

# LIBERTY



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ONE PENNY.

W. M. R. R.

## HOW ANARCHISTS ARE KILLED.

What is here stated has been jotted down in the convict prison itself; the facts are absolutely true, without exaggeration. All comment would be superfluous, and simply tend to lessen the horrors described.

Although French prison walls are impenetrable, gaolers are relatively moderate in their brutality. The vague fear of a scandal, the coming in contact of the gaoler with the working class, explains this moderation. It is different when prisoners leave French soil. No sooner are they on board a vessel, bound for some penal settlement, than the treatment becomes characteristic. Separated from the living, for the future they are at the mercy of their tormentors.

Crossing the ocean is infernal. The poor wretches are bullied, kicked, and struck, deprived of food, and at the least sign of insubordination are aimed at with revolvers; the slightest gesture would justify a gaoler in mercilessly shooting or killing.

In Guiana the prisoners are penned up in huts, that serve at the same time as refectories, dormitories, and lavatories. Exercise is taken in a field enclosed by walls.

In October, 1894, before the so-termed revolt, Anarchists were indiscriminately penned in Royal Island and St. Joseph's Island. Among others were Pini and Duval.

Our comrades wrote: "We are subjected to all outrages—blows, black holes, irons, are for us daily occurrences. Why are we treated worse than others? The officer to whom we put this question, says we are dangerous—that we are Anarchists. We are crushed with work, without our physical strength being taken into account. The password is "March, or die!" Dysentery, as well as other illnesses, flourishes among us. They will scarcely nurse us; in the hospital most of the warders refuse to help us. . . . To describe all that happens out here would need volumes. You would see miserable wretches, who had been terribly beaten, go by in chains. You would see a thing, hardly credible yet true—you would see a wretch tied to a tree, at the foot of which is an ants' nest, and the gaolers—aided by convicts more cowardly than themselves, rubbing the prisoner's legs with sugar to attract the ants."

All outrages, all petty worries, all persecutions, of which our comrades were the victims, were jesuitically planned by the authorities, in order to exasperate them and drive them to revolt, so as to justify a general massacre. The administration told us (and the dailies published the tale at the same time) that in September, 1893, an Anarchist (whose name was not given) attacked Moscart, the military inspector. The brute drew his revolver and shot the youth who fell crying out, "I die for Anarchy: Anarchists will avenge me!"

What a tissue of lies! Who, unarmed, would be mad enough to attack a man armed to the teeth? What was more likely to have happened was, that the ruffian had shot at his victim as a hunter shoots at a rabbit, without the slightest provocation. What common sense had pointed out to us as probable, had in fact happened. The prisoner was killed by a point-blank discharge, while standing in the ranks during the roll-call, without having moved even his little finger.

According to the convicts this murder was one of the causes of revolt, on October 21st.

That evening, at 8 o'clock, when the warders were on their first round, they perceived several convicts leaving their huts, and immediately fired at them, but missed them.

This attempt at murder by the warders was the real cause of the revolt. The prisoners—exasperated by persecution, their patience at an end, and incited by the new crime attempted by their tormentors, attacked them, killing the warders, and two convict foremen (called "the prison dogs") who accompanied them. The shots gave the alarm; the troops, mustered in haste, left Royal Island and took possession of St. John's Island at ten o'clock at night. Several convicts had taken refuge in their cabins, while others, scattered over the island, were determined to defend their lives courageously. The first victim, a poor fellow named Mathey, was killed in a hut by two shots. Then the blind and furious man-hunt began. On the arrival of troops, the officer in command called to the soldiers, "Keep cool, fire wherever need be, no quarter."

Had the superior officers not arrived, the soldiers were preparing a general massacre in one of the cabins, by shooting men who had not budged and consequently taken no part in the movement.

When day began to break, the warders told the soldiers, while pouring them out bumpers of rum, "Now that dawn is near you can get on with the slaughtering."

The soldiers accomplished a very repulsive work. At seven o'clock, little Simon (called Biscuit) was assassinated. The poor fellow was perched on a tree. A soldier asked him, "Do you want me to shoot you up there, or down here?" He had no choice but death, whether he stayed where he was or climbed down. He chose to stay where he was—and was killed. He fell, pierced by three bullets, and crying out "Long live Anarchy!" The same fate was meted out to Leautier, Lebault, and Maservin, who were assassinated without having been able to defend themselves. After having kissed one another, they stood, hand in hand, awaiting death. They, too, cried the words summing up all their thoughts and aspirations, "Long live Anarchy!" Lervaux, Chevenet (called Chalbret), Boesi, Garnier, Merneir, and Kervans, were killed separately, as chance brought them face to face with the enemy. Marpeaux, only discovered on Tuesday morning, was shot like the rest.

On the one hand they massacred, on the other arrested. Girier (called Lorion), Mammaire, Forest, Henzelin, Bonacorci, Flaming, and Berard, were seized in their hut—pinioned, and thrown into black holes. There, during all the time of their incarceration the most cruel tortures were inflicted on the wretched men. One of the poor fellows died before the trial. Girier and Mammaire were sentenced to death, and all the rest acquitted! Mammaire died in his cell a few days before the rejection of the appeal. As to Girier (Lorion) he awaits, since the last days in June, 1895, when he was sentenced to death!

During the week that followed these hecatombs, during two hours every day the prisoners—completely stripped, were placed in two rows outside the huts; they were to remain immovable during those two hours, hold their hands above their heads, and were forbidden to drop them. The soldiers watched the poor wretches, and were ever ready to fire at the least gesture. A poor tired-out fellow, called Picoche, having had the impudence to drop his hands on his head, was killed outright without hesitation. The officer in command who was present made the following remark by way of a funeral oration: "That's right! He wanted to sleep: he can rest now."

Condensed from "Le Riflard."

**FOOD FOR THINKERS.**—We live in an age when neither authority nor tradition can carry a nation internally or externally very far. It is an age of new problems, of new social and new foreign policies; they demand new methods, and such as are the product of brain, and brain only. . . . All that goes to make a nation great, and give it elbow room and influence on earth, is the product of more adequate brain power, of more steady and consistent reasoning, and not a little of the success of reasoning is due to the clearer and more efficient ethical code which necessarily accompanies the application of reason rather than precedent to ever changing social problems.—KARL PEARSON.

**YE HYPOCRITES!**—In comparison with our hypocrites, those among the Pharisees were the justest of men; their art of hypocrisy in comparison with ours was child's play. Is it not necessarily so? All this society of ours, with its profession of christianity and of the doctrines of humility and love, side by side with the life of an armed brigand camp, cannot be other than one uninterrupted, stupendous hypocrisy. It seems very convenient to hold a doctrine which on one side has christian holiness, carrying with it sacred authority, and on the other side the pagan sword and gallows; so that when it is possible to impose and deceive by holiness, holiness is brought to bear; but when that deceit fails, the sword and gallows are set in motion. Such a doctrine seems very convenient: but a time comes when this tissue of lies breaks asunder, and it becomes impossible to keep up both sides. One or the other must be held to.—TOLSTOY.

A "POME"—Whene'er one man Does not—nor can—Live by the toil of others, There will be peace, And crime will cease, And all mankind be brothers.—J. H. MORRIS.

# THE WALSALL ANARCHISTS:

## THE AMNESTY AGITATION.

On Wednesday, 22nd April, a largely attended public meeting was held at South Place Institute, Finsbury, E.C., for the purpose of continuing the agitation in favour of an amnesty being granted to the imprisoned Walsall Anarchists, Charles, Battola, and Cailles.

J. C. Kenworthy, of the Croydon Labour Church, occupied the chair, and on the platform were J. Burgess, Keir Hardy, Tom Mann, Amy Morant, Caroline Martyn, and D. J. Nicoll (hon. sec. of the Walsall Amnesty Committee); while among the audience were Hunter Watts, W. Wess, Caplan, Charlotte Roche, and many connected with the Socialist and Anarchist metropolitan groups.

D. J. Nicoll read the following letters:

From Walter Crane—I have been so much occupied I have not been able to send you an earlier reply. I did not hold out any hopes of being able to attend your meeting for the release of the prisoners; my hands are so full of my work so much overdue that I must not think of any more public speaking at present. I sympathise with your object, of course, and think the Walsall men were the victims of a detestable plot. At the same time I cannot help feeling that Anarchists have prejudiced the majority of people against them and their views by having anything to do with explosives, which must necessarily lead to unsocial action, whether used as a means of protest or propaganda, and therefore must weaken the position of those who protest against any kind of coercion or unsocial action. The letters, which I return, certainly do not indicate that there is much hope at present. Mr. Wilson says, "one has been released" (?) I enclose a contribution as promised, to help your efforts to obtain the release of the prisoners.

From William Morris—I wish your meeting may be successful in influencing public opinion and the government towards the release of the prisoners, whose sentence was admitted at the time by every one to be a very severe one, and who have already surely been punished more than enough for a boyish piece of extravagance, which need never have been taken seriously.

From Michael Davitt—I am sorry I will not be able to attend the proposed amnesty meeting on the 22nd., owing to engagements which stand in the way. I am in hearty sympathy with the movement for the release of the so-called "Anarchist" prisoners. Their sentences were an outrage upon justice and a disgrace to the administration of the law. It was an instance of legal vengeance, and not of fair or impartial justice. We have only been too familiar with brutal sentences of this kind in Ireland in the recent past, and it is only one of the many bad effects of the English system of misgoverning Ireland that the judicial vindictiveness, so peculiar to our country, should be creeping into the courts of England in political trials. Six months' imprisonment ought to have satisfied impartial justice in the case of the Walsall prisoners.

From G. Bernard Shaw—On considering the matter, I think the meeting at South Place is likely to do as much or more harm than good. The only chance of getting Charles out, is to manage the matter quietly, by working on such sense of shame as may exist at the Home Office for what they must know to be a successful booby-trap, set by the police, rather than a serious conspiracy. A meeting at which a good many foolish things are likely to be said will not help matters—quite the contrary. Very likely the resolution submitted to the meeting will be as mischievous in its terms as the petitions which I have been asked to sign, which were enough to destroy any man's chance of getting out before his time. On the whole, therefore, I prefer Carpenter's plan of pegging away quietly at the Home Office to holding meetings.

[The above was received with significant silence by most of the audience; a few however expressed disapproval by hissing.]

From Thos. M. Watt—There is no likelihood of my being in

town on April 22nd. . . I would have gone thrice as far to show up the accursed police conspiracy. I have no hope of justice from a cowardly government, in the case of its avowed enemies, when one can win no consideration of the social crime inflicted by its agents in our name upon the unhappy Florence Maybrick. I have learnt to despise and loathe our governors, and to hate their methods and their agents like hell. Yet, after all, it is the mass of recreants that submit their own necks peacefully to their rulers' heels, that are mainly responsible for the continuance of both oppression and oppressors. I wish you success, but dare not venture to hope for it.

The Chairman said his object in being present on that occasion was to speak on behalf of three men who were suffering most unjust punishment, in consequence of having been falsely convicted of a crime they had not committed. Charles and the others had simply been trapped by a police agent into a technical violation of the law, and the law became in their case an instrument of oppression.

Joseph Burgess referred to the evidence given at the trial of the Walsall Anarchists, and called special attention to the admissions made by Inspector Melville as to his knowledge of Coulon, and the reluctance with which he gave any details of his acquaintance and transactions with that despicable police agent and spy.

Keir Hardy said he was pleased to be there in order to support the demand for the release of the Walsall men. He had met Charles, and also Deakin, at the International Socialist Congress, held in Paris—he had stayed at the same hotel with them, and had had an ample opportunity of judging them. He had found them good, gentle, and kindly in manner, and almost ethereal in their character, and he had come to the conclusion that if the so-called violent Anarchists were all men of that description he would like to see more of them. He had been told on good authority that Coulon had shown the sketch of the bomb to the authorities of Scotland Yard for their approval before being sent to Walsall. If the use of bombs by Anarchists was a crime, what was the butchery of the Matabele by dynamite? The natives of Africa were only trying to be free to live their own natural life. Why, he would ask, did people raise their voice against Anarchists, and at the same time leave the crimes of the rich uncensured? If the Walsall prisoners were to be released, the agitation would have to be kept up and increased. The doors of Irish prisons were being slowly opened, and political prisoners set at liberty, mainly because the Irish people carried on a lively and persistent agitation, and similar means would have to be adopted on behalf of the imprisoned Walsall Anarchists.

Miss Caroline Martyn having made an appeal for funds to carry on the agitation, and having intimated that another large public meeting would shortly be held,

Tom Mann pleaded earnestly on behalf of the prisoners. In his opinion something more than a mere protest against the injustice of their sentences was necessary. They must not be indifferent to the economic slavery which the Walsall men had fought against, and for their opposition to which they were now suffering incarceration. Unfortunately the curse of any such movement as that they were engaged in was the apathy that prevailed. Whatever might be said about the bomb thrower, he at least did something, and it was to be remembered that such men entertained the idea when using explosives that they were striking a blow for freedom. He (the speaker) liked men and women with some pluck in them—people who would not go about bowing and cringing, and afraid to speak in case they should offend their political friends. He hoped meetings like that would be repeated, and the agitation earnestly and actively continued. He would willingly do all he could to assist in obtaining the release of the prisoners.

Miss Amy Morant having spoken,

A resolution calling for the immediate release of Charles, Cailles, and Battola was unanimously adopted.

During the evening the "Clarion" Choir sang several appropriate pieces.



## NON-RESISTANCE TO EVIL.

At a recently given lecture on Tolstoy and his writings, the lecturer sought very earnestly and eloquently to show that what may be, I suppose, described as the keystone of Tolstoy's revolutionary theories, was not only sublime but practicable.

Carried away by the beauty and dignity of his subject, he apparently forgot one or two rather important points. The doctrine of non-resistance to evil is, to begin with, at variance with some of the weightiest and most generally recognised laws of nature, those laws that Tolstoy himself—when non-resistance is not in question—is one of the first to recognise; laws which teach us that life is essentially struggle and warfare, that self-preservation is the first law of nature, that nature is only conquered by obeying her, that certain failure must attend the working-out of any and all theories which leave these facts out of account. Tolstoy, then, I cannot help thinking, is probably one of the strangest, if sublimest revolutionists this much tried world has ever seen. Perhaps his nationality accounts in some degree for this. Englishmen, for the most part, are incapable of understanding a sage who can love so well, and yet, strange to say, hate not at all. Englishmen are not precisely of the stuff of which revolutionists are made; but they are born fighters; and this is well, for to fight when necessary is not only human nature, but also Anarchism. To fight moreover in a common cause, is generally acknowledged to create and always to strengthen the feeling of brotherhood so indispensable to all true friends of liberty, and moreover it prevents apathy and all its attendant evils. Struggle and warfare again, have evolved and continue to evolve, our highest masculine virtues—courage, candour, determination, perseverance; what would become of these under a universal non-resistance to evil. Surely they would not be sufficiently exercised in combating only those tyrannies inherent in nature, which are so much less tyrannous than those of man? Tolstoy, in a curiously one-sided way, would, it seems, sacrifice the masculine virtues aforesaid to the feminine virtues (which are too numerous to be enumerated), not, as in the Communist ideal, combine both. This is surely wrong, and one remembers with relief that he was over fifty when he began in theory to do so. Such a theory as this of his, could never have been enunciated by youth, which unlike officialism or majority rule, is always right. Again, a certain amount of struggle and warfare—for out of struggle and warfare is evolved individuality—is indispensable to the creation of works of art, a point by no means to be ignored by those for whom the cause of humanity and that of beauty are indeed one. But neither art nor science are presumably in the peasant blood. Tolstoy and his peasants, when non-resistance to evil is not in question, forget to consider humanity as a whole—the limitations imposed on it by nature, and its finest thoughts, loves,

aspirations put into form and durability for its germs—for once do not see that, for life as for art, in imitation and in law is, and alone is, liberty.

Love is a good thing, brotherhood is a good thing; and we love some of our brothers so well that we have, once and for all, made up our minds to correct their faults. Have we not, in childhood or in youth, been informed in all good faith "It is only your friends who will tell you of your faults." Our love for our unjust brothers, or enemies, must perforce take this inconvenient form.

Resist not evil? Nay, but we have resisted it, we are resisting it, we will resist it, and resist it to the death!

Resist not evil! It is sublime, it is dazzling! And we are in truth in danger of being blinded by excess of light. Science teaches us that even the quiet and common light of day is composed in part of darkness, that pure light is the same as darkness, and that pure truth is the same as error! To obtain music, discord must be mixed with harmony. This great and mysterious truth would seem to underlie everything; it explains to a certain extent many of the compromises which make up civilisation, and assures us that goodwill to men and righteous anger are often one and the same, and certainly must not for a moment be ignored by any teacher or theorist, far less by those who aspire to be scientific as well as human. If this is borne in mind, if idealism is thus weighed in the balances of common-sense, what becomes of non-resistance to evil?

Tolstoy is so good and great a man, that he is verily and indeed like the Christ whom he adores; but when Christ said (if he ever said it, which is open to doubt) "Resist not evil," he went too far. I do not say it. Civilisation says it. The Church says it—not consciously, not audibly; but what do the prison chaplains, the bishops who sit in Parliament, the judges who kiss a New Testament as easily and as decorously as they can assume a black cap, say, if not "He went too far"? Let us turn back, say Church and State, and so say also—for extremes in truth do meet at times—all true friends of liberty.

The mysterious truth seems to be, that the divine—in plainer language, individual man at his best—out of its abundance gives us more than is necessary; unconsciously testifies to the inevitable law of waste; wills that our reach should always exceed our grasp; gives us an ideal—non-resistance; universal love—so perfect, pure, immeasurable and beautiful, that we can take from it all that we need or love, and still not exhaust half its vitality. The divine, unlike our present social conditions, or majority rule, always leaves scope for the imagination. To try, like Tolstoy, to force the whole of the divine at once into our service, is fatal. In pressing our ideal too close to our hearts we may press all the life out of it. Pure religion and undefiled will slay its earthlier sister, art; the worst of tyrannies may be summed up in the most

glorious watch-word the world has ever obeyed; and in going too far we shall not arrive at all.

Let us turn back.

JOHN FULFORD.

## Socialism and Women.

To the Editor of LIBERTY.

Dear Comrade,—I have long since given up expecting any really impartial Anarchist report of the sayings and doings of Social Democrats, and it is therefore but very rarely that I take notice of such reports, but the paragraph in the April LIBERTY on my lecture on "Socialism and Women" so entirely misrepresents me that I have to say a word on it. The writer states that I "claimed that if women had equal voting power with men they would be in a position to say who should be the father of their children, and also that they would not then be compelled—as they are today—to submit to the embraces of husbands whom they despise." Now this is somewhat more than a misrepresentation, for it is absolute falsehood, and I do not envy the state of the mind of the man who, after hearing the lecture, could tell that falsehood. I said, on the contrary, that voting power would *not* give women their real freedom, and that in sexual matters nothing but economic freedom and the abolition of legal marriage would do it. So much for that.

Next, it is stated that I said, in my opinion, pure Communist Anarchism was not likely to come into existence for many centuries. I never said any such thing. It is well known that I do not believe there can be such a thing as Communist-Anarchism—that the words are destructive of each other. What I said was that Communism was in the far distance, and that to me is a very different matter. Again the hearer's wits must have been wool-gathering.

The writer then goes on to say that instead of attempting to provide for possible contingencies (of desertion of children, etc.) I should trust to the "fullest liberty of action, and rely on the natural instincts of men and women as regards their children." What men and women? There is no general natural instinct in this direction. If there were we should not have the awful records which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children gives us of the fiendish torture of children by their parents. The huge mistake which Anarchists make, is in supposing that every human being is on the same plane of evolution. At least they always argue as if this were so. Fraternally yours,

HERBERT BURROWS.

## The Walsall Anarchists.

### A CHALLENGE TO INSPECTOR MELVILLE.

D. J. Nicoll informs us that a letter, of which the following is a copy, has been sent to the Home Secretary:

Sir,—Enclosed please find resolution passed at a meeting of London workmen, at South Place Institute, on Wednesday, April 22nd.

You will see from enclosed press notices that this resolution reflects the opinion of men famous in literature and art.

The two enclosed pamphlets, "The Walsall Anarchists," and "Mysteries of Scotland Yard," contain serious allegations against Inspector Melville and the police. If these charges are untrue, they are criminal libels of the most heinous description, and Inspector Melville should at once take the course recommended to M.P.'s and other public men in similar circumstances, and bring the writer and publisher before a court of law.—Yours truly,

D. J. NICOLL.

## The International Workers' Congress.

### PUBLIC MEETING.

On Wednesday, 29th April, a public meeting was held in the hall of the Club and Institute Union, Clerkenwell, to protest against the action of the Organising Committee of above Congress in excluding Anarchists from that assembly.

J. C. Kenworthy presided over a numerous gathering, and in a few words of explanation stated the object for which the meeting had been called.

Letters were read from Tom Mann and Agnes Henry, who apologised for their absence and expressed their sympathy with the object of the meeting.

Alice Krance, F. Kitz, D. J. Nicoll, W. Banham, Amy Morant, C. Quinn, and E. Leggett, contributed speeches in favour of a resolution (condemning the narrow-minded action of the Congress Committee) which was ultimately adopted with enthusiasm, there being only two dissentients.

### ANARCHIST COMMITTEE.

The Committee having carried out the arrangements for the above meeting are proceeding to arrange for the reception of the continental Anarchists and non-political delegates. Particulars relating to this business, and also the Committee's second balance sheet, will appear in next month's issue. It is desirable that Contribution Lists should now be returned.

"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.

All Communications—including orders for Papers or Pamphlets—should be addressed to The Editor, Carmagnole House, Beadon Road, Hammersmith, W.

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## LIBERTY,

LONDON, MAY, 1896.

## BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Emma Goldmann writes us from New York to the effect that she has returned from her visit to the continent, where the comrades gave her a most sympathetic reception. She wishes to be remembered to all English friends of the cause, and says she will send for publication in our next number some interesting details of the Socialist and Anarchist movement in the various continental towns and cities with which she has made acquaintance.

We learn from Pouget's *La Sociale* that the sentence of death passed on Lorion, and the execution of which he has been expecting any day for nearly twelve months (as mentioned in another part of this issue) has been commuted for one of five years' penal servitude. This means simply prolonged torture, something more cruel than any form of instantaneous execution. Lorion's health has already been destroyed, and his existence is now unmitigated pain and wretchedness. Next month we shall publish a letter he has written, in which he describes some of tortures to which his diabolical gaolers subject him.

We cannot help but feel encouraged by the success of the meetings held by Tom Mann at the Holborn Town Hall. There is no doubt that the effect will be a considerable addition to the ranks of Socialism, and, indirectly but as a necessary consequence, to Anarchism; for it is certainly true that nine Anarchists out of ten have arrived at their convictions along the path of Socialism: the

process is distinctly one of education. When dealing with Anarchism on the continent Mann certainly underrated the movement as it exists in Spain and Italy—as evidenced by the number of its journals and other publications; but his recognition of the Anarchist-Communist as a comrade, and his fairness throughout, was heartily approved by the audience. Enthusiastic cheers for the “Social Revolution” were an appropriate termination to the proceedings.

The audiences at Mann’s lectures consisted almost entirely of well-to-do working men and thoughtful middle-class people, as is usual in the English revolutionary movement. Is it not time we should think seriously how best to arouse to the necessity for revolution those who are most in need of it, namely the proletarians?

The apologists for our present social system defend the men who are exterminating the natives of South Africa and other places, on the ground that when “civilisation” comes into contact with savagery the latter must necessarily go to the wall, that desirable consummation being contributed to by gatling guns, rifles, and dynamite. Now we Anarchists maintain (and we submit that any impartial student of Anarchism will not deny it) that our ethical ideas are higher, our conception of life and our ideals more lofty, and, in fact, our “civilisation” considerably in advance of the present popular standard. Are we not then, we ask the apologists, justified on their own showing in following their example with regard to a social system that is lower in the scale of evolution than their own? The powers that be, however, have a singular distaste for logic, and an answer is not forthcoming.

We welcome the recent articles in the *Clarion* which insist on Altruism as the predominant factor in building up a new society as an unmistakable advance towards our point of view. Altruism is the fruit of enlightenment and education, and is the *voluntary* outcome of individuals as distinct from the *forced*. A thorough appreciation of the altruistic idea will bring us nearer our goal than all the Acts of Parliament ever framed. Altruism based on a correct knowledge of human nature becomes mutual aid, which has played an important part in the past, and is destined we believe to play a still more important part in the future.

The exclusion from the International Socialist Workers’ Congress of that considerable section of them which does not believe in the efficacy of Parliamentary action, is a piece of officialism that is alienating sympathy from the Congress in all directions. Comparatively few in the revolutionary movement will accept its conclusions as really representing the opinions of International Socialist Workers. It is little short of astounding that so many revolutionists allow themselves to be led by

the nose by a few bumptious “jacks-in-office”. As we have said before, if it were definitely and admittedly a congress of delegates from organisations believing in Parliamentary action, we should make no claim to be represented, but as it is to be a meeting of International Socialist Workers we do claim a right to be present, and regard our exclusion as unwarrantable and unfair.

The confession by Milsom of the details of the Muswell Hill murder throws a lurid light on the life of a released convict, and gives a further proof that the effect of our prison system, so far from tending towards the repression of crime is actually towards the creation of it.

“I had a look round with another man who did a ‘lag’ with me: we found out several places” (suitable for burglary)—so said Fowler. “I had a drink with three or four of Fowler’s mates, I don’t know their names, but two of them had been with Fowler at Dartmoor.” “He said he had been to see some of his old friends, as I understood, who had come home from penal.”

From these excerpts we conclude that a released prisoner being ostracised altogether from every sort of society has only men in his own position to associate with, and only crime as a means of obtaining a livelihood. Men who have been disinherited of their share in the benefits of life, and who, as a necessary consequence, are driven to crime for their subsistence—for who supposes that men are criminals for the love of the thing—pay the inevitable price, “for the protection of the community,” and are sent to prison: the result of this is to create around them an environment of crime, from the influence of which escape is almost impossible; proving once more that we are the creatures of circumstances modified by inbred tendency, which are the result of previous conditions of society.

This is the inevitable result which the community derives from our prison system. Long ago did George Combe point out the disastrous consequences of our mode of treating criminals, and today his students contend that the effects of environment are not taken into consideration. How long will the English people allow this organised production of criminals to continue?

Our comrade J. C. Kenworthy, and the Christian Socialists generally, will be delighted by the recent publication of a penny (abridged) edition of Mrs. Lynn Linton’s “True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist”. The sale of the work was prohibited some years ago by the German Government, which fact alone is sufficient to show that the book contains powerful denunciations of the evils and shams of our modern social system. Here are a couple of extracts which will show the tone in which the book is written:

“Things have gone too far in England now for private charities to be of much use. What is wanted is a thorough reorganisation of society, so that the distribution of wealth and knowledge shall not be so partial as it is. And this the working classes must get for themselves by combination.”



"So sure as day follows on the night, so surely the faith for which the Communists bled will be triumphant."

"Property is robbery" was the only answer vouchsafed by Edward Leggett when asked by a christian builder why he was taking his property away. The audacity of our friend Leggett, in attempting to take a pail of sand, so enraged this lowly follower of Jesus Christ that further discussion on equity was impossible, and when this shining light took the law into his own hands and interfered with Leggett's liberty of action, things became dramatic, Leggett catching him by the throat to prevent him uttering language that would reflect discredit on himself; but the police, incapable of understanding Leggett politically or morally, induced this worthy man to prosecute, with the result that Anarchist, Christian, Magistrate, and Policeman were in court together. Our comrade seeing such a fitting opportunity, endeavoured to work on whatever sense of shame might exist in the prosecutor, by asking him a number of questions as to how he came by the property. But the magistrate did not rise to the occasion, and, failing to appreciate this line of defence, ruled it out of order as nonsense. In reply, Leggett made a personal remark which utterly undid the Solon on the bench, and he refused to hear any more of the case that day.

Now if there is anything which exasperates our comrade it is the havoc made with life and time in order to adjourn for refreshment, and he made his protest accordingly, and refused to move out of the dock. The efforts of a sergeant and a constable were unequal to the task, and it was not till they were backed by four other brawny men in blue that Leggett could be got into the gaoler's room. Once there, and the handcuffs on his wrists, the utter hopelessness of further resistance was forced upon him, and he answered his revilers not a word.

Next day he was again brought by his tormentors before Caesar, and he spoke as with a tongue of fire against landlordism, private property, and police prosecution; he made it plain that he had in no way interfered with the liberty of the subject, and concluded by bringing a strong indictment against the christian builder, who, professing to love his enemies, had brought the action. The magistrate, whose whole life had unfitted him to receive new truths, imposed a fine of 10s. 6d.; but Leggett, who has got more grit than money, declined to pay, preferring the quiet seclusion of Holloway Gaol.

As we go to press the May-day Demonstration has just taken place, and in spite of the cold weather has been most successful, both in point of numbers and in earnestness. At all platforms the

speakers were accorded a patient hearing. The Anarchist platform had the largest gathering, and the speaking on the whole was very good, the criticism with regard to Parliamentary tactics being well received. The children, as they sung and played, were a very pretty sight. Louise Michel and J. C. Kenworthy were amongst the speakers.

At the annual meeting of the Land Nationalisation Society, when Alfred Russel Wallace was re-elected President, and the report was accepted as indicating that satisfactory progress had been made by the society during the past year, the Rev. W. Tuckwell made a characteristic and effective address. This gentleman is one of the few ministers of "the gospel" so-called who has enough courage to occasionally speak the truth. His remarks upon the Lent services (then just finished) were forcible and sarcastic. He had (he said) carefully scanned the Lent sermons to see whether anything was said about the land question, but all he could find were injunctions to keep the fast: there was no country where the fasts and feasts of the church were better kept than in England, for the rich kept the feasts—the poor the fasts.

The price of salad stuffs is an instance of how the 4d. out of every 1s. the worker produces (as mentioned in another note) has comparatively little purchasing power. The grower, rather than bring down the price in the markets, throws the food on his dungheap, and the retailer for a like reason often keeps his goods until they are unsaleable. The grower sells a bundle of rhubarb for a penny, which is retailed at twopence, the middleman having in all probability taken to himself one-half of the difference in price. This accumulation of profits, together with the wanton waste just referred to, is the outcome of our commercial system. Thus food—the source of healthy life—is kept beyond the reach of the poor and the starving. Such a state of things is a standing disgrace to us—the so-called most civilised nation on the face of the earth.

Comrade John Dwyer, writing from Sydney, N. S. W., says: J. A. Andrews is now away in Melbourne, and not likely to come to this place for some time, on account of the powers that be, who have twice imprisoned him. I, also, have suffered six months for publishing the Sydney "Justice." They have collared my printing press and type, and hold them, so we are a bit handicapped in this convict-ruled city, which is simply a big gaol. Darlinghurst is the poison centre, with its 800 prisoners, and there are 13 branch prisons in this colony. Advanced thought is not wanted, and is rigorously stamped out with gaol. However, after four years of fight, we are still at it, and that in spite of all the organised parties—Free Trade, Labour, Protectionist, etc. We also are organising—colonies, industries, and have a mine, and other odds and ends. We are generally known as the "Active Service Brigade," and are mostly pagan and many of us Irish. We are able to do more practical work than you in London, but being a London Irishman I take considerable interest in the city of big smoke. In our work we have to be very very circumspect, for the capitalists and holy Roman fat men would give big prizes for our scalps. We cause too much trouble in trade unions and other respectable old frauds, and upset things, and are not comfortable sort of people, "dout yer know".

In another column will be found a letter from our friend Herbert Burrows, in which he accuses us of falsely reporting what he said in a lecture recently delivered before the members of the Hammersmith Socialist Society, and of misrepresenting some of the views to which he gave expression on that occasion. These be grave charges, comrade Burrows. Let us see if there is any truth in them. Up to time of writing, the result of all the inquiries we have made amongst those who heard the lecture warrants our asserting that friend Burrows' accusations are absolutely without foundation. One person, replying to our question, says, "In my opinion you have not in any way misrepresented the lecture, and in fact I consider your criticism very good." Other Socialists who were present at the lecture, and to whom we have spoken, have replied in similar terms. We have no desire to thrust unnecessary publicity on the friends who have thus willingly given evidence in refutation of friend Burrows' charges, but their names and addresses are at his service if he desires to have them. There, for the present, we leave the matter.

Another public meeting, on behalf of the imprisoned Walsall Anarchists, is being arranged for. This time the assembly will be in the spacious Holborn Town Hall, on Saturday evening, the 6th July next. Amongst those who have already stated their intention of being present, and speaking in favour of the release of the prisoners, are James Macdonald, Member of the Executive A. T. S. Section London Trades' Council, Pete Curran, Gas Workers' Union, Touzeau Parris, Herbert Burrows, and Tom Mann.

Mr. Le Sage gives in "Pearson's Magazine" for this month a reminiscence of the time in April, 1871, when he was acting as special correspondent in Paris—when the Commune (as he expresses it) "was making full use of its happily brief power." He describes the bravery of a young Communist girl at a villa used as a hospital for the wounded. Prejudiced against the Commune, as he was, the admission by the writer of the following occurrence, proves that the account of the brutality of the Versailles troops has not been overstated:

"Several badly injured men had been brought in, and I was busily engaged in rendering what help I could, when a skirmisher rushed in with the news that the enemy had brought a battery of artillery and were about to open on us. 'But we have an ambulance flag,' I exclaimed. 'You ought to know,' said a young officer, 'that the assassins don't respect it.' That they did not we soon had painful proof. A shell was pitched into the garden, and several others followed. The place was afterwards captured by the Versailles troops, and as I afterwards heard, not a soul escaped."

In this country, of every 1s. produced by labour, 4d. only finds its way into the pockets of the manual labour class as wages, the remainder goes into the pockets of the monopolists, managers, and their dependents, and in the spending of that they further enrich the landlord and capitalist. If every English workman could digest this fact, and at the same time the fact of the moral right of the producers to their production, thoroughly, we should not have long to wait for the revolution.

English people who feel inclined to condemn the Walsall Anarchists for entertaining the idea of assisting the Russian terrorists, must remember the difference existing between the two countries. As Stepniak puts it: "The civilised Europeans have as little right to urge us to desist from violence as a man who hears groans coming from next door, where some diabolical

torture is being inflicted on human beings, has to say to the victims, 'Keep silent, because your groans prevent me from digesting comfortably my good dinner'."

The time when the propertied classes, irrespective of their political creeds, will combine in order to attempt to stem the irresistible tide of democracy, seems to be nearer than we have thought. The Tories of North Aberdeen, although not contesting the late election themselves, issued an urgent whip to their party, asking them to support the Liberal candidate so as to insure the defeat of Tom Mann. The joint forces scored a victory by the magnificent majority of—less than 500. Looking at the figures of the late elections as the outcome and expression of a section only of Socialistic thought in England, the progress of the revolutionary movement in Aberdeen is most encouraging. Our comrades there are a credit, and a history of the Socialist movement could not be fully written leaving them out.

News of another colliery explosion comes from Yorkshire, in which it is feared about seventy colliers have lost their lives. If coal mines were properly ventilated there is no doubt hundreds of lives would be saved annually. But then, you see, we are over-populated already, and ventilation would cost a great deal of money—might even absorb all profits from the various mines, and leave quite a number of respectabilities without incomes and compel them to earn their bread. Of course, such a thing is not to be thought of!

Ostentatiously for the "relief of agriculture", but really as a scheme for the relief of landlords, the Government's Bill is most ingenious. This relief will absorb a large amount of public money; but did the English people expect otherwise than that the capitalists, landlords, and employers, whom they elected to the control of the nation's moneybags, would look well after their own interests? Will the Conservative working man kindly open his mouth and shut his eyes? Perhaps he may get something out of the Government—if he waits long enough!

Our comrade Walter Crane, in a letter read at the amnesty meeting at South Place Institute, wrote "he could not help feeling that Anarchists have prejudiced the majority of people against them and their views by having anything to do with explosives." We must point out to our comrade that he is in error, and that English Anarchists have never entertained the idea of using explosives, and that Charles in particular considered that the use of dynamite in this country would be criminal; he was only prevailed upon to entertain the idea for a short time by Coulon, in order, as he thought, to assist the Russian comrades. Charles felt that were he in Russia he would be a Nihilist. The same sentiment has been expressed by many eminent Englishmen, both inside and outside the House of Commons.

We disagree with Bernard Shaw, that the amnesty meeting was more likely to do harm than good—his reason given for holding that opinion being that "foolish things were likely to be said that would not help matters." If we were to cease the holding of public meetings for such a reason we might as well discontinue agitation altogether. What friend Shaw suggests has already been done, with no other result than producing the usual official reply. We do not believe that even the Röntgen rays would discover any sense of shame at the Home Office. It is pleasant to find comrade Shaw so optimistic with regard to the nature of Home Secretaries, but experience and facts do not to our thinking justify such a view.



## MODERN COMMERCE.

Many persons are wont to speak of our commerce in boastful tones, and to point with pride to our great commercial centres, with their swarms of human beings hurrying here and there, crowding each other in the streets or toiling all day long in shop or mart, as though all this were the acme of economic arrangements, the greatest achievement of mankind, and the source of all human joy.

So constantly have the writers, the orators, and the dramatists held this idea up to popular gaze that public sentiment has learned to accept it as correct, and even those who suffer most from the effects of modern commerce feel their breasts swell with pride as they gaze at the pictures of commercial centres in the illustrated magazines, or hear the stump speaker boast of our commercial greatness.

To the superficial, and the one who is awed into admiration by vastness, the numerous telegraph wires above the city streets, the lines of carts, waggons, and drays crowding and blocking the thoroughfares in their hurrying from railway stations or docks to warehouses or retail stores, and the heavily laden trains moving day and night in all directions—all these have an effect that is irresistible.

But if we look below the surface of this teeming toiling moving mass, and think for a moment of what we hear and know in connection with the commercial life of today? What is the result? We hear of ships being wrecked, and railway trains in collision; hear the sobs of sailors' widows and the groans of mangled shunters; see the over-worked signalman asleep at his post, or the half-starved crowd that waits at any place where is the even the smallest chance of a job. It is the fierce rush of modern commerce that sends over-laden and under-manned ships to sea, that over-works railway servants and thus leads to accidents on the railroads; that makes men aged while they are yet young: and makes even the importer whose cargo is a few days' late in port become grey-haired. In this mad chase men spend all their energies, have a wretched existence, and live in miserable hovels.

The query rises, and like the ghost in 'Hamlet' will not "down", Is all this the perfection of human association, or is it madness?

The more we look into the workings of modern commerce, the more we trace back its effects to their causes, the more clearly we shall see that it is neither a blessing or a necessity. Without commerce, the large cities as we know them—cities with their almost endless streets of dull heavy buildings, splendour in one quarter, squalor in another—would not exist. These cities are the hot-beds of disease, crime, and vice; the breeding places of all manner of disorders and infamies. But they are the legitimate and inevitable product of modern commerce.

Modern commerce is the companion of modern

industry, and, like it, is the child of monopoly. Monopoly creates commission, storage, brokerage, transportation, insurance, profits. Monopoly controls the land and dictates its uses, and always in the interests of the owners. Monopoly of machinery by means of patent laws, and monopoly of money, preclude the possibility of free production and free exchange of products.

When we look at this question in the light of facts, it becomes evident that not less than three fourths of our internal commerce—hauling, handling, transferring, interest paying, brokerage, etc.—is wasted, or worse than wasted. If wool were manufactured into clothing nearer the places where it is grown, and wheat ground into flour without being conveyed unnecessarily backwards and forwards for the benefit only of the merchant or the capitalist, industry might be properly organised, and an enormous amount of energy now wasted might be turned to producing more necessities, more comforts, and more luxuries.

This would give far greater abundance and security, thus allowing greater leisure and opportunity for the cultivation of artistic tastes and the literary and musical faculties.

Such an organisation of industry can be accomplished only in a condition of freedom.

While government lasts commerce will continue to pillage and rob; to cause the young to look old; to furrow with care the brows of those who should be careless; and, while it fills the halls of some with splendour, it fills the cottages of others with poverty and wretchedness.

Away, then, with the parent monopoly—government, and all monopolies will vanish like fogs before the morning sun, and the re-organisation of industry upon a sane and rational basis can be proceeded with, and gaunt destitution be known no more in the land.—HENRY ADDIS, (in the *Firebrand*).

## The End of a Spy.

Some of our readers may perhaps remember the name of Santaro, the individual who for a time was director of the colony of the "Coatti" Italians—the person who was Crispi's tool, and the executor of his cowardly persecution of the Anarchists of Porto Ecola. Santaro was a spy amongst the Coatti, and kept his master well informed about each of them; but he, having given information, pleaded for the liberty of his favourites. Crispi refused the request, and threw upon Santaro the responsibility of his "espionage", finally sending him away. In order to be revenged, Santaro offered his services to the deputy Cavalotti, and promised to furnish him with particulars of the persecutions at Porto Ecola. After that he left Italy and went to Marseilles. There he got into the Anarchist groups, by making profession of being a very advanced man. His honeyed words and sly manner, however, made him suspected. He was every day in receipt of letters from Italy, and the nature of these communications was surmised, as he was known to forward some of them to the French authorities. During his stay in Marseilles he frequently borrowed money of the comrades, and did not return it. One day he made an effort to obtain the name of the president of a group, on the plea that he wanted some explosives to skin the bourgeoisie with. He was informed the group had neither president or explosives. He returned to Italy, got mixed up in a drunken scuffle, and was stabbed to death.

## THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN ITALY.

In the February number of *La Societe Nouvelle* (Brussels) there appeared a long unedited letter written by Bakounine, to an Italian friend, in March, 1872, shortly after the death of Mazzini. In this letter Bakounine speaks at length of the work done by Mazzini, of the ideals which he sought to realise, but which necessarily were never reached, and for reasons that he (Bakounine) gives. It is, however, in that portion of the letter wherein Bakounine describes the position of the revolutionary movement in Italy—its difficulties, its dangers, and its prospects—that much interest is concentrated, and the extracts appearing below have such an up-to-date character that it is not difficult to imagine the letter as having been but very recently written.

In my opinion, one of the greatest cares of those who are at the head of the revolutionary Socialist movement in Italy to-day should be to find and fix, as far as it is possible, at least the principal lines of the plan, and especially of the programme, of the coming revolution. Without ever losing sight of the ideal, that must guide you as the polar star once guided mariners—and by that word "ideal" I mean justice, liberty, the most complete social and economic liberty, universal human solidarity and fraternity—in order to form a possible and practical programme, you must necessarily take into consideration the different condition of each of your provinces, as well as the habits and tastes of certain classes of your society. But not of all; because if you wished to content all classes you would necessarily arrive at zero, the interests of the governmental and superior classes being too opposed to those of the inferior strata to make a conciliation possible. I think, therefore, that all classes who are directly or indirectly interested in the upholding of the present state must be sacrificed without pity: thus the aristocracy, the upper financial, commercial, and industrial bourgeoisie, the large owners of land and capital, and in great part the lower bourgeoisie, whose children today serve as officers in the army and as functionaries in the bureaucracy. This lower bourgeoisie in Italy, as in other countries, is a stupid and cowardly class—the prop of all corruption, of all iniquity, of all despotism.

There are in Italy four social strata which you must take into consideration; particularly the two principle strata—the town and country proletariat, the industrial and agricultural workers. It is they who must give the principal character, the true tendency, to the coming revolution. Need I tell you that both classes are necessarily, eminently, instinctively Socialist? Your town workers daily give you fresh proofs that it is so. The eagerness with which they enrol themselves under the International banner, wherever a few individuals of goodwill capable of hoisting it are to be found, is an undeniable proof of it. If we had to reckon only with the town proletariat, whose ideal defined above is already the aim of a very explicit and marked tendency, we could go very far. The passion that animates it is absolute equality and justice. They want all men to work equally under the same economic and social conditions; the world to become a world of workers, with no more gentlemen, no more chances for any one to fatten on the work of others. They claim for every worker the enjoyment of the whole produce of his labour. Mazzini in his last writings recognised the right of this claim, which is inscribed at the head of the International programme. But do you understand what this claim signifies? Nothing less than the appropriation of all capital by workers' associations, carried into effect by one means or another. For as long as capital is private property monopolized in the hands of individuals, and, as a consequence, workers' associations are deprived of capital, nothing can hinder capitalists from taking for their own benefit a share, and always the largest share, of what the workers have produced.

The political ideal contained in the aspirations of the town proletariat, seems to me at present divided into two tendencies, somewhat opposed and contradictory. On the one hand, even the least educated town worker, separated by the nature of his trade from that local spirit which the culture of the land imprints, easily understands the universal solidarity of workers of all countries, and sooner finds his home in his particular trade than in the land on which he was born. The town worker is more or less cosmopolitan. On the other hand, under the influence no doubt of bourgeois doctrines, to which he has so long been subjected, he is not very much opposed to a centralized state. English and German workers dream today of a centralized state, provided that state be a popular one. The workers' state, in my opinion, is a Utopia; every centralized state and government necessarily implying an aristocracy and an exploitation, were it only that of the governing class. Let us never forget that state means domination, and that human nature is such that all government becomes exploitation.

On the other hand, the rural masses are naturally federalist. The peasant is passionately attached to the land, and heartily detests town domination, and any outside government that imposes its thought and will on him. The revolution growing in England and Germany has the distinct characteristics of a town revolution, tending to a new mastership of the towns over the country. In England, the danger that will result from it to the revolution will not be so great, for in truth, if we except Ireland, a peasant class does not exist, all rural workers being wage-earners, paid by the day like town workers. It is otherwise in Germany, where the mass of peasants is immense, and where there are many peasant proprietors. Through the fault of the bourgeois, who have thrice suppressed the spontaneous rising of German peasants, that immense mass is now a serious opponent of abstract Socialism.

You must not make the same mistake as Germans, and you must not be content with town Socialism. You cannot set aside the spirit and the natural and powerful aspirations of your country proletariat, your twenty million peasants. You must not condemn your revolution to a certain defeat. I think you have a revolutionary element far more real and powerful in your country than in your towns. There is more thought, and more revolutionary consciousness, in the town proletariat, but there is more natural power in the country. Your country folk are by nature revolutionary, in spite of priests, whose influence is only skin deep. . . . Fully emancipate the people and you will see all religious superstitions and celestial intoxications fall of themselves. It is not freethought propaganda, it is the Social Revolution which will kill religion in the people.

Your peasants are necessarily Socialist, and for revolutionary purposes they find themselves in an excellent position—that is to say, in a detestable economic position. Imagine that in all the provinces of Italy the cry were raised, "War to the castles. Peace to the cottages!" Do you believe many peasants in Italy would remain quiet? Thus the ideal of the town proletariat consists in the expropriation of owners of capital, and the transformation of such capital into the collective property of workers' associations. The ideal of the country proletariat is complete local liberty, and the taking possession of all the land by the agricultural workers. These two ideals can be easily reconciled by the principle of free federation of communes and workers' associations, boldly proclaimed a year ago by the Paris Commune. And if there were only these two social strata the programme of the revolution would soon be drawn up.

But there are two other strata which you must take into account: firstly, because their condition growing more and more wretched makes them inevitably more revolutionary, and because, both very numerous, exercise a very powerful influence on the people. In the towns it is "the small bourgeoisie," and in the country it is "the class of very small landowners." These two classes have, so to say, no programme; and are both completely at sea. By their traditions and their social vanity they hang on to the privileged classes. By their instincts, more and more menaced and sacrificed, and by the actual condition of their existence, they are on the contrary more and more carried towards the proletariat. Yet they still preserve some interests that would suffer from a too logical application of socialist principles as revealed already in the aspirations of the masses. To conciliate their interests with these aspirations, without however sacrificing the latter—such is your work today.



## LOOKING GIFT-HORSES IN THE MOUTH

Old sayings often form fitting texts on which to base a few comments, and the above abbreviated form of one well known is not an exception to the rule. There is just now a "conspicuous philanthropist"—who it is scarcely necessary to designate more explicitly—who is scattering "gift horses" by the dozen among his fellows. Because they are "gifts" no one seems inclined to question their real value. Most of us have been trained so to act, and it may be that some even of the best of us occasionally bow down to this custom and while accepting a "gift" despise alike the giver and his motives.

It is time the custom—with all its attendant evils, was abolished. It shall be no fault of ours if at least one nail is not driven in its coffin.

Charity is today an almost unmitigated evil. It has for centuries been the source, the basis, the mainspring of tyranny and crime. It has literally—like its counterpart, religion—covered (hidden) a multitude of sins. It takes its most objectionable form when it poses as the donor of gold it has become wrongly possessed of. In other words, when a man who has spent the greater part of his life and most of his energies in sweating and despoiling his fellows, in manipulating and exploiting their labour, and, consequently, has "heaped up riches"—when such a man becomes a "conspicuous philanthropist" he stands, or he should stand, self-condemned. When such a man "gives" hospitals, libraries, homes, etc., it is time his gifts were looked at all round, and his motives also carefully examined.

It so happens that very few of our modern, any more than our ancient, philanthropists will bear the test of close criticism. Directly the white angelic wings with which they like to envelope themselves are thrust ruthlessly aside, the very ordinary person—perhaps the grasping capitalist, the mere parasite, or the religious sneak and swindler (the notorious "Jabez", by the way, was a "conspicuous philanthropist") is revealed, in all his littleness, or his hideousness, or his devilishness. In short, "conspicuous" philanthropy is too often but a veritable sham, and occasionally it is something even worse.

In no instance is the philanthropist more destructive of the higher qualities of human nature than when he takes to asserting that his actions are necessary to the well-being of a community. Utterances like the following, when made by a man who boasts of the number of his "gifts," require notice:

"No one having been in an hospital as a patient ever went away without being an improved human being. He or she saw acts of kindness, tenderness, and fidelity which were in themselves an education, especially the patients coming from poor and miserable homes. They went away with better and holier impressions of human life, and for long after-

wards distributed the blessing and the influence of such surroundings. In building hospitals they were doing more than staunching tears and alleviating pain. They were improving human beings, improving society, and thus strengthening the empire. This hospital work must be kept up. It was for the benefit of their fellow citizens and for the good of humanity. The time was coming, and would not be long delayed, when it would be necessary that the nation should be strengthened by every one of its sons. We could not afford to have delapidated human beings if the British Empire was to be maintained in its greatness and glory during the coming days."

Can we condemn the foregoing more directly or more emphatically than by saying that in our opinion nothing is a greater disgrace to the British nation than the conditions of life which call for the erection of hospitals, to say nothing of the way in which these establishments are supported and carried on today, unless it be our Poor Law and its adjuncts—our demoralising prison-like workhouses? Hospitals are the hotbeds of deceit, sycophancy, and of cringing to wealth; they contaminate morally more human beings than they cure physically; they form an excuse to the capitalist for the down-treading of the workers; they afford the priest an unending opportunity for his assertion that the poor must always exist in our midst; and to the petty mind of the conspicuous philanthropist they are indeed an unctious of unsurpassed value.

We live in hope, in the coming days—when the "greatness and the glory" (as now displayed) of the British Empire will be as much a thing of the wretched past as the "greatness and glory" generally of our present unrighteous civilization—that both hospitals and workhouses will indeed be few and far between. Of course, in those days the occupation of the conspicuous philanthropist will be gone. So also will that of the capitalist, the sweater, and the sucker of human blood and brains. We do not want hospital work "kept up". We want every man to living under such sanitary and wholesome conditions as shall make illhealth the exception and not the continual burden of his life; that he shall reap the full fruit of his own free labour, and that he shall be under no obligation to any of his fellows for a bed in a public hospital, or a crust of bread and water in a workhouse.

In short, we desire to see this system of "gifts", charity, and philanthropy abolished. The "gift horses" of today wont bear looking in the mouth: they are toothless, jaundiced, worn out "old crocks"; their breath breeds pestilence, and their presence is an ulcer in the body social—contaminating, enervating, and destroying the vitality of humanity.

D. B.

Were half the power that fills the mind with terror,  
And half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.—*Longfellow.*

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