

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

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. 19.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 317.

The Internationale.

Arise, ye damned ones on earth,
Up galley slave of hunger, hear,
Reason within the crater roars,
The great eruption now is near.
Let us now wipe out the past,
Slavish herd, up! do not fall,
The base of things is changing fast,
We are nought, we should be all

CHORUS

This is the final struggle,
Let us join in one embrace
Tomorrow the Internationale
Will be the human race

No Savior supreme exists,
Nor God, nor Caesar, nor trillium
Producers, let us save ourselves,
Let us decree for man his boon,
To the thief his stolen prey,
To free your mind of the despot,
Let us work the forge ourselves,
And strike the iron while it is hot

Robber Barons—Old and New.

"Devices for appropriating the fruits of other people's labor have in all countries been multifarious from tomahawks to tariffs," says the historian John Fiske, in his account of Spanish depredations upon the natives of this continent. Today, as in the past, institutions exist that enable a privileged class to levy tribute and compel the producer to yield up the lion's share of the wealth he creates. Not to hark back to still more primitive forms of robbery, it is enough to recall for purposes of comparison the methods adopted by the medieval barons to live upon the fruits of others' toil. The feudal lord was master of all he surveyed. His dependents he robbed only in prescribed fashion, according to accepted rule and usage, and for his exploiting privilege he gave in return the protection of his reputed power and prowess. It was a badge of undisputed force. Open robbery when successful was considered an honorable profession. Indeed, it was the sole occupation of the noble and gentle class, save the mark.

The predatory baron diverted himself by making war upon his weaker neighbors, and thus he and his retainers forcibly possessed themselves of the means of subsistence garnered by other hands. To cite a glaring illustration, the fine old chivalry of Spain devoted themselves exclusively to raiding and pillaging the peaceful and industrious Moors. This kind of war to secure the fruits of others' labor was disguised under the pretense of Christianity, and the whole Spanish nation was thus engaged for some seven centuries. After such an apprenticeship, need we wonder at their fiendish crimes against the native American races?

In the days of the robber barons there was no strong, centralized government, no vast, complex fiscal and economic organization, through which the exploitation of the toiler could be successfully carried on, without the victim's knowledge of the fact. Therefore

the robbery was open and above board. The instinct to appropriate some one's wealth was usually commensurate with the power to do so. No concealment of intent or performance was then necessary, as it is in these days, for the game still goes on as vigorously as ever. But the modern process of exploitation is indirect, the victim often unconscious of being bled. The depredations of the barons of old were a mere bagatelle compared with the operations of our own money lords. Not only are there greater opportunities afforded by commercialism, with its intricate, world-wide ramifications, but the prize itself, the booty, is fabulously increased by reason of the multiplied wealth producing power of the modern laborer.

The privileged class today can get its work in with an ease, perfection and certainty that might well cause the moldy bones of a feudal robber to stiffen and grow green with envy at the soft snap of his successor.

True, there was no "awakened social consciousness" to disturb the soul of the ancient thief, and point with righteous indignation to some shady transaction, some needlessly cruel raid or slaughter. But if his present representative is thus smitten erstwhiles, he meets the difficulty by scattering broadcast crumbs from his "swag," his hard-earned millions, in the form of public libraries, to dispense culture amongst the masses, or as universities, with gagged professors to train the youth of the privileged for the business of "appropriating the fruits of other people's labor." Thus at one stroke are appeased the sensitive public conscience and the sensational preachers who invoke God and man to applaud the wise munificence of the capitalist robber chiefs.

What is the secret of the greater success of the present day exploiter? Carnegie tells us that the secret of his marvellous power to control a vast industry, and thereby become richer than the dreams of avarice, lay in his ability to organize. This faculty has enabled him to retire from the game with an ~~income in clean cash equal to the average wages of thirty thousand American workmen.~~ No monarch in the world's history ever had so much wealth to spend. But Andy laughs up his sleeves when he sets it down to his organizing skill. He knows better. No man lives who is shrewder or possesses a keener insight into the game. Morgan, too, is a great organizer, even outgeneralling Andy himself. Does the king of financiers thus account for his millions? And Rockefeller, Stillman, and the rest of the gamblers? All mighty organizers! Cunning not prowess in these days. The olden chiefs risked their lives every time they entered the marauding game. Physical courage at least they displayed. Imagine Russell Sage in chain armor, sword in hand, going forth to do battle for his millions!

Nevertheless it is force that wins today as

of yore. And the late steel king is right, it is organization that renders possible the present form of the robbery of labor. The government constitutes the organization, the army, navy, militia, police, the physical force upon which the whole system of industrial exploitation is based.

Who doubts that government is but a tool of the privileged class? Who denies that it is the organization of the State backed by law which gives the opportunity to accumulate the gigantic features that we see today?

The steel trust is the offspring of protective tariffs; the financial trust exists by reason of special legislation creating and maintaining a money monopoly, and every industrial combination through which labor is robbed of its fruits, is the creature of class laws, of privilege.

Not yet have the people found out that representative government is a sham and a fraud. Man is an experimental animal, and it is a sad but solemn truth that he invariably tries almost every conceivable way to gain an end before adopting the most advantageous method for himself. So the mass of men have still to learn that they could get along much better without political authority, legislators, and government. The capitalists have become the master class, because they have seized the whole machinery and organization of government. The barons of old had to support at their own cost their fighting retainers. But the capitalist has improved on those times; he throws upon the State the burden of defending his property, gets it to protect him in the use and enjoyment of his stolen gains, and prevent the revolting toilers from coming into their own.

The government, national or local as the case may be, does the work gladly, indeed feels that such activity is its main reason for existence. Examples are not far to seek. Witness the applause of the capitalist press, the official caste, and the military authorities that greeted the act of the murderer, Lieut. Wilson, recently at Albany, who wantonly ordered his myrmidons to fire on peaceable, innocent citizens, killing two, not workers in revolt as is claimed, at twenty feet distance. Yet the same element that makes a hero of this assassin in uniform shrieks for vengeance on a Bresci who, out of pity for his suffering fellowmen, with honest, unselfish, if ill-judged, intention, strikes down a tyrant. But who is the most heroic, he who sacrifices his own life for the supposed good of others, or he who, in safety, with the State at his back, deliberately orders his subordinates to fire at unarmed, inoffensive citizens a few yards away?

Speaking of Bresci, his treatment in prison and pitiful end, remind us that the lowest savage instincts of fiendish delight in human torture survive only in the official acts of

civilized, Christian governments, when an Anarchist happens to be their prisoner.

Italy, like America, is a country of political liberty. Representative government is in full bloom. But militarism grinds the face of the people. And the joke is that both here and there it is the poor, shorn, beguiled, "sovereign" voter,—the expropriated producer, against whom all this machinery of force is directed, who pays for all, and whose kith and kin recruit the legions that shoot him down when he rebels.

Oh, ye sovereigns, citizens of a "free" republic, how long will ye endure?

WAT TYLER.

An Interview With Bresci.

Gaetano Bresci, the murderer of King Umberto, was seen and spoken to on the Italian man-of-war *Messaggero*, when the vessel carried the assassin from Spezia to the Island of Bentotene some ten days ago.

At Bentotene Bagnio Bresci will work as a galley-slave, the hardest punishment that can be imposed upon a human being. He was removed from his "living grave" at Porto Longone because the Italian government feared that Anarchists might attempt to liberate him during the revolutionary uprising that is threatening the country.

The interview is authentic, a naval officer of the *Messaggero* crew being the reporter. He writes as follows:

Our departure from the port of Spezia was set for midnight sharp; but one quarter of an hour after the other passed without the signal "all ready" being given. Finally I asked the commandant what the delay meant, whereupon he answered: "My orders are sealed; I will learn the contents between now and 3 o'clock, after a certain passenger has been deposited on board."

"If the mysterious person doesn't arrive by 3 o'clock, I will have to send back the official letter to shore, and sail for Genoa."

At 2 o'clock sharp we were signalled from shore, and a little later the steam launch of the commander of the port hove into sight. After she had made fast a gentleman in plain clothes stepped aboard—the chief of police, we learned afterwards. He was followed by two carabinieri, shouldering loaded guns. They had a naked sword by their side, and a couple of revolvers in their belts. They took their stand at the railing, and, pointing their rifles at a person below, shouted, "Ready." Then a fourth individual mounted the ladder. He moved with difficulty, using both hands and feet to maintain his balance. We soon learned the reason of this unusual spectacle. The new arrival was loaded with chains.

After climbing on deck he was ordered to lie down until the rest of the guards were aboard. They followed quickly, four carabinieri, armed like the others, under the command of a lieutenant.

Their strange movements put the whole ship on the tip-toe of expectancy, everybody, officers as well as men who were off duty, crowding around the convoy.

Then more shouts of command, a passage was cleared, and the chained individual rose to his feet.

Noticing the audience that had assembled, he endeavored to show off; at least he im-

pressed us that way. He threw out his chest, despite the chains on his shoulders that were fastened to an iron ring around his waist, and he held his head high, like an actor posing for applause.

Myself and several other officers had a good look at him as he passed. The prisoner was Gaetano Bresci, King Umberto's assassin. Italians who read the papers, or study the illustrated sheets, would recognize him among ten thousand at a glance.

The Anarchist let his eyes roam around for the short space of time on the deck. A supercilious smile was upon his lips; evidently he thought himself far superior to his surroundings.

Drawing his sword, the lieutenant commanded the convoy to go below. As Bresci entered on the staircase between his guards, he cast a last look upon the starlight heavens, and upon the seamen who were muttering maledictions against him. At that moment his face expressed wild defiance. The health of this man may be broken, but his spirit is not.

Some of the officers imagined they saw the fire of a maniac in Bresci's eyes; they may be right or not; whether sane or insane, the assassin is a most dangerous customer; all agreed on that.

Meanwhile the *Messaggero* had weighed anchor, and we shot out into the night.

In the course of our journey, which lasted fifty hours, the commandant allowed the writer and several other officers to visit Bresci in his cell. This was not the ordinary ship's prison, but a small compartment in the fore-castle, below the engine rooms. I found it intolerably hot, the air was stifling, and very little of that. It was in fact so bad that the guards had to be relieved every half hour to save them from fainting.

The way from the deck to the dungeon was lined by soldiers standing at intervals of ten feet. They carried sharp sabres and naval revolvers. The prison was guarded by four men, two facing the door and two more the hatchway.

Inside were two carabinieri with loaded rifles at rest. They allowed us to go within two feet of Bresci, but not further.

Bresci was lying on a knotted couch, consisting of several bundles of ship rope, pieces of iron and other rubbish, that happened to be stored in his temporary prison. He was suffering from seasickness, the worst form of the malady I ever observed, its intensity being probably due to the stifling atmosphere, the scarcity of air, and the sickly odor of machine oil. Then again the man could hardly move, being chained hand and foot, while his stomach was oppressed by a weighty iron band. However, he forced himself to assume a nonchalant attitude when he saw visitors. Posing seems to be Bresci's second nature.

I asked him how he felt?

He replied, disdainfully: "Since I am permitted to see men, I feel like one new born. The tone of your voice gives me more pleasure than I experienced hearing the great organ of St. Peter's. And I love music."

Then he continued: "And how is it that I am allowed to talk? If capital punishment wasn't abolished, I would assume that this conversation was a sort of 'indulgence before execution.' I don't understand it."

I repeated my question.

"You don't want me to complain?" he asked. "What good would it do? No. I decline to give my torturers in the old prison occasion to boast of their job. They did everything they could to drive me insane, but I wasn't going to assist them in attaining the desired promotion. I understand a private would obtain a corporalship, a corporal a lieutenantship by proving it was their confounded cruelty that unhinged my mind. Knowing these intentions, I did my utmost to foil them. I didn't go crazy because I refused to lose hope. My cheerfulness never left me. In fact, I was more cheerful in my grave-prison than at any time during my previous life."

Bresci spoke quickly, abruptly, like one eager to hear himself talk.

"You did not lose hope?" queried I. "I understand that the sentence of the court left no chance for hope."

"The court?" cried Bresci. "I care no more for that than I did for the king." At this the commandant raised his sword, and Bresci shut up.

After a long silence the commandant ordered the murderer to continue speaking. "Talk only in your own behalf," he said. "No politics. If you dare mention his majesty again I will add a few hundred pounds to your chains."

"Well, I was going to say hope kept me up. Hope of the coming revolution that will sweep over this kingdom like a tornado in the west of America sweeps over the landscape, leaving no stone unturned. That revolution will set me free. I am sure that I will be the first prisoner released."

"And how soon do you suppose will this revolution ensue?" asked the commandant.

"You are quite an old man, captain, but you will live long enough to see the revolution that is inevitable. Torture me all you will now, let the galley slave boss do his worst, neither you nor he can down the movement I represent. I will escape your clutches, and, maybe, will have opportunity for revenge."

"How did you pass the time in solitary confinement, Bresci?"

"By doing nothing but hope for the best, and preach patience to myself. If I had done anything else, you might seek me now in the Imbrogiana (the prison for insane criminals). Yes, I was hoping all the time; if I possessed paper and light I would have written a hymn on hope. But they wouldn't give me paper, not even for the money that I starved myself to gain by eating only half the paltry rations allowed me. The State stole this money from me—the State that tortures me because I was willing to lay down my life to save Italy."

"But you repent the crime of Monza?"

"I don't know of any crime. To be a criminal one must have criminal intent. I had none as long as I was free, but don't pretend to say how good I will be when I get out. At Monza I was simply following the dictates of my heart—that heart which was bleeding for the starving people. An inner voice urged me to do what I did. I followed its dictates—that's all."

"Do you feel no compunction whatever?"

"It seems a silly question to ask after what I told you. No; but I have a very

vivid recollection of the event as far as it concerns myself."

The commandant urged Bresci to give us his version of the murder, but the prisoner refused to go into details.

"That revolver shot, what did it amount to? One man dies, another takes his place, that's the way in monarchies. But the revolution will abolish that like many other dangerous and ridiculous customs."

"No politics. Tell us what you felt after the murder," said the commandant.

"What I felt? Will I ever forget it? The evening that immortalized my name, also gave me most painful proofs of the stupidity of men, and of the political backwardness of the masses. Everybody and everything was against me. Every mother's son, every woman and child present, seemed bound to kill me, or, at least, hurt me as much as was in their power. And the soldiers, instead of protecting me, acted not much better than the ill-balanced rabble. The worst offender was a lieutenant of carabinieri. He tore my good clothes, kicked and cuffed me, and allowed the mob to do the same. It's due to him that my watch got lost in the crowd. It was a good watch, I was very proud of it. (After reflection.) If I regret one thing connected with this affair more than the other, it's that I had no occasion to use my weapon on that rascally lieutenant."

"Confound you," said the commandant, "you proved an excellent shot."

"My aim was unerring, that's one of the reasons why I was selected for the job. Others were just as eager, but lacked a sure hand. It takes an American Anarchist to do such work, for America is the Eldorado of revolver practice. In the United States little boys shoot better than uncommissioned officers in Italy."

"Yes, I'm a good shot, an excellent shot," repeated Bresci, looking from one to the other with a malicious smile.

"Enough," said the commandant, motioning us officers to leave the cell.

The assassin seized another opportunity for playing the actor when we arrived on the island. A great many people from Genoa had assembled there to see him, and a crowd was at the landing place.

This seemed to please Bresci immensely. Stepping ashore, he stretched his emaciated figure to its full length, threw out his chest, and elevated his head. Then he moved proudly forward, tingling his fetters as he went. That he was the observed of all observers, seemed to give him great satisfaction.

This was probably the last time that Bresci saw free men, for it is extremely improbable that he will leave the island alive. One reason why he was removed from the galleys was the necessity of giving him work. Bresci seemed to enjoy leisure even under the most tantalizing circumstances, reason enough why he should be forced to work. He will undergo the hardest work that ever broke a prisoner's spirit.

The discipline will be the same as formerly: absolute silence. He will never hear a human voice.

His rations will only suffice to keep him alive. He will be loaded with chains day and night. He will never see his fellow prisoners.

The slightest infraction of rules will be severely punished.—Di Venezia. From the *Philadelphia Times*, May 19, 1901.

Report from Chicago.

Comrade Emma Goldman delivered her first lecture before the Scandinavian Painter's Union, 406 Milwaukee Ave., on Tuesday, May 21. The meeting was fairly well attended. She spoke here on "Cooperation an Important Factor in the Industrial Struggle." She dwelt on the importance of the worker as a consumer as well as a producer. Why is it that so many strikes of the workers for better conditions fail? The main cause is that hitherto the trade unionists have entered the industrial arena as producers only; and the resources of the worker being limited, his needs compelled him to yield much more quickly than the capitalist. If the worker recognizes his importance as a consumer, he can greatly benefit himself by largely eliminating the profits of the middleman through cooperative consumption. She then traced the growth of the cooperative movement in England, and especially the Rochdale system. She believed in trade unionism, because they are a standing protest against the present industrial slavery of the producers; but she placed her hope more on the trade unionism of the future, when it would outgrow its present narrow limits. The lecture was well received. In reply to a question, she stated that the workers had nothing to expect from the ballot; that it was children's stocking placed periodically by the workers to be filled by Santa Claus. The result was that they had received only toys; they must depend upon themselves to improve their conditions.

Wednesday she spoke at the Free Society Club, the subject being changed to "Vice," instead of on Anarchism, as at first announced. The speaker said that at frequent intervals the vice crusaders were heard from, and not only were conservative hypocrites engaged in them, but even many radicals. The ignorance on the subject is dense. She contended that any act entered into by two individuals voluntarily was not vice. What is usually hastily condemned as vice by thoughtless individuals, such as homo-sexuality, masturbation, etc., should be considered from a scientific standpoint, and not in a moralizing way. Indeed, those most active in the moral crusades are often the "black sheep." But I cannot do justice to this lecture in a brief report. Some of the conclusions were extremely interesting, even if not accepted in their entirety; however, as FREE SOCIETY need not fear the loss of four million subscribers, its readers being more or less tolerant, I hope that space will soon be found for an extended report of this important lecture.

Sunday afternoon she spoke to the Anthropological Society at the Masonic Temple. Here the subject was "Modern Phases of Anarchism." She traced the development in the idea of Anarchism. Formerly Anarchism was considered as an economic arrangement for the future society; the idea has

gradually extended, until now it is a philosophy of life, to be applied to our daily lives. Too much importance has been laid on conditions, and not enough on the individuality of each member of society. Although the economic conditions are an important factor in the social struggle, still the power of individuality is the greatest force to be considered. It is to the individual that we must look for the progress of society. An interesting discussion followed the lecture, in which it seemed to me the governmentals but weakly maintained their position even from their own standpoint.

On Friday, May 31, the same lecture was delivered to a large and new audience in the Ghetto district, at Ruhl's Hall. The speech was excellent on this occasion, and one of the best that I have ever heard "our Emma" deliver.

Sunday morning she went to Spring Valley, where she makes a stay of a few days, and then she will return to Chicago.

I here wish to reiterate the wish, already expressed in FREE SOCIETY, that Comrade Goldman's lectures be published. I think that the lecture on "Modern Phases of Anarchism," if elaborated and published, would do much good, owing to the new departure in the line of propaganda. We must recognize that the old method of hammering away at economic conditions has proven to a great extent a failure. Although modern thought is running more and more on the lines of Anarchism, the direct Anarchist propaganda has remained almost stationary and weak, in this country at least. A departure to new methods may bring better results.

ABE ISAAK JR.

Waldheim.

There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today.
—August Spies.

These prophetic words must involuntarily have come not only to those who on Decoration Day gathered around the monument of our murdered comrades at the Waldheim cemetery, but more menacingly to those passing by in costly carriages.

As their vehicles went slowly through the crowd, their side-glances were not scornful, but their conscience-smitten faces were grim and severe as they looked upon the mass of sympathizers around the monument, and the wreaths with which the statue was decorated. They were vividly reminded of the futility of suppressing humanitarian ideals by murder and brute force—the only arguments that governments have ever been able to bring forth against ideals which aim at the abolition of master and slave, starvation and misery, war and bloodshed.

At 3 o'clock, after the wreath from Comrade Peter Kropotkin arrived, two songs were given, drawing a large crowd, after which Comrade Emma Goldman and Lucy E. Parsons spoke on the occasion, urging those present to carry on the work for freedom and human happiness—the ideal for which our comrades were strangled.

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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.

Anarchy, as a germ of political philosophy, must be taken only in its proper sense, which has nothing to do with disorder or crime, but denotes a state of society in which the rule of each individual by himself is the only government the legitimacy of which is recognized. In this sense, strict Anarchy may be the highest conceivable grade of perfection of social existence; for, if all men spontaneously did justice and loved mercy, it is plain that all swords might be advantageously turned into plow-shares, and the occupation of judges and police would be gone.—Huxley.

Notes.

July 2, 9 p. m., Comrade Emma Goldman will speak (in German) before the German Painters' Union, in an open meeting, at Lauterbach's Hall, 55 N. Clark St., on the subject, "Cooperation an Important Factor in the Industrial Struggle."

In speaking of the labor situation in France, the New York Times says that every procession of the workingmen makes the air resound with singing, and publishes two of "the favorite songs," one of which appears in this issue, and the other will be published next week. The reporter of the Times is seemingly surprised that "well-fed, well-dressed, healthy-looking" men and women, "although it is very evident that they are hard-working people," should express such sentiments.

The article "My Interview with Mr. Carnegie" by S. Mintz, which appeared in No. 310 of FREE SOCIETY, has been reprinted in a little pamphlet to be sent to comrades for distribution, at 30 cents per 100 post paid. Orders should be sent to J. A. Gillie, 864 1/2 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

Whether the interview with Bresci, as given by the Philadelphia Times, is real or fiction is hard to tell. It is certain, however, that the reference to being "selected for the job" is put into his mouth—a deliberate lie.

Note and Comment.

The St. Paul Dispatch wonders why the men in shops should have less leisure and compensation than their "servants," called public officials. There is no reason whatever why they should not, and because of

this the governments resort to clubs and bullets whenever "the men in the shops" attempt to improve their lot.

The French minister of education has recently issued a circular to all colleges and schools, forbidding instruction in French history later than the year 1875. What a lot of sensitive people these Frenchmen are! In this country we enjoy the stench coming forth from the cesspools of governmental corruption and jobbery.

During the visit of McKinley to San Francisco, the members of the Labor Council of that city submitted to him a memorial on the local industrial situation. After extending to him their "warmest personal welcome" and "profoundest esteem," their deliberate hypocrisy reaches its climax in the following sentence:

Guided by your known sympathy with the toilers and desire for their protection and advancement, you are thus enabled to observe closely and directly the dangers that menace them, and to judge the merit of the proposals made in their interest.

Such flattering compliments were too much even for Mac, and he treated their pusillanimity with silent contempt. The delegates were surprised, of course, that their "esteemed" friend had so little "sympathy with the toilers," but they are not in despair. They are to convene a conference of master and slave for the settlement of the great struggle now going on in that city between capital and labor. A "reverend" has been induced by the Labor Council to take part in the farce, "who will," says the San Francisco Tageblatt, "give the workman a funeral oration." Verily, "it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and not the tyrant the slave."

How much have the workingmen to learn from their masters—the parasites of society! There is no crawling and cringing on their side. To them it is "war to the knife"; they "will not be dictated to by the unions"; their courts hold "picketing and boycotting as flagrant violations of law," and declare all "unions are pernicious in their influence and wrong in principle." And they are consistent. There is and can be no peace between master and slave, the exploiter and exploited, unless the employees meekly submit to the dictates of the employers. Otherwise it means continual, aimless warfare between the oppressor and oppressed until one or the other is crushed. The victory of the former means complete subjugation of the latter; and not until the wealth producers abolish the cause of their burdensome life and misery, which is the monopolization of natural resources protected by law and government, will the interests of mankind be harmonized.

"The disease of the present age is not bigotry, but indifference, apathy," says a friend in a private letter. "We are just where the people were when Paganism fell, say sixteen or seventeen centuries ago." While this may be more or less correct, there is still hope for a general awakening when "well-fed, well-clothed, and healthy-looking workingmen" sing such songs as given by the New York

Times. It shows that they have higher ambitions and aspirations than simply a full stomach and good clothes, and will not rest contented until there is no "God, nor Caesar, nor tribune."

The latest news is that "monarchs are likely to form a detective force to foil regicides," and the "Anarchist clubs which make king-killing a specialty, may receive very soon an accession of new members, very radical in their views and anxious to be initiated in all the mysteries." Well, we extend a hearty welcome to these new members, some of whom may profit by listening to the discussions on sociology. But, as king-killing-a-specialty clubs only exist in the morbid and conscience-smitten minds of the monarchs, why waste so much effort and money, when they can be "initiated" in all our "mysteries" by carefully reading Anarchists periodicals and books? But the safest plan, however, is to abdicate their parasitical positions and become useful members in society.

"It ought to mean something to thinking minds that the greatest living Russian is a disciple of Henry George," we read in Justice, Wilmington, Del. (which, by the way, is one of our exchanges worth reading). But if the Single Taxers will read one of Tolstoy's latest works, "The Slavery of Our Times," they will find that this "greatest living Russian" ascribes the cause of slavery to laws. In regard to the Single Tax he says, among other things:

Those who, like Henry George and his partisans, would abolish the laws making private property of land, propose new laws imposing an obligatory land rent, will necessarily create a new form of slavery, because a man compelled to pay rent, or the single tax, may at any failure of crops or other misfortune have to borrow money from a man who has some to lend, and he will again lapse into slavery. Those who, like the Socialists, in theory, wish to abolish the legislation of property in land and in means of production, retain the legislation of taxes, and must, moreover, inevitably introduce law of compulsory labor—that is, they must re-establish slavery in its primitive form.

Reply to My Critics.

To Comrade Addis, I will say that I don't care who discovered the Movement in Favor of Ignorance, if any claimant will help to arrest the movement now. Otherwise, I submit, his alleged discovery does little good. But I don't know what is meant by "allopathy." Comrade Addis may learn from as common a book as Chambers' Encyclopedia, that the regular physician is not a sectarian or dogmatist, but a student of nature by the inductive method. Especially, he disclaims the nickname of "allopathist," invented for him by Hahnemann's disciples. They really are "homœopaths"; for it is their principle that "like cures like." But he has no rival doctrine of the same whole-sale type. Direct counteraction of symptoms is to him merely a somewhat simple and obvious method, naturally tried first, and naturally, therefore, more popular in the infancy of science than the maturity. The "antis" are quite mistaken in supposing regular physicians to be the men of routine. It is always the quack who has a cure-all. The most innocent fad of the sort, I have all along admitted, is what Comrade Addis means by "removing the cause of dis-

case instead of treating the effects"—hygiene, vague recommendations of cleanliness, temperance, and ventilation. But he is mistaken again in saying the antis originated it. The regular physician perceived the advantage of these methods, and preached it, long before homœopathy (the oldest rival school worth mentioning) was heard of. "Anti-allopathy has driven the regular physicians away from leeches, bleeding, calomel, blue mass, and horse-killing doses of quinine, jalap, and rhubarb." Well, it was, more than any one else, Hahnemann who did so—Hahnemann, a believer in vaccination, who made the success of vaccination a chief argument for his "like cures like"; Hahnemann, a regular physician, qualified, thoroughly educated, and famous, before he switched off his dogma of "like cures like"; which the profession has not generally accepted, though it did many of his innovations; but going on with its own scientific inductive method, has brought both vaccination and "like cures like," so far as the latter is true, to a rational basis, in the anti-toxin theory, which every anti with a cure-all hates,—because it succeeds where he fails. In the days of "heroic" treatment, barbers and farriers were quite as fond of it as doctors. And here is the point—to improve on the regular physicians' methods, one must have their knowledge, as Hahnemann had, and as the hygienic-pretender has not. He is a half-taught plagiarist, preaching, in an indiscriminate way, to people still more ignorant than himself, what those he affects to supersede have preached much longer, with qualifications which he (because he knows nothing about them) omits. He is no such infamous murderer for money as the Christian Scientist; yet—his cold draughts and cold baths kill a good many fellow cranks.

Comrade Addis, with trifling confusion of metaphor, accuses one of wielding the term "Movement in Favor of Ignorance," as a scare-crow club against all who advocate theories with which I cannot agree. He asks (quite justifiably) for proof that anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination are specimens of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance. I think I can give it. The last number of *Vaccination* contains an article on zymotic diseases, ending with the words, "O, doctors! Why all this terrorizing instead of shovels, and brooms, and soap and water?" Now, I affirm that this is ignorance—or else mendacity. If the writer were not ignorant, he would know that doctors have been advocating shovels, brooms, soap and water, for all they are worth, these three centuries at least. If he were not ignorant, he would know that the hygienist who says, as the same magazine lately did say, that soap, water, shovels, and brooms, are enough to prevent zymotic diseases, is a fraud. If he were not ignorant, he would know that Hindoos and Mussulmen bathe daily, lead very outdoor lives, never drink liquor or eat pork (a favorite hygienic bugaboo), and that the Hindoos are "vegs." or at least "vems"; yet they die like rotten sheep of plague, cholera, and small-pox; but the English, in the same countries, though they eat pork, drink whisky, and (while much addicted to bathing also) don't hold ablation a religious duty, have been,

since anti-toxins came in, almost entirely exempt. In a recent *Lucifer* article, my opponent, Clarkson, said he had known the worst cases, which defied all the regular physicians, cured by—some sort of quacks, about whom we are told only that they "never saw the inside of a vivisection hell." In a more recent one, which I am not allowed to answer through *Lucifer* (though I have written to E. C. Walker about it, and elicited a brilliant flash of silence), he said (quoting, with approval, some hygienic crank): "Bodily health is to be obtained by temperance, purity, cleanliness, fresh air, a contented and clarified spirit, not by inoculating toxic poisons (sic) into our veins, or from the secrets to be dug out of the brains and entrails of tortured brutes." Comrade Addis, on the same theme, we have heard already. Blue, not long since, gave a list of hygienic catchpennies which he described as teaching medicine "on advanced lines." S. D., in *FREE SOCIETY*, called anti-toxin (a thing of yesterday) "the methods of our great granddaddies" (sic). Now, I affirm that this is the Movement in Favor of Ignorance full blown. I affirm that though cleanliness, temperance, fresh air, etc., are very good things, they won't set a broken leg. But vivisection-acquired knowledge will. Nor will they prevent the plague; but anti-toxin will; as proved at Bombay. I affirm that I have read the hygienic catchpennies referred to; and that there is nothing "advanced" in them—nothing new, except, indeed, some qualified praises of still more utter moonshine, such as Mind Cure, which deserve to be considered paid advertisements, furnished by one quack to another, on the principle of "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours." I affirm that the smattering of real science they contain is not the head of Escalapius' serpent, but the tail. I affirm that a righteous Nemesis has guided the quacks in their anti-vivisection crusade, to the most invulnerable point of the healer's fortress (though the easiest to hoot and yell before), because surgery, unlike medicine, and unlike hygiene without bacteriology, is positive—very nearly exact science; and to say, like Clarkson, that a man can apply it successfully without those experiments by which alone anything has been learned about it, is too absurd for further discussion.

During the past year, I have received many private letters from anti-vivisectionists, and answered them. I usually wound up by asking, "If you had a felon on your little finger, would you have it treated by a quack or a surgeon?" "Such direct questions as dem, will upset any system of theology." Among these fanatics, many of whom had been protesting that they would cheerfully be vivisectioned themselves to discourage the practice, how many, do you suppose, either answered or owned to being convinced? Not one. I infer they could not do the former, and had not candor enough to do the latter. If a man care more for the pain in his own little finger than the pain of the vivisectioned animals, and more for that than the sufferings of all other human beings, including "more laws" and more Comstocks to enforce them; a simple argument *a fortiori* should determine the value both of his philanthropy and his Anarchism.

Comrade Addis gives me credit for naming the Movement in Favor of Ignorance; also, for showing that it is "a menace to progress, an enemy of Anarchism, a thing much to be dreaded, and so insidious that even Anarchists, Secularists, Spiritualists, and renowned scientists, are unwittingly drawn into it, and used as boosters for it." That is high praise, for which I thank him. Now, I want to show how Anarchists can be drawn into this phase of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance. In *Lucifer*, April 20, Comrade Harman says, "To my thinking the fact that vivisection and vaccination are championed by that class of medical doctors who seek to secure a monopoly of the curative art . . . is a circumstance of tremendous significance." Walker, Addis, Blue, Clarkson, Small, Kate Austin, and other writers on the same side, do not speak so plain; but the same sentiment is evident in what they say. Nor do I disclaim some sympathy with it. But these comrades read the papers to little purpose if they do not know that the Dowieites would like a monopoly just as well as the regulars. It is not a sin of regular physicians as such, but of mankind as such. The trouble is not that the regular physicians "seek" a monopoly; but that they have always, to some extent, obtained it. And why they, rather than the Dowieites? Evidently, because people think they deserve it better. And why do people think so? Rather evidently, again, because, as compared with their competitors, the real doctors do deserve it. And why? Because they practice the methods of observation, experiment, and record, by which alone knowledge is increased. Of this habit, a monopoly tends to break them; and that alone is reason enough for me to say they should not have one—though I could give others. But that is an Anarchist's view, which only Anarchists can be expected to share; and it is not reason enough why even an Anarchist should identify himself with quacks. It is in the interest of Anarchism, I have answered so many antis—otherwise I should have "let them rave." I strongly object to Anarchism's being—not made, indeed, but represented as, a tramp's hotel for all the bankrupt theories in physics and metaphysics. C. L. JAMES.

Here and There.

Private Johnson of the Ninth Regiment, a member of the Social Democracy, was found in the line of his fellow soldiers to shoot down strikers in Albany. This Socialist will certainly be a fit officer when Socialism is inaugurated.

In California five men, one of them 73 years of age, were lynched for having committed petty larceny. People in this country should by this time have learned that it does not pay to steal on a small scale.

The revolutionary movement in Russia is steadily growing. In some districts the people are in open rebellion, and in others they assume a defiant attitude.

In Spain, two Anarchists were arrested for alleged conspiracy against the precious life of the "young monarch," but were discharged for want of evidence. Twenty-eight more were arrested afterwards and put in heavy chains. No charges were made. The press ridicules the timidity and anguish of the government.

History of the French Revolution.

IX

Among victims of the unsettled period there were two whose fate connects as directly as De Launay's with July 14, and was equally little deprecated at the time. It was reported first that Foulon had died of apoplexy at Soissons, where his funeral was celebrated with pomp. Early, the 22d, some of his own people who had found him hiding on a friend's estate near Fontainebleau, brought him on foot to Paris. His hands were tied; there was a truss of hay on his back—this man, seventy-four years old, who said the people might eat grass. Berthier was arrested at the frontier, so nearly about this same time they reached Paris within few hours of each other. Foulon was the first. At the news of his arrival, all St. Antoine turned furiously out. Everyone knew his face, and hated it. At 6 a. m., he stood in the Hotel de Ville. The mob filled the neighboring Place de Greve. Lafayette exhorted the multitude to respect *la loi*. He said his opinion of Foulon was not very different from theirs! He added, Foulon must be sent to the Abbaye for trial. Men like being praised for stupidity. They applauded Lafayette's appeal to their law-abiding temper. Foulon, remembering, what they did not, that the only courts which could legally try him consisted of his own colleagues, was foolish enough to join in the applause. Instantly, suspicion took fire. A well dressed man cried, "Why try one who has been condemned these thirty years?" In a moment, the bar was carried—the prisoner hanged to a lamp-rope. Twice it broke, and he begged for mercy, before life was extinct. Berthier reached the Hotel de Ville in an open cabriolet, untouched amidst a storm of execration. A squad of National Guards set out as his escort to the Abbaye. Had he trusted to their military instinct, he might probably have been saved—as Foulon might by keeping still. But when danger became imminent, he snatched a gun from one of them, attempted defending himself, and was cut to pieces—the soldiers now joining the rabble, Berthier's and Foulon's heads, and Berthier's heart, were carried on pikes—the heart adorned with a bunch of white carnations. Of course, only one opinion should be possible about the temper of the Parisian mob. It was, in Louis the Sixteenth's time, essentially what it was in that of Henri IV, when they ate bread made of dried bones from the cemeteries to keep out a heretic king, or in that of Charles VI, when they carved the badge of Amagnacs upon their bodies.* Most royalist writers give up Berthier and Foulon. M. Taine attempts to make both of them philanthropists. A much easier mode of apology would be to allege that their greatest real crime was having planned the attack on Paris, which all except Anarchists should call their official duty. On the other hand, it may be remarked that Foulon was most hated by his tenants, who knew him best.

Shocked at excesses which they could not control, Lafayette and Bailly proposed to

* The soldier who cut out Berthier's heart was informed by his comrades that he would have to fight one duel after another until someone killed him. He was, in fact, killed the same night. As to Paris—she was always fanatical; those who say frivolous, I think, are wrong.

throw up their offices. They were persuaded to retain them by friends who assured them that the people would henceforth "respect *la loi*"; that Foulon's was a peculiar case; that a man so hated could have been protected in no city. This, then, Lafayette and Bailly seem to have believed. And in fact, France, having reached the climax of Anarchy,* was rapidly settling down to peace and quietness. An unprecedented spirit of harmony and tranquility, normal fruits of complete Anarchy, prevailed, on the whole, for many months. We have noted the good behavior of those nobles, priests, and privileged bourgeois, who chose to accept the accomplished and to stay in France. Abbé Fauchet preached to a vast congregation in Notre Dame upon that festive occasion when the Bastille was, by order of a resuscitated legislature, pulled down. Minc. sie Genlis, governess of Orleans' royal children, took her pupils to rejoice over the spectacle. The wierd eyes of De Staël beheld France with equal pleasure. Church, court, aristocracy, joined with the proletaires in the Te Deum. Some attempts to revive the measures of the crisis met with universal condemnation. During October, a baker named Francois was murdered by a mob, on charge of monopolizing flour, which was sufficiently odious during famine. The revolutionary journals united to demand punishment of his slayers. "Des Français!" exclaimed Lourietalet, who incited the riot to release the mutineers of the French guard, in July, "Des Français! non, non de tels monstres n'appartiennent a aucun pays: le crime est leur element, le gibet leur patrie." Two were hanged in the Place de Greve. Even Taine allows there were no more "jacqueries"†—not, of course, because these two men were hanged, but because the public sentiment which hanged them could revive only when the day of "jacqueries" was past. Amidst all the cooing, there was, at first, but one discordant note—a thin, subaudible, stridulous snarl, from the emigrant noblesse, through their agents at Versailles. That second semi-chorus which gradually cheered it into the roar of a hurricane, came from the Assembly. "However bad a particular government may be," says M. Taine, "there is something still worse, and that is the suppression of all government." We seem to have heard this observation before. The Assembly had heard it, and believed it—of course. All except Anarchists do. The Assembly perceived that all government had been suppressed. It did not perceive that the general revival of confidence, quiet, prosperity, and good feeling, was the consequence. Since government had been suppressed, the evident duty of the moment was to set it up again. And the results are what we have now to trace.

* The Americans in Paris at the time, the conservative French writers, and those frightened into conservatism, like Lourietalet, by the unfamiliar spectacle of Anarchy, agree that between August and October civil government had as nearly as possible ceased to exist. As indeed is evident. This was the period of tranquility and good will throughout France. New troubles began with new laws—first among them the Riot Act, passed late in October.

† Except that in sluggish Brittany for the first time, and elsewhere the second, they are started up next year, by governmental attempts at restoration. This is what forced recognition by the Assembly that the old government (hydra-headed) was dead.

On the 18th of August, after six weeks' incubation, the constitution-makers produced a document on the Rights of Man. It was imitated from the American Declaration of Independence, and designed, like that, to state first principles, which the actual work-a-day law should apply. The most important was "that everyone has a right to do as he pleases, except to injure others." Most important, that is, not because anything came or could come of it; but because there still are those who think it a great principle—among them, some who suppose themselves to be Anarchists. Many criticisms have been made upon this famous Declaration. It defies the whole previous teachings of religion, law, and morals, say the privileged classes. "All rights; nothing about duties!" cry the Comteists and other philosophers essentially conservative. To which the Assembly might well reply, "Religion, law, and morals," have taught us our duties a long while; and the bright consummate flower of their teaching was—the *Parc aux Cerfs*." Meanwhile, practical statesmen, like Burke, observe that human rights are cognizable only by human precedents; quasi-Socialist philosophers, like Dumont, that they exist by law, not it by them; metaphysicians of a later school, that they are an evolution, not an institution. Though all this runs, as it were *subaudium*, the real objection, never clearly stated until now—this definition of rights says nothing about how the rights in any case are to be maintained or even ascertained. It is metaphysical—a "view," a statement of Everything in General, which verily is Nothing in Particular. The jurisprudence of Terror will attempt reducing it to practice! Then it is not Anarchism; for Anarchism means no laws. It is Individualism, a mongrel as sterile as all others similarly produced by unnatural union of syllogistic form with the illimitable substance of emotions. For this very reason, if it does no good, it can do no especial harm. But now comes, Messieurs, a problem of actually framing something more tangible than words, which will tax your legislative skill. Under the incipient constitution, shall there be two chambers or only one? A majority incline to favor two, provided the Senate is elective. The nobles and clergy will not consent to that; so, after long debate, it is one, by a vote contradictorily stated, but, according to all accounts, overwhelming. During these discussions, "the Fourth Estate" begins to make itself felt. This Fourth Estate,—represented in the gallery, addressed by newspapers and pamphleteers,—debates political questions at its Palais Royal, and answers them; which the Assembly cannot do without it. It determined first to have only one chamber. There is only one. Had the Assembly been like the English revolutionists of 1642 or 1688, they would have perceived that what paralyzed all their own efforts was the king's instability. They would have exacted from him nomination of officers. They would have remodelled the army, the navy, the judiciary, the civil service, the departments of diplomacy and finance; and all this in name of mere temporary necessity, before attempting to construct any permanent institutions. An English or American statesman could have told them that, in this they would meet no opposition. Such counsellors were at

hand, if they had been wanted. Arthur Young was there, with the experience of England; and Gouverneur Morris, with that of America; and Mirabeau, who had studied both. He induced R6milly to send over the commons' standing orders. But the legislators did not feel their need of guidance. Those most intelligent among them—very few in number—were royalists, who wished to baffle the entire undertaking, or else democrats, who wanted another revolution and a republic. The rest were pedants, who got their history from Plutarch and their politics from Rousseau. They knew as little of means as ends. A hundred were on the floor at once.* They do not reply to each other: their shots are all in the air.† "You would hear," says a reporter, who was present, "more shouts than speeches; the sessions seemed more likely to end in fights than decrees. Twenty times, I said to myself, on leaving, that if anything could arrest and turn the tide of the Revolution, it would be a picture of these meetings, drawn without feeling or idealizing. All my efforts were, therefore, directed to represent the truth, without making it repulsive. Out of what had been a row I concocted a scene. I translated yells into words, furious gestures into attitudes; and when I could not inspire respect, I endeavored to excite sympathy." Other legislatures have witnessed things as bad as this. But it is something new that the galleries join the uproar, till a speaker proposes to give them a voice in the deliberations.‡ The Long Parliament brought the London fishwives to Westminster that these might intimidate the court party; but, when the fishwives would intimidate themselves, they bade the soldiers shoot! Brutes? Well, yes; but they were Saxon brutes. They knew what they wanted, at all events. These flighty Frenchmen have no notion. They actually believe they are the people's servants, and should obey the people. And they are right too; for the people do know what they want; which is the first condition of being obeyed. It was a dark day for dreams of a regenerated monarchy when attempts to resist their will began. That Lafayette was the leader in such resistance, may serve to illustrate what I meant by saying he had a genius for blunders.

The question of how many chambers being settled, a still more important one comes up. Shall the king's veto be absolute or limited? The aristocratic party, still numerous and wrong-headed, as had lately been proved, were for the former. They were re-enforced by many of those "moderate" men, who think, not what is true, that logic can be useful only to suggest experiments, but, what is false, that there are actual virtues in inconsistency. These muddle-headed gentry find the revolution moving too fast. And, in the very spirit of confusion, they propose to check it by the absolute veto of a king whose idiosyncrasy is never being in one mind two days together! Great was the alarm at Paris and elsewhere. Mounier, leader of rebellion at Grenoble and in the Tennis Court, is informed that 20,000 men are ready to march on Versailles and drive out those who vote for an absolute veto.

Rennes, capitol of conservative Brittany, sends up a resolution declaring them traitors. Louis was now told by somebody to propose a *suspensive* veto, good for two sessions only. The moderate men were wont, sensibly, to consult the Americans in Paris, who had done such things before; but unluckily they took for their oracle Jefferson (then U. S. minister) instead of Morris. At his house, Lafayette, Dumont, Barnave (another Grenoble patriot); Lameth, his satellite; Mounier, and three nobodies, held a caucus, Yankee fashion, and resolved to uphold the king's plan; which presently was adopted—673 ayes to 355 noes. Remember, they are much lauded for their trimming proclivities. And then observe how their makeshift worked injustice. *Imprimis*—they could not even get it passed without suppressing those very sacred "rights of man," a free speech, a free press, and assembly! The famine afforded a prospect for riots, which they seem, after the usual mean fashion of authority, to have magnified. On August 19 there were but one day's provisions in Paris. Another time, even Bailly wrote to Necker, threatening that if a supply of flour which had been stopped at Versailles were not forwarded, 30,000 men would go thither and take it. On August 30 there was a report that Mirabeau had been arrested. Fifteen hundred men, under St. Huruge, a Marquis, and a Bastille prisoner, set out for Versailles; but were turned back by Lafayette with his soldiers—perhaps the more easily because since Aug. 4 Mirabeau had begun to get suspected. He happened to be absent the great day when "abuses" were massacred. He was non-committal about the veto at Paris—supported it at Versailles. He now joins with Siey6s to speak ill of the Palace Royal people, who have begun to call themselves the Patriotic Assembly. The multitude love and trust him still. But he is attacked by the orators and pamphleteers of the Palais Royal—so is Siey6s, and so Lafayette. They resolve to strike, and, unlike imbecile Louis, do it. St. Huruge is the Mirabeau of the Palais Royal—big, noisy, magnetic, his enemies say insane. He is arrested for writing a threatening letter, which he declares a forgery. Bailly's municipal government forbids the Palais Royal meetings; Lafayette's National Guards prevent them. And now radical journals cannot be sold without a license—nor printed without danger. Caricaturing, however, is irrepressible. It sums up the situation in a cartoon group—the Patrol driving out the Patriot.

No sooner has this transformation scene been effected, than Authority, ever a coward and a liar, begins to show again the ruffian hid within. Exactly two weeks after driving back St. Huruge to Paris, Lafayette comes in consternation to tell D'Estaing, an aged admiral commanding the Body Guards at Versailles, that he has detected a royalist plot. At its head are the queen and De Bouille, who commands 20,000 reliable troops at Metz—where he afterwards put down several most formidable mutinies for arrears of pay. The king will shortly fly thither. Then Paris and the Assembly will be declared in rebellion. Reactionary nobles and bishops have pledged themselves to find \$300,000 a month for the war. De Breteuil, the home-secretary, is negotiating with

Austria. This awful news Lafayette has shrunk from proclaiming, since it would certainly cause another revolution. D'Estaing, equally dismayed, can think of nothing more hopeful than writing to the queen! But Lafayette—commander of all the National Guards, first nobleman to declare for democracy, he who by "putting down the mob," has just assumed responsibility for doing what it always does in time of need, Lafayette, whose head would be the first to fall if Bouille's designs were carried out—what will he do, now his colleague thus bids him get out of the pit he dug for himself, as best he can? Oliver Cromwell would have enclosed Versailles—king, queen, and all—with a bastioned line defended by National Guards. But though Grandison Cromwell was managing now, I absolutely fear to write, notorious as it is, that he did nothing. He continued to receive warnings enough. On the 23d of September, ten days after his interview with D'Estaing, a regiment universally believed to be in the plot, arrived from Flanders. A thousand or 1,500 regular officers were in Versailles for no ostensible purpose. They even swaggered about Paris, frightening the excitable people with the mysterious badge of a black cockade. On October 1 they were feasted in the palace Opera Hall. The boxes were filled with court ladies. At a late hour, when wine had flowed freely, Louis entered, accompanied by Marie Antoinette, who carried in her arms the dauphin, a boy of four. The band struck up her favorite air—the air of Blondel and C6ur de Lion. Every man rose to his feet. They formed "the arch of steel" over the royal family. The king, the queen, and the dauphin, were toasted with deafening shouts. Some one proposed "The Nation." A storm of hisses made answer. Suddenly, all ladies in the boxes appeared decorated with white cockades. The frantic warriors threw their tricolor badges downwards, trampled them under foot,* and received the Bourbon emblem from their charmers. These orgies were repeated the second night. Marie Antoinette had planned her *coup de theatre* very scientifically. But she lacked the promptitude and discernment of a great queen—a Theodora, a Mary, an Elizabeth, or a Catherine. Had she possessed these qualities, the royal family would have started for Metz immediately. They lingered several days—poor gilded moths, fluttering among flowers before the mouths of a cannon! One of their bullies challenged Lecointee, a local commander in the National Guard, who replied that he did not believe in dueling, but, if things went too far, he would kill any man who had insulted himself or the nation. Thus the army was again prepared to side with the populace. When the explosion comes, where will be these heroes of the white (and black) cockade? They will be hiding from women, like Falstaff in the buck basket; while the queen they swore to defend is chased by ruffians; while pole axes are raised by butchers over their king's head; while the dauphin is held up for a spectacle to poissardes and grisettes. Among the whole Body Guard, just two, privates and plebeians, will fall at the right time, like pieces of blood-letting machinery, as they are, to protect these deities from death or worse.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* Taine says they only made them white by reversing them. Why did they climb into the boxes?

* Young, June 15.

† Gouverneur Morris.

‡ *Moniteur*, September 12, 1790.

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Berkman's Case.

Another attempt will be made to release Comrade Alexander Berkman from the dungeon. An attorney of Pittsburg, Pa., John Marron, will through habeas corpus proceedings test the case before the Superior Court. Should he succeed in releasing Berkman, whose health and eyesight are failing, his fees are \$325, otherwise \$125 is all he asks for his efforts. So far the following amounts have been received for the purpose:

Stefanowitch, \$30. Roedel and Burka, \$9. Italian Camrades, \$5.10. Jacob Meyer, G. R. Unknown, O. Schwabe, M. Pehl, Ernst Schwamberger, Carl Herlitz, H. Friedman, South Side Group, each \$5. August and Carl Stein, M. Gilbert, each \$3. A Friend, Victor Runy, G. Jakobs, Jacob Heintz, John Schwamberger, A. Eberhardt, John Kau, each \$2. F. L. T. Unknown, each \$1. Total, \$111.10.

The Letter-Box.

G. E. Lind, City.—Owing to your poor English we cannot publish the article as written, and as your arguments are intended to annihilate Anarchism, we do not like to make any alterations. Have it intelligibly written and we shall try to refute your "arguments."

C. C., Boston.—As far as we have been able to learn from Australian exchanges, the conditions of New Zealand have been grossly exaggerated by the Socialist

and Single Tax press of this country, and the real estate agents of New Zealand. After the conditions had become almost unbearable the workers left New Zealand *en masse*, in consequence of which real estate became almost valueless, and it was thus that the land holders and merchants were forced to make some inducements for immigrants.

L. D. W., Lake Charles, La.—We are anxiously waiting for your articles, especially such on current topics. Greetings.

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Social Science Club, Philadelphia, \$2.
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