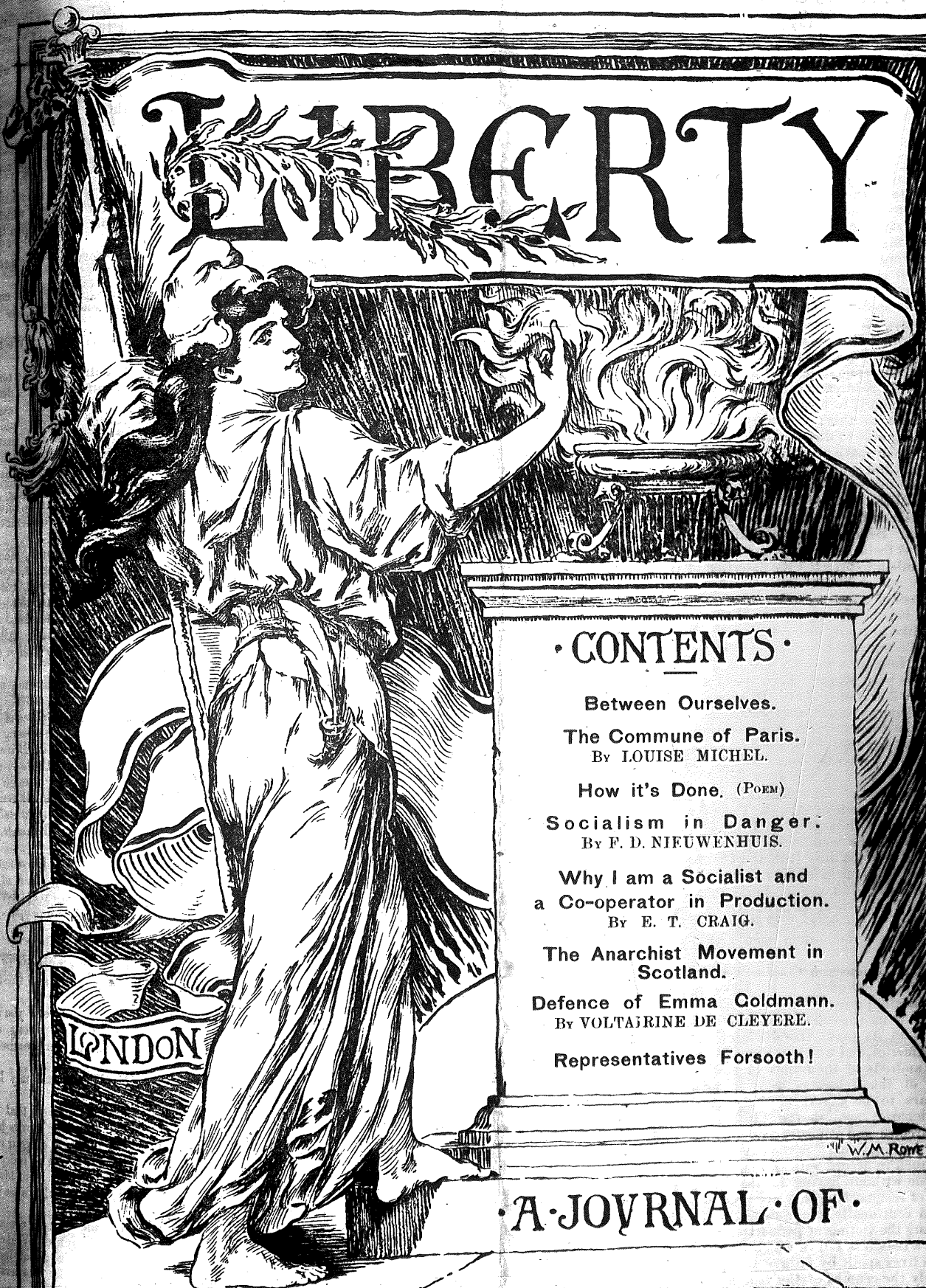


LIBERTY



• CONTENTS •

Between Ourselves.

The Commune of Paris.
By LOUISE MICHEL.

How it's Done. (POEM)

Socialism in Danger.
By F. D. NIEUWENHUIS.

Why I am a Socialist and
a Co-operator in Production.
By E. T. CRAIG.

The Anarchist Movement in
Scotland.

Defence of Emma Goldmann.
By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYERE.

Representatives Forsooth!

W.M. ROSE

• A JOURNAL OF •

• ANARCHIST • COMMUNISM •

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By LOUISE MICHEL.

PART I.

(Continued)

THE DEATH-AGONY OF THE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER II.

PROSECUTIONS OF "THE INTERNATIONAL."

As the trial proceeded, it involved revelations as to the enormous receipts of the "Shylocks," as also of the monstrous oppression exercised by them. All this was lightly passed over. An accusation of conspiracy against the life of Louis Napoleon had to be abandoned. The Imperial hireling treated as a mysterious cipher trade words occurring in some of the letters which had been intercepted and handed over to the police. Even the word "companion" which in Belgium commonly replaces "citizen" was considered criminal.

Then spoke Germain Caisse: "We will not seek by means of a lie to escape a few months imprisonment, we know we shall be sentenced." Referring to the laws of repression under the Empire, he added, "The law is nothing more than a weapon placed at the disposal of passion and revenge; no respect is due to it; we seek to subject it to justice and equity." Addressing himself to the bench he wound up thus: "Your aim is to break up the 'International.' If judgment speaks, it amounts to this: the working class had better give up all hope of being able to discuss ideas, and to arrive by pacific means at their own emancipation. They are to submit to laws made without their consent and against their interests. And if they attempt to take the law of universal suffrage seriously, why, you are there to remind them of the realities of things. You desire to humble us, Mr. Attorney General, but let me reply to you in the words of my friend Malot. Beware of handling the axe; the implement is heavy, your hand is feeble, and our trunk is gnarled."

Combault corrected the assertion of the court as to the existence of chiefs and directors in the "International," and explained that each member of the association was free to hold his own opinions. "See, (said he,) here is my friend Murat whom I greatly esteem, and who, as I like to think, also esteems me a little; well, we do not think alike. He is a mutualist, and I am a collectivist. Neither am I in accord with Heligon, who, although he is a mutualist, is not always of one opinion with Murat. Each one of us keeps to his own individual view on this doctrine or that. It is only on the principles proclaimed by the 'International' that we are unanimous. It is the more difficult to understand the persistence of the public minister in accusing us of what we have not done, since he might broadly accuse us of what we affirm that we have done: we have carried on the propaganda of the 'International,' in spite of articles 291 and 292, which we thus openly violate. The dissolution of the association was decreed in 1868, and in spite of this, the Paris branch has continued to meet, and to proceed with its work. I can declare that I, for one, was never so often with the members of this branch as precisely during the three months between July 19th and October 19th, 1868."

Combault concluded by referring to the "shadowing" of citizens by police agents, on the pretence that there was a secret association; adding: "Each of us has acted independently; there have been no compacts between us. We may seek to employ our resources as individuals; but when men act alone, there cannot be a secret society."

In this connection Combault was about to quote the words of the magistrate Falconet, but the latter dignitary himself imposed silence.

Chalain presented the collective defence of the prisoners. "To condemn us (he said) is to run your heads against a society which counts in its ranks the whole of the militant proletariat of Europe and America, and which in France has in the last few weeks been joined by hundreds of thousands of new adherents, at the very time when most of the delegates were in prison or in exile. . . . There appears to be a sort of holy alliance between governments and reactionaries against the 'International Association of Workers.' Monarchies and conservatives seem to understand well enough that the 'International' is the expression of a social claim too just and too much in accord with the aspirations of the proletariat of to-day to subside without having realized its program. The proletarians are tired of resignation; they are tired of seeing their attempts at emancipation continually compromised, continually betrayed; they are tired of being the victims of parasitism, and of finding themselves condemned to a ceaseless toil in which there is no hope; tired of having their whole lives spoilt by fatigue and privation; they are tired of picking up only the crumbs of the banquet of which they have borne all the expenses. . . .

"And what response do their complaints and their aspirations meet with? Only with more oppression."

Despite the denial of the imperial advocate, Chalain added—

"Plunderers and *partageux*! This multitude, bowed beneath an endless task, and which gives its employers credit for a week's, a fortnight's, or a month's work.

"Plunderers and *partageux*! This category of citizens which tills the land, spins, weaves, builds, forges, and dies of starvation and misery; while the others play, speculate, eat, drink, intrigue, dance, and

(1) Those who share plundered booty equally among themselves.

squander the accumulated results of labor while enjoying in full the odious privilege of living without working.

"Plunderers and *partageux*! These disinherited, who pay in advance the blood-tax needed to safeguard and defend the property of others against themselves.

"This is the pretence under which a problem is disposed of, whose true solution is the concern of everybody.

"What the people desire in the first place is to govern themselves, without intermediaries, and above all without 'saviours.' They desire complete freedom. . . .

"Whatever may be your verdict, we shall continue as heretofore openly to act according to our convictions. As republicans and socialists, we shall remain faithful and devoted to the 'International,' and you will discover by the results that will follow your condemnations that the 'International' stands for an idea and a power which no calumnies or persecutions can overcome, because it rests upon truth and justice.

"It is the more invincible because henceforward it expresses definitely the ultimate form of human society."

"Again, I protest (cried the imperial advocate) against this empty phraseology, of which we have had more than enough for the past month."

"We defend ourselves as we are able," said Combault. "We have not the talent of the Attorney General."

The words of Germain Caisse we have quoted already. The rest of the accused spoke with equal plainness. Combault called it "a deadly duel between the law and ourselves. The law will succumb because it is bad. If in '68, when there were but a few of us, you could not succeed in suppressing us, do you hope to be able to do so now that we number many thousands." His final words are true for all time: "You may attack men, but you can never injure the idea, because an idea survives any amount of persecution."

On Saturday, July 8th, sentence was pronounced. Varlin, Malon, Murat, Johannard, Pindy, Combault, and Heligon were condemned to one year's imprisonment, and 100 francs fine.

Avrial, Sabourdy, Colonia, (alias Franquin,) Passedouet, Rocher, Sangevin, Pagnerre, Robin, Leblanc, Carle Allard, Thiez, Collet, Germain Caisse, Chalain, Mangold, Ansel, Berlin, Boyer, Cirode, Delacour, Durand, Duval, Fournaise, Frankel, Giot, and Malzieux were sentenced to two months' imprisonment and 25 francs fine.

Assi, Ducanebuie, Flahaut, and Laudeck were acquitted. All the condemned were to pay costs, and were "deprived" of their civil rights for a year.

The "General" Association of Workers in Paris was once more dissolved.

The Internationalists were more occupied with the troubles of the workers than concerned about a choice of rulers. They had long had a clear grasp of the situation. In '68, at a Congress in Brussels, Tolain spoke of the prudence needed in a country where there existed neither liberty of speech nor of association. [Still] "though the International may no longer formally exist in Paris we all remain there, and we remain members of the great association even though we have to be separately affiliated to it, in London, Brussels, or Geneva. . . .

"We protest against war, and we hope that from this congress a solemn resolution may be taken, a protest of the workers of all countries against war, which has never been engaged in except for the advantage of tyrants, and is hostile to the freedom of the peoples."

A French manifesto was worded as follows:—

"Brothers of Germany—In the name of peace, pay no heed to the mercenary and servile voices which seek to mislead you as to the true feeling in France.

"Remain deaf to senseless provocations, for war between you and us would be a fratricidal war. Remain calm, as a strong and courageous people can afford to be without any compromise of dignity.

"Division between us on the two sides of the Rhine can only lead to the complete triumph of despotism.

"Brothers of Spain—Twenty years ago we too believed that the dawn of Freedom was at hand. Let the history of our errors be a warning to you. You are at the present moment masters of your own destiny; do not bend, as we did, to a new protectorship. The independence that you have won, and which is already sealed with your blood, is the sovereign good of all. Its loss, believe us, can only cause the peoples bitter and most poignant regret.

"Workers of all countries! whatever may come of our common efforts, we, the members of the 'International Association of Workers,' who no longer recognise any frontiers, send you, in pledge of indissoluble solidarity, the vows and the greetings of the workers of France." The signatures followed.

The German "International" replied as follows:—

"Workers of France, we too desire peace, industry, and freedom; and for this reason we assent with all our hearts to your protest, inspired as it is with enthusiastic resolution to contend against all the obstacles which the savagery of war places in the way of our peaceful development. Animated by fraternal sentiments we join hands with you, and as men of honour who mean what they say, we assure you that there is not the smallest national hatred in our hearts; that

(1) A full account of this third trial of the "International Association of Workers" was published in July, 1872, by Armand Lechevalier, 61 Rue Richelieu.

force compels us, and that it is only because we are thus forced that we enter into military bands which are to spread misery and ruin through the peaceful fields of our country.

"We too are combatants, but we would rather fight by working peacefully and with our whole energy for our own welfare and that of humanity. We desire to fight for liberty, equality, and fraternity, to fight against the despotism of tyrants who defame holy freedom, to fight against lies and perfidy wherever they are found.

"We give you our solemn promise that neither the sound of drums nor the thunder of cannons, neither victory nor defeat, shall turn us from our purpose to work for the union of the proletarians of all countries.

"We too recognise no frontiers, knowing well that on both sides of the Rhine, throughout old Europe and young America our brothers live, with whom we are ready to face death for that which is the goal of our endeavours, the Social Republic. Long live Peace, Industry, and Freedom!"

Signed (In the name of the members of the "International Association of Workers" at Berlin) Gustav Kwasniewski.

The manifesto of the French workers was accompanied by another to the workers of all countries. It contained these words:—

"We protest against the systematic destruction of the human species, against the mis-use of the people's money, which should be employed for agriculture and industry.

"We protest against the spilling of blood for the odious satisfaction of the insatiable vanity, selfishness and ambition of monarchies.

"Yes, with all our energy we protest against war; we protest as men, as citizens, and as workers.

"War means the re-awakening of savage instincts and national hatreds.

"War is the indirect means employed by governments in order to stifle public liberty.

"War is the waste of that general wealth which is the product of our daily labor."

(Signatures.)¹

In Paris, hirelings and foolish people still cried: "To Berlin!" while in the dead of night the revolutionists walked through the boulevards crying: "Peace, Peace."

The two currents continued to run side by side until the disgraces of defeat had changed those who had desired peace into legions of desperate ones who were determined to submit no longer.

We were among these, as we had also been among those who cried "Peace," in the lull of night while those slept who so noisily urged "to Berlin!"

Perhaps the following lines dating from that epoch may give an idea of our sentiments."

"DEMONSTRATIONS FOR PEACE."

"It is night, and we go in long files through the boulevards saying: "Peace, Peace, Peace!" In the dark the servile hounds of the law lie in wait for us. Oh, Freedom! will your day never dawn?

"The pavements resound hollow as we strike them. The bandit emperor desires to remain supreme; but to refresh with blood his fading laurels he needs battle—though France succumb.

"Accursed! do you feel the men pass by your palace? It bodes your doom! Behold them in a terrific dream, moving about in Paris like troops of phantoms. Do you hear Paris, whose blood you drink?

"Yes, the march proceeds with strange rhythmic tread: through the hours of sleep we pass in a great troop: we pass while Cæsar augments his phalanx a hundredfold, and sharpens his sword that he may lay France low."

To be continued.

SOCIALISM IN DANGER.

By F. DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

[Continued from No. 12.]

Nor could the parliamentary system yield other results. A large collection of men has no single interest in common but it necessarily has many a diverse and opposite character, which cannot be regulated by the same individual or by the same assembly. Any authority which legislates on every subject and for everybody must needs be arbitrary and despotic; and the voter who imagines himself free and independent because he drops a paper in the urn at election time, while on the other hand he tamely submits to any law that may be imposed upon him, is the victim of an illusion, and in reality he is a slave in whose hand has been placed a toy sceptre.

These remarks on parliamentarianism presuppose that the vote of the citizen is unfettered and enlightened, but what shall we say of the franchise exercised by a mob steeped in poverty, brutalized by ignorance and superstition, and at the mercy of a cunning minority in the exclusive possession of wealth and power and which holds at its absolute disposal the means of existence indispensable to the majority? As a rule the poor elector is neither capable of voting with intelligence, nor free to vote as he wishes.

Without preliminary education, and destitute of the means for self-instruction obliged to place implicit faith on what he reads in some irresponsible newspaper (assuming that he has the ability and the time

to read), knowing nothing of men and things apart from his own narrow life, how can the workman know what things to ask from Parliament, or through what channel to make his wants known? Is it possible for him to have any clear idea of the nature of a Parliament?

"The committee of the party and the delegation in Parliament have not given effect to the wish expressed by the opposition that deputies instead of attending Parliament should do propagandist work throughout the country. The non-fulfilment of duties that members were elected to perform would have been favourably regarded by our political enemies only; in the first place because they would have been relieved of a persistent control in Parliament, and secondly, because such conduct on the part of our deputies would have incurred the displeasure of the great mass of indifferent voters. To convert that mass to our opinions is one of the requirements of the movement. Besides it is known that the sayings and doings of Parliament are closely studied by classes of people who are too indifferent or who have not the opportunity to be present at Social Democratic meetings. The popular agitation called for by those opponents of parliamentary action found in our ranks will be most efficiently carried on by an active and energetic advocacy in Parliament of the interests of the proletariat, and without supplying our enemies with an accusation that we fail to do the work we have voluntarily undertaken."

Dr. Muller in his very interesting pamphlet (*Der Klassenkampf in der deutschen Sozialdemokratie*, p. 38) delivers the following pertinent and just criticism on the question at issue:

"We find then that the fear of being accused, by the mass of indifferent voters, of neglecting their parliamentary duties (and thus of running a risk of not being re-elected) constitutes one of the reasons why members must devote themselves constantly to practical work in Parliament. Evidently when they have persuaded the electors that Parliament can bestow palliatives it is their duty to do all they can to obtain such benefits. But that the proletariat can ever get from Parliament any considerable amelioration of their condition, the Social Democratic leaders themselves do not believe, and they have said so often enough. And yet they have the impudence to give the names of 'agitation' and 'development of the masses' to that fraud, that swindle of the workers. We contend that such agitation and development does harm, and instead of being useful to, it vitiates the whole movement. If Parliament be continually extolled as a possible beneficent agency, how can we expect to convert the indifferent masses into social democrats, who are the mortal foes of parliamentarianism, and see in parliamentary social reform only a monster humbug of the ruling classes to defraud the workers. By such methods Social Democracy will never convert the workers, but the bourgeoisie will corrupt and defeat Social Democracy and its principles."

Nobody has expressed himself more clearly on the futility of parliamentary action than Liebknecht himself, but it was the revolutionary Liebknecht of 1869, and not the parliamentarized Liebknecht of 1894. In his interesting treatise upon the policy of the Social Democracy, especially in its relation to Parliament, he uses the following language:

"The Progressive party afford us an example full of instruction and warning. At the time of the so-called conflict over the Prussian constitution they indulged in 'grand and potent' speeches. With what energy they protested against the reconstruction—in words! With what overwhelming sentiment and with what ability they undertook to defend the rights of the people—in words! But the government calmly disregarded all their legislative ideas. It left the law to the Progressive party, but retaining in its own hand all the resources of civilisation, used them. And what of the Progressive party? Instead of throwing aside parliamentary weapons, proved to be useless and a hollow mockery, instead of leaving the house, and forcing the government to despotic action, instead of appealing to the people, they serenely went on as before, drunk with their own verbosity, throwing into the empty air wordy protests and legal disquisitions, and passing resolutions that everybody knew to be gas and nothing more. Thus Parliament instead of being a political arena became the home of burlesque: citizens heard everlastingly the same speeches, never saw any results from them, and turned away, at first with indifference, afterwards with disgust. The events of the year 1886 were allowed to happen. The 'grand and potent' speeches of the Prussian Progressive party made the opportunity for the policy of 'blood and iron,' and they were also the funeral orations of the Progressive party itself. The party in very truth killed itself by its speeches."

Just as did the Progressive party in days gone by, so the Social Democracy are acting to-day. How insignificant has been the influence of Liebknecht on his party, when in spite of the warnings uttered by himself, it has pursued the same foolish course. And in place of showing the better way, it has allowed itself to be dragged into the maelstrom of politics, there hopelessly to founder.

To be continued.

A Scrap from "Reynolds's"

"Seventeen thousand landlords hold estates worth £100,000,000. A hundred thousand agricultural laborers have not an inch of land. Ought anything more to be needed beyond the bare statement of this fact to raise an agricultural revolt in every county of England?"

To Individualists I would say this: To own property is to govern men.

To Social Democrats I would say this: To govern property is to own men.

L. S. B.

(1) These Manifestoes are all given in full in Malon's "Troisième Défaite" p.p. 36, —37.



ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM IS THE UNION OF THE TWO FUNDAMENTAL TENDENCIES OF OUR SOCIETY, A TENDENCY TOWARDS ECONOMIC EQUALITY AND A TENDENCY TOWARDS POLITICAL LIBERTY.—KROPOTKIN

"LIBERTY" is a journal of Anarchist-Communism; but articles on all phases of the Revolutionary movement will be freely admitted, provided they are worded in suitable language. No contributions should exceed one column in length. The writer over whose signature the article appears is alone responsible for the opinions expressed, and the Editor in all matters reserves to himself the fullest right to reject any article.

We would ask our contributors, to write plainly and on one side of the paper only. All Communications should be addressed.—The Editor, Liberty, 7 Beadon Road, Hammer-smith, W.

Subscription, 1s. 6d. per year, post free. Per quire of 27 copies, 1s. 7d. post free. The trade supplied by W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

To Correspondents.

STERE BARRY, Leeds.—Stick to prose, my dear boy, abandon poetry or you will lose yourself and never be heard of again.

E. A. PHIPSON, Southsea.—Dr. Merlino's article will appear shortly and other articles in due course.

LIBERTY,

LONDON, JANUARY, 1895.

Between Ourselves

On Saturday evening the 15th ult., our friend E. T. Craig, with whom we had so much in common, died at his residence in Hammersmith. He was one of the disciples of Robert Owen, the first English Socialist. In another column will be found a contribution of his, entitled "Why I am a Socialist and a Co-operator in Production." This article acquires an additional interest when we state that it was written at his dictation only a few days before his death. We have known E. T. Craig for many years, being a member of various Socialistic and Scientific societies to which he belonged. Our opinion is that had he been in more active touch with the Advance Movement of to-day he would have been a most uncompromising Anarchist Communist.

Ralahine was the most successful experiment in co-operative farming ever tried in this kingdom. Before Mr. Craig founded this commune—for such in a modified sense it was—"Peasants who at the commencement though young appeared aged and careworn, being half famished, soon became healthy, lithe, cheerful, and active. The people were industrious, contented, and happy, and violence ceased in the whole district. Socialism when only partially applied had effected what neither government with its soldiers, the priest, nor the political economist could accomplish." The administration was designed with exceeding great care, and worked well. The Committee of Management—consisting of ploughmen and labourers, who were elected from the community by ballot amongst themselves—appointed every worker to his task, at a meeting held at night to arrange the business of the following day. The appointments were written on a slate, and in the morning all went quietly without further directions to their allotted duties. Every member had the right to make suggestions as to the decisions of the

committee, and the "Suggestion Book" was read every evening. "Perfect equality prevailed (says Mr. Craig)—no man was better than his neighbour."

The community was thrown into a state of consternation, by Mr. Vanderleur involving his affairs so inextricably by reckless gambling in Dublin, that he fled to avoid the consequences of his folly, and his estate was confiscated to his creditors. The members of the society were "held to be common labourers, with no rights or claims for improvements, as all they had created and added to the estate belonged to the landlord and his creditors." Thus the whole community came to an abrupt end, clearly demonstrating the iniquity of anyone owning the land. This was in 1831-3, but with the knowledge of to-day as to the productivity of the land, it would have read like a Fairy Tale.

Our friend in his youth witnessed the Governmental butcheries at Peterloo which made a strong impression on his mind; and took a keen interest in the uprising of the people against tyranny.—One of the last things he did was to get a friend of his to read to him each Louise Michel's "Commune of Paris."

Readers of the *Fortnightly Review* may have noticed that the name of Mr. Frank Harris, who has edited the *Review* so ably for some years past, has disappeared from the title page. As a fact, Mr. Harris is no longer editor, and the cause which led up to his resignation is, as we hear, simply because he let a voice from the ranks of Communist-Anarchism be heard through the pages of this most respectable of periodicals, on a subject too as to which the drawing-room bourgeoisie has made up its law-making (and therefore law-abiding) mind, and does not wish to have to think any further.

It was because in the September number he published Malato's article, sketching the personal character of some of our executed French comrades, that "law 'n order," as represented by the *Fortnightly* took offence at Mr. Harris. Within those respectable whitey-brown covers, and on the very first page too, Malato actually said that he "loved Vaillant!" He spoke of Ravachol, that "notorious criminal," common malefactor," and "outrageous ruffian," as if he had been a man and not a monster!! And he dwelt on the fact that Emile Henry was an intellectual young fellow, and was fired by lofty and disinterested ideals!!!

That there is *truth* of by no means an unsuggestive kind in these "Anarchist Portraits," as Malato called them, is neither here nor there. Mrs. Grundy is always shocked at bare truth; and John Bull won't stand it when it is of no market value. Even at this eleventh hour those in power do not want to recognise the grim fact that the system they are bringing up their smug little children to believe in, and to perpetuate by brute force for their own advantage, is a murderous and fraudulent system, the infamies of which press hard on the enormous mass of mankind. Ravachol, Pallas, Franch, Vaillant, Henry, Caserio, and others proved that the cup of sorrow is over full, and that socially disposed and intelligent men get exasperated to the point of reckless defiance, and violent reprisals.

For our part we are glad that Mr. Harris ventured to depart sufficiently from the dusty beaten track of business journalism to bring out the fact that a free press does not yet exist for outspoken Anarchists. "Ouida," in the succeeding number of this same *Fortnightly*, called Anarchism "a guilty and vulgar creed, which strikes alike at the good and bad—at the good indeed

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by preference." Of course this is the language of ignorance, but it is what respectability loves to hear. Not yet is it considered a mark of "deficient education" to be ignorant concerning a popular movement which declines to flatter any of the powers that be. Once admit that men, in other respects of superior moral sensibilities or intelligence, do here and there develop into militant Anarchists as the actual result of the incompatibility of a rotten, cruel, and immoral system with the free play of these higher characteristics—and where are we? Well, we know where we are, we Anarchists. Society is on the verge of tremendous, perhaps catastrophic, change. We are glad, and our nerves are ready.

The attention of comrades should be drawn to the highly amusing series of illustrated articles on Anarchists now appearing in the *Evening News and Post*. Nothing more absurd, or more likely to provoke laughter, has appeared in any recently published "comic". The young men who own the *Evening News*, and who are said to pride themselves on the purity and truthful tone of the tons of literature they issue every week, must be congratulated on their audacity in forcing on newspaper readers articles and illustrations apparently crowded out of their half-penny "comic" periodicals.

Unfortunately, these articles have *intentionally* an evil and ugly object; hundreds of editors will copy into Provincial papers, and hundreds of thousands of readers will swallow it, taking its truth for granted. We wonder whether the writer who signs himself "Zitrik," is the same "Z" who wrote the articles in the *New Review*; and whether those articles were written on Government paper. Perhaps the innocent young men who own the *Evening News*, know nothing about secret service money, of which no account is rendered in Parliament, but which finds its way into the pockets of patriotic proprietors of newspapers. This is another instance of the old saying "Give a liar a day's start and it takes a week to get up to him." Anarchism is no more connected with violence than Home Rule.

Anarchist-Communism in Scotland.

Continued from No. 12.

We left Dundee with many regrets, having experienced great kindness at the hands of our host and comrade Fraser.

We need touch but lightly on our visit to Edinburgh. The comrades there were greatly disappointed at not securing a hall to enable us to carry on Propaganda. We stayed with H. Campbell on Thursday and Friday and would have gladly remained there had time permitted, in order to have learnt more of his unique methods of propaganda.

The same evening we met the other comrades at Tom Bell's house, and spent a very enjoyable hour or two, singing revolutionary songs. Tom Bell we regret to say, was only just recovering from a severe illness. Here we met old John Smith whose striking personality might be described as the Walt Whitman of the Scotch movement.

We arrived at Glasgow on Saturday, a social evening being arranged for our reception in the Albion Hall. There were about sixty of the Group present. We described the movement in London, the audience taking great interest in the details given. Mrs. Tochatti and others also enlivened matters by singing English and International Anarchist songs.

On Sunday morning we had a large meeting on the Glasgow Green, which was opened by our comrade Levenson, who quickly secured the attention of his hearers by an earnest and telling speech. We followed and spoke for an hour and a half, and, although the Scotch are not generally considered to be very demonstrative, our remarks were greeted with enthusiasm. We were ably supported by Comrades Robb and Smith. The bulk of the crowd listened attentively from 11.30 till 3.30. Mrs. Tochatti sang between the various speeches, being received with much approval.

In the evening we lectured in the Wellington Palace, to an audience of about 600—the largest they have had up to that date. The lecture (we venture to say) was a successful attempt to prove that human nature and Anarchism are compatible. In the discussion which

followed great satisfaction was expressed, several persons saying they had not heard Anarchism explained in that way before, and that they were in perfect accord with the lecturer, as to the end to be aimed at: they only differed as to the methods employed, having no sympathy whatever with the throwing of bombs. In replying we explained the Anarchist's position in reference to acts of violence, shewing that there were many other avenues in which the Anarchist can work, outside Parliamentary agitation, and that outrages were the result of the economic condition of the people, and that Anarchism and outrage were not synonymous terms.

We left Glasgow pleased with our reception and delighted with the fact that the movement in that great city has assumed such large proportions. We do not in the least wonder at this when we consider the ability displayed by the number of speakers, lectures, and writers living and working in that stronghold of Anarchist-Communism.

REPRESENTATIVES FORSOOTH!

"Walk up, walk up, ye sons of toil, walk up, and examine your blooming representatives, each of them to be endowed with £300 a year and perquisites, the cost to come out of your pockets. The figures are to be looked at, working men, not touched, except by those in the representing business."—*Parliamentary Showman*.

It was an interesting meeting, and funny withal, that between the Premier and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress on the subject of Payment of Members. After listening to much palaver of the usual progressive and wearisome character, Rosebery with Scotch-Hebraic subtlety and shrewdness quietly said in substance, "Quite true, gentleman, but come to business, how much do you want?" To this gentle hint Mr. John Burns is reported to have replied "£250 a year or more," while the other members of deputation loudly interjected "£300." Time was, and that not so very long ago, when Mr. Burns thought himself lucky when he could get constant work at his trade at a weekly wage of less than two pounds. But we have changed all that. Now that he has a much easier and more comfortable job he wants "£250 a year or more." Good old Oliver Twist, he is willing to take more! Oh, we ought to be thankful for that concession, *he is willing to take more!*

But the question immediately arises in an unsophisticated mind: For what service are the workers required to pay all this money? Why, simple soul, it is for the noble purpose of keeping a few loquacious members of this our class seated cheek by jowl with landlords and capitalists, with whom they are on no account to quarrel. They are to be maintained in the headquarters of exploitation, but only on condition that they respect the very sensitive feelings of the exploiter. Out of doors and under their breath they may hint that landlords and capitalists are, consciously or unconsciously, thieves and receivers of stolen property, but not a sound must be heard of such a suggestion within earshot of the offenders. Now if you can't see the usefulness and beauty of labour representation, you must be dense indeed.

But a fearful thought steals upon our brain: Supposing the labour members, like Herr Bebel's party journalists, were to desert to the enemy if their demands were not complied with, or rather, if we did not cheerfully consent to pay them all that, with or without our consent, they intend to pay themselves—what would happen? Well, the earth revolves on its own axis, the planets move in regular orbits, and the universe manages to hold together, but something or other *might* give way—and then—Oh! the thought is too utterly awful, it freezes up our very blood and makes each particular hair to stand on end, we would die out right, if the saving inspiration did not flash across our mind that possibly the poor proletariat might be able to do without both labor members and Herr Bebel's journalists. Ah! yes, the idea is exoruciatingly painful, it almost makes us sick, but, strange to say, it also makes us laugh!

A. G.

REVOLUTION.

Ah, yes!—You must meet it, and brave it;
Too laggard,—too purblind to save it;
Who reck's of your doubting and fearing
Phrase-bound "Evolution"
Do you not hear the sea sounding it?
Do you not feel the fates founding it?
Do you not know it for nearing?

Its name—Revolution.

What! stem it, and stay it, and spare it?
Or will you defy it, and dare it?
Then this way or that you must change you
For swift restitution;
Do you not see men deserving it?
Do you not hear women nerving it?
Down with old Mammon! and range you
To aid Revolution.

The last hour has struck of our waiting,
The last of your bloodless debating
The wild-fire of spirit is speeding
Us on to solution;
Do you not thrill at the uttering?
Do you not breathe the breeze fluttering
Round the brave flag of our pleading?
The world's Revolution.

L. S. B.

WHY I AM A SOCIALIST AND A CO-OPERATOR IN PRODUCTION.

By E. T. CRAIG.

My friend the Editor of LIBERTY asks me to give my reasons for being a Socialist and a Co-operator in Production. With considerable pleasure I comply with the request.

I am over ninety, and Mrs. Craig is over eighty-four years of age, and we have both had intimation that ere long we must take our departure for the Everlasting Eternities of the Universe. Old Charon is ready to ferry all souls over the river of Forgetfulness. We too shall be ready when our names are called. We have played our parts to the best of our ability in helping to point the way to a higher social life, and we have the satisfaction to-day of seeing realised in some measure our day dreams of long ago.

When I first came in contact with the hard matter of fact every day life of this country, the people—the working classes—were bowed down under the burdens accumulated by a long disastrous, and, bloody war, and these, together with the greed of the landowner, the landlord and the manufacturer, were driving the oppressed and half starved workers to acts of desperation and revenge. Their appeals for reform, for more humane treatment, for their proper share of the results of their labor, were met with derision, or with sabre cuts and death as on the field at Peterloo.

With a few others I tried to lift these burdens, and sought to help the workers to help themselves. We laid the foundation stone of co-operation—a movement that has since grown to gigantic proportions, but at that time the means of distribution were limited, and an extended organisation was well nigh impossible.

From the city and the town I turned to the village—from the manufacture of fustian to the cultivation of the land—I found the agricultural laborer in even worse plight, if that were possible, than his fellows in the towns.

It was in Ireland however that I found my opportunity, and it was there I demonstrated what the principles of Mutual Aid could do for an oppressed and down-trodden peasantry. I had seen the uselessness,

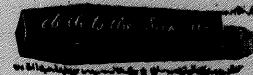
the futility, of looking to or trusting in governments, and I had said "Damn the government, let us (the workers) act for ourselves."

The sufferings of the peasantry of Co. Clare, after the famine, were intensified by the cruel treatment of the Landlords in their evictions, and in joining several small holdings into one large grazing farm, so that a shepherd and boy could supersede twenty labourers and their families, who were turned out on the roads to perish of cold and hunger.

After the Clare Election of Daniel O'Connell, the "Terry Alts" and "Lady Clare Boys" rose up against their despotic Landlords, and in disguise visited them in the night time, and demanded the firearms, which were deemed necessary for self protection. Neither the Magistrates, the Priests, nor the armed Police could control the starving laborers. The Landlords brought down the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Anglesea, with a small army and a battery, to frighten the hungry. The people wanted to earn their food, and the Landlords gave them powder seasoned with shot. The Lord Lieutenant was received with awful silence. On the estate of Ralahine the despotic steward was shot in the presence of his wife. The proprietor's family fled. The roads were in possession of the Terry Alts.

The proprietor of Ralahine knowing that I had been active in organizing the Co-operative movement in Lancashire invited me to try and organize the people at Ralahine. He agreed to let to me and two other trustees the estate of 618 acres, stock and machinery for £900 a year, and I proposed that all profits above that sum should be divided among the people.

I went to Ralahine in 1831, but the people objected to me as a Saxon who would denounce them to the police. They threatened to put me under a "daisy quilt," and put in my way the following horrible signs of their intentions:



My difficulties were very great, but I told them I would have no Steward to tyrannize over them, and they should manage the farm by a committee appointed by themselves, and at the end of the year, after Rent and Interest were paid, then the profits (if any) should be divided among them. This promise had a marvellous effect on them. In two months they were completely organized and in prosperous working order. They called my plan "The New System." Some of the laborers when admitted had scarcely a shirt or proper covering. Within two years each member had two suits of clothes made of frieze manufactured on the spot, and they had saved £25 among them.

We effected quite a Social Revolution in the County Clare and the Province of Munster. The peaceful change was admitted in the House of Commons by the Hon. E. G. Stanley, the Irish Secretary, while the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in other counties. The peace, prosperity, and contentment of the people of Ralahine were the theme of wonder to the whole kingdom. We had two dances a week. We had our Infant School, enabling the mothers to be from home without anxiety. We had Industrial training accompanied by mental culture, and made progress in both. We had separate dwellings for the married, and Dining Rooms and Dornatories for the young.

This System might have been extended over the whole Island, if the land had belonged to the Irish people.

What we attained at Ralahine may be realised all the world over, and Society governed by elected Administrators, instead of Monarchs, Capitalists, and Governments.

IN DEFENCE OF EMMA GOLDMANN AND THE RIGHT OF EXPROPRIATION.

Continued from No. 12.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

I have said that I do not give you the advice given by EMMA GOLDMANN, not that I would have you forget the consideration the expropriators have shown to you; that they have advised lead for strikers, strychnine for tramps, bread and water as good enough for working people; not that I cannot hear yet in my ears the words of one who said to me of the Studebaker Wagon Works' strikers, "If I had my way I'd mow them down with gatling guns"; not that I would have you forget the electric wire of Fort Frick, nor the Pinkertons, nor the militia, nor the prosecutions for murder and treason; not that I would have you forget the 4th of May, when your constitutional right of free speech was vindicated, nor the 11th of November when it was assassinated; not that I would have you forget the single dinner at Delmonico's which Ward Mc. Allister tells us cost ten thousand dollars! Would I have you forget that the wine in the glasses was your children's blood? It must be a rare drink—children's blood! I have read of the wonderful sparkle on costly champagne—I have never seen it. If I did I think it would look to me like mothers' tears over the little, white, wasted forms of dead babies—dead because there was no milk in their breasts! Yes, I want you to remember that these rich are blood-drinkers, tearers of human flesh, gnawers of human bones! Yes, if I had the power I would burn your wrongs upon your hearts in characters that should glow like live coals in the night!

I have not a tongue of fire as EMMA GOLDMANN has; I cannot "stir the people"; I must speak in my own cold, calculated way. (Perhaps that is the reason I am allowed to speak at all.) But if I had the power my will is good enough. You know how Shakespeare's Marc Antony addressed the populace of Rome:

"I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That love my friend. And that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar's, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

If, therefore, I do not give you the advice which EMMA GOLDMANN gave, let not the authorities suppose it is because I have any more respect for their constitution and their law than she has, or that I regard them as having any rights in the matter.

No! My reasons for not giving that advice are two. First, if I were giving advice at all, I would say: "My friends, that bread belongs to you. It is you who toiled and sweat in the sun to sow and reap the wheat; it is you who stood by the threshing, and breathed the chaff-filled atmosphere in the mills, while it was ground to flour; it is you who went into the eternal night of the mine and risked drowning, fire-damp, explosion, and cave-in, to get the fuel for the fire that baked it; it is you who stood in the hell-like heat, and struck the blows that forged the iron for the ovens wherein it is baked; it is you who stand all night in the terrible cellar shops, and tend the machines that knead the flour into dough; it is you, you, you, farmer, miner, mechanic, who make the bread; but you haven't the power to take it. At every transformation wrought by toil some one who didn't toil has taken part from you;

and now he has it all, and you haven't the power to take it back! You are told you have the power because you have the numbers. Never make so silly a blunder as to suppose that power resides in numbers. One good, level-headed policeman with a club, is worth ten excited, unarmed men; one detachment of well-drilled militia has a power equal to that of the greatest mob that could be raised in New York City. Do you know I admire compact, concentrated power? Let me give you an illustration. Out in a little town in Illinois there is a certain capitalist, and if ever a human creature sweat and ground the grist of gold from the muscle of man, it is he. Well, once upon a time, his workmen, (not his slaves, his workmen) were on strike; and fifteen hundred muscular Polacks armed with stones, brickbats, red hot poker, and other such crude weapons as a mob generally collects, went up to his house for the purpose of smashing the windows, and so forth; possibly to do as those people in Italy did the other day with the sheriff who attempted to collect the milk tax. He alone, one man, met them on the steps of his porch, and for two mortal hours, by threats, promises, cajoleries held those fifteen hundred Poles at bay. And finally they went away, without smashing a pane of glass or harming a hair of his head. Now that was power! And you can't help but admire it, no matter if it was your enemy who displayed it; and you must admit that so long as numbers can be overcome by such relative quantity, power does not reside in numbers. Therefore, if I were giving advice, I would not say, "take bread", but take counsel with yourselves how to get the power to take bread.

There is no doubt but that power is latently in you; there is no doubt it can be developed; there is no doubt the authorities know this, and fear it, and are ready to exert as much force as is necessary to repress any signs of its development. And this is the explanation of EMMA GOLDMANN's imprisonment. The authorities do not fear you as you are; they only fear what you may become. The dangerous thing was "the voice crying in the wilderness" foretelling the power which was to come after it. You should have seen how they feared it in Philadelphia. They got out a whole platoon of police and detectives, and executed a military manoeuvre to catch the woman who had been running around under their noses for three days. And when she walked up to them, why then, they surrounded and captured her, and guarded the city hall where they kept her over night, and put a detective in the next cell to make notes. Why so much fear? Did they shrink from the stab of the dressmaker's needle? Or did they dread some stronger weapon?

Ah! the accusation before the New York Pontius Pilate was: "She stirreth up the people". And Pilate sentenced her to the full limit of the law, because, he said, "you are more than ordinarily intelligent". Why is intelligence dealt thus hardly with? Because it is the beginning of power. Strive, then, for power.

My second reason for not repeating EMMA GOLDMANN's words is, that I as an Anarchist, have no right to advise another to do anything involving a risk to himself; nor would I give a filip for an action done by the advice of someone else, unless it is accompanied by a well-argued, well settled conviction on the part of the person acting, that it really is the best thing to do. Anarchism to me, means not only the denial of authority, not only a new economy, but a revision of the principles of morality. It means the development of the individual as well as the assertion of the individual. It means self-responsibility, and not leader-worship. I say it is your business to decide whether you will starve and freeze in sight of food and clothing, outside of jail, or commit some overt act against the institution of property and take your place beside TIMMERMAN and GOLDMANN. And in saying this I mean to cast no reflec-

tion whatever upon Miss Goldmann for doing otherwise. She and I hold many different views on both Economy and Morals; and that she is honest in her's she has proven better than I have proven mine. Miss Goldmann is a communist; I am an Individualist. She wishes to destroy the right of property, I wish to assert it. I make my war upon privilege and authority, whereby the right of property, the true right in that which is proper to the individual, is annihilated. She believes that co-operation would entirely supplant competition; I hold that competition in one form or another will always exist, and that it is highly desirable it should. But whether she or I be right, or both of us be wrong, of one thing I am sure; the spirit which animates EMMA GOLDMANN is the only one which will emancipate the slave from his slavery, the tyrant from his tyranny—the spirit which is willing to dare and suffer.

That which dwells in the frail body in the prison-room to-night is not the New York dressmaker alone. Transport yourselves there in thought a moment; look steadily into those fair, blue eyes, upon the sun-brown hair, the sea-shell face, the restless hands, the woman's figure, look steadily till in place of the person, the individual of time and place, you see that which transcends time and place, and flits from house to house of life, mocking at death. Swinburne in his magnificent "Before a crucifix," says:

"With iron for thy linen bands,
And unclean cloths for winding-sheet,
They bind the people's nail-pierced hands,
They hide the people's nail-pierced feet:
And what man, or what angel known
Shall roll back the sepulchral stone."

Perhaps in the presence of this untrammelled spirit we shall feel that something has rolled back the sepulchral stone; and up from the cold wind of the grave is borne the breath that animated ANAXAGORAS, SOCRATES, CHRIST, HYPATIA, JOHN HUSS, BRUNO, ROBERT EMMET, JOHN BROWN, SOPHIA PEROVSKAYA, PARSONS, FISCHER, ENGEL, SPIES, LINGG, BERKMANN, PALLAS; and all those, known and unknown, who have died by tree, and axe, and fagot, or dragged out forgotten lives in dungeons, derided, hated, tortured by men. Perhaps we shall know ourselves face to face with that which leaps from the throat of the strangled when the rope chokes, which smokes up from the blood of the murdered when the axe falls; that which has been forever hunted, fettered, imprisoned, exiled, executed, and never conquered. Lo, from its many incarnations it comes forth again, the immortal Race-Christ of the Ages! The gloomy walls are glorified thereby, the prisoner is transfigured: and we say, reverently we say:

"O sacred Head, O desecrate,
O labor-wounded feet and hands,
O blood poured forth in pledge to fate
Of nameless lives in divers lands!
O slain, and spent, and sacrificed
People! The grey-grown, speechless Christ."

Strike for Freedom!

Workers!—To whatever trade you belong, your turn will come to take part in a Strike—a Revolt against the exploiting owners of your means of life.

When you strike, let it be *in earnest*, and for something better worth getting than a rise in wages.

Let it be for the Abolition of the Wage System.

Let it be for free access to implements of production, means of transit, and all the necessities of life.

Let it be for delivery from the Competitive System, and from political Bosses.

Let it be for Freedom and Anarchy!

HOW IT'S DONE:

A PEEP AT LIFE AS RUN ON RESPECTABLE LINES.

"How shall I fill this church of mine
"On which my power depends?"—
"Say what old Mammon wants to hear,
"And he will help your ends."
"How shall I win an echoing name,
"As one too just to sin?"—
"Why, own a 'Daily,' sweat your staff,
"And puff yourself therein."
"But how to get the paper read?"—
The tradesman swift replies,
"Just advertise my shoddy, sir,
"And then I'll buy your lies."
"How shall I make my son a lord?"
Sighs yonder man of beer:
One who has done it tips the wink,
And whispers in his ear—
"Run your own venture on the cheap,
"And flatter those you sweat;
"Give moral reasons everywhere,
"And keep what oof you get."
"How shall I get my weary wife,
"An hour of needed rest?"
"How shall I feed the little child
"That's starving at her breast?"
"Disguise your principles, my man,
"Accept a priest's advice,
"And sell your soul, to feed your child,
"At labour's lowest price."
"How shall we get our daughter wed?"
Cries Dives to his wife—
The answer was so infamous,
I ran for my dear life.

Liberty the only Solution.

"To examine this recipe of a Parliament, how fit it is for governing nations . . . this is an alarming inquiry to which all thinking men who have an ear for the small still voices and eternal intimations across the temporary clamours and loud blaring proclamations, are now solemnly invited. Invited by the rigorous fact itself; which will one day, and that perhaps soon, demand practical decision or decision from us, with enormous penalty if we decide it wrong!"—
THOMAS CARLYLE: in 1850.

MILTON HALL.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.

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HENRY SEYMOUR.

Jan. 20th —"ANARCHISM AND TRADES UNIONISM."

JACK TURNER.

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