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The Rebel

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSITION OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

Vol. I.

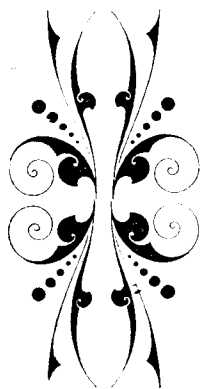
JANUARY, 1896.

No. 4.

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.. THE REBEL ..

AN ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY, 1896.

No. 4.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

(1)

If the Negroes of the South possessed one hundred votes each and these votes could all be cast and counted, the exercise of this enlarged suffrage would not under present conditions redeem them from their new form of slavery under the 'free labor' system. If the American Negro were to boycott the ballot and unify his fiscal and industrial strength in united co-operative effort and in so doing turn the conserved forces of resistance into other channels open to him—he could as similar historical cases have undeniably proven it—break the chains of industrial bondage which now degrade him. He has but to look at the history of the Jewish race to learn what a people united by the bonds of affinity, of suffering and the ties of consanguinity and race comradeship can do in battling universal political and social oppression and ostracism. For centuries the Jew was a social outcast in Europe and a political outlaw as is the Negro in America to-day, upon whose defenceless head every government placed tacitly a price. Notwithstanding this the Jew lived. He grew in power and wealth; to-day the men whom European kings and emperors first consult before making any great move on the world's political chessboard are the great Jewish bankers, the Rothschilds and Bleichröeders.

What the Jew has done the Negro can do along nobler and higher lines of development. But his first step in his own emancipation is to turn his back resolutely once and for ever on the ballot box. Give no mandates by your vote at the polls to your white oppressors. Next to boycotting the white tyrant's ballot box the American Negro should boycott the white man's god. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." And who would be free *can* be free. Simply ordain your individual emancipation. In the meantime the systematic murdering of the Negro at the South will go on, even if the Negro had no vote it would go on just the same. The American Armenia will continue to thrive on the innocent blood of the black proletarian at the price of the ballot in the hands of his white oppressor. This is so because the black scapegoat is the victim offered upon the political shrine of the Solid Color Line South. This solid South controls 159 votes in the American electoral college [the president making part of the judicial, ecclesiastical, capitalistic, military,

plutocratic machine called the American Republic]. It controls a balance of power in the national congress. It controls the official patronage of entire states, each state an empire and military satrapy. Such tremendous powers wielded over a continental empire like North America, will never be peacefully surrendered. Neither priest nor politician will voluntarily give up such power. Embraced within the scope of these vast powers is that of peace or war—wielded by a handful of plutocrats at the national capital. The toilers who will have to fight the battles of the plutocrats and finally pay the bills have no voice in the matter. These powers and the official patronage flowing from them constitute therefore the *motive* of these Southern outrages on the Negro. In other words these Southern outrages are simply organized political murders. Their perpetrators are political assassins in the true sense of the term. To slay a tyrant is justifiable; to slay the innocent, the noble and helpless is murder. These Southern crimes perpetrated daily in America's Armenia are perpetuated supremely for two purposes. One—to unify the voting strength of the southern white barbarians at the polls [another illustration of the fruits of the ballot box] the other—to terrorize the Negro. That in short is the gospel of the Southern outrages on colored American citizens.

It is worthy of special remark in this connection that the Papacy is an organized political machine and the close political ally of the solid confederate white aristocratic South, a direct consenting and benefitted party to this crime. In fact the Color Line Confederate South, the Papacy and capitalism constitute the hydra-headed monster which the American Negro as well as the white wage slave has to face. This triple alliance of oppression is aided by protestant plutocracy. This formidable union of barbarism, ecclesiasticism and capitalism will in time surely wreck the Republic. At any stage of the nations advance these organized and congenial forces push their respective interests to the front, as witness the proceedings in the American congress on the subject of possible war between England and America. When the hour of final conflict comes let the American Negro be ready for the emergency. He may find the white wage slave sufficiently educated by events to clasp hands with him for mutual deliverance. We have pointed out the road of emancipation for the Negro. Let him enter upon it at once. A WHITE SOUTHERNER.

THE NEW ERA.

BY P. KROPOTKINE.

"But there is a predominating fact which it is well to note. The philosophy which, on one side, is elaborated from the study of science, and Anarchism on the other, are two branches of the selfsame great impulse which is operating in the minds of men; two sisters advancing, as it were, hand in hand together; and that is why we can assert that Anarchism is more than a Utopia, more than a theory; it is the general viewing together of facts and phenomena which is forced upon us by our era.

"We see, therefore, that Anarchism is not a thing of yesterday. It is impossible, however, in this address, to enter into the details of its origin, but those who wish to study these will find traces of them in the philosophy of Greece.

"At bottom, popular movements have always been tinged with anarchistic principles, and everything that has been imposed by the minorities (at first of sorcerers, later on of priests, scientists, soldiers and lawyers) has been contrary to these anarchistic tendencies of the masses. The masses ever proclaiming the "droit coutumier" (customary or ordinary rights); the minorities—States, universities, Christian churches and the like—habitually imposing law that had been elaborated amidst the despotisms of the East, and to-day known as Roman, or rather as Byzantine, law.

"The revolt 1800 years ago of Judea and the risings in the East which followed; the religious struggles of the ninth century in Armenia; those of the Rationalists in the twelfth century; finally those of the Anabaptists—all owed their origin to this fundamental idea: Equality for all, no private fortunes, no law other than that of the conscience of man.

"Recent researches of German historians develop the fact that the Reformation was not only coincident with, but in reality was caused by the Anabaptist movement, whose members preached the same revolt against law and authority, declaring that there was nothing obligatory in codes, such, for instance, as were comprised within the Bible, other than what each man found applicable to or desirous for his own needs. These historians prove clearly that the whole weight of the struggle of that century was borne by the Anabaptists; massacred immediately by the thousand once the Lutheran Church—by authority and "Roman right," of course—took the lead of the movement.

"Unfortunately all these movements looked to religion for their support. But even when the philosophy of the eighteenth century finally broke away from all religious tradition and turned toward science for support, it was still anarchistic. At its origin it announced the principles which to-day are the foundation of our ideas. Thus, from an intellectual standpoint, we are the direct descendents of this philosophy; and from the standpoint of action and the ideal,

we are the descendents of all the popular movements which have occurred in history. Whatever their outward aspect, their essence has always been the same—Communism and Anarchism.

"So much for our origin. Let us now pass on to a statement of our ideas.

"Until the present time political economy occupied itself solely with the wealth of nations. At starting, it studied the annual statistics of capital in the hands of the possessing classes, basing its studies upon the supposition that when a nation is wealthy owing to the number of its possessing classes, every individual in that nation will also be wealthy. But to-day we know this supposition to be false, and under the impelling power of our era our attention is drawn to each component member of the nation. Such also is our method of interpreting social economy. We study the individuals, their necessities and the means of their satisfaction.

"We enter the cottage of the peasant, the room or hovel of the laborer, the house or the palace of the rich. We there study their requirements and the measure of their supply. We then discover that three-fourths, if not nine-tenths, of society is in need of the actual necessities of life. Men toil, most of them, indeed, are crushed by overwork, notwithstanding which they lack everything. We find insufficient nourishment, want of clothing, an absence of all that is considered essential not alone by the laws of modern hygiene, but even of such hygienic conditions as are to be found among peoples still backward in civilization.

"The children even cannot satisfy their hunger. Everywhere in civilized countries we hear the cry: "The children are emaciated; they cannot be taught, for they come to school with empty stomachs. We must have bread for these famished little beings before instruction is possible." The small amount of bread they require is wanting in their families. While as to their clothing, we have all read with horror the description given but a few months since of the rags, or absence of clothing, on the little children from Whitechapel, who flocked to the evening reunions organized for their benefit. We all see these rags in city suburbs: we all know the little newsboys who run barefoot at night through the frozen mud of such cities as Newcastle and Glasgow, or, who, numbed with cold, sink exhausted upon the porches of merchant princes' palaces in maritime cities.

"And—but what need to speak of the hovels of the working population in city or country when whole volumes have been published on the subject? Volumes that may well remain little better than waste paper.

(To be continued.)

Die Freie Gesellschaft, a monthly journal for the most advanced ideas in social science. Published on the 15th of the month. Address all communications to I. RUDASH, 162 Norfolk St., New York, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Pont Aven, Finistere, France. November, 1895.

DEAR COMRADES,—our movement is International. The interest of humanity in the march towards Freedom in every land is the same. And moreover the knowledge of how others are progressing is an incitement, often an encouragement, to those at home. Consequently, it occurred to me that I could not better testify to my pleasure in seeing the *Rebel* started, than by offering you some information for its columns, of proceedings here, in France. Accordingly here follows a short account of

THE CARMAUX STRIKE.

The great event of the workingmen's movement in France during the last four months has been the strike of the Glassworkers at Carmaux. Without entering into a detailed account of this long and trying contest, I will aim at giving you the leading facts and point out the particulars which, in my opinion, have made this strike one of special interest and importance.

The glassworkers of Carmaux have a well organised union, and from time to time their employer, Resseguier, has shown himself jealous of its power. It is true that, on one occasion, he gave a contribution to the union funds, but that was solely for the purpose of indirectly supporting a strike against competing employers, for his own personal advantage. Finding later, however, that he had not by so doing, bought his own workmen to support his own political election, he became bitterly opposed to the union.

This strike began in the early part of August because of his dismissal of two good workmen, who were active members of the union, on the pretence that they had deserted their work to attend a glassworker's congress. It was, therefore, on a matter of solidarity with their fellow-workmen that these unionists at first struck. The agitation on behalf of the strike has been vigorously carried on by several leading socialist deputies, such as Jaures, Millerand, Gerault-Richard and others. In accordance with their advice the strikers repeatedly expressed their willingness to submit to arbitration, but the employer, Resseguier, from first to last refused to submit to such a means of settling the dispute. On August 15 he dismissed all the strikers indefinitely, paying them their last remittance. Subsequently he offered to take them back on the condition that they accept a diminution of salary, and with the definite dismissal of those whom he called "the leaders!" It is needless to say that the strikers found it impossible to submit to such conditions.

During the three months of August, September and October the "reactionary" government in power did its best—after the manner of governments—to support the employer, and to viritate, aggravate and outrage the employed. The lengths to which they went

in this business were really beyond even what is customary in these matters. By threatening or cajoling the strikers individually, *at their own houses* they strove to force many to betray their fellows and play the blackleg—but happily with little success. Men and women were insulted and assaulted at home and abroad by the gendarmerie and spies by whom they were surrounded. Resseguier sent his emissaries scouring the country for blacklegs, assisted at every step *by the official authorities* and even by the Railway officials. In order to induce more workers to offer themselves a miserable pretence was made of resuming work. The prefect himself in official state paid a visit to the factory, with his own hand to light a furnace! Telegraphing at the same time to all the neighboring municipalities to announce the end of the strike. Nevertheless as a matter of fact the search for blacklegs met with little success. Some workmen, on their arrival, finding themselves surrounded and conducted by gendarms, protested against such attentions, exclaiming in their amazement "but, we are not prisoners," and seeing how matters stood, instead of entering the factory made straight for the strikers' headquarters. There they explained how they had been deceived, being told that the strike was at end, and stoutly proclaimed their solidarity with those on strike. (They were naturally supplied with the means to return to their homes.)

The stealing of the funds subscribed on behalf of the strikers, the imprisonment on sham accusations, of their treasurer, the pretention to an attack on the life of Resseguier, and the subsequent imprisonment for one month without trial, and in spite of undeniable proof of his innocence, of a poor vendor of anarchist papers, the ruining down and imperilling the lives of a peaceful populace by mounted gendarms; etc.,—such has been the part taken by the authorities against these brave and steadfast strikers. Never for a moment have they let their just indignation carry them away into acts of violence by which they would betray the spirit of solidarity, and by which now they have gained the sympathy and admiration of every impartial man in France.

To conclude, the "reactionary" government has fallen and a "radical" one has taken its place. But this government—contrary to the assurances of the socialist deputies—has not as yet settled the dispute. It is true they made an attempt, inviting both parties to accept arbitration, but the employer Resseguier refuses to accept the invitation and the government *still protects him* in his position by giving him the support of the spies and gendarmerie who still molest and outrage, while their magistrate still continues to condemn and imprison upon the evidence of the police.

On the other hand the attitude of the workers in every part of France, where the least inkling of socialism has penetrated, has been universally sympathetic with the strikers. They have responded pecuniarily and morally to a degree which fills one with

joy and hopefulness. It makes it clear, without any doubt, that the working classes in France, in spite of whatever divisions, or petty rivalries of parties (which are common everywhere) are beginning to practice that fraternal solidarity, on which mainly their hope in the future depends.

To-day the Carmaux strike *as a strike* is at an end. There has been no solution of the dispute. But the *workmen are not beaten*. Morally they are the conquerors. The proposal has been made to start a glass-factory for the glass-workers; in other words, to start a co-operative factory, carried on by the workers themselves. At the meeting held by delegates of syndicates (trade unions), other corporate bodies and of the strikers themselves, it was decided on Sunday, November 17, to "found a glass-factory for the workers," the united socialistic proletariat of France to be the owners, the profits to be used for the socialist propaganda! In the afternoon of that day the committee elected brought forward this proposition at a meeting of 600 delegates representing purely workmen's associations of every kind. The difficulty of finding the capital to start with, which at the first moment seemed insurmountable, is also likely to be overcome shortly. A certain sympathizer, (Mme D.) immediately charged Henri Rochefort to be the bearer of 100,000 fr. (\$20,000) as a first donation for this purpose, and already a considerable sum has been added by various associations.

Such in a hurried stretch, has been the history of the Carmaux strike. So fruitful in lessons has it been that it seems to be well worthy of further consideration on a future occasion. Already it has given rise to a discussion between myself and J. Grave in *Les Temps Nouveaux*. It might be well if other comrades would give in their journals, their impressions on the question.

A. HENRY.

AN INQUIRY.

To Anarchist-Socialists.

Comrades are asked to answer the following two questions:

- (1.) Can an Anarchist-Socialist take part in present society, in any measure at all, in the organization and administration of communal or parochial affairs?
- (2.) Can he exert himself to obtain the immediate and progressive abolition of present evils?

ONE WHO WISHES TO BE ENLIGHTENED.

In giving space to these questions we hope to see the comrades partaking in the discussion of this subject for which we declare the columns of the *Rebel* opened.

COMRADES, AGITATE FOR THE REBEL!

A BLOODY ATTACK ON WORKINGMEN

....AT....

DAVOS, SWITZERLAND.

It is easy to remember that the State Socialists always speak of Switzerland as the country most advanced in democracy, and they say it has nearly realized the programme of the Belgian Socialists; the nation armed, the government of the people, by the people, etc., etc.

This democratic country need not envy the Tzar of all the Russias, nor the emperor of Germany as we shall see by the incidents we are about to relate.

The tailors' association at Davos, canton des Grisons, went on strike for divers reasons, all legitimate ones. They decided to arrange a meeting, to which they invited their employers in order that they might come to some agreement. November 6, the day appointed, the strikers arrived at the meeting, and were soon afterwards rejoined by their antagonists. The discussion began, and became an exciting one, and finally an individual arose (one of the employers' party) and shouted out the following which so well expresses the thought of all the exploiters:

"You miserable tailors, you ought to be glad that we give you enough to eat!"

After this, the meeting closed in great disorder with no questions solved, that goes without saying.

A second reunion was organized for the following Saturday, but was to have a different ending.

In the interval between the first and second meeting the master tailors continued to give vent to their dislike of the workmen, and assured themselves of the aid of some 'fighters' who were to accompany them to the meeting. The day appointed, the strikers presented themselves at the place, but were received with blows, bottles were thrown at them. The electric lights were extinguished, and a hand-to-hand struggle began in the dark, blood flowed abundantly, the landlord and his wife were knocked down, and could do nothing to stop the fight. After having demolished everything on the first floor, the bullies went upstairs and broke into pieces everything they found there. From this place they (the crowd of fighters) proceeded to the strikers' headquarters in order to find fresh material for their rage, leaving behind one of their own friends, whom they had almost killed, thinking he was a striker. The next day, the authorities made an examination, and decided to the astonishment of everyone, that it was the strikers who, not having received mortal wounds, and not their assailants, were to blame. Those of the strikers who were not taken to the hospital were arraigned at the tribunals of their respective districts, and very naturally were condemned. Upon further investigation however it was decided that the employers had begun the fight, but as it was necessary above all to save their property, which, by the way, was admirably done by the authorities, things were left as before.

Frankly, then, what are we to think of these authorities, protectors of the masters, the exploiters, elected by a democratic government, in its turn issued from the people and created by the people; do we not see that a government—no matter by whom created—is forced to protect property, the cause of all our troubles, and that it is only by the suppression of all this governmental train, that we shall reach other and happier results than those which we obtain by electing masters for ourselves.

Passe-Partout, in *Le Plebeien*.

THE PHILADELPHIA STREET CAR STRIKE.

A most inglorious defeat it was, and for the same old reason—preachers and leaders. And yet to quote a sympathizing business man “It was a lovely strike.” Never was there such unanimity of sentiment throughout all classes of society, never was there a better tie-up or a better boycott, never was there a better possibility of success; hence never a more humiliating defeat.

Those outside the city may be interested in a brief summary of the causes of the strike.

The entire city, with the exception of one cross-town line, is operated under one management; there are no cable cars and but one horse car line; all others are the overhead wire electric system. The motormen are compelled to stand exposed to all the rigors of the weather on an open platform for thirteen and fourteen hours daily. For this they receive two dollars. The demands of the strike were ten hours work, two dollars, and enclosed platforms; mild and just enough one would think. So much for the men. Now for the city's strike. Previous to the consolidation of the three or four great companies five-cent transfers were obtainable to any part of the city; as soon as the Union Traction Co. was formed these transfers were abolished and eight-cent exchanges substituted. Indignation was universal; protest meetings were held; resolutions were passed; a committee of twenty-one “leading citizens” was appointed to ask the Traction Co. to rescind their action; failing to obtain a hearing they were “to pledge themselves to work for good men at the next election!”

What followed is easily foreseen. The traction magnates waved off the citizen's committee with a laugh; the committee of the strikers which followed close upon its heels was treated similarly. Then came the strike—hard and heavy and solid—

By ten o'clock the first morning after it began the city had possessed itself of brickbats, stones, coal, whatever it could lay its anonymous hands upon, and cars were being gloriously smashed. The strikers did not engage in the riots, so they said, or so their leaders said. They deprecated violence; they believed greatly in peace. But it is the sincere opinion of your correspondent that they lied; motormen may be more or less ignorant and conductors especially lamblike and innocent; but it is doubtful if they were quite so naive as to believe the great tie-up could have been brought about through the means prescribed by their leaders: it is doubtful whether they are sufficiently coward and ingrate to condemn in their hearts the brave boys, the women, the children, the good leaderless *mob* that fought their fight! No, I cannot believe it. The men know and the whole city knows that it was the rioters who maintained the strike; the rioters who made scabbing disagreeable and dangerous; the rioters who blocked the lines and compelled the cars to return to the depots; the rioters who made it unattractive for people to ride in scab cars; the rioters who broke the heads of the police, and who offered their own luckless heads to the hoofs of the horses, and the revolvers of the mounted officers that guarded the scab cars. It is the rioters who will suffer the lonely years in

prison, because they protested with their bodies rather than their tongues; it is they who are the real martyrs, and I am loth to believe that the street-car men of Philadelphia are so shameless as to disavow the acts of these martyrs no matter what the cowardice of their leaders may announce.

From the morning of the 17th of Dec. till the morning of the 23rd, everything was well. Few cars were run on any of the lines in the day-time, none at all at night. The city was jubilant; half the people wore “I will walk” cards on their hats and coats. Wagons driven by strikers were doing a good carrying business. On Sunday the 22nd no cars were attempted to be run; the people were out and the company knew it; the Directors of Public Safety announced that the police needed a rest. On Monday the tie-up was broken on the 4th and 8th St. line; cars ran in rapid succession, guarded by police, but without passengers. Notwithstanding the break the chances were still excellent.

Meantime what had gone on in the committees? That would be a secret worth knowing. From the beginning there was any quantity of interference on the part of would-be arbitrators, chief among whom were a certain Dr. Baker and a Mr. Griffiths, representing the Christian League of the city of Philadelphia ostensibly—in reality probably the business interests of the city which were being crippled by the strike. On Friday night, the 20th these gentlemen presented themselves to the strike committee, as employed by the Company to make terms. They granted everything; the strike was declared off and the men told to go to work. To their surprise they were told by the superintendent upon reporting that they could not. Later the president of the Company repudiated the action of the committee and the strike went on.

On Monday night, by what mysterious agency will perhaps never be known save to the initiated few, the strike leaders were persuaded to assemble the men at the Labor Lyceum and there submit to them the identical proposition made by president Welsh in the beginning, viz: that he “recognized the right of the men to join any lawful society, but that the company would not recognize said society in its business dealings.” Not a word was said about hours, wages or platforms; yet the strike leaders proclaimed a victory, and to make it sound more triumphal introduced that chiefest of fakirs, John Wanamaker, to act the part of the political rooster. After sufficient buncombe had been talked, and all the more courageous and level-headed men had left the hall, the proposition was voted upon and accepted. The men were instructed to go to work at the old terms, put on a white ribbon and believe themselves victorious. All of which goes to prove that the proper thing to do with a leader is to depose him and trust to the spontaneous action of the workers themselves. Until men learn to do this strikes will be sold, strikers will be hoodwinked, and bosses be on top. Another storm is brewing however, and this time let us hope a better one. As I write the matter may be already decided.

Philadelphia.

X. Y. Z.

NEW ANARCHIST JOURNALS.

La Debacle Sociale is the name of the new Anarchist weekly which is to substitute the fortnightly *Le Pebeien*. It will be issued from the same quarters, rue Beau Jardin, 2, Ensival, Belgium. Subscription per annum 3 fr. 50.

In *Le Cyclone*, Casilla Correo, 1120, Buenos Aires, the Anarchist journals have to welcome a new recruit, making the total number in South America *nine*.

De Anarchist, our Dutch brother-organ of Sappemeer, will from now on appear weekly. Address all communications to H. M. Hoerchner, Westerstraat, 116, Amsterdam, Holland.

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
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NOTES.

 We shall not be responsible for any remittances but those addressed to H. M. KELLY, 170 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. Subscribers, groups, and readers please heed this!

—VENEZUELA—"THEN cry Havoc and let loose the dogs of war!" Our rulers, the great wise statesmen(?) who represent us at Washington, and whose doings are our doings, you know, since they "represent" us, have been making a holy show of themselves once more. Of course, it was not deliberately intended to precipitate a war with England. The apparent design was to see how close they could come and miss. And even now we may drift into war with our eyes wide open. It is easy enough to say that the miserable strip of Central American swamp that forms the *casus belli* is not worth the ink that will be shed, to say nothing of blood, but the real trouble is deeper. England, that is to say the handful of clever men that rule England, have become so inured to having their own way in such matters, that any serious objection on the part of a small neighbor, to be deftly and thoroughly skinned, in accord with the tradition of British policy, seems to them almost sacreligious, and the objections of a larger neighbor to stand by and see the skinning done is too grotesque to be taken seriously. And yet this objection of our official politicians will have to be taken seriously for in this matter they have the great mass of the people back of them. Of course the mass of the people would never have inaugurated a war policy, but as we have drifted into one, very few object. There are enough men out of work to form a great army; the policy of building up an enormous militia has fostered the military spirit and supplied a great mass of subaltern officers, and as for Generals—"the woods are full of 'em." While as for funds—the lessons of 30 years ago are not forgotten, and the printing presses and the printers are at hand, and ready to turn out bonds and greenbacks as of yore, and patriotic capitalists will not be lacking to take them at a good discount; while as for the manufacturers of war material there is no limit to their enthusiasm. And

as for the common people—well, they are mostly damned fools, and as ready as ever to be "Cannon Fodder." I hope no English and for that matter no American comrade will understand me as favoring war or of taking the "American" side in this question, but it is too serious a matter for any-thing but perfect frankness. It would be most horrible if Americans and Englishmen were to butcher each other, but unless the clever men who rule England can bring themselves to accept arbitration with Venezuela as something compatible with their dignity, and conformable to their interests, the danger of war will not be gone. That is just what Americans and Englishmen *will do* before we get through with this trumpery question.

* * *

I HAVE received a copy of the "Red Record" published by the National Seamen's Union of America. This little publication illustrates the free brotherhood that prevails under the star spangled banner as it waves over the American merchant ship.

I think it would be a wise move for the English to send a big edition down to Venezuela, for if the happy peons of Central America were to get an inkling of the sort of life American sailors lead under that flag, they would hasten to overt such a calamity as even a temporary alliance with it. I will quote the first case that strikes my eye:

COMMODORE T. H. ALLEN, Captain Merriam, arrived in San Francisco, April, 1889. A seaman, McDonald, reported that while expostulating against the vile language of the third-mate he was struck several times by that officer and thrown against the rail with such violence that his shoulder was dislocated. Captain remarked, when appealed to: "Serves you damned well right," and ordered the mate to confine McDonald in the carpenter's shop—a combination of hospital and prison. As treatment for his wounds he was given a dose of salts. Another seaman fell sick and was confined with McDonald in the carpenter's shop. There being only one bunk in the place, the weakest man had to sleep on the deck. Diet for the sick man, common ship's fare; medicine, salts. For four days he ate nothing. Finally he died. Interviewed about the matter, the third-mate acknowledged McDonald was a good seaman, but that he (the third-mate) was "down" on him.

And here is another one:

RICHARD III, Captain Lee, put into San Francisco, leaky, March 5, 1893. Crew had signed in San Diego to go to British Columbia and back to a United States port, or if the vessel laid up in British Columbia or elsewhere before the expiring of the contract, crew were to receive \$60 each and be discharged. On arrival in San Francisco, Captain Lee endeavored to get rid of his crew, in violation of his contract, by stopping their food. He refused to pay the seamen the wages contracted for. The crew had to go ashore for their food. On returning one evening from their meals Captain McIntyre, at that time master of the steamer Costa Rica and part owner of the Richard III, met the crew on the ship's rail and ordered them to stay ashore. The seamen did not know Captain McIntyre, they were members of the ship's company, their clothes and wages were still in the ship, therefore they insisted upon going aboard. Captain McIntyre fired upon them, dangerously wounding two men, Nelson and Benninger. McIntyre arrested on a charge of attempt to murder. Police judge Conlan admitted him to bail and continued the case so as to allow Captain McIntyre to proceed on his voyage. Nelson, Benninger and the witnesses in the case had to remain ashore idle during this time. Case against McIntyre finally dismissed.

And now what do you think these people want? You would never guess. Every case in this "Re-

cord" has been brought before a court, and in every case the poor devils have found out that courts and laws and judges are for the protection of property, and not for the protection of sailors. Case finally dismissed. "Lack of evidence." "Justifiable discipline," these are the legends at the end of nearly every case. And so since the laws they have are of no use to them, these sailors think that what they lack is more law, and they have a highly respectable lobbyist in Washington, to get some more for them. I don't think that the *Rebel* has any influence with legislators, and so we couldn't help the sailors get their "reform legislation" even if we wanted to, but I wish we could get the rank and file who pay the bills to read their own pamphlet. Take this extract from the "ancient law of Wisby" not later than A. D. 1266. Article 24. 'No man shall fight or give another the lie aboard. He who offends in this kind shall pay 4 demirs; and if the mariner gives the master the lie he shall pay 8 demirs; but he who strikes him shall pay 100 sols or lose his hand. If the master gives the lie he shall pay 8 demirs; if he strikes he ought to receive blow for blow.' Oh ancient mariners of Wisby! You were indeed men. Would that a company of you could come back and ship aboard of one of our yankee clippers, what a cruise that would be! Perhaps the officers would not survive the lessons of the trip, but if they did, we may be sure they would be sadder and wiser men thereafter. At any rate until the ancient spirit of self-respect reawakens in our mariners, nothing whatever can be done for them. A dog will be treated like a dog in spite of all laws-

* * *

THE AMERICAN Federation of Labor has had its annual convention. Sam. Gompers has been elected president, McBride got left. There was a lot of speech making, the "Dignity of labor" was trotted out again for its annual airing. A couple of Englishmen instructed their American brethren how, by strictly following the example of English Trades Unionists, they might in time attain the dizzy heights of prosperity on which the English workingman has his secure abiding place.

That stupid demagogue Pomeroy of Chicago frothed at the mouth in real or simulated rage at the Socialists, a temperance advocate told the assembled representatives that half of the workingman's income was spent in the saloon and that therefore the saloon must be abolished, and the delegates went out and took a drink on it, instead of explaining to the lady that her statement is an obvious absurdity, since the only wonder to a statistician is how the sum total of wages earned divided among the number to be fed and clothed and housed therefrom serves to maintain them all. Moreover no one explained to the lady, that if the workingmen should at once give up drinking, the bosses would presently reduce wages and the landlords raise rents. In fact the whole affair was a big humbug—a cheap show designed to keep the rank

and file of Trades Unionists in good due paying humor. The actual fact is that the old-fashioned pure and simple trades unionism has had its day. It has been tried and found wanting. Why right here in New York the House-smiths were most shamefully beaten in an effort to get decent terms from their bosses only a few weeks ago and every insider knows that as a matter of fact the whole of the building trades are really at the mercy of the bosses. For instance in the plumbing trade altho' the union scale is ostensibly maintained a number of bosses compell their men to return a fixed percentage of their wages, so that really the union is nothing but an empty mockery and this custom is spreading. Who can tell when the bosses may conclude to defy the unions altogether? and what kind of a fight could the men make? When as a matter of fact there are enough unemployed men in the country to fill all the places of all the union men. That cheap demagogues of the Pomeroy stripe should rant is not to be wondered at, that Sam Gompers can think of nothing but drawing a salary and uttering pompous platitudes is not surprising, but when Henry Weisman gets up and proclaims the 8 hour workday as the ultimate goal to be attained by pure and simple non political trades unionism, one can only realize that it is just as demoralizing for an Anarchist to accept a position when he cannot tell the truth, as for any other man. Daniel de Leon is I believe a humbug—he is too intelligent to believe the slush he ladles out to the political Trades Unionists in return for his salary, but I should require a medical certificate signed by a whole college of alienists, to convince me that Henry Weisman has so completely lost his clear insight and power of logical thought, as to believe, what he now tells his —employers.

The fact is the power of organized labor is broken in this country. Nowhere are men cheaper, nowhere is governmental force so entirely at the command of the capitalist as in this country, and it is high time that the truth were told. The Social Democrats and the Debsite Populists have at least this clear realization of the truth, that unless the working classes of this country reconquer the power they have lost their case is hopeless; and if we don't join them it is because we know their program is not radical enough. But for me at least the time has come to tell the truth about the old style of unionism as relentlessly as about the new, and I shall have a good deal more to say on this subject in a future issue.

* * *

KEIR HARDIE said in a recent interview that when he told the Western Populists that their political agitation would not cure their economic ills, and asked them what they would try next, their answer was always a significant gesture toward their Winchester rifles. But says Keir Hardie I believe in the schoolmaster, I am an evolutionist not a revolutionist. I wish Keir did believe in the schoolmaster, it might

then be worth while to explain to him that the theory of evolution or development was in its time a most revolutionary and atheistic doctrine. The good old doctrine was that god had made the world to run like an 8 day clock, that if things happened in a certain way it was because he had built the machine that way and no other. The evolutionists on the other hand held that the world had really never been "created" at all, but was constantly changing. That the world we see to-day is a growth from a vastly different world of the past, and is itself but a momentary phase of a mighty and universal growth toward a world to be. Of course this doctrine which was considered so atheistic, immoral, revolutionary by the orthodox of yesterday, is trotted out by the Keir Hardie of to-day as a defense against the revolutionists. The trouble is that these would be evolutionists have really never evolved beyond the god-almighty stage. The old creationists answered all questions as to the why or wherefore of things by asserting that god has made things as they were for his own good pleasure, the new set have substituted evolution for creation and "natural law" for god's will; that's all the difference there is, but where does this natural law come from, or how they come to be so cocksure as to its operations they will not condescend to explain, fortunately we can laugh at them. As a simple and obvious fact no one can know anything about it. The natural phenomena that make for change in order to transform the world into its present state, may have operated, through countless æons at a rate too slow for our minds to grasp, or they may have operated at times and in places with inconceivable speed. One thing only is certain, that exact science does not as yet afford us data for even an intelligent guess, to say nothing of exact knowledge.

Now if Keir Hardie, who is really an intelligent fellow, will drop this flatulent talk about evolution, he will see that every form of society yet tried by men, has created a special class who were its special beneficiaries, or that every society was created by a special class for its own benefit. And that these special beneficiaries have always represented and probably believed their own class privileges to be the very keystone of the social arch, he will search history in vain for a case where an aristocracy has voluntarily given up its privileges and come down to fellowship and equality. The Populists are very backward brethren, "they want but little here below," but their instincts are perfectly sound, that lead them regard their "Winchesters" as the only means of getting the little they do want.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING is a declaration of principles issued by our comrades of Dallas, Texas:

1. We demand the immediate and total abolition of all compulsory control and government of man by man, so far as we are concerned; for others we do not presume to speak.

2. We repudiate any and all forms of government or coercion whatsoever, as despotic, unjust, and contrary to the principle of equal rights.

3. We propose voluntary association for mutual protection and defense against invasion from whatever source.

4. All wealth, the product of labor, should belong to its creators. To secure this, labor must own and control all means of production. This can only be done through general co-operation. We therefore propose co-operative control of all machinery used in production; of all ware houses and sample rooms, and of all means of transportation, communication, etc.

5. We demand the abolition of all so-called titles to land, other than the natural titles of occupancy and use.

6. Money, the medium of exchange, should be free. All systems of currency should be organized upon a mutual and voluntary basis.

7. We demand the extinction of national boundary lines, and the formation of an international confederation of wealth producers, thus realizing that dream of all ages—the universal Brotherhood of Man.

Horace Greeley used to say that "platforms" were only to spit on. I don't quite agree with him, but I don't consider them very serious in themselves. The real question is what kind of people subscribe to them? how much zeal and energy, how much life is there back of them? Still I cannot help wondering, just what our Dallas comrades mean by plank 6. "Money, the medium of exchange, should be free." Now the only value of money is that it isn't free, and consequently we poor devils who haven't any, have to sell ourselves in order to get enough to live on. Certainly if money were free I for one wouldn't hustle about to get any, but just take what I wanted of it. But then according to plank 4 all wealth is to belong to its creators, there is to be general co-operation in production and distribution, so in that case I can't see what I would want money for at all. Or do our comrades propose to take our miserable, dickering, accounting, shopkeeping, penny squeezing, commercial system over into the Promised land with them? If so I am glad that they leave me at liberty to decline to go with them. I should be glad to hear from comrade Winn on this subject.

J. H. E.

LIBERTY LIBRARY.

Liberty Library. We have received No. 1 of this series. The title of the pamphlet is: "The historical, philosophical, and economical bases of Anarchy," by comrade Wm. Holmes. The publication of the Library is undertaken by comrade E. H. Fulton of Columbia Junction, Ja., to whom all communications should be directed. The issues are to appear regularly every month. The annual subscription is 50 cts., single copies 5 cts.; in lots of 100 2½ cts. No. 2 will be "God and the State." We wish our comrade good luck.

ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF FATHERLAND.

(Concluded.)

The widening of human knowledge, of commerce and industry, creates fresh wants which tempt men to make voyages and enter into frequent relations with strangers. Wars result from the contact of peoples at enmity or from encroachment over a foreign frontier. The people intermingle and differentiation becomes still less. Alliances and unions take place, and by these means as also by conquest, the absorption of small States by a greater one is accomplished. Thus a new 'country' or 'fatherland' arises. Superficially it is much larger and contains a greater number of persons than any of its predecessors; solidarity embraces more beings but is still further diminished in intensity. Men, living now in different localities and not coming into daily contact, drift apart; they do not know each other so well, do not feel so familiar with one another even though differentiation may be all but extinct. The bond of solidarity is there, but has become weakened through the growth of numbers.

At this moment we are at this very stage of evolution and the undercurrent which is eventually to lead mankind, into internationalism and finally to a point where uniformity will continually increase, is already moving vigorously. In the large countries of to-day, everything tends towards internationalism, that is to solidarity between nations, to, whatever be the birthplace or national customs of the individual, a feeling of brotherhood. In short, mankind is striving to reach an ever closer homogeneity. Towards this end all the discoveries of human intelligence seem directed. Telegraphs and telephones with their innumerable threads encircle the globe; railroads furrow the whole earth; ships cross the seas; even the bicycle, a thing of yesterday; the steam-carriage, but now trying its paces; the balloon which some to-morrow shall see flying under control through space—all these factors in their ability to decrease distances, to lead people to intermingle and to know each other, tend to suppress frontiers, to diminish differences and to assimilate the dissimilar.

Ideas are exchanged; books, reviews and newspapers no longer remain restricted to their original country, or else translated, go forth to carry like thoughts to all parts. The European of two centuries ago, took no interest in what was occurring in China—to-day he is deeply interested. Our newspapers contain telegrams on current events in Australia or South America regarding which our great-grandfathers would have felt no concern. To-day, however, thanks to commerce and industry, a native of Bordeaux or St. Malo is more affected by what is passing in Rio Janeiro or New Foundland than by what is going on in the towns at his elbow. A European event resounds throughout America, gives rise to some phenomenon which affects Australia and from there re-echoes back in some new form upon Europe.

When we consider Art, Science and Literature, the same phenomenon is apparent. A mutual exchange of ideas is increasing; in spite of frontiers the relation between artists, scientists and literary men grows daily stronger. French

literature is influenced by Russian—Toungeneff, Tolstoi; by the Scandinavians Ibsen and Bjornson, and in turn influences Spanish or English. Our artists have come to be teachers of the English and American, while our impressionists are more or less disciples of Turner. To the laboratories of our chemists and physicians, through the wise men of every land, while ours similarly journey to those of other countries. This interchange of thought has become so intimate, so closely connected, that it is difficult to apportion what belongs to each. Nor does it greatly matter, for this work of homogeneity, of mutual goodwill, is accomplishing itself under these varied and multiplied causes. In the immense laboratory of our earth, the union of all nations, the love of man by man is being slowly formed.

To this task, of which Jesus was a forerunner when he preached that all men were brothers; which Littré foretold when he wrote that the future would be cosmopolitan; which Chevreul confirmed when he cried: "The nations are destined to be welded together, so that there will be but one great nation which shall overleap every frontier,"—to this end, I say, even the army and finance are cooperating. The army is throwing together men of different localities, classes and caste, influences each by the other until these very differences are minimised. Finance is drawing nations closer together, in arousing enterprises in foreign countries, renders men less dissimilar. And these powers, so destructive in some aspects, aid in the advance of internationalism, which in extending solidarity amongst men will lead to the disappearance of armies and consequently of the capitalist and financial system. Internationalism is the union of all peoples. Such is the distant goal towards which humanity is straining. But first we have to reach a union of all the people of one continent; next the union of all those of the same race; finally the union of all men independently of race or species.

The current moving beneath social phenomena will inevitably lead to internationalism, all arguments notwithstanding. To be an internationalist is to desire that friendship should unite all men, instead of as now separation being bred from ill-will; to be an internationalist is to demand a union of the nations,—it is not asking for the absorption of the lesser by the greater or more powerful.

But if the social phenomena of the day disclose a tendency towards the homogeneity of the peoples, an examination into these same phenomena shows also a tendency towards heterogeneity. Men, it would seem, both conserve and develop their own individuality at the same time that they affiliate or absorb that of others. The same fact holds good with nations, or aggregations of individuals. Social and climatic influences act and react upon these. Geographical environments, compelling to different orders of nourishment, maintain dissimilarities, whilst commerce and industries permitting an identical method of development in dissimilar localities, maintain a trend towards homogeneity.

We can understand that climatic and social conditions cannot be the same in all localities: differences will therefore continue to exist between people living in different districts. No one doubts but that they will diminish in the future as they have done in the past, but for long, it may

be always, they will exist. The internationalist, however, is not deeply affected by this; what he desires is the union of every nation, universal solidarity, love of humanity—in place of, as now, ill-will and wars.

This is a noble ideal. To prefer humanity to one's fatherland is, as M. J. Delaforce has said, to have a more philosophic, a wider comprehension of the meaning of 'solidarity'. "There is," says Mably, "a virtue greater than that of love of fatherland, and that is the love of humanity." Let us cultivate this virtue, and like Schiller, act as citizens of the world, exchanging 'our country' for the 'human race'; for, as Renan wrote, we are first Men, and after that Frenchmen or Germans.

A. HAMON.

REPORT.

BUFFALO, N. Y. I visited this city in connection with comrade Most: for the anniversary celebration of the Chicago murders, which was held in the Turner Hall, on Nov. 14. The meeting was a splendid success from the point of attendance, and much literature was disposed of.

I also had the pleasure of addressing two meetings in the Council Hall on Endicott st., besides which I spoke before the Boiler Makers' Union, and that of the Engineer's, etc.

The one great characteristic of the meetings in this city was the fact that a large number of American workmen attended, and showed their interest by taking part in the discussions; we were not without the usual opposition from the local Social Democrats. they caused us no trouble however for the simple reason they are mainly politicians and know little of the meaning of Socialism. A fact which is to be much regretted. My visit has helped much to create a feeling of solidarity among the local Anarchists and I am of the opinion that Buffalo will have a good movement before long. My thanks are due to the comrades for their help and also for the kindness with which they treated Mrs. Mowbray, and myself. I desire however to state in connection with my Buffalo report that I was unfortunately compelled to disappoint Pittsburg, and I deem some explanation necessary.

On my reaching Buffalo, I found the comrades had arranged meetings for a whole week. I thus found myself in a difficulty, and knew that some disappointment was bound to occur. I proposed that I had better go to Pittsburg with comrade Most, and return to Buffalo, and carry out the arranged program. Comrade Most and others were against the waste of money, as they considered it would be, if I went to Pittsburg, and had to return to Buffalo. I was sorry to cause disappointment but comrade Most assured me it would be all right as he would explain the situation on his arrival in Pittsburg. I therefore left the matter in his hands and personally wrote to Pittsburg, offering other dates which I could keep when I was done with Buffalo. the success of my Buffalo meetings caused me to think I was justified in staying where I was as I was reaching the American workmen as they had never been before. I

was astonished to get no reply from Pittsburg to any of my letters. I therefore presume that the explanation which com. Most made to the Pittsburg folks did not have the desired effect of smoothing over the disappointment. I was, in consequence of no answer being to hand, compelled to return to Boston with only half of my tour completed. On my return home I again wrote to Pittsburg and have not received any response till now. I would like to have the Pittsburg comrades state their case freely. I am ready to redeem the Pittsburg failure upon a future occasion and hope to have cleared up this misunderstanding.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. At a recent date I held a very well attended meeting here, at which a considerable amount of literature has been disposed of. Our comrades are doing a good deal of propaganda but are unfortunately hampered on account of employment. Yet by continuing in the way they do at present, some tangible results are bound to be attained, and this city among many others in New England will develop into a good station for the propaganda of anarchistic doctrines.

C. W. Mowbray.

A CURIOUS incident, not without significance, occurred Xmas day at Faneuil Hall. The Boston Post of December 26 relates in a long first-page article that the Parker's Helping Hand Mission was giving its annual dinner to 800 miserable, homeless, etc., etc., men in the hall. The tramps (read unemployed) had waited outside until "the same Xmas cheer which the millionaires of Commonwealth avenue had spread before themselves" was prepared for them. They were permitted to enter and take their places before the smoking viands, and to wait for nearly a half hour until all were seated and some one had "said grace."

On the platform the ministers and a "group of pretty girls fashionably dressed were seated whose polite curiosity contrasted with the fierce hunger of the tramps."

Afterwards they were permitted to eat and a long description of the "composite living picture" of the "American tramp" follows. When their hunger was somewhat appeased music and speeches by their "friends" were in order. A little later on, an elegantly clad young man came to Mr. Parker and requested to be allowed to speak a few words to the men. "Sternly, harshly, James E. Campion the rabid Socialist sent his voice grating through the hall" after having received permission from the "kindly superintendent" who doubtless thought he was one of "their own" because he was so well dressed, . . . "Like a thunderbolt came the fierce denunciations of the agitator. Like an explosion came the answering rage of the mob." Briefly, he was allowed to go on for ten minutes, the men always becoming more excited. When Mr. Parker reminded Campion that there were other speakers, the tramps regarded it as an attempt to stop their socialist friend. "Shouts and howls and yells grew louder." "Campion would not stop. Arthur Sawyer indignantly interposed, denouncing the Socialist as an interloper looking for cheap notoriety." Campion yelled: "I resent that as an insult." At this exciting moment some one went for the police, while the tramps acclaimed their friend Campion in the most enthusiastic manner. The usual result followed. The hall was cleared by the police. Campion walked proudly away. . . .

THE PAST AND FUTURE

OF THE

LADIES' LIBERAL LEAGUE.

(Concluded.)

Finally the sex question, more intensely important to us than any other, because of the interdiction which generally rests upon it, because of its immediate bearing upon daily life, because of the stupendous mystery of it and the awful consequences of ignorance of it. We have considered the relative positions of the sexes, biologically, ethnologically, historically, economically, politically,—if there is a way we haven't considered them we would like to know it; it would make a good evening. Among the speakers on this all absorbing topic was the brilliant half-breed, Honore J. Jaxon, one of the leaders of the Riel uprising in 1887, for whose head the British government wants to pay \$10,000. He told us how the much belied aboriginal woman lived in her aboriginal conditions, in relation to lover and husband as well as in other matters. It isn't altogether satisfactory, but it has the advantage over the whites' system, in that the squaw can at any time she pleases, tap the drum and say to the council, "I here give away Blacktail to whoever wants him." We whites are expected to fee a lawyer first.

The noted woman lawyer, Mrs. Kilgore, has given us of her eloquence; the bright little journalist, Mrs. Symonds, the strong though quiet Henrietta Westbrook; the scholarly Miss Craddock, who has made deep researches into ancient symbolism, believes in the possibility of marriage between spirits and mortals, and has been denied a platform by every thin-shelled liberal society in the city, because she thinks that can happen now which every ex-Christian freethinker once devoutly believed did happen nineteen hundred years ago! Observe how little they are really changed, since they are now as ready to persecute belief as once they were to persecute unbelief.

And there have been others and others and others, after all which others, (enough to make it modest) myself, who always go in as filling, when no one else is available, which is what I am doing at present, please your worships. I trust some well-disposed person will now say something agreeable about the filling of the goose being the best part.

Of course we have put forward all these questions because we, as a society, do stand for equality, without which there is no liberty. Like others our idea of equality is more or less misty; that is, it is a vast principle seen indistinctly in the twilight of dawning perception, whose outlines will become sharply defined bit by bit in the noon-day of experience only. Nevertheless it serves us as a guide. It goes without saying that had we been without this guide we should not have been so impartial. From the orthodox, in or out of an *ism*, you may expect to hear but one side; from us you have a right to expect all sides. So we begged the reactionists to come; and they came in the person of Prof. Cope and the witty *litterateur*, Ralph Raleigh, who hankers deeply after the woman of King Solomon's ideal, who looked well after the household and didn't mix into her husbands club-house affairs, who took what he "provided for her" and made the most of it, who sat near him when he made speeches and wiped her eyes with tearful pride when the audience applauded him, and took him home afterward and put him

to bed with a warm toddy, and kept the children quiet so he could sleep, and brought the paper to him so he could read about himself when he woke up, and said "Yes, my dear," when he exclaimed "This reporter is a beast," and "No, my dear," when he declared that "no true woman would ever mix in public matters," and that and that. Mr. Raleigh longs for the good old days, and the ease and restful quiet of the woman who didn't know anything and didn't want anything. Blessed woman! She got precisely what she wanted.

Then Prof. Cope upset our whole kettle of fish by telling us that our bones weren't of the right sort for progress to get inside of them. That's bad; that's very bad. Most women can get all around a man in the matter of fixing their skins and eyes and teeth and hair; but bones—bones now are a hard matter to fix. It's just possible though that, because that is the one thing we don't know how to do yet, the men, who don't know how to make one hair look like ten or put a sparkle in a dull eye, or carmine on a shriveled lip the men may have invented the superior advantages of their bones for spite. At any rate we are not convinced, which is perhaps the reason we have borne it so complacently.

Again we have been smitten in the house of our friends, when we least expected it. It's hard to have smiled and smiled and wagged our heads in satisfaction while compliments were being showered on us, only to find in the end that we have been tricked into listening to a humiliating accusation. It has an effect so distressingly like those stories that begin so charmingly in a quaint little log-cabin in the West, picturesquely embowered in sunflowers and corn, and wind up with Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, \$1.25 a bottle! It is aggravating to a degree to hear a person suavely tell us he is the "friend of woman," that every right he has she ought to have, that he hails the bicycle and bloomer with joy,—and then turn and bow and say, "But then, Madam Chairman, a woman always has been, is, and ever shall be two or three degrees behind—*Me*. There are no sudden breaks in evolution; if woman should really advance abreast of man it would overthrow our entire modernized conception of biology, in fact, our entire cosmogony, which is manifestly absurd, I am perfectly willing that women should do whatever they wish, but they will never be able to do anything as well as men. They are hopelessly, irredeemably, everlastingly mediocre." This, I say, is painful. But we have borne with this sort of person too. Are we not liberal?

One more item of history and I proceed to the prophecy. I refer to the recognition, by an annual commemoration, of the life and services of Mary Wollstonecraft, the great pioneer of the woman's equality movement among English speaking people. It is to the discredit of our freethinking world that while they have set apart a day to recognize the services of Thos. Paine, the friend of Mary Wollstonecraft, they have not thought of giving to this, or any other woman, such recognition. It shows that their pretended equality belief is largely on their lips alone. In this little society we are endeavoring to right that wrong, and to place an illustrious woman's name in the forefront, in its old companionship.

What do we intend to do in the future? Why to *keep on*! To give every creature with a grievance a chance to air it. If there were a poor knock-kneed, spavined, groaning old overworked dray-horse in all Philadelphia that could talk, we'd have him

here to tell us about it. And right sorry I am that such cannot speak! If there is a woman or man in all this country that has a proposition to better things, and can make it intelligible, let him come! If there is a subject tabooed on every other platform as dangerous, let it walk up.

Strangers, come, give us your hands; be one of us; read our books, or rather the books of the Radical Library;—the tax is small and the gain great. You will find poets, historians, novelists, economists, back there, a glorious company. Go make their acquaintance.

To the L. L. L. you may be admitted without money or price. Give what you are able and disposed; we have no dues. We open our doors, our hands, our hearts to you, and to the future.

Strange feet are coming down the pathway of the dawn; flitting shadows cross the early streaks of light. An east wind is blowing. The weather-wise say that it brings storm. Perhaps. Heavy mutterings have for some time been heard. Let us then, who are for liberty, form here a circle of comradeship that no storm can break.

GOVERNMENT BY THE MAJORITY.

Throughout the centuries that have fled since man crowded forth from his cave an ignorant savage, there has been some form of organized government under which somebody has been oppressed. During all these unknown ages the people have had but little voice in the affairs of nations. For a long time the source of authority was not in this world at all. The king sat on his throne by the will of god, and therefore was not accountable to the people for his acts. He commanded—the people obeyed. He was lord of their bodies, and his partner, the priest, was master of their souls. The government of earth was a duplicate of the “kingdom of heaven.” God was the supreme despot above, the king was his faithful imitator below. Between the heavenly king and the earthly king the people were very much like the fellow who got caught between the devil and the deep sea. That is to say, if they rebelled against the one, they were confronted by the agents of the other, and the argument in both cases was the same—force.

But in the course of human progress the people became more enlightened, and the divinity of kings as the basis of government had to go. But government itself remained, and under it the people were enslaved. But government—this monster of the ages—that has been guilty of every possible crime, has been compelled to change its garb, to put on a new mask, in order to keep the people in subjection, otherwise they would have rid themselves of it long ago. But, while government has changed its garb—its form—it never has changed in principle, because, like the christian god, government is the same in principle yesterday, to-morrow and forever.

There are but two theories upon which government can be based. One is the divine right of kings, the other is the natural right of majority rule. In this country at least, no one will maintain the divine right of kingscraft. So we have only to notice the majority rule fallacy.

Admitting that the will of the majority does, in some mysterious way, prevail, (which is not true) the question

arises, by what right does it rule? When two men meet one man on the highway, have they, because of their superior number, the right to dispose of his life or his property? If A. has no right to control B. when acting as a single individual, does he acquire this right by combining with C.? Let those who advocate government meet this question fairly. Let them candidly admit that ten men when combined possess rights which belong to none of them as individuals. That is the logic of majority rule. Let them deny *this* proposition, and their whole case is gone “like the baseless fabric of a schoolboy’s dream.”

We have had coercion enough. For ages man has ruled with sword and bayonet, with bars and chains. For many centuries the strong hand of power has crushed the liberties of the people, has soaked the soil with human blood, has cast the sable shadow of oppression over the earth, and now are we not civilized enough to dispense with it forever? What blessings does government confer?

Has it not ever been an engine of oppression in the hands of the few? Is it not in its very nature antagonistic to freedom, and can we expect it to defend that which it destroys? For many centuries government has held sway, and liberty has been driven from among men. Let us give liberty control.

Liberty does not bring confusion, it brings peace. Under government the nations are armed constantly for war. The state thrives on war and bloodshed. Its chief prop is the sword. It lives only by violence. Take from it the power of its arms, and it will die a natural death.

The government of man by man is essentially tyrannical. It is this infernal doctrine that has painted on the sable canvas of the past the wildest scenes of rapine and murder. Let us away with it.

ROSS WINN.

THE CURSE OF IT.

While man with man insanely contends
For interest, rent and dividends,
No beast so fierce as man can be,
Nor none so full of misery.

No hope, no joy for those who toil
In shops or mines or till the soil.
Their sturdy efforts bring no gain
But sorrow, sickness, age and pain.

No thought is given age or sex;
Not who, but what the choice directs.
So man is left to beg or steal,
While child and woman burdens feel.

—GEORGE E. MILLER.

On Tuesday, December 10, our comrade Henry Schwelm died here. In him we lost one who though no speaker or writer was yet a steadfast worker for Anarchy. He leaves a wife and two children. Hy. Schwelm is the second of a family of revolutionists who have become direct victims of the brutality of the present system of capitalistic exploitation. His brother was for many years connected with the *Freiheit* and suffered imprisonment in England with John Most.

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