute possession of their wealth, as long as the people are taught that legal methods and electoral agitation can do everything, and that the economic struggle is useless, the autonomous organization of social production and consumption is an idle dream; as long, in fact, as the Communist-Anarchist's idea, with its conception of the revolutionary initiative of groups and self-governing federations of producers, is denounced as "unscientific" and dangerous; as long as this is the case, we may predict, without exaggeration, that the measures of the future Social-Democratic Labor Party, and other such legislators, must inevitably meet with as striking a defeat as that of the Liberals. The people can only force the rich, the rulers, to yield to demands when they actually revolt. It was not Marat and Robespierre who made revolutionary changes by their decrees; it was the direct action of the revolted country places which, as the Abbe Gregoire puts it, had each its own Marats and Robespierres.

And in the coming social struggle it will be the

same. It will not be the fine talkers of the Social-Democratic Federation, the Fabian Society, the Independent Labor Party, who will decree Communism or Collectivism, but the people themselves, who will organize upon their own initiative self-governing, producing, and consuming associations—*i.e.*, true Anarchist-Communism.

But, to arrive at this, English workmen must stick to their old tactics of economic warfare, their self-organising societies of workers, bravely conducted strikes, bold revolts like those of the earlier part of this century. Electoral parades may be left to the admirers of law and order, government and bureaucracy—whatever they call themselves.

English workers, the German Social Democracy is held up for your admiration. But do you know that in Germany the workmen labor 13, 14, and 16 hours a day for from 2s. to 4s.? Why are they behind you and behind the French? Because, instead of struggling for themselves, they vote, and vote only; because they submit to a stupid and centralised discipline; because the initiative of individuals and of groups has been trodden out; because the idea of social revolution is presented to them as an easy affair of rules and laws, to be managed for them by men acting as their special providence, and not by them for themselves. And it is this belated country, the land of huge armies and military discipline and parliamentary votes resultless to the worker, that is set before you as an ideal!

No, let us keep to our own line, the economic struggle; let us try to get ready as soon as possible for a general strike; let us do our utmost to make that strike a triumph, and we shall have no need of electoral contests; *for a victorious general strike is the beginning of a social revolution.* *London Freedom.*

### Mowbray's Tour.

To do propaganda under difficulties is the lot of all those who take part in our movement, but it is seldom the lot of many comrades to experience the harrassing difficulties which we had to contend with in Chicago. It seems that since the death of our comrades in 1887 it has been almost dangerous to call oneself an Anarchist and the holding of meetings in English has been almost impossible.

It was with all this difficulty—well understood by the comrades—that I was invited to try my hand in rousing up the workers of Chicago and founding a good basis for future propaganda.

The police authorities saw in my visit another chance of plundering the cowardly bosses, and to this end the plug-uglies set to work to create a scare, and in this they were aided by the prostitute press and soft brained reporters.

That I should escape arrest is the universal wonder of all the comrades and friends.

The attitude of the press towards myself was extremely bitter, and my arrest was urged on the grounds of public safety, the "Chicago Tribune" being especially eager for my blood.

The ghosts of the murdered millions seem to haunt these vampires of capitalism in such a way that they are scared to death by the mere mention of the word Anarchism. They seem to fear within themselves that the day of reckoning is rapidly approaching.

I held my first meeting in Belmont Grove, under the eye of Insp. Schaack, the prostitute blackmailer, aided by his worthy friend, Capt. Schuttler. I heard them alluded to as the "twin suckers". I suppose the title is appropriate. Close on hand and surrounding the grounds were 350 uniformed police, all armed and in readiness for action; also six police vans and goodness knows how many detectives. So successful were the arrangements of the police that people were frightened, and anyone acquainted with the methods of the Chicago police will not be surprised, for they are a brutal lot of cowards and perjurers. They were like vultures awaiting in eagerness the order to fire into a defenceless mass of men, women and children.

I held four other meetings under similar conditions as the above, and three meetings where the police were not present owing to want of information.

Not content with harrassing the meetings the attempt was made by these thugs to bulldoze those who were thought to be in any way friendly to our ideas. They failed however to get their prey, and they are consequently mad having lost an opportunity to plunder.

Our paper, THE REBEL, was well received and its general make up highly appreciated. Much help was promised from Chicago towards putting THE REBEL on a sound footing. We hope comrades all round will not fail in sending on financial help.

In connection with my visit we distributed a circular for which "crime" our comrade Benjamin was arrested and held in \$200 bonds; his trial was to come off on the 11th inst. Freedom in Chicago is a thing unknown now. I think, however, that the idea of freedom is likely to grow, and when it does I anticipate lively times in this city. I found the comrades of the various groups inclined to help the propaganda as well as they could. The members of the Debating Society are very earnest and active. I cannot close without complimenting the Jewish comrades for their efforts to make my visit a success. My thanks are tendered to all comrades who stood by me during my difficult two weeks' work.

C. W. M.

## THE PAST AND FUTURE

OF THE

### LADIES' LIBERAL LEAGUE.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

I have assumed a serious and severe office that of historian and prophet. But, pardon me, I intend to be neither serious nor severe; for this is an occasion rather for exchanging greetings and putting ourselves in good humor than being serious, and my talk will be somewhat governed thereby.

Our history is short, but, to borrow a ponderous phrase of Renan's "of interest to the philosophic mind." At last it ought to be; if it is not so much the worse for the philosophic mind.

We were born in February 1892, and like the celebrated author of *Innocents Abroad*, we ran alone ten minutes after we were born,—only he had the misfortune to get tangled up in his long clothes, while we, being the child of the New Woman and the New Man, (comparatively new I mean, not of the "bloomer" yet, but considerably outside orthodox traditions) we were never swaddled in long clothes, but kicked freely and healthily from the beginning: I spoke with levity, but if we had dubbed ourselves the Kicking Society, in all seriousness it would not have been amiss. The first act of our life was to kick against an unjust decree of our parents, and we have unflinchingly stood for the kicking principle ever since. Now, if the word kicking is in bad repute with you, substitute non-submission, insubordination, rebellion, revolt, revolution, whatever name you please which expresses non-acquiescence to injustice. We have done this because we love liberty and hate authority, and the sentiment is bound to find vent somehow, "as the sap climbs upward to the flower", to make use of an illustration from Kropotkin.

How then, some stranger will inquire, does it happen that you, standing for so bold a principle, have such an—*innocuous* name,—*Ladies' Liberal League*? Sirs, though our parents were reformers, men and women grown gray in a good cause, we beg you to remember that they are gray, and to look leniently on their foibles. We are the child of the Friendship Liberal League, and that worthy society, grand and courageous as it has been and still is, and no one enjoys paying so deserved a tribute better than I, has yet approached that mellowness of age when it has a tendency to smoothness and respectability. Respectability is a sort of secular saint to be considered in the matter of baptisms, and "*Ladies*" is a very respectable word. Besides our dear parents, as is often the case with parents, conceived us quite otherwise, than as we turned out to be. They had an idea of forming a sort of machine wherethrough the working force of the women of the Friendship League could be brought to bear upon the Liberal Hall Association plan; in other words we were to be a Ladies Aid, after the model of the church, and

make money after the manner of women, by fairs, sociables, picnics, excursions, et cetera. We were to smile men into ticket-buying, and shame them into candy purchase, and wheedle them into ice-cream. I presume that bedquilts done up gorgeously with silks and ruffled at ten cents a ticket may have been distantly in view. I could not say authoritatively; I did not join the society until after the girls had decided they were born for other purposes. How came it about? Well, the trouble lay right here: our parents assumed that the child was wise enough to earn the money, the best way it could, but not wise enough to control it after it was earned; the child thought otherwise. In that difference of opinion rebellion began, and continued till a complete separation took place, and the L. L. L. set up in business for itself.

It's a long way off now, but some of us still remember with pleasure the quiet Monday evening gatherings at the home of our secretary, where we used to meet and pass a cosy, nestled up time, getting to understand ourselves. Time has weeded us out a little: three of us, one young, one old, one middle-aged, have gone to shadow. Two of them had secular funerals, a matter which might not have been easy to manage but for the friendships formed and prolonged through and by the L. L. L. (So we hold it out to you as an inducement, if any of you are thinking of dying. Come into the fold in order that you may go out of it as a true rebel.) You may take that as a joke, but it is really a very serious matter. And no one knows till he gets to be a freethinker and starts to die, or some of his free-thought friends do, what a difficult thing it is for a piece of cold human clay to escape the clutch of the church. "Are you there, my friend", says she adjusting her spectacles to take a good survey of you: "Aha! now I have you at last! Your obstreperous mouth is closed, and I shall damn you at ease—with the fairest set of lies my agent can set forth. Oh, you all come to me in the end." And don't we though! Are we not made mock of in the very clods? Our whole lives belied? Our works gainsaid?

Well, as I said, some have gone to the shadow; some concluding that the trend of the more active spirits was too radical, have withdrawn. Blessings go with them! We were sorry to part with them, we wish they could have gone with us; but we couldn't halt. We remember them as comrades; and when the evening firelight throws its gleams on the wall, and the pictures of the old quiet days before we dabbled in public-mixing matters flash in the illuminated rosy shadow, their faces are still there. Some are dead, some left behind, and some gone, not of their will but of the bitter Will of—God or the Devil or whatever other cursed tyrant it is who separates people who do not want to be separated, that says to a man "'Go thou', and he goeth." This is the worst of partings.

(To be continued).

## The International Socialist Workers and Trade-Union Congress of 1896.

At a conference of the Anarchist-Communists of all nationalities, in London, England, it has been decided to issue the following manifesto.

**FELLOW WORKERS**—As you are probably aware "The International Socialist Worker's and Trades-Union Congress" meets next year in London. A committee of twelve, consisting of six members elected by the last congress and six appointed by the Parliamentary committee of the Trades-Union congress has been intrusted with the preliminary arrangements for the congress. This committee has issued invitations to all Trades-Unions and to all Socialist organizations that believe in and advocate political action to participate in the congress. No invitations have been issued to any organization of workers, other than Trades-Union, that is known to object to the principle of political action, and particular care has been taken to make it clear to them that it is intended to exclude them from the congress.

It is well known to you all that there are large numbers of workers in all countries, some of them organized in Trades-Unions, who ignore the principle of political action or object to it altogether. These workers, commonly known as Anarchist-Communists, faithful to the declaration of the International that "the economic emancipation of labor is the great goal to which all other political movements must be subordinated" believe that the introduction of any attempt to conquer political power, and to take possession of the means of government, far from being advantageous or useful to their cause, will only delay the day of emancipation. Experience has taught them the uselessness of voting, and they have found out to their cost that whenever one of their more active spirits, getting tired of the slow work of education, descends into the political arena and mixes up with the people who have made politics a profession, he becomes demoralised and gradually abandons the position of independence he has occupied before. At one time Socialists all the world over were agreed on that point. It is only recently, comparatively speaking, that some of them have taken up the new position of advocating parliamentary action, and, like most apostates, they pursue with undying hatred the men whose constancy to principle reminds them of their change.

The real, perhaps the only, usefulness of these International Congresses lies in the opportunity they provide for the workers of the different countries to meet and exchange their views. Forming a section, and by no means an unimportant section, of the working classes we cannot allow another congress to meet without protesting against any attempt to make party capital out of that which should be of benefit to the whole of the Labor world. The spirit of intolerance that we complain of first manifested itself at the Paris Congress of 1889, when the followers of Marx refused to listen to S. Merlino or to allow him to move an amendment he had given notice of, and followed this up by his forcible ejection, a course of procedure which led to the secession of the greater number of the Italian and English delegates. It grew to gigantic proportions in the expulsion

of all Socialists opposed to political action from the Zurich Congress, except the few who were in possession of Trades-Union credentials. It has now so entirely overpowered the reasoning faculties of the organizers of next year's congress that they refuse to recognize as eligible for admission any section of the working classes not agreeing with their views on political action.

We have no objection to a Social-Democratic congress as such, or to a congress to which only believers in political action are admitted, provided no attempt be made to claim that such a congress is representative of and speaks in the name of labor. But we object to remain silent and allow a body of political adventurers—members of Parliament, capitalists and manufacturers, journalists, professors, lawyers, shopkeepers, all politically on the make—to take credit to themselves as the only representatives of Labor and to gull the wage-slave of Capital with promises of a better time to come; promises which could never be realized if their tactics were successful, as that success would allow them to live by exploiting the worker. We claim that an International Socialist Workers' Congress should be open to workers of every shade of opinion, and we denounce as treason to the cause of labor the attempt to exclude the Anarchists for no other reason than that their views differ from those entertained by the people who have made the bossing of these congresses a fine art.

We appeal to your sense of fair play. Only the opponents of political action, as defined by the Social Democrats, are excluded, everybody else is admitted. According to the wording of the invitation the most reactionary workman, even if the proven enemy of his class, together with the employer and exploiter of labor, can sit and vote as a delegate at the congress; we alone, who have surely given sufficient proof of the sincerity of our convictions, the earnestness of our endeavors to alter the conditions of the down-trodden and wretched, are excluded because our presence would spoil the game of the party bosses and endanger their efforts to blind you in the future as they have done your brothers on the Continent in the past.

Fellow Workers, it rests with you to say whether these tactics shall be successful or not. Invitations have been sent to your Unions to take part in the congress and to appoint delegates thereto. We ask you to exercise your influence in your Unions to have your delegates instructed to vote for the free admission of all. The final decision, the final responsibility, rests with the congress. The ingenious, if dishonest, attempt of the organizing committee to evade the difficulty by a carefully worded form of invitation will not be allowed to succeed. We intend to knock at the door of the congress and to assert our right to plead the cause of Labor as we understand it. Remember that this attempt to exclude us is only the thin end of the wedge. To-day it is our refusal to be drawn into political action which has brought us under the ban of these would-be politicians who try to boss us all; to-morrow some objection on your part to one or other of their notions may bring their displeasure upon you. If, to-day, you oppose this attempt to stifle our voice, if you take care that your delegates be instructed to vote for free speech and liberty for all, you will strike a blow, which, in the long run will be beneficial not only to you but to the cause of Labor all the world over.

Each and every comrade should make it his and her task to render the stay of THE REBEL a permanent one. The means to accomplish this are numerous and lay in the hands of every one of them varying according to local circumstances. Among others we may suggest the placing of the new born on news stands, in public halls, etc., in short, make it conspicuous in all ways and manners accessible to and within the reach of every individual who takes the pains of doing it. Don't wait for the group, club or ass'n to decide in the matter but act promptly and of your own initiative and success must ensue. To Work!

### 11th November Memorial Demonstration

arranged by the Anarchists of Buffalo, N. Y.,  
will take place  
on Thursday, Nov. 14th 1895, 8 P. M.,  
at Turnhall, 329 Ellicott street.

SPEAKERS: In English, C. W. Mowbray,  
in German, John Most.

ADMISSION 10 Cents.

### MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PHILADELPHIA: Ladies' Liberal League, (Eng.)  
Wednesdays, 8 P. M., in Skerretts Hall, Ridge Ave.  
and Green street.

Friendship Liberal League, Sundays, at 2.30 and  
7.30 P. M., in Warner's Hall, Broad and Wallace  
streets.

Knights of Liberty, (Jewish), Sundays, 2.30 P.  
M., Second and Pine streets.

Fellowship for Ethical Rewards, (Eng.), Fridays,  
8 P. M., Mercantile Hall.

☞ Friendly organizations desirous of having  
their meetings announced in this column are request-  
ed to inform us to that effect.

### LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

to be had from our office.

Anarchist Communism	By P. Kropotkine.
Anarchist Morality	" "
An Appeal to the Young	" "
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