The Birth of Liberty.

Hysculcna, jasmc flowers, and roses pale,
Over whose brows of diamond studded are the veil.
And the silver plash where the dewy fountain glistens
Like the walls of flowers, ringing thru a dream.
While the silent rays of sunshine, dazzling light
Weal alluring visions of distant grace.
And, beside the fountain where the Naiads played,
As some soft whisper, dropping from the shade,
Lovely Hope in lonely sorrow lingered there.
Driven thither by the demon god Despair.
Her bright eye enlivened with bitter, aching tears.
Midst her hair the tangled pain of all the years.
And sweet love whose whips had ever born him light.
Possibly, the play of upward flight.
For the dying goddess, mourning, filled her ear.
Till her stern heart grow faint with new found fears.
And be, turning, listen on her lighted wings.
Even those whose birth was song, had turned to song.
So he soaks bade the goddess, as she lies.
Faith to the bitter house, from her eyes.
Calmly now, she softly tells him her love.
How the mortals, and with wrath, had bade her go.
They repelled her gentle crying, cursed her ease.
And for leader chose the god of battle Despair.

As she glides, the shining shafts of light have played
Over the fountain, and thru all the silent glade.
As when, long in solitude, passing Night.
Long forgotten the pain of heart-ache.
Playing plantation shadows on the wooded wall.
Loosening quick and gaunt, and often overcast,
As some people, long forgotten, of the past.
With all devoted, open the earth of love.
Wander thru the valleys and the hills of pain.
Shaking the stones and songs, and songs.
Gently Nymph her sorrow over them press.
Mother Earth once more embolds them to her bosom.
The stars glinting like the dim, and silent moons.
Send their splendor to dispel the gathering glooms.
And hid the specters, following fading Day.
From earth's depths, to softly e'er the earth.

Yet kneeling, love still cries to smooth the tangled hair.
Seeks to lead the wounded, bent by despair.
And the mild glance on her cheek.
Painter's grave to her, till she no more may speak.
Love a return from a thrice-caked offer.
And with Windsor's gift, the spell of sorrows breaks.
As the ferns of the morn begin to rise.
Over the grove and cypress down the mind.
That brave and fall like fountains on Dana's crest.
To the languid Song, awaking from his rest.
Suns on the goddess, born of Hope, within whose eye.
Love and Truth shall reign supreme as vengeful the powers.
Following to the future good, where all will be.
Blessed of Love and Hope, and let on Windsor's gift, and free.

The Origin of Anarchism.

Ever since war gave rise to government,
there have been those who perceived clearly
enough the unhappy origin and pernicious character of this institution.
That the reign of Saturn was the period of universal liberty,
equality, and fraternity; the usurpation of
love the beginning of evil, was an idea familiar
to old Horatius, his initiator, Ovid, the
Greek and Latin poets generally.* And
with this there prevailed, as the Anarchist
Shelley remarks, in his notes to his noble
renovation of Prometheus, a tradition that the
tyranny of man over his fellow man was
not eternal; but, in fulness of time, a divine
Redeemer would restore the Saturnian
age.

Very similar expectations prevailed the Jew.
With Ideal of the Messiah, They naturally
revived with the inception of Christianity
which was persecuted by the Roman emperors.
Anarchists, or revolutionary as Anarchism by their
modern compatriots, and under very similar
repressions.
The philosophical cast was given
the same sentiment by Socrates and his
disciple Plato.
Neither the military order nor
the multitude appeared to them invested
with a divine right, or even a capacity, to
rule.
The only authority they respected was
that which wisdom exercises by means of
reason; in regard to which they pointed out
that it needed none of those appliances for
coercion which are at once the support and
the disgrace of government, but must com-
mand universal submission, as no one dis-
putes the authority of a doctor in sickness
or a pilot at sea. (quite the same view was
expressed in a letter from给大家的致 reinstated Cluny
by Coubertin.) Ever since the time of Plato
and Socrates, it has been commonplace in
philosophy that no primitive social contract
is enough to confer a right. Normally as
no stream can get above its source, no combi-
nation of men, as a monarchy, oligarchy,
or democracy, is justified in doing more than
any man alone may do, that is, oppose ag-
gression by one fellow man upon another.

Anarchistic as all this sounds, it differs
from Anarchism in a way clear enough to all
except some of the Anarchists themselves.
Individualism, the sentence in the Declara-
tion of the Rights of Man which affirms that
everyone has a right to do whatever does
not injure others, is metaphysical and plubi-
tudinous. Anarchism declares, as Carlyle
would say, the Mights of man: that is, it is
positive and scientific. It is not content to
say men should not govern man. It says
he cannot, unless he begins by deceiving
man. That the protection which govern-
ment offers is a fraud; and that this impos-
ture is what gives government all its power.

Thus, it is a doctrine whose origin can be
traced to a tolerably definite period and
region. That period was, in England, be-
tween 1888 (the year of James the Second's
expulsion) and 1790 (that of George the
Third's accession). The Revolution of 1888
introduced a dynasty whose claim rested
upon the right of the people to cashier unsat-
sactory kings. A most unpopular

dynasty, it was barely kept in possession by
conviction that if the Stuarts came back the
battle of 1688 must be fought again. To
the principles of 1688, prime and
sovereign hold in destituation, William of
Orange, George I, and George II, were ac-
companied by a few of the strongest consid-
rations and practical reasons. At that
time, a very strong party which existed
those principles. But strong as this party
was, it was in opposition. It had a majority
of the clergy, but not the bishops; the
lawyers, but not the judges; the country
gentlemen, but not the magistrates and new
peers; the country voters, but not the con-
stable and sheriffs; the soldiers and sailors,
but not the generals and admirals. One of
the usurping sovereigns, Queen Anne, per-
sonally preferred this party to the other.
But even Anne was generally obliged to em-
ploy Whigs, and could not die in peace with-
out having among her pet Fox cabinet.
Unable to govern without them, the Tories were
forced to become critics of power as captives as the
Whigs, whose conduct, from the moment they
put into the saddle, afforded ground enough for complaint. Thus fiercely assailed on
opposite sides during more than sixty years, the foundation of superstitions reverence
for government was fatally undermined.
A few dissenting individuals began to
suspect that the Whigs were right in say-
ing government had no existence, but to
protect the people, and the Tories in
saying that the whole liberty of governments
did nothing but plunder and oppress the people.

The failure of Prince Charles Edward, the execution of the Jacobites, the assimilation of the German kings by their adopted country, and the glories of the Seven Years' War, as last removed all appearance of faction. In 1769 the parties had settled down into the Jacobitism and Whig party.

The National was on the eve of such furious passions and such radical changes as were never known before. In this memorable year Edmund Burke published his "Vindication of Nationality." The profoundly representative as a satire, there can be little question that it represented doubts which had arisen in his own restless and capacious mind. By his study of Burke's satirical organization, it demonstrates the origin of government in wars of aggression and compact; their unnaturally mischievous effects; and the merely dogmatical superstitions character of them, and of the political philosophy of foreign or domestic injury. Since that time, neither England nor America has ever been without Anarchistic writers. The English administration of the new king opened the hatches of the Compromise, and the system which began to win an assent of the court, but soon developed into an assault of authority in general. "It is not the disease, he cries, but the physician. It is the proposal, not the answer which can reduce a whole people to despair. Long before the death of Burke, William Godwin published his "Political Justice," which defended the noblest of the social state, and predicted its disappearance as an inevitable result of growing intelligence. While his opponent represented attention to the pressure of population as a cause of the state, St. Clair described the state as the "natural growth of the state", and predicted its disappearance as an inevitable result of growing intelligence. While his opponent represented attention to the pressure of population as a cause of the state, St. Clair described the state as the "natural growth of the state", and predicted its disappearance as an inevitable result of growing intelligence.

Beside this, no one, except the few still living, appears to have been even acquainted with the Anarchism of France or other Continental European nations; and none owed its growth to the Continental Anarchism. The origins of the Anarchists were thus carried to America, and the Anarchists of the American Revolution, which had similar tendencies, were more directly represented as a foreign movement than as a state movement. The bourgeois papers here entered to public use, and, in a double sense, proved themselves to be not political events, but the outcome of a new order of events. And yet, the French Revolution, indeed, Conozard, advocated the principles of Anarchism in his posthumous work on the "Progress of the Human Mind," about as early as Godwin. But he left no following; no Continental movement to supply any consequence. Recent events of 1848, and thus much later than the English and American variety. The events which prepared it between 1700 and 1848 are not yet clear. The consequences of 1789, 1830, and 1848, had taught despair of salvation through democracy, without quenching the passion for liberty and social justice. Fourier had revived the dream of Collective Socialism. Saint-Simon had given it a rational basis by showing how, through a process now called Evolution, bourgeois institutions had displaced feudalism, and how, from the point of view of the collective order, the modern Socialists had lived, it was absolutely necessary to be displaced by the collective or perhaps Communitarian type. Bellantis had introduced into France that answer to Mill's which was very peculiar to his American, and the other Socialists, had endeavored to unite their aspiration to democracy, with the visible result of proving the imposibility of political self-interest, the English economists, had familiarized mankind with the idea of absolute laissez faire in industry. They had also shown that property in land means slavery of the many. The doctrine of Adam Smith, that "natural wages are the whole product," and the doctrine of Ricardo, that wages gravitate to the minimum necessary for subsistence, all else being swallowed by rent and profit, were portions of the value doctrine of Karl Marx. Meanwhile, Anarchism had been given a psychological basis by Kant's demonstration of the relativity of knowledge and Hegel's elaboration of the soul's discovery of itself. The doctrine of Evolution, in its perfect form, was already fermenting in the brains of Spencer and Darwin. It involves the progress of man from a great, beginning, towards the law of his own progress towards a complete Anarchism. While he was still struggling with the demon of slavery, a brilliant line of American Anarchists emerge to prominence. Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and only less, Colerad, Green's comparatively little known; E.H. Parkinson little except by American Anarchists. But Josiah Warren (grandson of that Warren who fell at Bunker Hill) formulated the doctrine of Anarchism in a manner which secured most respectable notice from J.S. Mill. I have by no means mentioned all the names, and it is unnecessary to cite those of living writers whose work began before Hys. Park had written his "Economics." Of all three, not one, except the few still living, appears to have been even acquainted with the Anarchism of France or other Continental European nations; and none owed its growth to the Continental Anarchists. There, too, the consequences of 1789 and 1848 are not yet clear. The consequences of 1789, 1830, and 1848, arc not yet clear. The consequences of 1789, 1830, and 1848, arc not yet clear.

The Social Problem.

For the Law has got long arms, And the People have long tongues.

And the People have long tongues.
Free Society.

Propaganda by Deed.

The adherents of the “materialistic conception of history,” who dogmatically contend that all social phenomena, such as religion, philosophy, science, etc., are solely the reflex of material conditions, and that philosophers and idealists are of no account, would do the world a great service, if they could show in practice how low it is that Leo Tolstoy’s ideas exercise such enormous influence in revolutionizing the minds of the people all over the world.

In remote Russia, in districts where capitalism and modern industry is yet unknown, thousands of peasants resist military service, repudiate marriage laws and the Church. The government was alarmed and prohibited these “fanatics,” in an attempt to restore peace. Thousands of them sought refuge in Canada, and even there the government is embarrassed because these “impracticable and obstinate fanatics” refuse to comply with the marriage rites and the land laws. But these “fanatics” are not confined to Russia alone. The governments of Holland, Denmark, and France have difficulties with the young men who declare their belief in Tolstoy’s teachings, and in the future they will be heard from in other countries.

In Bulgaria a single man courageously defies the government, resisting military service. When he stood in court, defending his conviction, his face was glowing with enthusiasm and determination. The court informed him that a warrant had been served on him, but he declared he would do nothing to reply to the question of the court as to his beliefs, he boldly declared, “I am a Christian.”

In defense of his action he said among other things:

February 12, I entered the military service, and when I learned to read, I soon found that military service was not in accord with the teachings of Christ. For this reason I often interrogated the officers, and became convinced that the presence of other soldiers, I was reprimanded and told that if I had questions to ask I should not do so in the presence of other soldiers. But I continued to ask questions publicly and when I could no longer stand I wrote the reason why I should learn to kill men. Are not all men equal before God?”

In short, in everything he was taught he could see but one evil purpose. He also observed that the toilers worked long hours, having nothing but bread and salt for their meals, while the leisure class lived in luxury and abundance. Finally he resolved to leave the army, and informed the superior of his decision. They tried to persuade him to continue in the uniform and to participate in the military exercise, but he firmly declined. He was then taken to church, where the priest taught the man to give oath. “I am not a soldier,” he replied, “I am a man. Only bad people swear. The gospel forbids me to give oath.” The priest reminded him that the gospel also said, “Give to him that asks of thee.”

“I am not a soldier,” he replied, “With my mind I will serve God, and Caesar can do with my body as he pleases. I only offer my oath.”

In conclusion he said:

“I know of one power only, the power of God. I recognize only one law—the gospel. There are no worldly judges I will submit to. I repudiate the laws of Bulgaria. No matter what happens to me, I will not serve in the army. I cannot do what my conscience forbids me to do. There is no stronger law than my own conscience. I have my convictions, and I would rather be executed for them than follow the orders of the military.”

The author is afraid of the truth or else he would have indicted me not for desertion, but for complicity with Christ’s teachings, and the jury would set me free.

The young man was sentenced to three years’ imprisonment at hard labor.

In a letter to his friend, Shoppoff says:

“One thing troubles me a little. I am condemned to the disciplinary company, where, because of serving the truth, I will be subjected to great physical torture. Then I will again be tried, because I will have the means of telling what I feel in my heart, i.e. speaking what I believe, which is the love of darkness fear so much and is a thorn in their eyes. The prison is not so terrible. I tell you, my dear N.—, as I want to be free, I am free in Christ. That scares me, but the means that will be applied to me, and I hope the torture will not be too hard for me. But I will in future, as long as I can stand it, struggle and labor to bring light in this terrible world where I once was a blackguard.”

A Bulgarian daily, in which this account appeared, remarked:

“The lovers of darkness will say that Shoppoff is one of the criminal types, who must be exterminated, because others may not be contaminated by such evil influence. Some will say that he is insane, a fool, and deserves pity. But such a criminal, such a fool was Christ! The Russian thinker Leo Tolstoy is such a criminal and a fool. How desirable that all men would be such criminals and fools! Under such criminality and lunacy of the people crimes would disappear and truth and brotherhood enter this world, of which people know nothing today.

“It is not only the idea propagated by Shoppoff, which raises him in our eyes, but there is something in his character that compels us to reverence this young man—his frankness and readiness to take the consequences of his actions, a courage so seldom found among mentally perverted mortals. None of us dare openly confess our ideas, all endeavor to mask their desires. We not only have men with conviction and ideals who are ready to sacrifice, but we have not even violent criminals, if we can express ourselves. We find no case that a criminal openly confessed to be a criminal, and who gives his motives for being such. We take our last but one chief who would openly confess that he stole to find his livelihood, and only that he could see nothing wrong in the deed. We would be ready to applaud a murderer who would bravely declare that the life of his fellow man is nothing to him. With such criminals we could live in society and continue to masquerade as something better. But even our criminals are shallow. And that is why there is so little consolation in social life enveloped by perverted morality. In the action of Shoppoff we see a bold desire for a spiritual awakening, and in him we welcome a new generation.”

—INTERLOVER.

Socialist Organism Again.

That he who uses the social organism analogy does not see clearly, seems plain to me.

A few weeks ago a prominent Socialist stood before an audience and tried to prove his theory of the social organism. He told the audience that after the first few months the Socialist had nothing but a few loyal workers, who would feed him, clothing, and shelter, and then the Socialist would feed the workers. Eventually the workers would become as dependent upon the Socialist as the Socialist was upon the workers.

This was very easy to do, as many Socialists believe all social relations are of this nature. A Socialist is not interested in the growth of his society, but only in the growth of himself. The Socialist is content to have a few loyal workers, who will feed him, clothing, and shelter, and then he will feed the workers. Eventually the workers will become as dependent upon the Socialist as the Socialist was upon the workers.

MARY HASSIN.

Attention!

The Company Against Free Speech and Free Press is the title of a new booklet by Comrade Geo. R. Hunter. Mr. Hunter reviews the events of the last few months with much vigor and clearness, searching the leaders of the socialist movement and the communist propaganda in the newspapers and speeches, at length and with sufficient evidence to suppress free speech and free press from a constitutional and libertarian standpoint. In short, it is an excellent pamphlet for distributing among all classes of people, and it is to be hoped that it will be read by everyone who will bring it into circulation.

The booklet contains 32 pages and is published in neat type, with transparent cover. It costs 10 cents per copy or 25 cents for ten copies. Order from Free Society, or F. E. Walker, 214 W. 13th St., New York City.

The Letter-Box.

F. C. — The omission of "Vol. VIII" was not due to a lack of subscribers, but to an "Accidental" printing. A blunder in the numbering of previous volumes caused it to be omitted. Since the number of "Vol. VIII" was omitted to avoid confusion if the letters of the alphabet are used to designate the contents of each volume, we would agree that there is some difference, and if we would allow the numbers to be used, it would be a matter of great consequence. However, you are to blame, since the paper was late to become a reality.

"Why, Mr. Johnson? Why do we not lay more stress on the fact that Jesus was a Catholic? Because it is the only thing that he was not a Catholic. But if you bring an objection to the conduct of the Catholic Church because he was canonized in their church in their canon, then you are not speaking of the great men of the Catholic Church, but of the church that canonized them.

F. W. Jackson.

Mr. Jackson, there is no extraordinary exception to the rule.
FREE SOCIETY.

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An Exponent of Anarchist Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Freedom; that the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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Anarchist—a social theory which regards the union of individuals without the interference of any persons or society of men with the exception of the police. (Century Dictionary.)

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1902.

350

If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

Notes.

Be sure to see W. F. Barnard, Sunday, February 23. His subject, "The Heritage of Humanity." The Philosophical Society, hall 200, 20 E. Van Buren street. Meeting opens at 8 o'clock, p.m.

La Question Sociale appears this week with only two pages. The energy and resources of our Paterson comrades thus triumph over their loss in the recent great fire; and their journal, like the fabled phoenix literally rises from its own ashes.

—o—

Radical Reflections.

THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The present state of things, which is proudly proclaimed by the champions of "The Established Order," as an established order is something immutable—is but a transient incident of social progress. It no longer meets the needs and requirements of the race. Human institutions are barriers—only the generation for which they are made. We outgrow our social systems, just as we outgrow our clothes.

—o—

We of today as a whole have outgrown the "established order." In a vague way we all recognize this, and are groping about for the way out—trying to find the path of social progress. Somehow we realize that the world is advancing, and we desire to place ourselves somewhere in the moving column.

—o—

There is labor, organized and unorganized, and so often cursed for its apparently blind stupidity, by its friends among the social reformers. These impatient reformers! Their hearts are in the right place—all of them. Socialists, Single Taxers, Anarchists, Revolutionists of countless kinds. But the people also set themselves to the task of civilization building must learn to make opportunity, else they will wait till opportun-

—o—

It is evident that the beneficiaries are by no means anxious, as a whole, to see this order that makes their class possible, destroyed. In fact they wish to maintain it. Therefore while we, as revolutionists, may succeed in drawing over some few individuals from this beneficiary class, it is probable that the class itself is violently arrayed against any proposition that threatens their class interests.

—o—

On the other hand, the workers, being the victims of this order, are, as a class, hostile to it. That they do not, therefore, accept the various panaceas of Socialism, or Single Tax, or Anarchism, is because they are not more wise than we, and cannot agree upon the particular program that is to lead them to emancipation. And if we who call ourselves, with epistolary flourish, thinkers, revolutionists, and expound two, three, or more energies lambasting each other because we do not agree, how then shall we ridicule the workers because they permit themselves to be divided by our own schisms? Is it not plain to us who are the ones that lead forward in one direction before the mass can follow? If we separate, the mass must separate to follow us, else they must stand still. The mass never separates. Therefore it stands still. By whose fault?

But why are we, who profess to think, divided? Is it not because we each have an ideal for the future, and each idealist also a future of his own conception? What do we know of the future? Do you think that a philosopher of two centuries ago would have been able to construct a social system that would meet the requirements of today? Are we any wiser, regarding the future, than they of the past as regards the present?

I cannot understand how earnest men having a common purpose can come together for united action. Suppose now, that instead of trying to show the people the beauty of the future society and their duties in the building of it, we would endeavor to unite them upon purely revolutionary lines, and make the destruction of the existing industrial order the sum of our messages? We would have a message that could be understood, at least. It would awaken in the breasts of the oppressed every affirmative response.

Suppose, for example, that we had as a program, the general strike. Labor understands its tremendous power. It knows in part its wrongs. Suppose that on a certain day labor threw the world out of work. Strikes against capitalism and against its tools, the State and the Church, everywhere, under common impulse, the toiling millions lay down their tools, quit the shops, desert the offices, abandon the railway trains, and refuse the mail services. In that single day, the entire industry around the world will be motionless. The throbs of industry would cease. The roar and din of the factory would be silenced—denied by the masters helpless. It would then be necessary for striking labor to possess such qualities. First, an uncompromising determination. Second, a total disregard for the laws of the State and the lies of the
Church. Third, the instinct of destruction. The strike might then develop into a Social Revolution, beyond which is the common goal of all the social reformers. We should do well to consider these matters.

ROSS WINS.

Government.

It is argued that there are certain men who are not fit for liberty. "They do not know how to use it," is often said, and they must be restrained by those who know more. They must be kept in check. And the folks who call themselves "the best people" usually assert that this is especially true of "workingmen." They speak and write of them as tho they were a different class of beings from the people who do not work, and so they sometimes refer to them as the "lower classes," while they always speak of themselves as the "better classes." Now, I do not accept the class theory at all. I believe we are all people—just people—made of the same common destiny; and my observation leads me to the conclusion that there is a larger percentage of failures, more wasted life, among the people who do not work, who live in idleness upon the fruits of the toil of others, than there is among the people who work and of whom it is said they do not know enough to govern themselves. Holding these beliefs, one can easily see that the idea of governing by force another man, who I believe to be my equal in the sight of God, is repugnant to me. I do not want to do it. I cannot do it. I do not want anyone to govern me by any kind of force. I am a reasoning being, and I only need to be governed by the force of my will. When I will take that course or do that thing simply because it is best, and so will you. I do not believe that a soul was ever forced toward anything except toward ruin.

Liberty for the few is not liberty. Liberty for me and slavery for you means slavery for both. No man was ever born with a saddle on his back for another to ride, and no man was ever born with spur on his heel to fit him to ride another. We are all created in the divine image, and it is our mission and privilege to stand erect as full equals; therefore, let no man of us be a slave, and let no man of us call himself master of others; rather, let us all strive for mastery over self, for when self is conquered there are no more victories to be won.—From "Letters of Love and Labor," by Samuel J. Jones.

Anarchist Communism in Cracow, 1846.

The but little known and scarcely now remembered, the insurrection of Cracow, in 1846, was one of the most significant incidents of modern history. It seems fit to be at this time, to give to our readers a brief history of that uprising.

The independence of the small republic of Cracow, as a diminutive representative of ancient Poland, had been established and guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, at which the great powers of Europe were represented, and which was convened to settle the state of Europe after the final collapse of Napoleon's military power.

The object of the uprising of 1846 was the establishment of a Socialistic order of things. The revolutionists set forth their ideas in a manifest, from which I extract the following:

"Let us endeavor to establish a community, in which every man will enjoy the fruits of the earth according to his desires; equality of property which all must contribute to support. Let all privileged classes, and let those who are inferior in birth, intelligence, of physical strength, or who are under the influence of the state or the church, be excluded from the community."

This revolution, which occurred exactly twenty-five years before the Paris Commune, embodied the aims of Anarchist Communism. The revolutionists overthrew the political authority, took possession of the property of the rich, and drove out the Austrian army under General Collin, which had entered Cracow at the request of the Senate.

The revolutionists appointed Weiswasser, a military dictator, who set about preparing Cracow for a siege. But the wealthy classes in the new Commune, desiring to regain their possessions and recover the dignity of their position, decided to invoke the assistance of Austria; but these negotiations were in progress, the czar Nicholas dispatched two regiments, one of infantry, and one of Cossacks, to Cracow, and this force, vastly superior in numbers to that of the Communists, soon put an end to the revolution. As a result of this, the commune was dissolved, and the Austrians returned, as a result of which, the Austrian army, under General Collin, entered Cracow at the request of the Senate.

The lesson established by this Anarchist Commune, moving in Cracow, is that local or even national action is not possible, as long as authority exists. The governments of the world are allied against the Social Revolution. An uprising in one country will, if successful, be the signal for foreign interference, each government being pledged to maintain that authority which is threatened by Anarchist revolt. Therefore when the people strive for social freedom, the blow must be general, and world-wide.

W.

The Lesson of Violence.

In the hospital I know a soldier who had a wound in his leg. That wound healed and the man recovered, but soon another wound appeared a little lower, a similar wound on the same leg. That wound was also cured, but a third wound came still lower on the same bone, on the same leg. Then this wound was cured, and the man seemed to recover again, but another wound came still lower on the same bone on the same leg. Then the doctors and surgeons held a consultation and agreed that no common means of curing would be sufficient. They must have a radical, a capital operation, after which the man recovered.

Now, listen! An emperor is killed. Oh, how bad! How wrong! What confusion it brought! But there were some reasons for this killing. It was removing the head of a monarchy that was sometimes tyrannical and cruel. And then the man was caught and ordered shot. That is right. That is good. He must be prevented from killing another emperor.

Then things seemed to be quiet. Order and confidence were restored. But after a short time a king is killed, a good king, a king who was kind to his subjects, beloved. Well, this man was taken. He was not killed, but he was shut up in a cage, where he was to have no intercourse with his whole life. That is good. That is right. He must be prevented from killing some other king.

Again all is quiet. Again there is confidence. But, lo, an emperor is killed! Now an empress. Oh, that is too bad! A woman, and a very charming woman. She was not responsible for the death of her husband. She was not in public life. She was a very good woman. What is the matter? The man is caught again. He also was shut up. He was not allowed to speak to any man, see anybody. He was put in a cage. That is right. That is fine. He must understand that to kill an empress is not a proper thing. He must be prevented from doing similar wrong.

Well, again quiet for a certain time. But, lo, a president is killed! A president! Oh, oh, that is too bad! There may be some excuse for killing emperors and kings, but to kill a president in a free country, the choice of the people. Oh, that is very foolish. What does this mean? We must kill him twice. A special law must be enacted. This thing must be stopped. But what is the matter?

It is evident that society is sick. It is suffering from a very severe wound, and the killing now and then of an emperor and a king cannot cure it. But it is well to understand; we must realize that the revolution which killed President McKinley was the same revolution which killed the Russian emperor, the king of Italy, and the empress of Austria, and that this revolution was the revolution of poverty, of misery, of despair.

How can such sickness be cured? The need is radical treatment. The money, millions and millions, and more millions, which is spent in taking life in different wars, must be applied to the curing of society. We must take war out of the world, we must take life out of it, and not to destroy it.—Verstechlin.

The Berkman Case.

Since the hallowed grounds of the proceedings before the superior court in behalf of Comrade Alexander Berkman have been in vain, I wish to make the following statement of the receipt and expenses of the money received and expended:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Previously acknowledged</td>
<td>$111.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Bogue</td>
<td>$14.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Steins</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Meyer</td>
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<td>J. S. Hayford</td>
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<td>S. Franko</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Kanter</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kobler, Haas, Hellig, Buchman, et al.</td>
<td>$7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$170.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

EXCESS: $200.00

LAWYER'S FEES: $114.00

Book costs, etc.: $6.00

All told: $130.00

S. Berkman.
AN EXCITING BOOK.

I am not a little boy. I am forty years old, and not a little. I know all I need to know about
the palm of my hands and the features of my face. I need no lesson from anybody. I have a wife and children, and to secure for them a comfortable existence
I have to toil for twenty long years. Yes! This is not so easy, and by no means pleasant.
But it is past and over. Now I want to rest from the troubles of life. This is what I want to understand, sir.
As I indulge in my leisure, I like to read. For a man of culture reading is a noble
amusement. I esteem books and reckon the reading of them among my most precious
amusements. For you are not alone one of these
eclectics who swallow every book as a hungry
man swallows a piece of bread, who seek in every book a revelation, a guide for
life.

I know myself how one should live; I know it well enough.
It is only good books I select, those that
effect me agreeably. What pleases me is
when the author shows you the bright side of life in the same scene from which you can enjoy the appetizing sauce without
out thinking much of the quality of the roast.
We who have worked continuously our whole lifetime want a book to relieve us,
to put us back to rest. Quiet repose is my
sacred right. I defy anyone to deny it.
Well then, some time ago I bought a book
of these, these marvelous, wondrously
praised books. I bought it, brought it home, closed it, carefully cut open its pages in the evening,
and began to read—not without a certain
prejudice, I must confess. For life not
belonging to these sympathetic tales, I love
Turgenev, Tolstoi, and [name], the gentle
author. One reads him as one drinks
carried milk, and at the same time one thinks to
himself all this happened long ago, it is all
freedom. I found no bitter mess, no en-
agaging allusion, no insinuations against
the comfortable classes of society, nor any
temptation to describe the lower classes as a
mold of all virtues and perfection. There
was no violence, all was very simple and
very pretty. So I read another little story.
Very, very good! Bravo! Another one!
It is said that when a Chinaman has some
dessert he raises around a friend and wants
to poison him, but the latter has the wise
sage
preserves. This is an excellent delect-
able jam, which a man could eat for a long
time with an inscrutable appetite; but a
certain moment comes when one can eat no
more, and—done! He will never again want
anything to eat. He will himself be food for
the worms in the grave.

It was so with this book. I read it through without interruption, the last part of it
when I was already in bed. When I was done, I put out the light and got ready
to sleep. The room was dark and still.
Sudden I felt something unusual. It
appeared to me if a sort of autumn flies
whirled and whirled and whirled, I was in the dark
with a low buzzing drone, those obstrusive flies, you know, that settle themselves, so
not all at once on your nose, your chin, and
both your ears. Their feet especially irritated and irritated my eyes. I opened my
eyes, but saw nothing. Yet I was sad and troubled. Involuntarily I had
had to think again of what I had read. Gloomy images of the heroes of my
novel were before my eyes: a black, bloodless, dumb, bloodless, hopeless, wretched creatures.

I could not fall asleep. I began to think. I have lived forty years, forty years, forty years. In
my stomach digested poorly. My wife says that—no! I do not love her as passionately as I loved
her five years ago. My son is a dance. He
gets abominable marks in school, is lazy,
beats about everywhere, and reads stupid books. You ought not to read stupid books! The
school is an institution of torture, and brings about the ruin of children. My wife is
beginning to have wrinkles under her eyes, and with my own eyes I see her. My
government is an anachronistic apphes
sance as there could be, and in general my
whole life—

Here I pulled in the reins of my fancy, and opened my eyes again. What devilry was
this?

Before my bed stood the book, a thin,
dried-up thing, supported on long, slender,
frail bones. It molded roundly at me, and while
I read it finally I felt well. I said:
"Go on, Delibrate. Thank well."

It had a long, thin, furious, melancholy
face; its eyes glared with a painful brightness,
and drilled themselves deep into my
soul.

"Think, think. Why have you lived forty
years? What have you accomplished dur-
ing all this time, and what good did your
life bring you? A single now thought has
sprung from you. And if all the forty
years you have not spoken a single original
word, in your heart there has never
awakened a strong, healthy feeling, and
ever since you were born,南部
whether the woman who once loved would make a fitting wife for you. You have
studied half of your life to forget what you
have learned in the other half. Your sole
concern was to get as much as possible of
the comforts, the warmth of life, to enjoy
plenty. You are an insignificant nothing,
superfluous thing, of use to no one. After
your death who will remain of you?
"Why, as if you had never lived."-
The combined thing pushed nearer,
threw itself upon my chest and stifled me.
Its pages troubled, clutched and suffocated
me with their weight.

There are tens of thousands like you in
the world. Year in and year out you stick
like cockroaches in your warm crannies.
This life is so comfortable and color-
less.

I listened to these lectures, and long cold
fingers seemed to poke about in my heart.
I felt sick, disgusted and annoyed. Life
never seemed to me very rich in joys. I re-
garded life merely as a duty which had
grown into an habit.

In fact, to

speak truly, I never thought seriously of
it at all. I lived on, that was all. And now
comes this silly book and gives to my life an
intolerably sad and disagreeable coloring!

Then suffice, wish, something, strive after something, and you—you are a gov-
ernment functionary. Why? To what pur-
pose? What meaning has it? It gives no
pleasure to yourself and is of no use to any-
thing.

These questions stung and called me.
I could not fall asleep, and a man, you know,
must sleep.

The heroes of the book stared out from its
pages and queried:

"Why do you live?"

"It is not your concern," I was going to answer, but could not. A noisy whispering
brought me back. It seemed to me as if the
waves of life's sea rocked my bed, lifted
it up and carried it away with me into
infancy. The reminiscence of the past called
forth a sort of sea-sickness in me. Upon my
forehead the hood of experience had never experienced such
a restless night.

And now, sir, I ask you what good is such
a book to anyone? It only disturbs us
and deprives us of our sleep. A book must
objectively stir and move in your heart, in
your bed, what can anyone want with it? Such
books ought to be put out of the reach of the
reading public. What people want are the pleasant things of life. The troubles
they can well provide without books.

"What was the upshot of it?" you ask.
All very simple. I rose next morning feeling
as malignant as the devil, took the book to the
book-binder and had it bound for me in black and
trimmed with seals. Now it stands in the
lowest shelf of my book-case and whenever
I am in a cheerful disposition, I gently
tip it with the point of my shoe and ask:
"Well, have you accomplished anything?

Eh? Maxim Gorky

MICHAEL BAKUNIN.

Michael Bakunin was born in 1814 at Tornschok in the Russian province of Podolsk,
being a scion of a family of good position belonging to the old nobility. A uncle of
Bakunin's was an ambassador under Catherine II, and he was also connected by mar-
riage with Muraviev. He was educated at
the College of Cadets in St. Petersburg, and
joined the artillery in 1832 as an ensign.
But either, as some say, because he did not
get into the guards, or, as others say, be-
cause he could not endure the rough ter-
ritory of military life, he left the army in 1838,
and returned first to his father's house,
where he devoted himself to scientific studies.
In 1841 Bakunin went to Berlin, and next
to Dresden, where he studied philoso-
phy, chiefly Hegel's, but was also intro-
duced by Ruge into the German democratic
movement. Even at this time he had come
to the conclusion (as he says in the 'Jugends-
jahrbuchchen' on "The Reaction in Ger-
many") that Democracy must proceed to the
denial of every thing positive and exist-
ing, without regard for consequences. Pur-
rased by Russian agents, he went in 1843 to
Paris, and thence to Switzerland, where he
became an active member of the Commu-
nist Socialist movement. The Russian gov-
ernment now refused him permission tostsy
abroad any longer, and as he did not obey repeated commands to return to his native land, it exiled him to Paris, and made the acquaintance of Proudhon. If there was a leader in the Paris revolution (November 29, 1847), Bakunin recommended the union of Russia and Poland in order to revolutionize the former. The Russian government thereupon demanded his extradition, and set a price of ten thousand silver rubles on his head. In spite of this, Bakunin escaped safely to Brussels. After the Revolution of February, he returned to Paris, then went in March to Berlin, and in June to attend the Slav congress in Prague.

The question was not unnaturally raised: What was Bakunin, the cosmopolitan, to do with such an institution of national Chauvinism as the congress? What had the ultra-radical Democrat and sworn enemy of all authoritarian congresses, the Bakunin of the favor of Nicholas, and yeasted by orthodox Archimandrites, by the envoy of Slave princes, and privy counselors decorated with Russian orders? When the drama at Wiesbaden and the revolution and the bombardment of Prague, Bakunin disappeared, only to reappear again, now in Saxony and now in Thuringia, under all kinds of disguises, and to the grandees who were well informed meantime, constantly occupied with the intention of causing a new insurrection at Prague. Here too he was in contradiction with the attitude that he had adopted, both before and after this event, for he must have known what a sorry part the Czechs had played, and still were playing as regards the Vienna Democracy and the efforts for Hungarian emancipation.

During the insurrection in May, 1849, we find Bakunin in Dresden, as a member of the provisional government, and taking a prominent part in the defense of the city against the Prussian regulars. The result was that he was considered by the revolutionary congress as a champion of the very cause that he had attacked at the Prague Congress. After the fall of Dresden he went with the provisional government to Chemnitz, where on the 10th of May he was captured and condemned to death by martial law. The sentence, however, was not carried out, since Austria had demanded his extradition. Here he was also condemned at Olomouc to be hanged; but Austria handed this offender, who was so much in request, over to Russia, which country also wished to get hold of him. By a remarkable chance, Bakunin escaped. Austrian troops were already about to execute him, by sending a pardon from the czar; he was imprisoned first in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and then at St. Petersburg, under the name of St. Petersburg Prison, 1855, thus the exaction of his inflammatory writings was hastened to Siberia. At that time a report had generally gained credence in Europe, in which lacking any foundation, that Bakunin had by no means saved his life, that three coun-

tries had already condemned, to the chance favor of a monarch usually far from genuine, and the distrust of the apostle of revolution new year was greatly increased. When, in 1861, he succeeded in escaping from the penal settlement in the Amur district, and returned to Europe via Japan and America. The mystery of this escape has been explained. The governor of the Amur (Maravič) happened to be a cousin of Bakunin's relation, Maravič, and moreover accord-

ing to Bakunin's own statement, a secret adherent of the revolutionary movement. He appears to have lived on a very intimate footing with Bakunin, and granted the exile all kinds of favors and freedom, and thus Bakunin was extricated with the permission of travelling south to Siberia in order to describe its natural resources. While on this journey he succeeded in embarking on a ship in the harbor of Nikolayevsk, and escaping. In 1861 he arrived in England, and settled in London, where he entered into relations with the members of the International. As to the part that Bakunin played in the conspiracy, as he himself has said, it is not for Anarchist idees, we will speak later.

When the revolution broke out in Poland in 1863, Bakunin was one of the leaders of the expedition to Poland and Russia, called the Chrestopoli, or the International, which was revolutionary Russia from the Baltic coast. When this attempt also failed, he stayed sometimes in Russia and sometimes in Italy. He devoted himself to Socialistic agitation, and being on every favor-

able opportunity active either as an apostle of Anarchist doctrine or as an agitator in the preparations and mise-en-scene of revolutions... The last years of his life were spent alternately in Geneva, London, and Berlin, where he died on July 1, 1878, at the hospital, after refusing all nourishment and thus hastening his end. —From “Anarchism,” by B. Y. Zemskov.

A Story of Nicholas I.

The chief administrative merits which the advocates of Nicholas can claim in his behalf are these: First, that he had attempted, in many instances, to pun-
ish and suppress the drunken vendetta, dishonesty, and corruption, which he universally and shamefully prevails among the officials of the government throughout the whole empire. Thus, on one occasion, he resolved to ex-
amine thoroughly into the extent of this evil; and appointed two intelligent persons belonging to his staff of secretaries,—Germans from Courland, in whose integrity he seemed to have confidence—to investigate every branch of the public service; boldly to sound hidden wells of embezzlement, and to reveal them to his face. The task was begun. It was a difficult one, and thou-

sand kinds of impediments were put in the way of the commission. But they persevered, until they accomplished the work, as far as the Czar would possibly be induced. The spectre then exhibited to the gaze of the czar was indeed a horrible one. Instances of bribe-

cy, shuffling, and dishonesty were pointed out to him, even among his highest officials. Nevertheless, for it was given; proofs were offered in abundance.

Yet the punishment of so many, and of such high personages was, of course, out of the question. Therogues of the Czar were the noblest and most exalted heads in the empire. He knew not what to do. To live in the midst of such consciousness of corruption was horrible; to repudiate it was impossible to despair. The czar threw the report of the commis-

sion into the fire.

The same evening, burdened by his gloomy reflections, he went to the house of his lat-

er minister, Count Nesselrode. He ex-

husted, in his gloomy air, evidence that something disagreeable operated upon his spirits. The keen courtier soon discovered the state of the sovereign's mind, and he went from that interview with a complete assurance that nothing was the cause of his sadness.

In reply, Nicholas briefly narrated the results of the investigation of the commission, and then exclaimed with indignation, "Every bloody ring rules the empire! Everyone around me robs! In whatever direc-

tion I turn my eyes, I see nothing but pil-

ers and robbers! There is only one person, a single person, who can walk proudly erect in conscious innocence. Of this person, at least, I am sure."

Count Nesselrode of course imagined that the czar referred to himself, and, at once appropriating the compliment, bowed himself out of the czar's presence with the promise to throw the report into the fire for so great evidence of his consideration, when the latter resumed, striking his breast at the same moment, "Don't trouble yourself, that person who does not rob is myself, I am the one who

threw out my whole empire, who does not steal!" —From "Life and Reign of Nicho-

laus I," by Samuel M. Schmucker.

Caldwell, McKinley, and Roosevelt.

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tion of same. Without doubt we say that the distribution of this pamphlet will have much effect upon the already too biased mind of the American public.

These few lines are addressed to all comrades, who, without exception, see the ne-

cessity for such pamphlet and the golds re-

sults to be obtained therefrom. We solicit the fraternal aid, and financially in suppon and aid pamphlet, from all comrades. Comrades can render the desired aid by sending in money for which they will receive a specified number of pamphlets for distribution. We make special appeal to Phila-

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