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Vol. III., No. 11. November, 1896
ONE PENNY.
ANARCHISM AND VIOLENCE.

By L. S. BEVINGTON.

The matter of bomb-throwing—killing—violence, useful? What sort of Anarchists are those who say that? Where is their Anarchism, their belief in freedom, and the right of every living man to his own life and liberty? Anarchism is not bomb throwing, violence, incendiaryism, destruction. Odd that anything so self-evident should need saying. Odder still that one set of Anarchists should be obliged to turn round in the thick of battle against the common foe to say it to another set. Real Anarchists too, not hybrids, with one eye on freedom and the other on property. Of course the capitalist press has naturally found it convenient to identify Anarchists with bombs, and equally of course, some of our "social" democratic friends have said within themselves, "There, there! so would we have it." All the same, Anarchism not only is not, but in the nature of the case cannot be, bomb throwing. An "ism" is an abiding body of principles and opinions—a belief with a theory behind it. The throwing of bombs is a mechanical act of warfare,—of rebellion, if you like,—an act likely to be resorted to by any and every sort of "believer", when the whole of his environment stands forearmed against the practical application of his creed. The two cannot anyhow be identical; the question of the hour is—Is one of them ever a rational outcome of the other? Can anyone professing this particular "ism" resort to this kind of act without forfeiting his consistency? Can a real Anarchist—a man whose creed is Anarchism—be at the same time a person who deliberately injures, or tries to injure, persons or property? I, for one, have no hesitation in saying that, if destitute of monopoly, he can.

I go even further. It seems to me that under certain conditions, (within and without the individual) it is part and parcel, not of his Anarchism but of his personal whole heartedness as an Anarchist, that he feels it impossible in his own case not to abandon the patiently educational for the actively militant attitude, and to hit out, as intelligently and intelligibly as he can, at that which powerfully flouts his creed and humanity’s hope, making it (for all its truth, and for all his integrity) a dead letter within his own living, suffering pitting, aspiring soul. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that there are now and again conditions under which inaction on the part of Anarchists amounts to virtual partnership with the "reaction", and this, even though the only kind of effectual activity left open to them be of the directly militant kind. The extraordinarily rapid spread of our Ideal during the past few years seems to me to have been indirectly but clearly traceable to the quickening effect of the militant but generally intelligible acts of a few maddened individuals upon the thousands of minds in all countries which were already unconsciously hungry for the Idea, and which found themselves thus compelled to closer reflection and aroused to definite self-recognition as Anarchists.

For what is Anarchism? Belief in Anarchy as the ultimate solution of all social and economic difficulties. A belief, that is, that Anarchy (or freedom from laws made and fixed by man) is the ideal state in which complete harmony and a self-adjusting equilibrium between our individual interests and our social instincts can be secured and maintained. A belief that nearly all human depravity on one hand, and nearly all human wretchedness on the other, have been brought about through man’s bondage to the coercive regulations imposed by fallible, purblind humans on one another, in the interests, not of general progress and universal friendship, but of this or that imposing class. Anarchism, which claims the full release of the majority from the dictation of the minority, and likewise the full release of the minority from the dictation of the majority means, further, the removal of all the enervating restrictions and excises which have hitherto hindered the individual from developing, his self-controlling tendencies in spontaneous obedience to the inevitably social and peaceful instincts of his own humanity, as a creature who from time immemorial has been necessarily dependent on his fellows for all the necessities and amenities of life. Anarchy means a life for man analogous, on a higher plane, to the life of bees, beavers, ants, and other precarious creatures, who have not only all natural resources, but also one another’s products freely and peacefully open to them, and who do but cooperate the more perfectly and happily in securing the common interests of all for the fact that they are free, as individuals to follow their inherent instincts and inclinations untrammelled by considerations so foreign to their well being as property laws within their own communities.

Despite its supreme advantages, our faculty of language has immensely complicated and confused our development as social beings, since it has decayed us by means of dangerous and misleading abstractions from the, the surely safely educational paths of actual experience, causing a long and painful digression from the natural high road of our progress as a species.

Language—hence, on one hand, the abstractions, "property", money, credit, law, subjection, crime; and on the other, those sad resulting concretes,—poverty, parasitism, degeneration, despair, and the wholesale tormenting of man by man. Nature shows us that among wild creatures, destitute of true language, and so safe against abstractions and prejudices, it is precisely the most social which have become the most intelligent. We human beings cannot develop wholesome customs, at once tough and flexible,—self modifying and fitted to our individual comfort and our reciprocal protection by one another, so long as we are harassed by the crude provisions of artificially coercive law. And we are, one and all, the poorer for this.

For, surely, the world’s wealth should be at least as freely accessible to every human creature as it is to every other creature. Surely the natural human being should be as free to use his whole set of faculties from the first, and so to be a joy to himself and a welcome "fellow" to his fellows, as is the mere bee or beaver. It would be possible enough if once we could explode that property superstition which involves, and ever must involve government—or the coercive regulation of everybody’s life and chances so as to suit those who can obtain prohibitive custody of the natural and produced capital of the race.

But now—what is there about Anarchism which should suggest, justify, or render intelligible the use of violence in any of those who profess it? Anarchy in itself bodes peace with happy, amicable co-operation. Where Anarchy is already the rule with an intelligent species, delicate violence, whether organised or not, can never be needed between the members of that species, but only in casual self-defence, or in the repelling of aggression from without. (Even under Anarchy, I fear we shall sometimes have to kill rattlesnakes, tigers, and noxious vermin!) Anarchy, however, means—No more dividing of a race against itself, through the contentions and antagonisms of nations and classes; no more dividing of the individual against himself, as a luckless creature who can only be his best, socially at his own risk and cost; or, egoistically, at social risk and cost.

Were the conditions in which we live a present lives a condition of freedom from all laws that fall short of, or are in conflict with the natural and salutary laws of life—then indeed would violence find no place in our conduct towards our fellow mortals.
But we live in a world where property-getting is made virtuously compulsory, under penalty of one kind or another: and to us also who abominate property-seeking and property wielding as the poisonous root of every misery and turpitude. We who are full of the spirit of what shall be, and who ceaselessly and hungrily press towards its realisation, cannot—dare not—be frankly and fully ourselves in our dealings with our fellows, because some of these fellows have decreed that neither industry nor good citizenship shall be the passport to food and freedom but solely and simply—money, or its phantom "credit". But, as long as Government exists, we cannot, even as an experiment, establish Anarchy: we cannot live our individual lives as Anarchists—freely, uprightly, simply, generously, bravely—in the midst of a political society where it is virtually punishable with death or misery to turn one's back on legal considerations for the sake of moral considerations. We cannot live as we wish in an artificial society presided over by any unpunishable set of punishers—any Government. Government, whatever its form, is Property's body guard and hirer, and in the nature of the case cannot admit the independent freedom of any citizen whatever without self-frustration. So long as artificial Law exists, every citizen falls perforce into one of two categories, he belongs virtually either to the property seeking, law abiding class, or to the law breaking, law ignoring, "criminal" class. The law may not legally be experimented upon or even improved upon by extra-legal methods; it will punish you if you ignore its provisions in any of your dealings on the plea of having discovered a shorter or better way to well-being. And another desperate feature of the Anarchist case lies in the fact that Government is a permanent necessity so long as property remains a recognised and tolerated institution. So long as this purely conventional bond between any man and men, and anything or things, has to be recognised as a preliminary to every kind of action, and is made to usurp the place of, and to crowd out natural and simple purpose on every occasion, such recognition must be maintained under penalty—by force—against those who would go their way, however harmlessly regardless of its bars and boundaries.

Meanwhile, the Anarchist is not a mere claimant for intellectual liberty of thought and speech respecting these things. Even these lesser boons are not fully granted by those in power, for the idea of freedom is as attractive as it is sound, nature takes care to award a specially intense kind of happiness to the consciously attained correspondence of logical idea with vital and ineradicable instinct; and Anarchism strikes home, and takes deep root in precisely most discriminating minds wherever it gets a chance of propagation. The State, like its sinister coadjutor, the Church, fears full daylight, and is perfectly consistent in discouraging plain-speaking—diplomatically.

But the Anarchist, as I said, claims more than the right to hold and expound his creed; he feels no rest, and he will give us no rest, until way be made for its natural expansion, and is practical realisation, as a principle of life. For he feels, sees, knows, and at no moment forgets all the evils caused by the laws of property, and by the Governments which in cold blood concoct, and cruelly enforce them. He is heartily tired of being made an unwilling party to that which he repudiates as monstrous.

So we see that the Anarchist is in a unique position. Of all would-be experimenters, benefactors, or deliverers, he alone is a person who by virtue of the principles he holds must be a revolutionist, and so must have, not one party, but all parties, not one sect, but all sects, not one nation, but all nations, as such, dead against him. For he would overthrow or break down every frontier, as well as every form of law-making and of prosecuting domination. The law, if you tease it enough, will help you slowly to minimise every minor evil contained within its own provisions, but will never aid you onestep towards its own eradication as the chief evil of all. It is as useless now as it was in the days of the revolutionary Galilean to look to Satan for the casting out of Satan. Nature is against that plan. No evolving thing stops in mid-career of development along its own lines, and puts an end to its own existence just because you tell it to. A cancer that has got a good hold of the living tissues which its foul life is torturing and disabling, will not dissipate itself merely because the physician and the patient join their hands in prayer to it to do so. The cancer is so to speak, quite within its rights if it replies—"Why, I am quite as much part of the general order of things as your are. The law of evolution regulates my development just as truly as it does yours. I have got a hold on you because you are just what I require to feed on; and I shall not die of my own accord until I have eaten you up first." So then the surgeon is sent for, and the enemy is audaciously and summarily dealt with.

Similarly, you cannot blame Capitalism for developing after its kind. The Property-Tyrant may cease to call himself a ruler and law-maker. A sect of Mammontes, which would be a pestiferous sect if it could, is now in the world, declaiming against the government, not of man by man, but of the professor by the politician, and sometimes assuming the name of Anarchist—but demanding, under all disguises, Absolute rule by the Property-holder.

Another sect declaims futilely against private property while proposing the official direction of all property holding in the common interest. These two things, Individualism here, Democratic Communism there, seem at a first glance opposed in principle. They are not. The evolution of the idea of domination has developed two branches from a parent stem; there are ideas nowadays of how the governing is to be done. One is plutocratic, and says—"Leave me my purse, and leave me free to do my will with you by its means." The other is democratic, and says—"Give me your purse, and leave me free to do my will with you by its means." But we will listen to no 'cred at all; the wage system is developing after its kind, so is the Government superstition. In their nature intimately dependent on one another, in destroying the root of one, we destroy both. Capitalism must evolve—but if we love its victims, and either through experience or sympathies participate in their sufferings, we shall see to it that the cursed thing be laid low in mid-career.

The enemies of our cause are exceedingly anxious that no moral distinctions be drawn on this burning question of Anarchist violence. The big, indiscriminating, morally inert public are encouraged in their prejudices by the capitalist press, which is at once their acolytes and their deceiver. For the blind and their leaders all violence is held to be vile, except legalised and privileged violence on an enormous scale. Cordite, manufactured wholesale by poor hired hands for the express purpose to "indiscriminate massacre of the innocent" in the noble cause of markets and of territory, is regarded with stupid equanimity by the very same public who are taught by their pastors and masters to cry "I stand!" when a private individual, at his own risk, fights a cordite-manufacturing clique of privileged rogues with their own weapons.

Of course we know that among those who call themselves Anarchists there is a minority of unbalanced enthusiasts who look upon every illegal and sensational act of violence as a matter for hysterical jubilation. Very useful to the police and the press, unsteady in intellect and of weak moral principle, they have repeatedly shown themselves accessible to venal considerations. They, and their violence, and their profess...
Anarchism are purchaseable, and in the last resort they are welcome and efficient parts of the bourgeois in its remorseless war against the deliverers of the people.

But let us stick to our text—"Bomb-throwing is not Anarchism," and whenever violent action is unintelligent and merely rancorous, it is foolish and inexpedient as it is base. Killing and injuring are intrinsically hideous both to man and man. No sophistry can make "poison" a synonym of "food," nor make "war" spell "peace." But there are cases where poison becomes medicinal, and there is such a thing as war against the causes of war. No Anarchist incites another to violence, but many an Anarchist repudiates as I do, the hypocritical outcry against Anarchist militancy raised by those who pass their days in active or passive support of the infamous institutions which perpetuate human antigonisms and effectually hinder the arrival of that peace and prosperity for which the world is waiting.

Meanwhile let us leave undiscriminating killing and injuring to the Government—to its Statesmen, its Stockbrokers, its Officers, and its law.

REPORTS.

A Public Meeting of the London Anarchist Communists was held at the Institute Union Hall, Holborn, on the 14th ult., to bid farewell to Louise Michel and Pietro Gori on their departure to America on a lecturing tour. Among the speakers were Sebastian Faure, Louise Michel, Pietro Gori, James Tochatti, J. J. SPAL, and others. They were announced by James Tochatti, who acted as Secretary. Sebastian Faure made a long and eloquent speech which we have no space to reproduce here.

He said that the departure of our comrades to America was a clear proof of international solidarity independent of any desire for pecuniary gain. He was pleased that women were getting more and more interested in the cause of humanity. Anarchy was a doctrine that would emancipate as well as men. Louise Michel had done a great work for Anarchism and for humanity, and he hoped that she would be enabled to continue that work in America, and to show the American workers how their emancipation from the slavish conditions under which they existed lay in the realization of Anarchy.

Will Barnham said that to him this farewell meeting, though small, was of great importance to all interested in the propagandas of Anarchism, since our comrades were going to spread their ideas in a land where the economic development is fast compelling the landlords to seek out the causes of their present situation, and to fight, if needs be, for the realization of those principles which they think will bring them prosperity and a free life.

Today, the conditions of the American workers, the bitter feeling against trusts, syndicates, and the "money," together with the increasing increase of wages-saving machinery, and the consequent increase in the vast army of starving proletarians, all showed that these comrades would be able to do more really good work in America than they could do at present in England. Such a movement has sprung up in all the most important towns of America that the demand for Anarchist speakers was so great that they could not be supplied.

A. Perry said that it had been said that they, as Anarchists, appreciated personalities. They did, but considered that the personality without the idea ceased to be important, that the destiny of what person was formed, and in return, great personalities were attracted to a movement outwardly expressing their ideas, that it was in this regard, that they bade farewell to their two beloved comrades, Michel and Gori.

Louise Michel, after thinking the audience for their good wishes for a prosperous journey, said that she and her comrades would work the better and with the more courage because of them. She alluded to the general prevalence of misery, and the recent failures of the French in Madagascar, but that the very prevalence of such misery showed that it could not exist much longer. They were living in the heroic epoch of a social transformation, and the voice of liberty resonated throughout the world. The worst enemies to the cause were republics like those of France. Those who had heroic hearts should join the true friends of liberty, ashamed to speak uselessly without doing anything. They believed that it would be more useful to go on to America to speak of the union of earth's dispossessed ones than to hold conferences in France. She would not say how much she hoped from the voyage, but she in January, would render an account of it in that same hall, and should be glad to be once more among them.

A humorous and telling speech by E. Legget brought the meeting to a close. Bad weather and short notice, owing to limited time, prevented it from being as well attended as it would doubtless otherwise have been.

COMMONPLACE ACCEPTANCES.

We do not as a rule fully appreciate the value of a commonplace acceptance.

It is a key to the collective character of a people. It is an effect which, following natural law, becomes an ever increasingly prolific cause. To ensure its existence, or to effect its annihilation includes the whole of progress.

What, for instance, is the predominating modern commonplace acceptance? It is surely the ideal of individual pseudo-prosperity accompanied by an entire disregard of collective well-being. "To get on" is the supreme goal set before a child and impressed on his character: this impression is fostered at school, and contact with the world ratifies and clinches the falsity almost irrevocably.

To-day this ideal is omnipotent. It is stronger than the love of God or the fear of hell wherever it is opposed by them, and it generally moulds both into the shape most advantageous to itself. Its poisonous grasp is upon science, upon the arts, commerce, thought, liberty, truth; it translates knavery into commendable astuteness, lying into discretion, and murder into valour; it has monopolised life and only stops short at death; it is the root from which springs an incalculably vast growth of evil.

The commonplace acceptance that should include the ideals of every school of revolutionary thought is—true communal prosperity necessarily co-existent with true individual well-being. A community of individuals whose actions are regulated and governed by this axiom to the extent that modern so-called society is influenced by the former commonplace acceptance, is utopian; almost beyond the dreaming of dreams.

This ideal is all sorts of Revolution reduced to their common denominator. It is on this single broad platform that we are able to call "comrades" many whose more superficial ideas are as wide asunder as the poles from our own.

If, as its apologists assert, the idea inculeates in the modern axion is an eternal and immutable natural truth, we are foredoomed to failure; but against the real pessimism which declares this, we oppose the optimism of revolution. As regards methods, that is another matter; let us not forget, however, that our cause and our aim is but the substitution of our commonplace acceptance for another.
BETWEEN OURSELVES.

The latest journalistic sensation has collapsed. It was a desperate attempt to inflame the public, who are already alarmed that our propaganda is making such headway, against revolutionism. We refer to the recent "discovery of dynamite plots". Consequent upon the "discovery" comes the information that in all probability the plots are the result of a combination of Fenians, Nihilists, and Anarchists.

The spread of this idea is evidently a move towards instituting rigorous repressive measures with regard to all expressions of revolutionary thought. But we think that capitalism with its parasitical press has for once miscalculated; there is so much popular enlightenment as to the ideals of the three schools of thought that the absurdity was recognised, and the forces of reaction were covered with ridicule.

Let us for a moment look at the facts. The Fenian ideal is the emancipation of Ireland from English oppression, and the Nihilists' aim is to establish in Russia a representative government in the place of autocracy: both ideals include nationality, law, and government: the Anarchist is against all this. And yet we are told in the most cool and sweeping manner that these widely differing bodies of revolutionaries would combine for purposes that would, so far from benefiting any one of the parties, be vastly detrimental to all three: that the Fenians, for instance, would risk what to them is more than life in order to assassinate the Tsar of Russia in whose death they have not the slightest interest; that Anarchists and Nihilists have deserted from their own particular propaganda in order to strike a blow toward the establishment of an Irish national government, thereby closing the only door that is open to political refugees, and thus inflicting injury on their own agitation; that the Fenians too have joined forces with the two schools of militant revolutionism for the purpose of taking the life of Queen Victoria, the passive nonentity whose life or death could make not one iota of difference to the Fenian cause—thereby losing almost the entire number of sympathisers, in the United States more particularly.

This latest capitalist lie is too transparent to need further comment; one can but wonder at the desperate nature of the "coup d'état."

It is possible that Fenianism is reviving, and indeed, if this be the case, it is hardly to be wondered at. The spectacle of the hopes for Ireland's liberty being trodden under foot by wrangling factions must be intolerable to the more earnest spirits in the Nationalist ranks. Their trust in parliamentarianism has received too rude an awakening for them to remain in quiet submission.

We say it is possible that there may be a revival of Fenianism. We are more inclined, however, with the Walsall case fresh in our memories, to agree with a leading Irish nationalist in New York who, on being interviewed by a journalist on the subject, declared his conviction that "if any dynamite had been found, it was where the police had put it."

On another page will be found the report of the Farwell meeting to Louise Michel and Pietro Gori on their departure on their lecturing Tour for America, but unfortunately Gori has been compelled through illness to go home to Italy.

We advise all to attend the next Humane Science lecture, to be given at the Essex Hall, Essex St. Strand, on Tuesday, the 17th inst., at eight p. m. by Peter Kropotkin, who will speak of "Natural Selection and Mutual Aid." The chair will be taken by Edward Carpenter.

A paper on William Morris will appear next month, illness having prevented our writing in time for this issue; also a very important paper by Domela Nieuwenhuis, entitled "Libertarian Socialism and Authoritarian Socialism", which we strongly recommend to the perusal of our democratic friends at home and abroad.
"IRELAND" ON ANARCHISTS.

Any phrenologist who has accepted Anarchy, or Freedom, must at once be pained and bewildered by the amount of good brain work, printers' ink, and paper that is expended in periodicals devoted to the propaganda of Freedom, or life without State interference; and by the word-squabbles which the followers of freedom hold with the propaganda another as to the use of terms defining their ideas. For instance, one holds himself to be an Anarchist-Communist, and not an Anarchist-Individualist; another proclaims himself a Voluntarist, or a Free Love Anarchist, and claims for himself a cooperative-Individualist, and so on. All these apparent differences arise from the want of a correct knowledge of the human mind.

To understand Anarchy, or Freedom, we must first understand man—not from the process of self inspection, but from observation, not from reflection on our own particular consciousness, not from turning our eyes in upon our own thoughts and feelings, but from turning them away from ourselves and on our fellow men. This can only be done by the aid of Phrenology. Dr. Gall's discoveries have shown us that the faculties of the mind, the elementary principles, desires, and instincts which in their aggregate compose the human mind, are innate, inborn, and innate; that they exist in the brain alone, no other organ of the body being possessed of any mental emotion whatsoever; that the brain, then, is not a single organ, but is composed of a number of organs, each being the seat of a special mental faculty; that size of brain, other conditions being duly considered, is a measure of power; that what is true of the brain as a whole is true of it in its parts; and that the strength of these parts differ in different individuals. Therefore there are not two individuals constituted alike, which accounts for the differences that exist in the human race, intellectually, morally, and socially. Moreover, the strength and weakness of most of these mental faculties can be estimated with a considerable degree of accuracy, by the skilled observer, from the size and shape of the head.

What are these faculties? Lack of space would prevent, on this occasion, the enumeration of all; let us therefore name as many as will illustrate the object of this article.

There are, then, deeply implanted in our brains, in different degrees of strength, Conscientiousness, Firmness, Self-esteem, Love of Approval, Love of Independence, Communal, or Group Friendship, Personal, or Individual Friendship, Destructiveness, or aggressive Energy, Combative Nature, or defensive Energy, Caution, Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness, or the provident energy, and so forth; but this is enough for our purpose.

When one of these faculties is larger than the others, the tendency is for it to take the lead, as it were, in the mental congress, and predispose the mind in a certain direction. When, for instance, Communal Friendship is large in any Individual Anarchist, he, by a process of introspection, is apt to place too much importance on the communal state of existence, and calls himself an Anarchist-Communist. And if he has the power of writing well, he tends, backed up by argumentation, to force his particular mind bias on other people. Again, should the bent of his mind be towards Individual friendship and large Independence, he calls himself an Individualist-Anarchist. Thus we see how introspection leads us astray, and causes a vast amount of useless writing and contention.

All men, then, who are Anarchists are more or less Communists or Individualists, because the desire for a communal state of existence is more or less implanted in all minds, as is that for the individual state. There are persons who care for neither state, called hermits. There are also men who have no sense of communal friendship, but call a few individuals whose society is agreeable to them, friends. In a state of freedom there will be room for all, even the hermit!

Dont let any particular bias of mind turn your eyes away from your neighbors, and study men by the aid of observation, not of some particular school of thought.

The desire for communal, as for individual existence is natural, but when we live in common, or with a few friends, our innate self-love and independence will always more or less preserve our individuality. The organ of Independence will always keep us more or less independent, self-esteem will always keep us on a pedestal, or within a charmed circle in which no one must tread, not even those most dear to us.

How will men get on together in a state of freedom? By the aid of their self-esteem, independence, conscientiousness, love of approbation. Some outsiders think that when this state of existence, called Anarchy, prevails, we shall all be encroaching on another's dignity, and always be slapping one another on the back and saving—"What cheer, old chap! I give you my coat," and "I'll take your hat."

But such a state of society could not exist under freedom, as it is contrary to the constitution of the human mind. Our desire for approbation, our instincts of self-esteem, conscientiousness, and caution, our aggressive and defensive disposition—would always keep us from encroaching too far on one another's dignity or self-respect; and especially as possession will be under reasonable conditions, and natural pleasures would be the outcome.

Under our present absurd conditions of life, it is carried to the most ridiculous extent. Now a man can stand up before his fellow men and point to a tract of land—at times three hundred thousand acres—and say, "This is mine." Practically it is his because the law that is brute force protects him. He could not by his own individuality protect his so-called property. Self-esteem is carried to the same extraordinary extent, because he can purchase, as it were, all the absurd amount of estimation that his misguided mind can wish for.

Anarchy will not, then, change the constitution of the human mind, but simply develop it, changing only the conditions under which we live. Therefore an Anarchist-Communist and an Anarchist-Individualist are one and the same.

Let us not, then, seek within for definitions of anything, for we must each be naturally more or less biased in certain directions.

"Themselves men made the mirror of their kind, And think nought is but what they find at home."

THE AMERICAN "TATTLER".

In Tommy Morgan's paper, "The Socialist Alliance", for August, issued in Chicago, the following denunciation for the authorities occurs:

"The American Federation of Labor has practically declared for Anarchy. Under its auspices and with its assistance, John Turner, the English Anarchist, has preached the doctrine of dynamite in all the Labour Unions of this city, and prepared the way for another Haymarket tragedy."

Tommy, Tommy! It is ill becoming for a Socialist to brand himself a liar because of his cowardice to follow a theory to its logical conclusions. You are unable to learn anything because of your prejudices, and deceitful because of your vanity. And wherever superstition and conceit travel together, a damnable liar, too cowardly to stand up before his opponent, turns him into a detestable informer.

But here is another one on the same page. Referring to the Congress in London—"The Anarchists clamoured for admission, and the misplaced tolerance of delegates enabled these destructionists and agents of capitalism to waste valuable time, and afford to capitalist uters a pretence to ridicule the Congress."

And still another:

"Since Karl Marx caused the expulsion of Anarchists from the International in 1873, they have never ceased their efforts to injure Socialism by distorting it—assimilates with their claims of relationship. In the debate Bebel rightly said: "If they have honest convictions, the Anarchists should hold them clear from all opposite ones, as the Socialists do, and not confuse them in the eyes of the world."

As Karl Marx is dead and unable to defend himself it behoves those who have drawn his name into the argument to answer for him.

There is nothing so ridiculous in the Labour movement as for the followers of Karl Marx, at this late day, to cally themselves Socialists, when it is proven by facts and—the logic of events that Socialism and government-authority are directly
opposed to each other. Unless Socialism is based upon federation principles, it will be impossible to carry out its teachings. And as for the democratic principles of Marx's followers, they are a fraud on the face of them in the light of the Democratic party in the United States, whose father, Thomas Jefferson, held that —"The less we are governed, the more we are free."

And as for the Anarchists being destructionists and agents of capitalism, whoever heard of a capitalist hanging his agents as was done with the gallant braves on that memorable 11th of November? What a sight it should afford to see a Karl Marx, Bebel, Liebknecht, or even a Tommy Morgan walk up to the gallows and adorn the hangman's rope!

Where is the Anarchist that ever sold out to the powers that be, or even conformed his teachings to payable respectability? And as for being destructionists, I plead guilty if it refers to destroying the present conditions. That I am bent upon doing by all means.

I advise Tommy Morgan to study Anarchist-Communism before he commits himself again.—**The Firebrand.**

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**CHICAGO MARTYRS COMMEMORATION**

*On MONDAY, November 9th, the CANNING TOWN GROUP, will hold a meeting at TIDAL BASIN LECTURE HALL. The meeting will be addressed by T. PARKS, J. TURNER, R. PEDDE, J. TOCATTI, and others.*

*Doors open at 7.30 p.m.—Commences at 8 p.m. ADMISSION FREE.*

A **MASS MEETING will be held at the Holborn Town Hall, on Wednesday November 11th.**

Amongst the speakers will be:

P. KROPOTKIN, Tom MANN, Louise Michel, Touzeau Parisis, M. Davidson, L. Withington, E. Carpenter and others.

The Socialist Choir will sing during the evening Recitals by Mr. FRANK MERRY.

*Doors open at 7.15 P.M.—ADMISSION FREE.*

All comrades having collecting lists for this Commemoration meeting are requested to return the same, with cash, at once to the Secretary, 1, Lamb's Conduit St., W. C.

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**WILLIAM MORRIS.**

How can it be? That strong and fruitful life
Hath ceased—that strenuous but joyful heart—
That craftsman in the loom of song and art—
That voice by beating seas of hope and strife;
To lift the soul of Labour from the knife
Who strove against greed of factory and mart
Ah! ere the morning, must be, too, depart,
While yet with battle cries the air is rife?

Blazon his name in England's book of gold,
Who loved her, and who wrought her legends fair
Woven in song and written in design,
The wonders of the press and loom, a shrine,
Beyond death's chilling hand, that shall enfold
In Life's House Beautiful a spirit rare.

**WALTER CRANE.**

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**October 3rd 1896:**

Dry leaves whirl down the wind that brings the rain
To fall upon the face of summer dead,
And sorrow-laden Autumn comes again
Mid showers of pallid petals blossom-shed;
And only memories remembered
Are left to us, for thou art passed away
From all the strivings of Life's empty day.

The craftsman's land, the poet's golden song,
The prophet's voice, the tireless hope and faith,
The great heart aching with the people's wrong,
The dauntless spirit, all are passed to death;
The night is long and dawning lingeringly,
Yet who shall hearten us upon the way,
Oh dead sweet singer of this empty day?

Dead? nay, thou livest while man is left
The love of loneliness; while weary earth
Of its one golden hope is not bereft;
And till strife bear sweet fruit of joy and mirth,
Till the world know that wondrous second birth,
Thy light shall guide us if we go astray
Among the shadows of this empty day.

Oh strong-souled builder of the common weal,
The generations of the after years
Freed of the wrongs thou hast essayed to heal,
Even as we, shall speak thy name with tears,
Shall linger and hope thy loves and fears,
And shrive their memory in their hearts alway,
While birth and death make up man's empty day.

**GRIFFITH DELL.**

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**IN MEMORIAM.**

There came a light upon the ripened year,
And a whole world, for joyance made and light,
Was overcast, and full of brightness—
Sad words of sorrow which was half aslight.
For one, erewhile its greatest and most dear,
For one, that world's chief hope, would as of years,
With ripening seasons ripen nevermore.
And the world wept; the little world which long
Against the greater world had warred and striven,
Felt its heart sink, as at some grievous wrong,
Felt its blood chill, as at some wondrous thing.
And for a space was busied the boldest song,
And for a space no mortal pinn'd heaven,
And Death, who loves the gifted and the great,
Within that world held unreluctant state.
And for a space the solitude world—even it,
The world which knows its great ones not aught—
Mourned for the dead with grief not all unit,
Feeling same warmth had left it or delight;
Mourned although man's best hopes, with fire alt,
In it have no loved place or guardian bright;
While Art's rare flowers seem common as the weed
To those who prize of an extinguished need.

The great world wept but some love not its tears,
And lonely and ashamed, I stepped inside
That smaller world which very good appears
To all who 'd said its alien plains alone.
To comfort its sad inmates and their fears
For life and Art to soothe I fain had tried—
For some there saw, splen'thought, of Art the whole;
The perfect body and the imperfect soul.

The Art that be foreshadowed—the full life
That gives the body of Art, and man, free space
To show its beauty and its strength, more rife
With wit and wisdom than a sage's face.
While the freed soul, too long the prey of strife
Freed from the bonds that age and that disgrace
Is but a nurturing of the great To-Be.

When man shall know, O Life, himself and sheet
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