

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

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

VOL. VII. NO. 13.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 311.

Industrial and Chattel Slavery.

Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves
With craven soul and fettered lip?
Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
And tremble at the driver's whip?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
And speak but as our masters please?

No! by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall:
By Plymouth's rock and Bunker's mound,
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade,
By all the memories of our dead!

By all above, around, below,
Be our indignant answer: NO!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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The Black Invasion.

Some people are alarmed at the yellow invasion. We, however, fear the black invasion, which is already a reality, a fact.

Some time ago the *Toulouse Dispatch* published some figures concerning the participation of the clergy in the education of the French youth, which are food for thought.

When Gambetta, twenty-five years ago, said, "The clergy is the enemy," many people shrugged their shoulders. "The clergy and religion are done for," we thought when we noticed the complete demolition of the religious superstition that was at that time taking place in Europe. "Capital is the enemy; the State is the enemy," we replied without noticing that from that time on capital and the State already called upon the clergy for assistance in order to unitedly prevent the social revolution. "The godless revolution!" wrathfully cried the clergy. "The Anarchistic!" contemptuously added the governing class. "The Communistic!" completed the terrified capitalist. Today the triple alliance of the State, capital, and the clergy is complete.

All the means were being exhausted, no matter under what form, to arouse the religious mysticism: Sweet or militant Christianity, Buddhism, Theosophy, Magic, Somnambulism, the "Living Force," the "Unknowable," and everything else. How easily it was accomplished, too! Who of you had not been scared by spooks during his childhood days? Who but had instilled into him the fear of death by his parents! A return to that bugbear has now taken place in a thousand different forms.

On the other hand, all the means were employed to prevent the evolution of Anarchism, of the faith in common sense, of the start to the perfect emancipation of the liberated human being, of the desire for an

unrestricted free life. Unheard-of persecutions, banishments to Guyana, where annually three exiles die out of ten—and every means up to the tortures of Montjuich—nothing was neglected. Bourgeois science, criminological anthropology, the sense of slavery, the hatred of kindred parties, the cultivation of the spirit of authoritarianism that has been revived under the name of party discipline, Socialistic pseudo science, were employed to do the balance.

And everything was tried to blacken Communism: The metaphysics taught by the name of "political economy," the philosophy of Comte and Spencer, even the now reappearing Hegelian metaphysics, by the name of scientific Socialism, the warning appeal to the anti-Socialistic passions of "dreamers," "utopians," were repeated in high and low keys.

Thus the attack upon our three "monsters,"—Atheism, Anarchism, Communism—was being led with a pathetic oneness of purpose. And the counter alliance—State, Capital, Church—is re-established today while the people are carrying the firebrand into new strongholds.

But let us return to the figures of the *Dispatch*. Instruction in France is just as much if not more in the hands of the clergy today as it was half a century ago, in 1850. The figures are here to prove it. In spite of all the Ferry laws one-half of the French youth still receive their instruction from the priests, while the other half more or less fall a prey to its medieval influences: by the programs, the textbooks, by the pimpsocial science, by the overrefined philosophy, by the falsified history, by the sophistical natural history, upon incitation and through the efforts of the priests. In the children's schools, the kindergartens, and in the infants' asylums there are in 1896-97 369,407 children in the lay institutes, and 370,241 at the congregationalists. One-half of all these little ones, therefore, are completely surrendered to these priests, and the "brothers and sisters," with their ignorance *steadily retain* in their schools about one-third of the children! At the same time the lay schools had 3,911,806 pupils; those of the congregationalists contained 1,619,712. Sixteen children with the priests to 39 in the more or less lay schools!

But principally in the second school period the priests bob up again. Here almost one-half of the pupils, namely 92,084, are instructed by them, and only 96,503 attend lyceums and other secondary schools, which are more or less lay, in which, however, the overwhelming majority of the teachers neither dare think about religion nor to say what they think of it, provided they have courage enough even for that—for thinking.

In short, conditions are worse today than they were half a century ago. In 1850 fewer children attended school than today,

to be sure; but the influence of the priests is greater today than it was in 1850.

Worse than that! "The black plague is spreading more and more," we are told. It is continually gaining more ground of recent years. And as far as offices are concerned—civil as well as military—everybody knows how great is the influence of the priests in the filling of vacancies.

As in France so it is everywhere else. Spain is completely in the hands of the priests. The tortures of Montjuich were directed as much against free thought as against Anarchism. The military hangman was consecrated by the Jesuits; the judge was intoxicated with joy when announcing the close approach of the Inquisition.

In Italy the priests are so powerful that even the "Republicans" are obliged to take Rome into account.

In England the weakest attempt, made thirty years ago, to take the schools out of the hands of the priests, miscarried. In all the instruction the priests are masters of the situation today. Capital, scared by the progress of free thought, is attached to the Church today, which is getting to be more and more Catholicized. Catholicism is penetrating England. Already it owns the Episcopal High Church.

The black invasion does not cease growing. Everywhere it predominates in literature, everywhere it takes possession of art and science.

Take for instance the case of Brunetiere. A perfect ignoramus in the field of science, returns from Rome and announces the "decay of science." Who is this Mr. Brunetiere? Is he a physicist like Kelvin; a biologist like Haeckle; a chemist like Baquerel? If you have followed the progress of science during the last thirty years, have you even heard his name mentioned? Does he even know the alphabet of science? He is a cipher, a nonentity! And this cipher takes ~~a notion to announce the decay of science.~~

And the whole world, from San Francisco to Vladivostok, accepts his statements! Who but the priests advertise and pay for it? On the other hand, a thoroughly scientific work, or one of wonderful genius, may be published—and if the priests are not receiving their share of attention therein, it will not muster up a thousand readers, and will remain unknown for a century.

The black plague is continually growing without losing any of its blackness. The people alone, the revolutionary people, may conquer it if they oppose the black alliance of capital, State, and cowardly superstition, by the alliance of Anarchy, Communism, and their common parent—the materialistic science.—Peter Kropotkin.

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I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk but to take counsel of his own bosom.—Emerson.

Stop Thief.

"The strong, from the beginning, have stolen their bread," a writer recently remarked. This is a repetition of what has been written and spoken again and again, but not yet has attention been called to the fact times enough. Many are they who have neither seen nor heard, much less have they discovered it.

But, I would ask, why do those of us who recognize the thieves, hesitate, from "principle," to appropriate, "without money and without price," anything they "own" which we want whenever it is handy for us to do so? It is the old story. Our saintly patrons (!) have taught us for successive generations the "honor" of "uprightness" and "integrity." Oh! how mortifying! When will we awaken, and abandon these false notions of honor?

The strong after mulcting the land and products of the multitude, in sanctimonious gall turns to it with a fatherly "Thou shalt not steal!" and woe to the "poor devil" charged with petty or grand "larceny."

Courage is required to run the risk of detection and detention by the "authorities," but is the need for fearlessness greater than that demanded for the expression of revolutionary ideas, or to defy Grundy in everyday life? In one way, yes. We must brace up to face the possible confinement in the "pen" combined with the doubtings of the quality of our character by revolutionists who may still disapprove of helping ourselves to these hoarded filched goods until it may be done openly by the whole people in revolt.

The robbing from the underlings is done systematically. By thieving systems the daily routine is regulated. All of "our institutions" were hatched by the powerful. Those in power are always thieves, for rule originates in usurped or stolen "privilege." So entangled are we in the network of institutions that we can have no business relations (nor hardly any social!) with one another without being a purloiner or the victim of one.

No person can be honest while controlled by the principles of thieves. We may, perhaps, choose the style of thief we will become, but whatever kind it chance to be, it looks ill in us revolutionists to condemn other varieties. It is unseemly for "the pot to call the kettle black."

Many conventional people excuse theft from vampires if the deed be done to ward off starvation. Is mere capacity for breathing life? Why have we "lower" classes? Because their vitality has not only been continuously and savagely sapped for ages by the "middle" and "upper" classes till they are so reduced their innate faculties of the better sort lack energy for development, but they have been deprived, by impoverishment, of essential incentives and needful requisites for "culture." To the lover of beauty it is hardship if prevented from having beautiful things. The hindering is, without question, the starving of a part of the individual. If "self preservation is the first law of nature," who shall blame a poverty pinched person for pilfering a privileged parasite?

Do I advocate theft as a part of an economic system of society? By no means. In a FREE society theft would be impossible. In an authoritarian society it cannot be

avoided. What I advocate is disobedience to authority, and I maintain that thwarting its schemes in any measure or by any means is estimable—it is revolutionary. That the master class looks upon it as rebellious, seems to me conclusive. The cruelty of their chastisements for comparatively minor offenses against their impositions when their persons are in no wise in danger indicates it.

When a rebel refuses to pay rent or tax, or beats a railroad corporation out of the customary fare, the acts are commended by every genuine revolutionist. In my opinion the deed is not less deserving of praise if it be the looting of a bank, or church money box, or government treasury, or if shoplifting, common burglary, or petty larceny, be practised. These latter acts, which have always been of constant and common occurrence, are dramatically stigmatized by our masters as "felonies," "crime," and "vice"! The perpetrators are therefore "vulgar," low in the "moral scale." The finger of shame is maliciously pointed at the "culprit" when caught and convicted, and that agonizing religious and social mystical contrivance, "disgrace," forever singles out and sets apart the "depraved" mortal.

Why is the scorn of masters and fellow slaves more pronounced, and apparently more keenly felt, when the "wrong-doers" are subjects of religious, political and commercial servitude than when connected with the chattel system? Perhaps because the former dependants are counted "responsible" beings while the latter are not. This illusion, I suppose, stimulates some sensibility in the one that in the other remains dormant.

What is the difference in the long run between the two orders of servers? If all the ceremonies and hocus pocus indulged in by society are dispensed with, the conditions, as far as I can see, are nearly the same. Chattel slaves labor for their masters; are poor, dependent upon the whims of owners for food, clothing, shelter, and are kept in intellectual darkness. "Free laborers" toil for "employers"; are poor, dependent upon the whims of monopolists (supply and demand!) for wages with which to procure food, clothing, shelter, are illiterate or else are instructed in non-essentials, parrot and monkey-fashion, that which is termed "education" being mainly mental and physical

gymnastics, or "tricks" such as beasts of burden may acquire. Just now there is a tendency to teach expertness in drudgery in polytechnic schools. Of those slaves who "work for themselves," I will mention, by the way, that the market is their master, and its exactions are as rigorous as are those of any other stripe. One system of exploitation is simple and direct in its execution; the other is complex and roundabout.

The truthful, willing, faithful servers, and the conscientious respecters of the master's prerogatives and property, are conducive of great comfort to both classes of rulers. But which character do you think the more admirable, the unambitious (or cowardly) "trusty" who could be sent anywhere on his master's business, or he who seized whatever he could profitably make use of and then ran away?

We cannot escape the lash of commercial-

ism by running away, but we can do our mite to make the "security of property" insecure. The more uncertain the holders are of their possessions the nearer are we to liberation from thralldom, and when it comes to "honor," the vulgar "felon" is on a par with the non-payer of rent, tax or debt. All of these deeds are revolt. Revolt is always hazardous when the revolters are few. The "guilty" ones must suffer whatever torture the wrath of those in power choose to inflict upon them. General refusal to pay tax would make its collection impossible; general resistance to the money and market contrivances would annihilate them; general pilfering would destroy "property rights." Unless these and all other authoritative institutions are assaulted, progress is at a standstill and freedom is a mere word.

Theft from the rich spongers is honorable, not only when committed to slay the wolf of hunger, but also when an artistic taste can be gratified or cultivated, a mechanical faculty developed, work and worry lessened, pleasure gained—in short, whenever the comfort of the oppressed can be enhanced thereby.

The tyrants say to us, "Thou shalt not kill," then, under their supervision, behold the pomp and glory of militarism! They refine (?) and embellish it into an "honorable calling" for their "men"! The policeman's club and sheriff's rifle are conjured into instruments of peace!

When these shameless despots say, "Thou shalt not steal," they do it to protect their own monopoly of the business.

Slaughter is not Anarchistic, neither is theft, but either one may defeat authority. Murder, theft, INVASION, cannot take place in a FREE SOCIETY. When every wish can be satisfied, who will care to take what another has used?

The industrial slaves of 1901 gratefully accept "mas'sa's" old clothes to wear, just as the chattel slaves did in 1801. A change in temper and gain in self-appreciation by the "lowly" is earnestly hoped for. It is time to disclaim "old duds" and replace bows and deference to aristocrats with a yell of "Stop, thief!"

VIROQUA DANIELS.
Los Angeles, Cal., 2908 E. Fourth St.

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Comrade Kropotkin's Chicago Lecture.

On Sunday, April 21, Comrade Kropotkin delivered his lecture on "Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal."

Central Music Hall was well filled with all classes of people, and of all nationalities. All came to pay tribute to the life work of Kropotkin, or to learn something of his ideas. If there were some who came out of curiosity, they must have been disappointed, for Kropotkin's personality and manner of speaking is not one which would appeal to the sensationalist.

Clarence S. Darrow feelingly introduced the speaker. "I shall introduce to you, tonight," he said, "a man who was born in Russia; but he was cast out by Russia, and he became a citizen of the world. We of America do not exile our prophets—we hang them; but their silence is now already more powerful than their strangled voices." He also paid a high tribute to the personality of Kropotkin, and his life-work.

Prolonged applause greeted the speaker, when he began. "It is impossible," he said, "to speak upon Anarchism in this city which has been the scene of a tragedy that has lost to us four of our excellent comrades, whom we regret not having with us tonight fighting for the emancipation of mankind. These men are dead, but we today uphold their principles, and it is almost as if their shadows were hovering around us. Their heroism is known to you, and their ideas, in which they did not once waver during the long months under the shadow of death, have been spread over Europe and America. It is these same ideas which have brought you together tonight. Tolstoy—the great Tolstoy—is today advocating Anarchism, and Zola, the great French writer and thinker, has made the Anarchists the heroes of his last work, "Labor." Most French writers and thinkers of the present time at the bottom of their hearts are Anarchists. Anarchism is one of the great social movements of this period, Socialism being the other. Both are striving to solve the social problem of today."

He predicted that Anarchism would be the philosophy of the twentieth century. Anarchism is the corner-stone of the future society. He then went on explaining the ideas of Anarchism more in detail.

At the close of his lecture, Kropotkin made a very strong and forceful protest against the common charge that Anarchists are the advocates and disseminators of violence. He recited the cases of violence committed by Anarchists, such as the attempts on the life of the German emperor in the 70's, the assassination of the czar by the Nihilists, the attempt on the Italian king, the assassination of the French president, the slaying of the Austrian empress and the Italian king, and compared these with the 35,000 slaughtered Communards, the unnumbered Russian martyrs, the Spanish Montjuich, where Anarchists suffered indescribable tortures, the persecution of Anarchists all over the world, and also the present wars of conquest in South Africa, the Philippines and China.

"Violence is not characteristic of Anarchists. In the thirty years in which I have been affiliated with the principles, the violence has not been of our making."

Free Speech.

When small men get into positions of authority great principles have a hard time of it. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and the bigger the fool the more likely is he to be puffed up by a little brief authority and imagine himself superior to established laws and settled principles. Apropos of this, the city officials of Philadelphia a short time ago, forbade Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, speaking in the city, and declared that Anarchy should not be publicly discussed in the town, either as a propaganda or academically, because they (the authorities) held the doctrine to be mischievous.

Philadelphia is achieving a reputation. It is there that Independence Hall is situated, and there was promulgated the Declaration of Independence; there was framed the Con-

stitution which prohibits abridgement of freedom of speech. If my memory serves me no shabby trick, it was a Philadelphia clergyman who, not long ago, had a spasm because Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, was invited to address a Quaker City Club. As Wu held opinions on some subjects which did not accord with the clergymen's views, of course the diplomat had no right to speak.

In both these Philadelphia cases objection was not made to what had been said, as nothing had been said. In each instance it was a case of denial of the right to say anything; or in other words, an abridgement of freedom of speech.

The Philadelphia authorities are needlessly alarmed. So long as Anarchists are permitted to talk they will not conspire. It is only when gas is confined that it is dangerous. But even so, an arbitrary exercise of power will do more than a thousand harangues to foment Anarchy. The idea that discussion of any question is a menace to society is preposterous. The more freely a question is discussed the better. Discussion informs the public; it exposes fallacies and mischievous tendencies. Forcing Anarchists to hold meetings in out-of-the-way places and behind closed doors is the surest way to intensify them. Let them meet in the biggest hall in the city, and let the meetings be open to the public. Americans are naturally law-abiding; they are not easily carried away by revolutionary appeals; they are argumentative; it is only necessary to advance one side of a question in order to set somebody to combatting it. Let the public learn all about Anarchy from the mouths of its exponents. My word for it, given free tongue Anarchy will prove its own antidote. If it is the raw head and bloody bones the Philadelphia authorities appear to fear, all the better. The rawer the head and the bloodier the bones the sooner will the American people become disgusted, and the Anarchist propaganda cease to trouble.

But if the authorities have no cause for apprehension the citizens have. Behind this question of policy is the greater policy of right. The right of free speech should be jealously guarded. If Emma Goldman can be prevented from speaking, so can any other person whose views are displeasing to a "tuppenny" official. The right to talk should not be abridged, not only because it is right but because free speech is a safety-valve which sometimes prevents festering thought and serious action.—*Pennsylvania Crit.*

[It is evident that the writer of the above understands nothing about Anarchism, but it is reprinted to show the interest that the action of the Philadelphia authorities in suppressing Emma Goldman's meetings has aroused.]

"The People's Advent."

In FREE SOCIETY of March 31 are two verses called "The Brighter Day" and said to be "anonymous." They are the beginning of that magnificent poem of Gerald Massey's

—"The People's Advent." Here is another part of it:

"Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us no longer!
Aside! thou world wide curse, called king
The People's step is quicker, stronger."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Literature.

Thomas Paine, "Author-Soldier in the American Revolution." By George Lippard. Biographical Sketch of George Lippard. By James B. Elliot. Price 20 cents. Address James B. Elliot, Sec. Thomas Paine Society of Philadelphia, 3015 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As it was Thomas Paine's plainly expressed opposition to Christianity which startled and started my dormant brain into doing some work on its own account, this lecture interests me considerably. It was delivered in Philadelphia in January, 1852, but was published in full only a few years since.

The views of the lecturer are often not in accord with my own, but when we consider that to commend any of the acts of "Tom Paine" in 1852 meant possible social ostracism for the champion, it must dispose us to leniency for the partial favorable notice which George Lippard gives to Paine's writings.

He commences his lecture by avowing himself a hero worshiper. He confesses that he had made the mistake of reverencing "old clothes stuffed with straw," and says: "Gilt and paint and spangles have for ages commanded reverence, while men made in the image of God have died in the ditch." Seeing this he shifted his adoration from epaulettes to the private soldier, and from the statesman to the impoverished workman, battling with starvation. His ideal man was he who "suffers most, endures most, works most." If he thought there was a show for his slave heroes to become really freemen, he did not mention it.

He calls Thomas Paine a hero of the American Revolution, and described how "Common Sense" and "Crisis" stirred the blood alike of the prominent men of the time and of their many unknown backers, without whom there could have been no rebellion.

The lecturer enthusiastically portrays his hero's brave conduct in Paris, whither he had been hurried by his "deep love of man" to take part in the great French Revolution. His life in England where he wrote of "The Rights of Man," Lippard failed to note, but he weeps over the "genius profaned" when Paine gave to the world his "Age of Reason." Lippard admits that in this work certain great thoughts are spoken, but laments that the hero author "mistook the abuse of men, the frauds of hypocrites, the lies of fabulists, which have been done and uttered in the name of Christianity for Christianity itself."

Some of the admirers of Thomas Paine worked for fifteen years to get his portrait admitted into Independence Hall.

It is the purpose of the Thomas Paine Society of Philadelphia to continue the work of their predecessors by having "Common Sense" and "Crisis" filed in the Museum.

Any one wishing to assist them can address Jas. B. Elliot, secretary of the society. VIROGTA DANIELS.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

Whatever good-natured people may wish to believe about governments, the fact is that existing governments rely on force, and that when they do not rely on force we do not call them governments, but voluntary associations. — Aylmer Maude.

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A Note for Kropotkin.

Comrade Kropotkin asks us to announce that, to his very great regret, he can accept no lecturing invitations beside those he has already accepted in Chicago. Having failed, for reasons of health, to come to the States in December, he came now but for a very short time. He is bound to be back to his work for the Encyclopedia Britannica Supplement in the first days of May. Were it not for his desire to visit, by all means, Chicago, notwithstanding the illness he passed through at New York, he already would have been sailing home.

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Notes.

Comrade Emma Goldman is at present lecturing in Pittsburg, Pa., where she will remain until May 4. She will be in Cleveland from about May 5, to May 7, whence she goes to St. Louis to remain one week. Comrade Goldman would like to hear from the comrades in Indianapolis and St. Paul to arrange meetings. Her address until May 6, will be care of H. Gordon, 707 Wylie Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. After that letters should be addressed to 1351 S. 13th St., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

A new edition of Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young," has been gotten out at this office. It is neatly printed on sixteen pages. Single copies 5 cents. In lots of 10 or more 25-cents for 10 copies. Large quantities of 100 or more at \$2 per hundred.

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Peppery Pot.

Many people are suffering from the want of love, which is called "single blessedness," many more people are suffering from the satiety of love, which is called "married bliss," but most people are suffering from the monotony of love, which is called "virtue."

* * *

The world we live in is the world to live for, to explore and to exploit. The wildest flights of fancy will not soothe the grinding of an empty stomach, and the most abnormal imagination about a "life beyond" will

not satisfy the cravings of a normal heart. In the *real* lies our hope.

* * *

Nicolai Tesla is doing a noble work in attempting to establish communication with Mars. That task accomplished the realization of a flying machine will next be in order, and a transplanetary aerial navigation line might be established by our railroad magnates. Think of the golden opportunities opening up before our vision! New markets! Our merchant princes would be enabled to palm off upon the green Marsians their shoddy goods, their oxen butter, and all the other adulterated and rotten products wherewith our lives are being shortened. And last, but not least, the "dissatisfied element," the Anarchists, Socialists, and grumbling trade unionists might be shipped to Mars. What a picnic it would be for Rockefeller and consorts!

* * *

John Burns, Thomas Burt, and other labor fakirs of the British circus are attempting to educate employers and employees in "their responsibilities regarding the expansion of British trade, and to bring about their cooperation" to that effect. And for this purpose those clowns are to make a junketing expedition to other countries—at the expense of the British worker of course.

Well, the education needed is that in the first place the labor fakirs get off the workers' backs and go to work like good fellows earning their own living. In the next place it is necessary for the workers to realize that there is at present *too much* cooperation between the profit ghouls (employers), the rent ghouls (landlords), the interest ghouls (bankers), and the tax-gathering ghouls (government), and that such cooperation must be stopped at all hazards—in fact that all of these cooperative engines of destruction of the health and happiness not only of the British workers but of the human race, must be abolished *in toto*.

* * *

A number of branches of an imitation of the Rochdale cooperative societies have recently been established on this coast. One of the parties interested in the formation of another branch, left some literature upon the subject with "your humble servant," giving the perfectly unsolicited assurance that "the society is perfectly neutral upon the subject of religion." Yet the first article that struck my eye in one of the publications was on "Cooperation in Religion." Another edifying article was a eulogy upon the life of Victoria-Brown.

One objectionable feature of this enterprise is the required cash payment of one hundred dollars for a share, it being a shareholding concern, but that is not the greatest objection.

Ferdinand Lassalle, already in his day, exposed the fallacy and futility of cooperative distribution as a remedy for our socio-economic troubles. Even were production in contemplation of a succeeding step, it must be comparatively ineffective as long as the natural resources and means of production and exchange are monopolized by the robber class, so that the natural effect of this movement is a simple organized preying of a small band of people upon a larger unorganized body.

But even as a non-Socialistic movement this is liable to be a failure as long as the enterprisers attempt to recruit members by eulogizing rotten religions and rotten queens.

* * *

Some Individualist-Communist hairsplitters are again out for an airing. After a two years' tweedledum-tweedledee it is ardently hoped that the rank and file of the comrades who were fortunate enough to be possessed of the superior brains to wade through the misty matter presented as arguments without having the wit frightened out of them, may have arrived at the conclusion that after all it is all the same in Dutch. For no rational Communist proposes to force any one into a Communistic arrangement of his affairs who wants to set up a shop for himself, and no rational Individualist proposes to force anyone into isolation who wants to cooperate with his fellows. As a matter of fact both of these systems are essential and interdependent. Naturally the means of production and transportation and other public utilities now in the hands of the robber class, will have to revert to the people, and the most rational plan then would seem to be for the trades and specialists of the respective industries to operate them for the benefit of the people. For instance, the railroads to be run by the railroad men, the telegraphs by the telegraphers, etc. The land being a product of nature, in the first place, and no just title to its possession being producible by any human being, should be taken up for occupancy and use only. And of course the barbarous system of extortion of a tax for the use of a monopolized medium of exchange should fall first of all. Government being but a brutal piece of machinery to protect and perpetuate the above-mentioned barbarous devices of rent and interest, which are thus supplemented by a third species of robbery—taxes—should give way to individual initiative and voluntary cooperation.

With these basic changes, a heaven upon earth could be established, the details of which would promptly adjust themselves. Let us once more be plain, pure and simple Anarchists.

S. D.

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Martyred!

What is a martyr? A martyr is a person who suffers persecution, and even agonized death for adherence to a fixed line of conduct. The crown of martyrdom was coveted by the early Christians. The Romans put them to death in various ways. For example, by drenching them with oil, and then burning them, and by giving them to the wild beasts in the arena. The Roman method of dealing with martyrs has this to recommend it—it was speedy in its working. Nowadays we are not so kind. "Non-sense!" you say. "We never martyr anybody!" Don't we? Let me tell you I have been personally acquainted with many persons who were cruelly tortured, and finally murdered, in Victoria—yea, in this most free (?) of free communities. Their persecution extended over many years. Let me give the history of one case. His punishment began as an infant. He was born into

a poverty-stricken family, and was thus condemned to be clawed and mauled by a cruel wolf—Hunger—and to be exposed to the sharp teeth of the winter wind. His father and mother, robbed of their earnings, were perpetually drugged with a fierce liquid, which so dulled their parental feelings that they chastised him savagely from time to time. This liquid was produced by wicked men, because the insanity it produced in its drinkers enabled the latter to be kept in a state of slavery. Next our little victim was sent to a building, and made to sit among clean, nicely-clad children, whom at first he wished to make-up to, but he was repulsed because of his dirty attire, and "His mother and father are drunkards, you know!" He didn't learn much at school besides that and the fact that he was poor. At last his parents died: not before he had learned that what little food and clothing they had given him could only be got in exchange for certain little discs of metal, which he must get hold of as best he could. He found that, to get a few of them, he must sell himself as a slave to some master who would pay some of the purchase money only when he had been able to sell some of the things the slaves

make or procured. So he sold himself to a man who made him stay in a hole all day digging out a yellow metal, of which he learned the most valuable food-getting discs were made. He dug out enough yearly to make many discs, but only a fraction of them came to him as purchase money. Then he formed the idea in his mind that those slaves who could read, write and speak nicely got the most pleasant tasks to do. So he set to work to educate himself. This was better (the easier task theory proved a fallacy), but the agony of seeing books, etc., in the hands of the unworthy, and not to be able to get them himself, was cruel. Time flew by and he married, an event which made his owner rejoice, and even give him five extra discs, for he foresaw more slaves for the future. A baby arrived, another, and another in alarming succession, until a large family was around him, enormously hungry and destructive of clothes. The magic discs came in slower than usual, for he began to grow old. At last the mine gave out. His master presented him with his freedom, or rather let him know that he was at liberty to sell himself to anybody else. But labor was a "drug," and search high or low he couldn't get anybody to buy him. Then his martyrdom grew almost unbearable and its pangs fiendish. Starvation and insufficient clothes killed his wife and some of his children, and threatened more. Naturally enough he took to stealing, but a loaf of bread sent him to goal. Contact with criminals robbed him of shame, and he became a "habitual." The last I saw of him was when he was being borne out of the Fitzroy Gardens one bitter morning after a cruel stormy night. They said that he had only had the "horrors," and would pull round; but they were short-sighted—through looking too much on such scenes perhaps—and I could see that the mark of Death was

on him, and his crown was ready. This is the story of one of my martyrs. Were the rack, the flames, more awful than the many painful circumstances of this man's life? Are you helping in the martyrdom of anybody? I fear so. Are you a martyr? I know you are.—"The Outpost," in *Australian Worker*.

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Here and There.

"Prosperity reigns." According to Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, there are 3,500,000 workers out of employment.

It is said that the disaster of Galveston has been a blessing to many of the property owners, although the "blessing" is somewhat scandalous. The members of the committee for distribution of the charity fund have first and foremost taken care of their own interest, and they would not mind having a "disaster" more frequently. So, for instance, were a half a million dollars utilized to build houses on lots of rich lot owners, which houses were then rented for exorbitant prices to the poor and shelterless.

The Armonrs have again donated \$1,000,000 to the Armour Institute. And those that produce these millions? A teacher who teaches near the stock-yards asked some of the boys, whose clothes were very shabby, how much their fathers earned. One of the boys replied that his father worked in the stock-yards and earned \$4 per week.

There is surely something rotten in Denmark when conservative newspapers accuse the Socialists of compromising their principles. "German Socialism," says *Reynold's Newspaper* among other things, "is little else than extreme ultra-Radicalism. . . . German Socialism is only successful because it does not go in for Socialism, but upon political lines."

Thus Mr. Robert Blatchford in *Clarion*: "I was once trying to persuade William Morris to come back into the movement. I thought his influence would be good, that his honesty and manly good humor would clear the air. But he shook his head and smoked his pipe for a while, and then said, 'There are too many d—d fools—and others.'"

De Vrije Socialist, an Anarchist paper edited by F. Domela Nieuwenhuis, in Amsterdam, tells us that the assistant-editor of the *Tockomst (Future)*, De Lange, was sentenced to three months solitary confinement. De Lange unmasked a notary public. The Anarchists there have raised funds to maintain his family. The bourgeois wished them to starve. We rejoice that the Anarchists in Holland prove themselves friends in the hour of persecution and need.

Great industrial depression is reported from Germany. In Berlin about one fourth of the workers are idle.

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The people do not know that, in order to strike their enemies into terror and submission, they have only to stand still. The most innocent and the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do.—Mirabeau.

Small Words.

Law starts with men's wish to boss men. When men were much like apes, they learned that males could boss. So the young got too thick, which caused them to be thinned out. Some of the old did not like this, and went off with their young. That made more troops than one. The troops thought there was not room for all; so they fought. Each found it could fight best with a smart man to lead. He wished to boss, like the rest, and since they must have a smart man to lead, they let him. Thus each troop came to have a king. But that the males bossed, their young had not been too thick; but that the young were too thick, there had been but one troop; but that there were more troops than one, they had not fought; but that they fought, they would have had no kings. When one troop won a fight, it took some girls from the troop which was whipped. Those men who took the girls wished to keep them. The rest said that was not right. But, on the whole, the king and the rest of the smart men got their way. This is how there came to be wives, who are bossed each by just one man. At last some troops gave in, and had the same king as those who whipped them; and then their own old kings were called lords. Now and then, the rest get mad with the kings and lords, and try to have none for a time; but this does not work; for they all still want to boss; and the smart ones do it.

In the days of yore, on which I write, men feared what they called the gods. They thought the gods would be mad if men did what was new. If a man did so, they slew him, for fear of the gods. This is how the law as to crime got a start. Some laws are made by kings, lords, and mobs. Most of those on wealth are. But the old kind, men say the gods made. When folks come to know more, they wish less to boss; they will not bear it to be bossed, as of old; and so they come to think less of laws. Those who first act thus, get killed, of course. But it seems there are sure to be the more of such men, the more have been killed. Thus there gets to be such a lot of them, they can be slain no more. In this way, laws have come to be less thought of than they were. Now, some think we need no law at all! They are called by a long name, which sets out with A. But I do not quote it, for I have vowed to use none but short words this time—not which have two parts, lest M. A. Cohn might not know them. This is the sum of all I have to tell him; the rest is but said to make it plain. I hope Friend Cohn will cut this out, and keep it, and not want me to write more in the same way. Of a truth, it is not hard; nor, as I think, does that style at all points fail to be grand. But I must own it does not come quite glib to me; and I doubt if the rest who read, like to be talked down to so much.

C. L. JAMES.

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One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels.—Thoreau.

History of the French Revolution.

III

The interval between the great delusion and the actual beginning of that revolt which overthrew the monarchy, was a period of much, though probably not increased, suffering to the French poor. But we must understand, or we shall misunderstand everything, that in France, and elsewhere, it was a period of unexampled "prosperity." It witnessed the rapid and general development of the bourgeois system, previously almost confined to Great Britain, its "classic land." The invention of the steam engine led to an increase in production, which made inevitable the era of free trade. The superstitious reverence with which authority had been regarded was seriously undermined by the writings of successive English economists, culminating in the epoch-making work of Adam Smith, and by a corresponding movement of France, whose best known representative is Quesnay. The bourgeois naturally regarded the aristocrats with inveterate hate; and his influence on politics as yet was altogether radical. Not until he had overthrown those privileges which oppressed him, did he realize that his own ability to exploit the proletariat was equally institutional.

Among declining powers, one of the most important, steadily conservative since it made terms with the princes of this world, was the Christian Church. Ever since the Reformation, both England and France had had a few philosophers who perceived the incompatibility of dogma with scientific progress, and seized their opportunities to denounce the former as that fulcrum by which Rome turned down the world. But the attitude of the English Church towards the English Revolution in 1688, deprived her of all credit for honesty and consistency, and made this movement rapid. It spread through France, and grew explosive under pressure. The experience-philosophy of Locke became the sense-philosophy of Condillac. The habitual quarrels of the king and the pope gave occasion to the light of Voltaire. Rousseau brought into the line his hatred of cruelty, his appreciation of womanhood, his sympathy with the young, his paradoxical arraignment of existing civilization. Instead of arming against what was destined to destroy them, kings, very commonly tried, like the bourgeois, to direct it only against what annoyed. Frederick the Great, Joseph the Second, the Czarina Catharine, were understood to be "philosophers." The tyranny of the nobles was rebuked. Criminal laws were reformed on the principles of Rousseau's disciple Beccaria, and of the English Howard. The clergy were made to endure restraints. The Jesuit order was suppressed. The tyrants were divided. So they fell. The people, for a time, were united and irresistible.

From these combined tendencies, sprang what modern radicals understand by the *Revolution*; a revolution in which the convulsions of England, America, and France, are only successive and early incidents; a revolution whose conscious end is Anarchy; thus, a revolution different in kind from any of those previous, which had only proposed to change a dynasty or a national constitution.

Of this Revolution, the definite beginning is traceable to England. The cause has been well described by Macaulay in two of his famous essays. Between 1688 and 1745 England had a government which sprang from rebellion, and an opposition whose fundamental dogma was that rebellion can never be justified. The anomalous situation produced strange results. The Whigs, in power, were as much inclined to be tyrants as their predecessors. But they could justify their mildest acts only by asserting with ever-increasing vehemence, that mankind are naturally equal; * that government is a mere committee appointed for the protection of all against ill-disposed individuals; that there is nothing sacred about it; that if unfaithful to its trust it should be cashiered. The Tories, in opposition, kept as jealous a watch on encroachment as any Whigs could have kept, and vindicated their extreme factiousness by denying that the actual government was legitimate. While the dominant party disclaimed the general theory of authority, the party which always had asserted it exposed the fallacy of every particular plea by which its practical exercise could be excused. Thus attacked from opposite sides at once, it became extremely insecure. A suspicion sprang up in the minds of thinking men that the Whigs were right when they said coercion could only be justified by necessity, and the Tories in virtually denying that it was ever necessary. This sentiment first found utterance in Edmund Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society," (1760), a book which the author purposely gave an ironical tone, but which it is probable fairly represented the doubts of his own capacious and restless mind. When, a few years later, the arbitrary administrations of Bute, Grenville, and North, threw England into violent agitation, the doctrine of Anarchy was preached with equal zeal by "Junius." In America it supplied the keynote for the Declaration of Independence, Paine's "Rights of Man," and Jefferson's general reflections on government. Neither England nor America has ever been without Anarchists since 1760. But it is a mistake to suppose that revolutions are caused either by radical agitation or conservative tyranny. They always spring from encroachments upon previously existing freedom; and their momentum, according to the law of progress by conflict, depends on the energy of these opposing tendencies. In England the encroachment was so feeble, the resistance so confident in its own strength, that "the Revolution" evaporated in a few riots and long-delayed

* Few people, I imagine, have observed what extremely radical sentiment pervades the English literature of the eighteenth century. The pious Cowper; the scholarly Gray; Gay and Pope, the poets of good society; the picaresque novelists, Smollett and Fielding; the great preachers, Wesley and Whitefield; the fantastic evangelical biographer, Leigh Richmond; the authors of moral tales without religion, as "Sandford and Merton," or Miss Edgeworth's novels; all sound a common note. It is not merely political radicalism. It is social. That the difference between rich and poor rests on a system of exploitation, oppressive to producers and demoralizing to non-producers, is everywhere the dominating idea. This vein reached its highest pressure after the Revolution of France, with Coleridge, Southey, Godwin, Shelley, Byron, and Wordsworth. That reaction in which so many of them shared, was weak till the Peace of Amiens had been broken.

promises of reform. In America, where actual freedom was almost complete and its total subversion threatened, a much greater and more violent change occurred. The tremendous explosion of France was occasioned by the most vigorous pressure above and the most acrimonious discontent below.

The two nations' minds were in such close touch that English ideas immediately permeated France. Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, and Oliver Goldsmith all traveled shortly before or after wars between Louis XV and Great Britain. No three observers could have been less like each other, or seen the country from more different objective points of view. But their impressions are singularly harmonious. Walpole said he had supposed the French to be a gay people; but they were all so busy demolishing God and the government that they thought it profane to amuse oneself. Chesterfield observed that every sign of a great impending revolution might be seen in France. Goldsmith remarked on the gayety of the starveling masses, whom Walpole was not likely to know, and the security of those nobles whom Walpole heard talking so much in the vein of Rousseau. But, he added, it would not surprise him if after another feeble reign or two, their lands were confiscated, and their chateaux burnt; and the rivers should run with their blood.

The actual beginnings of the French Revolution, those first growls of approaching thunder which show that the tempest, having fully gathered strength, must break,—are referable to the last years of Louis XV. This prince, so reviled for his vices, had, in fact, been tolerably virtuous, at least for a king, till he was over fifty. His evil genius, Madame de Pompadour, secured her ascendancy over him, when her own charms began to fade, by devoting her considerable talent not only to his amusement but his depravation. A portion of Versailles, known as the Parc aux Cerfs (the Stag Park), received those little girls whom her agents kidnapped for her royal keeper. The wretched dotard wanted them as young as possible. He treated them with much kindness, paid great attention to their religious instruction, and when they became mature, got rid of them, through marriages, in a worldly point of view more advantageous than they would have been likely to make at home. Such a man could neither do without a mistress, after Pompadour died, nor be satisfied with an ordinary one. The successful candidate was a lorette whose real name is said to have been Verbaunier, but who did business under the professional soubriquet of Mademoiselle L'Ange. Those who admire the sensual and voluptuous style of beauty have always been enthusiastic over hers. But tastes differ widely. A fat courtesan with a handsome, vulgar face, is all I can see in her portrait. The late Madame de Pompadour's friends regarded her successor with that choice antipathy which divides two of a trade. They dared to tell the king that a lady who had done such small pecuniary transactions was not fit to appear among them. But Louis, like all his line, a master in that noble art of promoting ennui, which is vulgarly called etiquette, did not prove wanting upon this occasion. The courtier, Du Barry, who introduced Mademoiselle, had a

younger brother willing to marry her; and, of course, that cancelled all her past. During the rest of this reign she governed France. Though morally and intellectually much below even Pompadour, she did not altogether lack either sense or force of character. She saw clearly that the despotism must be strengthened or it would fall; and she was too young to think with Louis that it would last long enough. The king was already engaged in a contest with the parliaments. Singularly enough, its beginnings were religious. Cornelius Jansen, bishop of Ypres, died in 1638, leaving a posthumous commentary on St. Augustine, which became extremely popular, but was held by the Jesuits to savor of Calvinism. The king used the Jansenists to extort from Rome concessions favorable to the "Gallican Liberties," that is his own authority over the national Church. It was not until 1730 that the difficulty was so far adjusted as to allow suppression of Jansen's followers to begin in earnest. During the long struggle, the parliaments became deeply infected, first with Jansenism and later with Voltaire's philosophy. They resisted enforcement of some persecuting edicts irregularly issued by the clergy, and brought the king round to their side. They rendered judgment against the Jesuits individually for the debts of a single member; exposed the secret constitution of the order, and decreed its suppression, in 1762, a year after this had been done by Spain and Portugal. Yielding to unanimous desire, the king gave his sanction two years later (the season of Pompadour's death). But from this moment he hated the parliaments; nor were weapons to be used against them lacking. Such acts as the judicial murders of the innocent Calas, the brave Lally, and the unfortunate La Barre, brought them under Voltaire's knout. Still less was a cause of quarrel wanting. The king had organized a private council for illegal oppression of the Jansenists, and a board of works which employed the corvée on a gigantic scale, like the khedive of Egypt. The parliaments of Normandy, Paris, Pau, and Brittany, protested. When the nobles of Brittany yielded to royal dictation, the parliament of Rennes resigned in a body. The council, under M. de Calonne, proceeded against the Bretons by such law as it knew; and though it was compelled to acknowledge no fault could be found, they were exiled.—Louis observing they should be content with honor! Before long, they were mostly restored; but they at once prosecuted the governor, D'Aiguillon, and when the king forbade inquiry, told him that what concerned the gentleman's honor was not suppressible! He took care of his creature's honor by pocketing the papers. The premier, De Choiseul, expressed his disapprobation. By Madame du Barry's advice, he was banished (December, 1770). The magistrates of Paris struck, somewhat like those of Rennes. They, too, were exiled. The Court of Aids, which joined in protest, was suppressed. New tribunals, pure creatures of royalty, were set up at Paris, Dijon, Rouen, and elsewhere. Princes of the blood were banished for remonstrating. Most of the martyr judges were soon bribed and flattered into apostasy. But public sentiment had been aroused. They were glorified in exile, and execrated in submission. Without effecting the thorough *coup d'état* which Du Barry had recommended, Louis had gone far enough in that

direction to show his hand and create a regular opposition. The Bretons broached the dangerous doctrine that there was but one national parliament, whose branches must act together. "You are king by the law, sire," said the dying parliament of Dijon, "and you cannot reign without." Those who call the French Revolution Anarchy, should reflect on facts like this. It tended towards Anarchy, as all partial revolutions do, only by reducing institutionalism to absurdity. Like all successful revolutions, and more than most, it began with a conservative aspect. The great majority of leaders were professional advocates. "La Loi" was its idol and watchword from the first resistance to the fall of Robespierre.

For about five years the Dead Sea of despotism remained unstirred. But it received full measure of popular execration. Beaumarchais, a courtier, was defeated in a suit before the new tribunals. He made known that he gave a bribe to the wife of a judge, who refunded most of it on his failure, but managed to extract a little fee. Disclosures so discreditable might be supposed "ruinous" to himself. They were, in fact, the making of him. As the new judges' enemy, he became the people's idol. He flamed into literary celebrity. His "Marriage of Figaro," (1784), was the success of his life. Meanwhile Du Barry's enormous extravagance greatly embarrassed the finances. To supply her luxuries, the court went into gram speculation, while the people (as usual) were hungry. Patents of nobility were sold. Trade's licenses were sold. *Lettres de cachet* were also sold. They are said to have reached an average of 2,500 a year. There were then in Paris alone, thirty prisons, besides the Bastille. France contained twenty fortresses on the model of this celebrated Donjon. The Parisian Bastille, began by Charles V in 1369, stood at the Porte St. Antoine, in the most poverty-stricken quarter. When completed, it had eight towers, one at each corner, two in each flank. The walls were twelve feet thick at the top, thirty or forty at the base. The cells were in the towers. Their windows were half-closed by iron bars. Around the structure was a dry ditch twenty-five feet deep, shut in by a wall with a gallery for sentries at the top. Below the level of the ditch, were dungeons more secret than cells. Each had a narrow slit by way of window. The normal capacity was for fifty solitary prisoners. But to keep up with the times, subterranean dungeons had been added along the sewers. There were also bottle-shaped pits called oubliettes, into which, in earlier days, prisoners were put to starve, or kept for more effectual concealment (*au plus grand secret*) food being occasionally let down. From Charles VII to Louis XIV, the Bastille had been reserved for troublesome politicians, but it now received indiscriminately victims of the court, of private malice, and of their own misdeeds. Such a convenience was worth paying for. Before Howard's reforms, and afterwards, in debtors' prisons, the inmates found their board and fees as best they could. Those who had nothing, lived by a trade, like Bunyan, or by pandering to the rich, who were allowed to buy anything; or else they died of hunger and bad liquor,—a mitigation very seldom absent. But the Bastille prisoner received a regular allowance according to his rank—fifty francs per day for a royal prince, and so on down to ten sous for a commoner. Money, however, was omnipotent. Not all the prisoners were secreted or denied visits. If they had means and friends, their inconvenience might be extremely slight. As with similar arrangements, generally, it was, in Mr. Tony Weller's words, "onequal." Constant de Reville, who passed eleven years in a loathsome dungeon, wrote an account of his experience which shocked Europe. The actual horrors were aggravated by memory and fable. Even the Spanish Inquisition, as

Llorente tells us, had discontinued torture before the revolution of France occurred. But the Bastille was associated in everyone's imagination with the oubliette and the rack, the Iron Mask and the cage in which Cardinal Baluc passed twelve years without being able to lie down. Below these depths opened still the abyss of conjecture. Lafude, a boy of twenty, for the unjustifiable trick of pretending that there was a plot against Pompadour's life, was imprisoned in 1749 and came out, untried, in 1784. He, too, horrified the world by his narration. A Jesuit student was immured thirty-one years in a fortress for writing a Latin satire on the king. Charles of Armagnac was confined fourteen years for his brother's offences, and emerged insane. M. Catalan, after a few months' detention, bought his liberty for \$1,200,000. These were published facts. How many more like them had occurred, might be known when the sea gave up its dead. Those who perished in the Bastille made no sign. Those released took an oath of secrecy, which they must often have thought it wise to keep.

So false is the cant about "sloth, like rust" that the "vile repose," now generally abolished, of solitary confinement, is less fatal than the still unmitigated hard labor and hunger. The miseries of the Bastille sink into nothing in comparison with those of the proletariat. It is a scandalous thing that so good a country as France, already so advanced in the arts, should have been capable of several years' successive famine, as during her great Revolution. But the causes lie on the surface. Two thirds of the land belonged to the untaxed nobles and clergy. Most of their tenants were removable at will. A very good observer (Arthur Young) estimated that these producers received one penny in sixteen; the king's taxes taking ten, and the landlord five. Fear of rack-rents prevented such cultivators from making any improvement. Those who had bought out the nobles' arbitrary claim, were still subject to a heavy ground-rent. The peasant proprietor was hindered from doing almost everything, either by absolute prohibition or a tax. Hand mills were taxed to protect monopoly. Transfers of land were taxed. Highway travel was taxed. Baking, and pressing grapes were monopolies. To evaporate a bowl of salt water was a crime, because it was evading the gabelle. To weed a field of grain was forbidden, lest it should disturb the partridges. The corvée, and local relics of serfdom, absorbed much labor. The assessments were arbitrary. The phenomena so luridly described by Lactantius and Ammianus Marcellinus, during the decline of Rome, were being reproduced in France, as they are now in Russia. The scourge of the census again caused universal mourning. The sheriff came accompanied by an army of bailiffs, without whom his life would not have been safe. The peasants still wore the coarse frock, ate the black bread, and used the obsolete tools of their grandfathers. Yet they were better off, and therefore more capable of deliverance, in France, than in Spain, Italy, Russia, Ireland, or many parts of Germany. There they multiplied recklessly, having no fear of famine, since their condition could not be worse. The nobility, clergy, and gentry, were attached to existing institutions: the people, hypnotized by patriotism, were (excepting the Irish) devoted to the power which oppressed them. France was burning with discontent, and glowing with feverish hope. All classes saw the danger, and understood the remedy. Even the masses had something to lose. In gaining it, they had acquired habits of thrift, continence, and perseverance. Domestic tyranny was rather identified with, than opposed to, foreign. Only a touch was necessary to discharge the pent up electricity of aspiration, fear, and hate, which already reached its maximum tension. C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

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Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.—Abraham Lincoln.

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Two very amusing things happened during the week. A young man who stole \$25.00 from his partner several years ago sent him a check for \$100.00 the other day, and prayed for his forgiveness for robbing him. This was true repentance. Andrew Carnegie made several million dollars in a comparatively few years from the labor of his employees. Before leaving for his peaceful Scottish home he gave them back \$5,000,000 of it. That is philanthropy.—*Duluth Labor World*.

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