

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.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 338.

Standpoints.

THE OLD IDEAL: POSSESSION.

I have a knife, Panchita,
Have a care!
Who was the gallant overnight
Below your window there?

THE NEW IDEAL: FREEDOM.

Nay, blush not, Nita, do not hang your head;
Your body is your soul's own instrument,
As his is his alone, and mine is mine;
You, hate nor love can touch till you consent.
Awhile, we dreamed we loved; that dream is dead;
Together our Life's music jars; in fine,
You find in him I saw you last night with
Some notes that make your chords more great and
blythe.

I wish you well; mistakes too oft become
Fatal, eternal errors through false laws,
And rob heart strings of harmony for some,
But we, invincible, shall mould a cause.

And may we still be friends? The world says "No,"
But I affirm we shall; to limit love
Is hopeless; can a man control the Sea
Or make monopoly of skies above,
Or into selfish breast direct sole flow
Of Nature's influence? Immensity
Defies possession. Men sate anger in
Bloodshed when slayes escape, break violin
That will not any longer play their tune,
So it may make no melody again;
Well, I say to you, be gay as June,
Perform your symphony, the world shall gain.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

To Punish the Idea of Anarchism.

To his disciples Buddha tells this story:
"Long, long ago, during one of my earlier
lives, while busy with something I dared not
lay aside, a fly alighted on my bald head.
It annoyed me; my son saw, and lifting a
hammer struck the fly. But alas he also
struck me!"

It seems to me when I think of Czolgosz,
that is practically what he did. That he
was no spy is certain; that he was credu-
lous enough to believe what he heard of An-
archists, is equally certain. And one other
thing we are sure of, he had the courage to
carry out his conviction, whether good or
bad matters not now.

He saw, he said, this man representing
millions of people, praised, bowed down to,
followed from place to place by admiring
crowds; lauded, applauded, and receiving a
salary of \$50,000 a year. Perhaps too
he saw others, men by whose sides he had
worked, (who theoretically were this man's
masters,) toiling year in and out, who never
in all their lives handled that much money.
Perhaps he saw them maimed, crippled for
life, by some employer's avarice or careles-
sness, made useless to themselves and a bur-
den on those who loved them: finally seek-
ing one of the two refuges left to them—self-
destruction or the poor house. It may be
he recognized himself as one of these, and in
the mad misery of despair determined that
he would not live to die like they. Whatever
the cause, he met bravely the doom set for
him, terrible as it was.

But is it really the worst?

Even as I see him, the words he would
have spoken chopped off by those who
feared to let him speak, I see another poor
old man of eighty-five, who, after spending
seventy-two years of that in toil, receiving
from week to week barely enough to live, is
told by his employers that he can no longer
run the elevator he has managed for fifteen
years, crawl off to the garret and turn on
the gas. What did he think, this old man,
ere the cold hand of death claimed him?
What do they think, these thousands, who
are wounded and cast aside like broken
reeds? What does she think, the pale crea-
ture who stands for a moment on the brink
of the river—then is lost to be gathered
later by the river police, and carried to the
morgue? And this woman, the wife of a
worker, who gives her life that a baby may
be born into the misery of a world where
there is naught but suffering to greet it? A
pale little creature who stares out into the
world with great questioning eyes asking
forever why it was born? Or he who fastens
the rope about his neck, that shall swing
him into the eternity he knows naught of,
but which misery has robbed of its dread
for him? And most miserable of all, she who
hurries along her dead child in her arms to
beg a place to lay its bones from those who
have taken its bread?

There is no thought lost, no! not even
though it were never spoken; and if you
would know what makes Anarchists violent,
look there for your answer—for just so long
as you bolster up a system to produce such
as these, with such as these made mad
you will have to deal.

But instead of seeking out the cause and
trying to remedy the evil, you turn your
attention to the Anarchist. Oh, you say,
there are no doubt some Anarchists who
are not "militant," but we can't afford to
take risks; we must stamp out Anarchy.
The Anarchist is here; we must get rid of
him. We will punish him. How? Disen-
franchise him! says some genius. But he
has done this for himself. Deport them to
an island, ventures another. Do! and he
will make such a heaven of that island as
you never dreamed of, provided you keep off.
Burn them at the stake; take their children
away from them; and many like propositions
have been forwarded by people who seemed
vying to outdo each other in brutality.

But it remained for one to suggest, "that
every Anarchist be branded with a letter A
low down upon his forehead, so he could
not hide it." Hide it! Do you think we
would seek to hide it? Do you know what
that letter would be to us? To all the world?
It would certify that we had entered our
protest against a system whose very officers
cannot respect it. It would mean that we
received the mark that made us one with
the miners killed at Lattimer, with the men

murdered at Homestead, with the Filipinos
being murdered now because they want
freedom, with each and every soul lying
prostrate beneath the rotting machinery of
your government. No, we would not hide it;
we would more proudly wear that scar
than any king his crown, for no blood but
our own had paid for it.

"Put them all in jail!" How many jails
have you, and do you know how many you
would need?

Clearly, then no method so far suggested
is punishment for the Anarchist? No! and
none you can suggest. You may as well try
to recognize the fact that the only man you
can punish is the common criminal,—he of
your own class, who believes himself inferior
to the machinery by which you maim him.
The Anarchist knows you to be the crimi-
nal; he is not beneath but above and be-
yond your laws; he would rather be
"marked off" or even "murdered" by you
than to receive what you call honor at your
hands.

So hurry on with your laws, and do not
wait; but try to remember as you go along,
that once before in the history of the world
Nero played the fiddle while Rome burned.

MARY HANSEN.

One Who Pities Czolgosz.

I know it is impolitic, but I cannot think
it is un-Christian to feel a deep sympathy
for the young man who is so soon to pay
the supreme penalty for the taking of Pres-
ident McKinley's life. We boast of being
the best government in the world, and of
having the freest press and the right to the
freest speech; but like our Christianity it is
largely a name, not a substantial fact.

There is not a representative of the sec-
ular press so far as I have seen that has had
the courage to give space to letters or edi-
torials expressing sympathy for Czolgosz,
and the pulpit utterances would disgrace
all the so-called dangerous tenets of An-
archy. Even the press, dedicated to free
thought and speech, have had to lie low
until the spirit which now possesses the
people who stand for law and order (!)
shall have spent its mob fury.

I even find in *The Commoner* this para-
graph: "After Czolgosz is condemned and
executed, (the sooner the better)," etc. And
this from a man I have admired and hon-
ored as a leader of men and a Christian!

How little of the spirit of the master do
we find in this attitude of his professed fol-
lowers towards this young man, who, how-
ever mistaken in his act, we have no means
of judging fairly. His act, as another
teacher I have looked up to says, was
barbarous, but I do not think he looks like
a barbarian. What do we know of the im-
pelling force within which he had no choice
but to follow? I think there was some-

thing deeper than the desire to kill that was the cause of the deed. But, whatever it was, I do not see how, as humans, to say nothing of Christians, we can help standing in awe before such a soul experience as this man has gone through facing the "vengeance is mine, I will repay" of the Lord, and has yet to face by man's sentence of death.

It seems to me that before our Christian press and pulpit arraign Anarchy and Atheism, Christians—so-called—should search the inmost recesses of their own souls and see if they are not disciples of Moses rather than of the gentle Nazarene, who said, "A new law I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Deplore as we all must the act that takes a life, whether of the president or the humblest toiler of the earth, it seems to me that Christian charity should extend sympathy to this soul standing in the shadow of a great crime and a horrible death. Grant that the law of Moses is none too good for this young man, shall we who shrink from death even in "the odor of sanctity" gloat over the expiation of blood for blood?

Executive death, as we mete it out, is mere revenge, and does not even effect the repression of crime. Lynch law, without undue torture, is more humane, for the blood is hot—but the cold processes known as lawful are almost fiendish. Think of deliberately strapping a human being in a chair, making him suffer a thousand deaths in the process, beside which the final turning on of the electric current is a blessed release.

And yet we call ourselves a Christian and civilized people. We are barbarians all—not only those who execute our Mosaic laws, but we who stand by unmoved and permit them to be executed without a protest. Elbert Hubbard calls the prison guard who holds a gun "a piece of moral punk." We all seem not to be much more than "moral punk" ourselves.

For myself, I am ashamed of the age in which I live, and of the country which boasts of having reached the topmost heights of civilization.—Agnes Cameron Watson, in the *New York Times*, October 20, 1901.

— o — Cause and Effect.

You people have overdone Quay. Quay is unduly honored. Quay is not a disease. He is the symptom of a disease. Quay is not a dynamo. He is its spark. You land your blows on Quay fast and hard. Quay is unhurt. Why? Because Quay is not the offender. Quay is the offense. Quay knows that no blow that hits him as a person hurts. He puts his tongue into his cheek and goes fishing, while your wrath blues and reds the atmosphere of your village. What is Quay to you or you to Quay that you should hate him or he should fear you? Quay knows better than you do that he takes, does not give opportunity. Quay knows that all his chances are offered him in your own open palm. He knows that he does not own a dollar you have not given him, nor wield one graft or political power not granted him by you. You are his perennial source of income and influence. What does this mean, my dear friend? It means that your war is not with Quay, but with

yourself. It means that if you really wish to get rid of Quay, you must first get rid of yourself. It means that all discipleship of dirty senatorships and dirty mayoralties finally rests in you. Quay does right then when, accused, he turns accuser. . . . Do you know, fellow-fools, all the crimes we charge to the politicians are your crimes and mine on horseback. Our innocent weaknesses aggregated and taken into public life assume the nature and proportions of a colossal arrogance. They come back to oppress us. We are our damners and our saviors. Here, tonight, we have puffed ourselves red in the cheeks denouncing Quay. We can get rid of Quay any moment off-hand any moment we wish to. You are his prop. You are his apologist. You, the dear people, the apotheosized citizenship of Pennsylvania, denouncing this man with your own lips, in your own hearts are down on your knees offering him tribute. You are the ground under his feet. Not every man of you. But the big "you" as a whole,—the "you" that makes up your total Statehood. Quay is a moon-beam, a sun-ray, anything except a source of power. Quay instead of being the greatest, is in fact the least factor in the whole problem. It'll be a darned sight easier proposition to get rid of Quay than to get rid of the social ignorance, conceit and indifference that all are his creators. Quay can be got rid of by a blow. The other thing can only be got rid of by a process of growth that will try the last patience of the man who is eager to purify the State. Quay is invited to do what he does, and is then blamed by his inviters for doing what he is invited to do. You volunteer your purse to the highway man and call him a criminal if he takes it. He would be worse than an ingrate if he denied you the pleasure of being robbed. You like to be robbed. If you were not robbed, you would have no one to excite your virtue to expression. In the end, under the right focusing, Quay instead of being a malefactor, a stealer of forbidden office, is a benefactor, eating Edenic fruit provided by you, his prayerful host. . . . Let's go to roots. We've fooled long enough above the surface of this matter. Let's look into your heart, my heart, the common heart. Let's take our picks and shovels there and first clear ourselves of the debris whose existence is the primary guarantee of political transgression. I've got in my own heart a devil of a big Quay. Until I can evict the tenant, what right have I to make faces at my perfectly honest representative in Washington? For it is not Matthew Stanley Quay who is dishonest,—it is I who am dishonest.—J. Pennsylvania; I, the boasted citizenship of a mock commonwealth; I, the two and four of political iniquity whatever momentary form it may chance to take. Instead of holding public meetings to denounce Quay, we should hold meetings in his honor. We should apologize to Quay for all the hard words we have addressed to him. We should recognize in his face our own lineaments, and in his career the average ideal. Quay? Quay is essentially Pennsylvania. Quay is the high and low tide of your common honor. A few men may ascend, a few descend from the Quay level. But Quay is present Pennsylvania. To speak of either one is to speak of the

other. Whether you take off your hat to Quay, or to the coat-of-arms or the State, the act is in effect of one color. That is why I say the fight is not Quay versus Pennsylvania, but Pennsylvania versus Pennsylvania. That is why I venture the cruel paradox that each Pennsylvanian is his own Quay, and that in order to get rid of Quay he must first dust out the neglected corners of his own heart.—Horace H. Traubel, in the *Philadelphia Conservator*.

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The Deportation of Anarchists.

I have never been a full blown Anarchist; but what has taken place in the last few weeks has come near making me one. Prisons, sheriffs, soldiers, scaffolds, and electric chairs have not kept me from Anarchism. Rather would they drive me to it. The United States postal system, the agricultural department, and life saving stations have shown me what associated effort could do and led me to hope that in time the government might evolve into a beneficent institution. And even yet, notwithstanding the cruel, insane terror which has followed the shooting of President McKinley, I have hope. I shall continue to hope unless the people of this country show themselves so blind and deaf to the lessons of the past and to reason as to decide on the deportation of Anarchists. Then I shall give up hope of any present improvement and beg to be taken along with the first ship load.

Hysteria seems as good a word as any to apply to the utterances of the average newspaper regarding Leon Czolgosz. At first a howl went up for "keeping Anarchists out of the country." Then when it was discovered that Czolgosz was born in this country the cry was changed to "carry them out." A commission must be appointed "to define Anarchy" and then all who declared themselves Anarchists according to the definition of the commission must be shipped off somewhere by themselves. Fine scheme! Let us hope by all means it will be carried out or at least started. By the time the commission has settled on a definition by which to test supposed Anarchists it will have collected a mass of valuable information.

The people who have been thirsting for the blood of Leon Czolgosz and are now exulting in the fact that his body has been dissolved in quick-lime forget the old song which tells us

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave
His soul is marching on.

For the time men have seemed like fiends. Editors who, for years, have advocated the abolition of the death penalty, with gentle, humane, and eloquent reasoning, seemed to forget all their own teachings and fairly gloat over the anticipated execution. One of this class who has been particularly forcible and persistent against capital punishment spoke of how short the assassin's trail would be and added exultingly—"and then the electric chair."

Another of these same gentle and humane opponents of the death penalty when in his right mind, said in his madness:

Iscariot Czolgosz, as he says, having "done his duty" can rely upon the American people to do their duty. But was there ever such an unequal exchange of a life for life?

It is said that the warden of the prison was overwhelmed with requests for invitations to witness the execution.

Under the heading "Assassin's Last Hours" one paper tells us:

Warden Meade is still much engrossed in preparing the list of invitations to the execution, which will be issued in a day or two.

Everybody with political pull has besieged the warden, superintendent of prisons, United States senators and the governor for permission to attend. The limit prescribed by law will not be exceeded.

Murder is shocking, but for cold-blooded cruelty a State execution exceeds anything in the line of killing. Czolgosz did a cruel and treacherous deed, but he may have been impelled thereto by grand and self-sacrificing motives. At least he did what he did alone, knowing it would cost his life. But this thing called Electrician Davis—can it be human? What shall we say of it? Read this and say whether any human being, anything with a head that can feel, could do what is here set down:

The chair in which Czolgosz will sit to receive the deadly electrical shock was examined and tested today by State Electrician Davis and is ready for the part it is to play in the final scene of the great tragedy. Davis carefully examined the wiring switchboard and electrodes and satisfied himself that they were in good condition. He also inspected the dynamos in the prison shop where the current is generated, and at his direction the current was for a brief period sent pulsating into the deathhouse as it will go on Tuesday morning, carrying final punishment to the assassin.

Electrician Davis will look the apparatus over again tomorrow and review with the prison officials the plan under which the sentence of death is to be carried out. Czolgosz will be the fifty-ninth man in the State and the fifteenth at Auburn prison at whose execution Davis has applied the current.

This thing appears again in this account of the execution:

Standing within six feet of him, but concealed by a wooden partition, to his right and in the rear of the chair, stood the executioner, his hand clutching a knob on the switchboard affixed to the partition, ready to turn on the current of electricity that would put an end to the existence of the president's slayer.

Once in the chair short work was made by the trained assistants of the executioner in affixing the apparatus to his limbs and head, and connecting the wires that descend from the roof of the conical metallic cap placed on the head of the prisoner with the arms and legs of the chair which were sheathed with active electrical conductors.

A hurried examination was made to see that everything was all right. Then the warden with a handkerchief in his hand, signaled to the executioner that all was ready.

Electrician Davis turned on the fatal current, and in a moment, which seemed to the tense minds of the witnesses an eternity, the assassin of William McKinley was a lifeless corpse.

And yet again, after the execution, it comes into view and makes this statement:

I used 1,700 volts of electricity, turning it into the body at full voltage for seven seconds, and then slowly reducing it for forty-five seconds. Then I threw the full voltage on again for eight seconds. Then at the suggestion of Dr. McDonald, I turned it on again for a few seconds. I did not think there was any necessity for the third contact, and the lack of resistance shown when it was administered proved that life was extinct. The body showed eight amperes of resistance. That is a little more than would be given by a larger or stouter man where the current could have more chance to percolate. It was as successful an execution as I have ever operated at in all my experience.

Do you wonder that I asked if such a creature could be human? Fifty-nine times it has stood, after careful planning and preparation, ready at a given signal to turn on the current which would burn out a human life. Compared to such a being Leon Czol-

gosz seems to me grand, noble, and brave. I am filled with loathing unspeakable when I think of Electrician Davis. "It was as successful an execution as I have ever operated at in all my experience." And it might have added, "This is the fifty-ninth person I have killed."

While legally the killing of Leon Czolgosz was not murder, the psychological effect on the community of the premeditation, anticipation, preparation and execution is the same as though it had been murder, and the amount of murder that has been put into the mental atmosphere thereby, is beyond all computation. If a crop of murderers does not grow therefrom, it will be because of failure of the law that seeds produce after their kind; and that law never fails. So let Electrician Davis and Hangman This, That and the Other get ready to reap the crop they sow. The more of such work they do the more there is to be done.

At the end of the story of the execution one of the papers adds: "The witnesses filed from the chamber many of them visibly affected." How strange! I seems they were human, after all, but if they were how could they desire to see a human being put to death?

Perhaps I seem to have strayed far from "The Deportation of Anarchists," but it is only in seeming. I wanted, if possible, to show to some who have advocated that measure what manner of spirit they are of and the sort of company they are in. Probably by this time many who talked that way in their excitement have seen the absurdity and impossibility of any such scheme. However, as I said in the beginning, when the deportation begins I speak for passage with the first ship load.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Coined Blood.

In *World's Work* Irene M. Ashley says she saw in January, 1901, (the first year of the twentieth century of Christianity,) "white children, [why name color?] six or seven years of age, working for twelve hours a day in an Alabama cotton mill, aroused before day break and toiling till long after sundown in winter, with only half an hour for rest; and little children are called on to endure the strain of all-night work, and are sometimes kept awake by the vigilant superintendent with cold water dashed in their faces."

Black blood was never so brutally coined into money, as by the aid of CHURCH AND STATE is turned out by the "gold standard" today. In the times of black slavery "the political power and the wealth of the South lay in our hands of the secessionists. THE CLERGY THREW THEIR WEIGHT ON THAT SIDE, PREACHING THAT SLAVERY, GOD'S ORDINANCE, WAS IN DANGER." (History of the United States, by E. Benjamin Andrews.)

The talk and fuss of the parsons and millionaires about the reconciliation of Capital and Labor is nothing but a deep planned scheme to dust the eyes of the producers—reconcile the robbed and the robbers—the ox with the butcher; bah! rot! The paper says Rockefeller will endow a "political economy school for working men's sons," in which of course politics and economy will be taught.

Rockefeller's school will not teach the students that Labor gets less than two cents for producing, packing and delivering a gallon of his coal oil, and consumers are charged 20 cents, more than 18 cents being coined blood. The slavery of the workers today is far more iniquitous than when bricks had to be made without straw. The workers then received a much larger proportion of their products than they do in the year of OUR LORD, BISHOPS and GOLD, 1901.

Carnegie is finding his coined blood from the Homestead blow-holes rather too heavy on his mind, so he has started the library route to heaven.

Every man and every woman now satisfied with existing conditions is a positive obstruction to the moral progress of the human race.

KINGHORN-JONES.
San Francisco, 36 Geary Street.

A Word.

Our friend Celia B. Whitehead in her article of this issue makes the statement that she has never been a full blown Anarchist, because she believed that the United States postal system, the agricultural department, and the life saving stations, have shown her what associated effort could do and led her to hope that in time government might evolve into a beneficent institution.

Our friend forgets that all these beneficent associations were started through the voluntary effort of individuals. When they were taken up by the government, they became more or less impotent, and failed to fulfil impartially their original tasks. It is easy to run a business like the postal department, when it is supported by compulsory taxation. Any undertaking is only then successful when it supports itself.

Even the Red Cross societies were hampered after they came under the tutelage of government.

A Comparison.

Two newspaper paragraphs in close proximity attracted our attention recently. One announced the arrangements for the electrocution of Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley. The other announced that a white mob had just lynched a Negro by burning him alive, at Ballstown, Louisiana. Now the only difference that we can see between the crime of Czolgosz and the crime of these lynchers lies in the color of the victim. Stay, there is just one other difference. Czolgosz was a brave man in comparison with the lynchers. He acted alone, courted certain death, and ran the risk of being torn to pieces on the spot; while the crowd of two hundred lynchers took their recreation with comfort and safety. It will not do to say that the lynchers believed their victim to be guilty, for Czolgosz had the same opinion of President McKinley. There was no trial in either case, no form of law, no security for justice; and each act was an act of assassination.—London *Freethinker*.

Prosperity is the very best dish in the world; but it does not prove us. It fattens and strengthens us, just as the sun does. Adversity is the inspector of our constitutions; she simply tries our muscle and powers of endurance, and should be a periodical visitor.—George Meredith.

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A. ISAAC.....PUBLISHER

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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.

Albeit they never weary of repeating that Anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not even our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects and machinations they impute to us, make an incessant propaganda in our favor?—Elise Reclus.

Defense Fund.

A number of comrades were arrested on various pretexts during the popular clamor. Of these the Home comrades, Larkin, Govan, and Adams, G. Ciancabilla, editor of *L'Aurora*, and John Most, editor of *Freiheit*, are still in the hands of the authorities. A vigorous defense is being carried on in each case; but funds are needed for this purpose. An appeal is therefore sent out. It is hoped the comrades everywhere will contribute to the extent of their ability.

O. A. Verity is secretary of the defense committee at Home, Wash., and he will receipt for all contributions sent there. The trial of the Home comrades will take place some time in February.

Contributions for Comrade Ciancabilla's defense should be sent to *L'Aurora*, Box 203, Spring Valley, Ill.

The Workingmen's Defense Association has charge of John Most's appeal. The secretary is Ed. Brady, 182 E. 82d St., New York, N. Y.

Materialism and Economics.

What a falling down from high places of power and luxurious ease of the finely groomed loafers, both male and female; and what a rising out of the cesspool of poverty into the warmth and cheer of generous plenty there will be, if the working victims of the finely groomed loafers ever discover the fact that the three necessary essentials needed to maintain human life on this planet—food, shelter, and raiment—only come into existence, as such, when man applies his mental and muscular energy—labor—to natural resources, and that these things by right belong to those only whose labor produce them; and for this reason, in justice to themselves, they refuse to further share the fruits of their labor with any person, save such as are immediately dependent on them for support: their offspring, those whom reason points to as worthy of of generous aid, the mentally or physically incapacitated, and those temporarily unfortunate,

But is it probable that the workers will ever awaken to consciousness and become truly selfish? The logic of past and present events indicate that such an awakening will not only occur, but that now forces are at work causing the workers to rouse from their lethargy. The material philosophy that has risen in the modern intellectual world, as expressed by Spencer, Darwin, Buchner, Tyndal, Huxley, Hegel, LeConte, Lamarck, Andrews Kropotkin, Proudhon, Warren, Bakunin, Marx, Paine, Gibbon, Voltaire, Volney, and their disciples, has caused an unrest in the slumbers of the workers; as is evidenced by the prevailing international industrial disturbances expressed through Trade Unionism.

That modern philosophy—materialism—will force recognition of the fact that the economic problem is the paramount problem of human life. The first fruits of our modern material philosophy is the yielding of veneration to iconoclasm; and as a result dogmatism and absolutism are losing control of the mind and action of men in the realms of religion and politics; and liberalism and eclecticism are becoming operative. For this reason the workers are becoming materialistic, atheistic, self-conscious, utilitarian, assertive, aggressive, ambitious, individualistic, and consequently more Anarchistic, that is more determined to throw off authoritative restraint, as each generation rises to take the place of its vacating predecessor. Modern philosophy could not avoid disturbing the workers, when directing thought to the economic problem, because is purely material. It is not only probable that they will awaken to consciousness and discover the fact that their labor, applied to natural resources, produces all wealth, and that according to the natural law of compensation, but contrary to man made law, wealth belongs only to those whose labor produces it, because it is nature's compensation to the individual in return for an intelligent expenditure of his energy, but it is likewise probable that they will keep the wealth they produce within their circle, thus leaving the idler to make the best terms with nature that he can. Thus the material philosophy of the time is as threatening a menace to the life of Statecraft, as it is to priestcraft, because the need for Statecraft—authoritative government—arose when the right of an individual to exclude all other individuals from a given portion of the earth was recognized. Present economic conditions arise from the present method of dividing the evil among men—a method which enables some to get possession of more than their share. Labor suffers from these conditions. As labor becomes conscious of its suffering, it will endeavor to relieve itself. The cause of its suffering is rooted in the State. The State forces inequality of access to the source of production—the soil; and as the State in turn is rooted in the institution of property, and it being the economic problem, the material philosophy of the moderns, by directing thought to the problem, is destroying the State. Through the economic problem it is deadening the main root of government—property. Conscious of their impending danger, those in positions of authority and propertied ease, that is posses-

sors of wealth, but ignorant of the cause of the danger, seek to destroy the interpreters—the Anarchists—of the philosophy of the age—thinking by doing so they are protecting themselves and perpetuating their grip on the ignorant workers. What folly! The natural law of change is immutable, inexorable. Thought as all else, is subject to change. As Humboldt states it, "Our ideas take possession of us, not we of them." To preserve the State from decay, maintain present economic conditions, and keep the workers in ignorance and servility, the loafers in society must kill thought, suppress philosophy, and stop the inexorable natural process of change instead of attempting to destroy the interpreters of the philosophy—the Anarchists. This is beyond human power to do. They are doomed to lose their easy place on the back of labor. Their easy positions and their protector—the State—is slipping from under them, because labor is awakening.

CON LYNCH.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Missionaries.

(Opinions of the famous chief, "Red Jacket," "Last of the Seneca Indians.")

In a private conversation between "Red Jacket," Colonel Chapin, and myself (the author), in 1824, I asked him why he was so much opposed to the establishment of missionaries among his people. The question seemed to awaken in the sage old chief feelings of surprise; and, after a moment's reflection, he replied, with a sarcastic smile, and an emphasis peculiar to himself: "Because they do us no good. If they are not useful to the white people, why do they send them among the Indians? If they are useful to the white people, and do them good, why do they not keep them at home? They are surely bad enough to need the labor of every one who can make them better. These men know we do not understand their religion. We cannot read their book; they tell us different stories about what it contains, and we believe they make the book talk to suit themselves. If we had no money, no land, and no country to be cheated out of, these black-coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. The Great Spirit will not punish for what we do not know. He will do justice to his red children. These black-coats talk to the Great Spirit, and ask for light that we may see as they do, when they are blind themselves, and quarrel about the light which guides them. These things we do not understand, and the light they give us makes the straight and plain path rode by our fathers dark and dreary. The black-coats tell us to work and raise corn; they do nothing themselves, and would starve to death if somebody did not feed them. All they do is to pray to the Great Spirit; but that will not make corn or potatoes grow; if it will, why do they beg from us and from the white people? The red men knew nothing of trouble until it came from the white man. As soon as they crossed the great waters they wanted our country; and, in return, have always been ready to teach us how to quarrel about their religion. 'Red Jacket' can never be the friend of such men. The Indians can never be civilized; they are not like white men. If they were raised among the white people, and learned to work

and to read as they do, it would only make their situation worse. They would be treated no better than Negroes. We are few and weak, but may, for a long time, be happy if we hold fast to our country and the religion of our fathers."

"Red Jacket," in council, in reply to the proposal to establish a mission among his people, said, with inimitable severity and shrewdness: "Your talk is fair and good. But I propose this. Go, try your hand in the town of Buffalo for one year. They need missionaries if you can do what you say. If, in that time, you shall have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people."—McKenney's "History of the Indian Tribes."

Meeting Report.

The Chicago Philosophical Society held its first Sunday evening meeting at 26 E. Van Buren St. on November 24. The meeting as a whole was exceedingly successful. The meetings will continue every Sunday evening. The hope is expressed that all who can will attend and participate in the discussions.

Mr. T. J. Morgan spoke on the "Historic Basis of Socialism." The following is about the gist of his remarks:

I will deal with my subject in a manner that will suggest new lines of thought, rather than go into explanation and detail.

I learned at the anthropological exhibit at the World's Fair that mankind began in a hole in the ground. I take it that the first thought of the savage when alone was self-preservation, and when he met another doubting his safety killed and ate him. The first modification of this impulse was when the child became recognized; self preservation was enlarged to the family, and later included the tribe; for untold ages the stranger to a tribe was always an enemy to be destroyed or enslaved. Finally a combination of tribes brought into being the nation as we now know it; and our patriotism is the hatred of a stranger barred by an invisible line. This national idea involves individual and national superiority, and the natural sequence of the idea of superiority is the right to rule the inferior. This is the foundation of the rules that regulate mankind.

The primitive individual right of physical force as evidenced by the Wages of Battle developed into class physical force. When the rule of superior physical force was transferred from the individual to the class, the thought of enslaving the inferior dawned.

Plato said in speaking of the slaves that these men who feed and clothe us are not our brothers but inferiors—beasts of burden. This thought dominated the world until Christ came and said to these men that feed and clothe us, you are our brothers. Socialism says that the right of intellectual superiority when used to oppress the mentally weaker is as pernicious as the physical. Society now says we can enslave the mentally inferior.

Theologically we are all brothers—that is the principle is to be applied hereafter, not here. The eye of the law perceives no distinction between men, but the eye of the

judge does. The dinner pail and the large bank book do not fare alike before the judge. Socialism batters down all barriers and makes all mankind one; gives every man a right to work. Without this right to work—religious, legal, and political equality are of no avail. If you cannot use your physical superiority to oppress, you cannot use your mental, you shall not lay your hand or your mind on your fellow man's means of existence.

A. Isaac said that he did not admit the mental superiority of the ruling class. They rule because they have the laws and its instruments behind them.

Copeland said environments make the man. You cannot raise a lily in a smoke house, you cannot raise an honest man in commercialism. The man is developed under the system—you must get rid of the system. Single Tax will make land laws obsolete. Take the public utilities—makes the law of carriers obsolete. Kill commercialism—law of business will be obsolete. Exit all law.

In reply to critics Mr. Morgan said, when a man hears himself as others hear him he fails to identify himself. My critics have looked at me through their own spectacles. He further said that it is idle to go into the minutiae of a statement when it is substantially correct.

The highest individualism is not found in the isolated member of a class but in the interdependence of a class.

Socialism is recognized by the best minds of our time. The comprehension of what it all means is becoming known now. At a late election in Berlin, which city has sixteen political divisions, thirteen were carried by Socialists, and this right under Emperor William's nose.

Here and There.

On November 24 the Boston comrades held a meeting. George Brown of Philadelphia lectured on "Anarchism and Violence." Owing to a long and severe rainstorm, the meeting did not come up to expectations.

A circular letter announces a new Anarchist monthly publication, *Freeland*, to be edited by Steven T. Byington. The address is 89 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The union miners of Covington, Ky., have not been intimidated by Judge Hall's brutality. The judge succeeded in breaking up their camp through the help of the militia, but the miners are still camping near the mines and declare that they will only give way to brute force.

Residents of Sharon Hill, Pa., are fighting a compulsory vaccination order of the local Board of Health. A fine of \$25 was threatened in case of refusal to be vaccinated within a certain number of days. Owing to the opposition the board has apparently receded from its position.

The memorial meeting in London, which was prohibited by the police, was designed not only to commemorate the Chicago martyrs, but to protest against the Boer war. Peter Kropotkin, Enrico Malatesta, F. Kitz, Louise Michel, H. Kelly, and others were to speak.

A conference of Scottish Anarchists is to

be held in Glasgow on January 1, 1901.

Comrade Luigi Granotti has been sentenced to life imprisonment in Milan, as an accomplice of Bresci, during his absence. His whereabouts are unknown.

In Germany the army of the unemployed is increasing rapidly.

Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionary" have been translated into Dutch.

The annual Congress of the Spanish Federation of the Societies of Resistance was held on October 13, 14 and 15, under animated circumstances. The masons and other workers in the building trade were on strike for the purpose of gaining an eight-hour day, and all the other trades threatened to come out on a general strike by way of assistance; the fishermen of Galicia, toilers of the sea, came to actual battle with the police and soldiers. The workers of Seville organized a general strike there, caused a complete cessation of labor and traffic, and, resisting the troops heroically, forced the government to proclaim a state of siege. In anticipation of these events, the Congress sanctioned a general strike throughout Spain if justice was refused. As a consequence of this attitude the masters of Barcelona accorded an eight-hour day to their workmen, the duke of Veraguas, minister of the marine, went himself to Galicia to treat with the fishermen, and the military governor of Seville obliged the owners of the "Cartuja" factory to cancel the lockout which had been the original cause of the general strike in other trades. This, however, did not prevent the Andalusian, Catalanian and Galician authorities from undertaking an iniquitous crusade against the most active of our comrades, several of whom were imprisoned. Let us hope that, through the energy of their fellow comrades, they may soon be released. The Congress broke up after having counselled determined resistance to capitalism and political parties, and after most of the delegates present, and especially those of Catalonia and Andalusia, had praised the spirit of Anarchism. Our Spanish comrades keep to their project of soon forcing on the social revolution by means of a general strike throughout the entire country. If only they could find active imitators in other parts of the world!

Let us note the appearance of voluminous work, "The Militant Proletariat: Memoirs of an Internationalist," from the pen of our excellent comrade Anselmo Lorenzo, the veteran revolutionary Spaniard and comrade of Bakunin, Fanelli, Jung and so many other founders of the International. Lorenzo, who has taken part in every struggle of the Spanish militant proletariat, has written so interesting and full an account of these matters that his book has great documental value, not alone as a study of the Spanish movement, but of that in all countries. We would welcome an early translation of this work into English.—*Freedom*.

The books of every theological system narrate acts of the grossest cruelty, which are, without hesitation, ascribed to the direct interposition of God.—Buckle.

History of the French Revolution.

XXVIII

If its leaders get to fighting, he will perish who knows least what it wants at the time. A secure government should, however, combine as many ways of pleasing it as possible; for which reason none is less easily overthrown by its means than a democracy. Robespierre, a narrow-minded fanatic, proposed to destroy whatever did not suit his own notions, and his power, raised on so slender a basis, was predestined to fatal overthrow. On the day he slew such a friend to the proletariat as Chaumette, he made the proletariat, if not exactly an enemy, at least what it had not been, a lukewarm, unreliable ally. According to Barras, not a good authority, but indorsed by Prieur of the Coté d'Or, Danton went on blundering. He quarreled with Vadier, Amar, Barere, and other members of the committees, and threatened to assail them in the Convention, instead of promptly doing it. There is also in circulation what seems an older version of this story. On the night of March 31 he was arrested. The same net had swept in his friends Desmoulins, Westermann, and Philipeaux, whose tirade against the generals in Vandée was, according to Barras, the immediate cause of Danton's quarrel with the Committees; Séchelles, the brilliant *ci-devant*, cousin of the Polignacs, advocate general of the old parliament, where his friendship with Danton began, once favorite of the queen's, but Bastille hero;—and others of less note. The tremendous news shook Paris like an earthquake. In the Committees themselves there was recalcitrance. Lindet and Ruhl refused to sign the later warrants. Even the disciplinarian Carnot made a protest. In the Convention, Legendre maintained that Danton ought to be heard before that body. He was put down by Robespierre—a strong proof that the latter made the bargain which has covered his name with infamy. Barere, of course, supported Robespierre. A plot to liberate the prisoners was formed by Dillon, brother of him whom the troops murdered for a traitor in April, 1792. It was fatal; for it fixed on Danton and his friends the damning charge of being loved by the royalists and *ci-devants*. The beautiful wife of Desmoulins incautiously trusted Legendre, the only Conventionist who had dared a word; and either fear or misguided patriotism made him tell Billaud.* Nevertheless, on April 2 a

* The *mouton* Laflotte, himself a suspect, as Dillon also was, had already got some wind of this. But the letter to Legendre, which clinched the nail, explains also those views taken of the matter by the two interesting victims (see below). The Barras-Prieur story about Danton's threats has been used as an argument in Robespierre's favor. According to the older legend, in Alison, Carlyle, etc., Danton was warned on the night of his arrest by his friend the jurymen Paris, as Barras says he was by Barras himself, and replied in nearly the same words. If however, Barras tells the truth this time, as Prieur attests, then the Committee's action was an eleventh-hour step provoked by Danton, not the result of a plot! This, however, does not follow. Varennes was pursuing Danton with "a horrible hatred." Robespierre was Danton's friend. They made the bargains. With Robespierre, Varennes secured St. Just, Couthon, and Barere. D'Herbois he was sure of already. They wanted one more vote to make a majority; and may well have waited a few days to let Danton procure it for them, as they must have foreseen he would. The vote he won for them was Prieur's. Séchelles' arrest may have been to make "sicker."

vast concourse, in very uncertain humor, surrounded the place of trial. Danton's thundering voice was heard across the Seine. To cast odium on him and his friends they were indicted with a lot of common spies and thieves. Chabot and Bazire were in the "fournée"—the former accused of that very uncivic crime stock-swindling. The report against Danton, drawn up by St. Just, charged principally intrigues with Mirabeau, Orleans, Dumouriez, and others. After vainly demanding proofs, Danton proposed to call witnesses and spoke of private revelations which he could make. Tinville, and the infamous Judge Hermann, took alarm. They persuaded the chief prisoner to accept a recess while they addressed the Convention for an act like that which silenced the Girondists. The other accused persons made spirited answers. Westermann said he had seven wounds in front, but this was the first from behind. Desmoulins replied to the question about his age "thirty-three; a fatal one to revolutionists—the age of the sansculotte Jesus, when he died." On April 5, at 4 p. m. the decree was received. The populace clamored; and some of the young protested. The court adjourned in haste; and next morning forced a verdict, which was executed about sunset. From the whirl of excited minds sprang a shower of memorable though disconnected words. "I was the statesman of Europe," said Danton. "They think they can do without me. They little imagine the void I shall leave. I drag down Robespierre in my fall.* . . . It is just a year ago I was instrumental in creating the Revolutionary Tribunal. I ask pardon of God and man. I intended it as a measure of humanity, to prevent recurrence of the September massacres. I did not mean that it should prove a scourge." "Despite my execution," wrote Desmoulins, "I believe in God. My blood will wash out my sins, the weaknesses of my humanity; my virtues, my love of liberty, whatever of good I possessed, God will reward." Danton apparently had no such consolations. "My name is sufficiently known in the French Revolution," he told the judges. "My abode will soon be in the Inane; my fame will live in the Pantheon of history." Yet in the tumult, he behaved better than his friend. Desmoulins, tortured by the thought of his family, to whom he had written touching words, had conceived a vain hope of rousing the people again, as on July 12. The man, but not the hour, was there! Danton laughed, shouted, sang, defied the enemies whom he despised, and sneered at the multitude whose limitations he well knew. At recollection of his wife, he checked himself saying—"No weakness!" At not being

* Readers of Greek history may remark the close parallel with the last words of an Athenian politician, under circumstances very like. They should not omit to notice that the tyranny of the Forty oligarchs was far worse, with far less excuse, than that of the Twelve sansculottes; and that it was so because oligarchy produces a worse type of badness than even long oppression. The Attic Reign of Terror was not created by fear of foreign conquest but best for domestic plunder. It was not headed by a narrow-minded half-learned doctrinaire, but a statesman, philosopher, and poet; the friend of Xenophon, the kingman of Plato, the pupil of Socrates. Yet while Danton was, out of comparison, a better man than Theraemenes, it would be unjust, even to Robespierre, to mention him in the same breath with Critias!

allowed to embrace Séchelles, he gave way for a moment to indignation, but quickly relapsed into disdain. "Show the people my head," he told Samson, "it is worth seeing." Thus died, the in the noblest of causes, the best champion of freedom whom the crisis of his time produced. It was not until 1892 that Paris possessed a statue of this Cloud Compeller who buried her domestic foes under Ætna, whose golden chain kept her craven legislature from deserting her, whose flanking bolts turned back the hosts of Europe from her gates. Yet even in the worst days of calumny, as I can remember, even an Albion was unable to relate the acts and death of Danton without exciting admiration for those virtues, imperfect as human nature is, but sound and genuine to the core, which saved France once from the doom prepared by cowards, and achieved the martyr's triumph to save her from sharing the suicide of demagogues.

By this atrocious deed, Robespierre seemed lifted from the oracle of the Club into the ranks of great bad men. Those who abhorred his conduct were afraid of him. Those who justified it, saw he had managed better than they could. He had foiled the priests' conspiracy against the Thiers Etat. Through the self-denying ordinance, he probably saved France from a weak oligarchy headed by the incapable Lafayette. Altogether opposed at first to the death penalty, he discovered its revolutionary utility. His good sense had been too much for Vergniaud's eloquence, his management for Barere's fickleness, his resolution for Barboroux' and Louvet's fiery zeal. He had extinguished Girondism. He had proved to have a better hold on Paris than even Chaumette, and on the Convention than even Danton. By himself and others, he was considered the creator, the responsible guardian of the Republic. He was severe enough to inspire terror. Yet he was known to favor mercy. From henceforth, as men of dramatic genius have observed, the Revolution assumes the character of a personal tragedy. Varennes and D'Herbois, as politically honest as Robespierre, equally thankless (Varennes began public life under Danton's patronage), and less hampered by theories, were not disposed to let Robespierre rule. But all power comes in the first instance from the mob, and falls into the hands of individuals because only at great crises is the mob united. To proclaim authority extinct with the fall of those who last abused it, is glory reserved for some better man than Robespierre or his colleagues. He inwardly disliked the Terror, looked forward longingly for the day when Moderation would become popular, and proposed no doubt to make a last hecatomb of the thieves and the murderers—Fouché and Varennes together:—but he knew the time was not yet, and, having slain Danton for Moderation, was under obligation to be pure from this taint himself until the fashion changed. The guillotine accordingly wrought with enormously increased energy. In January Paris had witnessed eighty-two executions. In shorter February, when Danton's influence was greatest, the number only fell to seventy-five. But in March, there were 123, a daily average of almost four. In April, a shorter month, there were more than double that number—263. In May, the total in-

creased to 324. Beyond that we will not look at present, for during the last six weeks of his life Robespierre, thoroughly sick of blood, perceived the people were also sickened. "Death, death!" he exclaimed, "nothing but death! and the scoundrels lay it all to me. What a memory I shall leave if this lasts! Life is a burden." By the scoundrels I suppose he meant Varennes and D'Herbois. To them, therefore, he gladly gave the odium of making their last month in power the bloodiest. What history will not forgive him for is that, to secure his own safety and standing, he acted with them in the massacre of those who, like Danton, had the strongest personal claims upon him. The widow of Camille Desmoulins was sister to one of his rather numerous sweethearts. The fate of Dillon overwhelmed her with remorse. "I have been the cause of your death," she said to him, as they left the Conciergerie. "You have been the pretext," courteously replied the friend of Marie Antoinette. She had addressed a most affecting appeal to the man whom she regarded as a brother. Her mother next assailed him with the bitterest reproach. "Robespierre," are her despairing words, "is it not enough to have murdered your best friend: do you desire also the blood of his wife—of my daughter? Your master, Fouquier Tinville, has just ordered her to be led to the scaffold. Two hours more, and she will not be in existence. Robespierre, if you are not a tiger in human shape, if the blood of Camille has not inebriated you to the point of losing your reason entirely, if you recall still our evenings of intimacy, if you recall to yourself the caresses you lavished upon little Horace, and if you remember that you were to have been my son-in-law, spare an innocent victim! But if your fury is that of a lion, come and take us also, myself, Adele, and Horace. Come, come, and let one tomb reunite us!" Robespierre made no reply. The widow of Camille went to the guillotine in one tumbril with the widow of Hébert, who is not likely to have been guilty of anything worse than mourning for her husband. Chaumette, Gobel, and fifteen others went with them April 16. Lucille Desmoulins' beauty, which she had adorned so as to render it more striking, her cheerfulness and courage, excited universal admiration. Her mother and Adele were not sent after her. Readers of English history may be reminded by this tragic scene how Papists were hanged and Protestants burned with impartiality under Cromwell's Reign of Terror. But Robespierre was not Henry VIII. He took no pains to make a screen of "his master" Fouquier Tinville. Instead of cautiously broadening, he still recklessly narrowed the basis upon which he stood. The apostle of Rousseau's Arcadia began something like a crusade against knowledge. The immortal discoverer Lavoisier was guillotined on the paltry charge of conniving at the adulteration of tobacco (he was a revenue officer). He was refused time to complete some experiments; the Tribunal observing that scientific men were of little use! While this excited the growing class of philosophers to almost unphilosophic anger, it operated as a direful warning to the still more formidable body of new and questionably rich men. As Alison euphemistically puts it, they saw Robespierre,

with his Arcadian notions, was bent on destroying "every class above the lowest." The handsome fanatic St. Just, whom they called Messiah Robespierre's St. John, though he naturally had more originality than his friend, was pushed forward in a way which proclaimed Messiah's own ambition. None were still satisfied but thorough lovers of the guillotine, who had yet to find out that Robespierre loved them as Polyphemus did Ulysses! On the day of Lavoisier's death, Madame Elizabeth was taken from the Temple, and executed within twenty-four hours.* Poor Madame Royale remained alone, undergoing such misery as only children can experience. At this perilous crisis, Robespierre took a step which about equally proclaims his zeal for his own principles and his want of political sagacity. To the horror of his still close ally Varennes, he rose in the Convention to plead for renewal of public worship! This speech on this memorable occasion by no means strikes me as a good one; but it was in many points of view remarkable, and contains several passages which have accordingly been often quoted. Amidst the usual arguments against Atheism, he introduced this unique objection that it is aristocratic! It teaches pride. It divides mankind into the initiated and uninitiated. He also intimated that he not only believed in a God, but was enough of a Catholic to regret not being a better one. It actually seems therefore that his Rouseamopolis was intended to end in a concordat with Rome, such as Napoleon afterwards effected; that he believed, no doubt correctly, such a measure would be popular, and was not afraid to hint broadly at its possibility. But the time was not ripe, of course, since Rome herself showed no disposition to yield anything. Nevertheless, Robespierre's experimental move met with success far beyond what can be attributed to fear of him. The Convention, by acclamation, resolved that France acknowledged the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and the duty of public worship! Theophilanthropy immediately became the fashion—a visible step to firmer soil. Dressing like a tramp had already ceased to be *en regle*. Varennes digested the bile for which he was celebrated, insilence.† The 7th of June

* "She was," says Carlyle, "among the kindest, most innocent of women." He would have done better to leave the last clause out. She was, as we have seen, the original author, and more than even Marie Antoinette the promoter of the fatal program to invite foreign invasion, which compels a doubt whether her benevolence extended to those whom she was pleased to think enemies of religion. In preparing "de faire égorger tout Paris," Marie Antoinette always, moreover, showed some proper consciousness that hers was a tragic past—"to do, and suffer, terrible things." Madame Elizabeth's letters are always full of fun. The word, it appears, took care of everything, and the righteous ought to be merry and joyful. It is not unintelligible that the men of August and September should, if I may venture on a parody, have liked even *Jeanne qui pleure* better than *Jeanne qui rit*.

† Nothing, surely, even in the history of the French Revolution, has been more scandalously misrepresented than the alleged connection between Atheism and Terror. Robespierre was scarcely indeed the bloodiest of his set—that distinction belongs to Varennes, who, it must be admitted, was an Atheist. But Robespierre, as shown above, was the least excusable murderer, because he knew best what he was doing. And Robespierre publicly described himself a Catholic, at the most perilous height of his career. Marat, who shed no blood in fact, but talked so much of shedding

was appointed for a fete in honor of the Supreme Being. The great day was celebrated with all that pomp for which Paris, in the midst of horrors, had become renowned. The guillotine suspended its ghastly work. An amphitheatre, splendidly decorated by David, had been erected in the Tuileries garden. Robespierre delivered the address. He set fire to images, representing Atheism, Discord, and Egoism. Out of the flames arose an incombustible statue of Wisdom. At this auspicious moment, a voice was heard to exclaim, "The Tarpean Rock is but a step from the Capitol." The death-struggle between Robespierre and "the scoundrels" had, in truth, already begun. From henceforth we find evidence that a party against his alleged tyranny existed. Legendre was his guarded opponent in the Convention, Vadier his open enemy in the Committee of Security. In the Great Committee, he was constantly having hot words with Varennes and D'Herbois. Carnot, Lindet, Ruhl, were rather against than with him. In judicial matters, where his leaning to Moderation appeared, he was sometimes outvoted, and, as we shall see, fain to fall back on that supposed personal supremacy which helped to mar his popularity. The restoration of worship startled some as superstitious, others as reactionary, others still as a move towards a settled democracy—perhaps a personal presidency of Robespierre, which would displace committee rule, and end the Terror. At the fate the malecontents grumbled about Robespierre's insolence in leading the procession—an official duty. They held back, to make it more marked, and behaved in a sulky manner on his demanding why they did not keep up. At the next meeting of the Great Committee, he complained of their demeanor. "Your Supreme Being makes me tired," said Varennes. Robespierre would not let these threatening symptoms pass without precaution.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

it that he gets no less discredit than Robespierre, lived and died a fervent Christian of the Swiss Calvinistic type. Barere, so unstable about everything else, and so deep in the crimes of the Committee, was always orthodox and pious (see Macaulay's famous review of his Memoirs). This same Macaulay, however, surely carries falsification to the last possible point, in his other celebrated essay on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes." "The new unbelief was as intolerant as the superstition. To show reverence for religion was to incur the suspicion of disaffection. It was not without imminent danger that the priest baptized the infant, joined the hands of the lovers, or listened to the confessions of the dying. The absurd worship of the Goddess of Reason was, indeed, of short duration; but the deism of Robespierre and Lepaux was not less hostile to the Catholic faith than the atheism of Clotuz and Chaumette." Now the first word of Robespierre's "deism" was liberty of conscience. The law forbidding non-jurors to officiate was not infidel but high Gallican. Logically and practically it expired with the resolution that France had no State religion; and the Hebertists, who took a different view, were unable at any time to carry with them even the Jacobin Club or the Commune of Paris.

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Law has always been wrong. Government is the fundamental ism of the soldier, bigot, and priest.—Wendell Phillips, October 16, 1861.

In all ages, hypocrites, called priests, have put crowns upon the heads of thieves, called kings.—Ingersoll.

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FOR CHICAGO.

On December 5, a debate on "Socialism vs. Anarchism," between A. M. Simons and A. Isaak, will take place in Mueller's Hall, Sedgwick St., and North Ave. Admission 15 cents a person in advance. At the door 25 cents. Tickets are for sale at this office, C. Pfuetzner, 469 Wabash Ave. and A. Edelstadt, 372 State St.

FREE DISCUSSIONS IN CHICAGO.

Pertinent questions are discussed in the following meetings, of which the comrades can avail themselves to disseminate our ideas.

Chicago Philosophical Society meets every Sunday evening, 8 p. m., at 26 E. Van Buren St., Hall 202. Lectures on all questions now agitating the public mind will be delivered. Subject for December 1: "The Modern Philosophy of Individualism." Speaker, Dr. Chas. Lewis.

Free speech without an exception clause. All welcome.

Chicago Commons, Cor. Morgan St. and Grand Ave., every Tuesday evening. Subject for next Tuesday: "Public Opinion."

Daughters of Revolution, 203 Michigan Ave., every second Friday night. December 13 Louis F. Post will speak on "Henry George."

Freisinnige Gemeinde, (German), Schoenhofer's Hall, Cor. Ashland and Milwaukee Aves., every second Saturday night.

Debatir Club No. 1, (German), every second Wednesday night, at Freyman's Hall, Halsted, Cor. North Ave. Subject for Dec. 4:

"Der Darwinismus und seine Bedeutung fuer die Arbeiterbewegung."

Free Lectures given every Sunday at 3 p. m., Handel Hall, 40 Randolph St., by Dr. O. Hanish. Subject for December 1: "Jacob and Esau—Capital and Labor." December 8: "Why I Live, and Why Now."

A SUGGESTION.

Inasmuch as some of the comrades are so deeply mourning the loss of President McKinley, I propose that they let their mourning take some substantial form. Let them contribute to what we might call "The McKinley Anarchist Memorial Fund." I will gladly head the subscription list, and enclose my contribution of \$0.00. H. W. KOEHN.

LITERATURE.

The Conflict Between Reason and Superstition. By T. C. Widdicombe. The Truth Seeker Office, 28 Lafayette Place, New York, N. Y.

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MEETINGS.

New York City.—SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB meets every Monday evening, 8:30 p. m., in Civic Hall, 128 E. 28th St., between Madison and Third Aves. Subjects:

December 9—"Anarchism and Communism." R. Grossman.
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