

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST SOCIALISM.

VOL. 1.—No. 4.

JANUARY, 1887.

MONTHLY ; ONE PENNY.

ACT FOR YOURSELVES.

A QUESTION which we are often asked is: "How will you organise the future society on Anarchist principles?" If the question were put to Herr Bismarck, or to somebody who fancies that a group of men is able to organise society as they like, it would seem very natural. But in the ears of an Anarchist it sounds very strangely, and the only answer we can give to it is: "We cannot organise you. It will depend upon *you* what sort of organisation you will choose." If the masses continue to cherish the idea that a government can do everything, and reorganise economical relations—the growth of centuries—by a few laws, then we may well wait whole centuries until the rule of Capital is abolished. But if there is among the working-classes a strong minority of men who understand that no government—however dictatorial its powers—is able to expropriate the owners of capital, and this minority acquires sufficient influence to induce the workmen to avail themselves of the first opportunity of taking possession of land and mines, of railways and factories—without paying much heed to the talking at Westminster—then we may expect that some new kind of organisation will arise for the benefit of the commonwealth.

That is precisely the task we impose upon ourselves. To bring workmen and workmen's friends to the conviction that they must rely on themselves to get rid of the oppression of Capital, without expecting that the same thing can be done for them by anybody else. The emancipation of the workmen must be the act of the workmen themselves.

The very words Anarchist-Communism show in what direction society, in our opinion, is already going, and on what lines it can get rid of the oppressive powers of Capital and Government; and it would be an easy task for us to draw a sketch of society in accordance with these principles.¹ But what would be the use of such a scheme, if those who listen to it have never doubted the possibility of reorganising everything by homeopathic prescriptions from Westminster; if they have never imagined that they themselves are more powerful than their representatives; and if they are persuaded that everything can and must be settled by a government, most men having only to obey and never to act for themselves.

One of the first delusions to get rid of, therefore, is the delusion that a few laws can modify the present economical system as by enchantment. The first conviction to acquire is that nothing short of expropriation on a vast scale, carried out by the workmen themselves, can be the first step towards a reorganisation of our production on Socialist principles.

In fact, if we analyse the immense complexity of economical relations existing in a civilised nation; if we take into account the relatively small amount of real workmen in this country and the enormous number of parasites who live on their shoulders and are interested in the maintenance of parasitic conditions, we cannot but recognise that no government will be able ever to undertake the reorganisation of industry, unless the People begin themselves to do it by taking possession of the mines and factories, of the land and the houses,—in short, of all those riches which are the produce of their own labour. It is only when the masses of the people are ready to begin expropriating that we may expect that any government will move in the same direction.

Surely, it will not be the present Parliament which will ever take the initiative in dispossessing the owners of land and capital. Even if the workmen assume a really menacing attitude, our present middle-class rulers will not become Socialists. They will try, first, to crush the movement, to disorganise it; and if they are unable to do so, they will do what all governments have done on like occasions. They will try to gain time, until the masses, reduced to still more dreadful misery by the increased depression of industry, will be ready to accept any concessions, however delusive, rather than starve in the streets.

To expect that Socialist workmen will have a majority in Parliament is, again, to cherish a naïve and vain delusion. We shall have long to wait before a Socialist majority is created in this country. But the thousands reduced to starvation by the enormities of the present social system cannot wait, and even if they could, events will be precipitated by partial conflicts. Last winter we saw the whole of one of the mining basins in Belgium in open rebellion against Capital. A few months ago we were very near to a general outbreak of workmen in

some parts of the United States. And although the treachery of a Powderly—the chief of the Knights of Labour—may have paralysed the outbreak, everybody in the United States—even the most stubborn politician—well understands that another time a Powderly may be powerless, especially in presence of the provocative attitude of the middle classes, who never fail on such occasions to increase the ranks of the discontented and to intensify the discontent.

The Social Question will be put to Europe, in all its immensity, long before the Socialists have conquered a few seats in Parliament, and thus the solution of the question will be actually in the hands of the workmen themselves. They will have no choice: either they must resolve it themselves, or be reduced to a worse slavery than before.

Under the influence of government worship, they may try to nominate a new government, instead of the old one which will be sent away, and they may entrust it with the solution of all difficulties. It is so simple, so easy, to throw a vote into the ballot-box, and to return home! So gratifying to know that there is somebody who will arrange your own affairs for the best, while you are quietly smoking your pipe and waiting for orders which you will have only to execute, not to reason about. An admirable way, indeed, to have your affairs left as they were before, even if you are not cheated by your trustees!

History is full of such examples. The revolted people of Paris in 1871 also nominated a government, and hoped that this government—which consisted, in fact, of the most devoted revolutionists belonging to all sections of the revolutionary world, all men ready to die for the emancipation of the people—would settle everything for the best.

They did the same thing at Paris in 1848, when they chose a Provisional Government by acclamation, and expected that this Government—which also consisted of honest men—would resolve the social question.

But we know how dreadful was the awakening of the Paris *proletaires*, and we know by what hecatombs of slaughtered men, women, and children they paid for their confidence.

There was, however, another epoch, when these same Frenchmen acted in another way. The peasants were serfs before 1789—in fact, if not by law. The land of their communes had been enclosed by landlords; and they had to pay these lords every possible kind of tax, survivals of, or redemption for, feudal servitude.

These peasants also voted in 1789, and nominated a government. But as they saw that this government did not respond to their expectations, they revolted; in fact, they did so even before they saw their government at work. They went to the landlords and compelled them to abdicate their rights. They burned the charters where these rights were written down; they burned some of the castles of the most hated nobles. And, on the night of the 4th of August, the nobility of France, moved by high patriotic feelings (so the historians say), which feelings were excited by the spectacle of burning castles, abdicated their rights for ever.

True that, four days later, they re-established the very same rights by imposing a redemption fee. But the peasants revolted again. They even took no notice at all of what the Chamber had voted. They took possession of the enclosed lands and began to till them. They paid no redemption taxes. And when the authorities intervened—in the name of the sacred law—they revolted against the authorities. They revolted—M. Taine says—six times in the course of four years, and their revolts were so successful that by the end of the fourth year the Convention—the great Convention, the ideal of all modern Jacobins—moved again by highest patriotic feelings (the middle-classes' historians say so), finally abolished all feudal rights, in 1793, and ordered all papers relating to the feudal epoch to be burnt.

But what the historians forget to say is, that the rights *were* already abolished by the peasants, and that most papers dealing with feudal rights *were* already burned.

The terrible revolutionary body thus sanctioned only the accomplished fact. Feudalism was actually no longer in existence; the Convention did nothing but pronounce its funeral oration.

The workmen of the nineteenth century probably will *not* burn the factories; but we fancy that their modes of action will bear a great likeness to those of the French peasants. They will not wait for orders from above before taking possession of land and capital. They will take them first; and *then*—already in possession of land and capital—they will organise their work. They will not consider these things as private property—it would be impossible in the present complicated, interwoven, and inter-dependent state of our production. They will nationalise them.

¹ Our Parisian brother-in-arms *Le Révolté* is now publishing a series of articles showing how a commune, inspired with Anarchist ideas, might organise itself as a communist society without government.

THE PROBLEMS OF CRIME.

(From a Correspondent.)

In England the problems of crime have received very little attention; they have been studied chiefly in Italy, and this little book¹—which may be read with satisfaction for its clear and acute analysis by those who do not always agree with its conclusions—is largely founded on an independent study of the results arrived at by Italians.

What is a criminal? This is by no means an idle or purely scientific question. It is one of increasing practical interest (not least to Anarchists, who are liable to be classed among criminals), for our attitude towards the criminal and our treatment of him must depend on our theory of criminality. There are at least three theories. According to that of Lombroso (whose great work, 'L'Uomo Delinquente,' is now translated into French) we see in criminals the expiring remnant of the primitive savage, performing acts which are now anti-social, but which were once the rule instead of the exception. The criminal is thus an example of atavism, and might have belonged to "the moral *élite* of a tribe of Red Indians." Exact observation of criminals is now becoming more common, and in support of this view it may be said—to select from a mass of facts which have been accumulated—that criminals are remarkably insensible to pain, that they have on the average decidedly longer arms than ordinary people, thus approaching the type of the Anthropoid Ape, and that their faces tend to reproduce many characters (prominent lower jaws, large orbits, etc.) of the Mongolian and other low races; the "criminal" instincts of young children (who represent in the development of the individual the savage period of humanity) have often been pointed out. According to a second theory the criminal is an insane person, and crime thus becomes a disease. Criminals frequently suffer from nervous diseases, and they are peculiarly liable to be colour-blind, to squint, or to have other affections of the eye which, as is now recognised, frequently result from disease of the brain. Unlike lunatics, however, they are long-lived, perhaps partly in consequence of their insensibility, and there are other serious objections to this theory which can only hold good of a small proportion of criminals. According to a third theory, which is held by the author of this book, the criminal is neither a savage nor a lunatic, but a monster. That is to say, he is marked by special but irregular mental and physical development; he represents, not the portrait of the past but that of a civilisation materially progressive, intellectually and morally backward; in the words of Ribot, his mental defect corresponds to the loss of a limb with the activity of other parts correspondingly increased. That criminals are specially marked by their lack of physical symmetry is a well-recognised fact, and it is said that the convolutions of their brains are by no means undeveloped, and that their cranial capacity differs from the normal capacity, not so much in the average as by the greater number of skulls either larger or smaller than the ordinary skull. There are serious objections to each of these theories taken exclusively. The truth probably lies among them all. But even when real crime is thus accounted for, there will still remain a large amount of what may be called artificial crime, due, as Ferri argues, to the reacting influence of surrounding social conditions.

How should criminals be treated? We stigmatise as crime whatever offends against the general feelings and opinions of a community, and these feelings and opinions may be modified and vary immensely at different times and places. There is amusement (and pathos too) in reading the accounts of missionaries to the South Sea Islands concerning the "abominations" which they encountered—"abominations" which were simply differences in custom, marriage-law, etc., and which were just as moral, and at least as strictly adhered to, as those the missionaries had been accustomed to at home. Of the nine crimes which the Jewish law punished by stoning, only one—the violation of an affianced woman—remains a crime, and that has entirely changed its character, having become an offence against the person instead of against property. Not one of us, as Tarde well says, can flatter himself that he is not a criminal before the bar of some past or possible future social state. And on the other hand many a criminal of to-day would in a suitable social condition be counted a hero. Whichever theory of criminality we adopt, the old barbaric policy of retaliation—"that long duel between the criminal imagination and the criminalistic imagination"—becomes impossible. The immense majority of those branded as criminals to-day are simply victims of social injustice and degradation; offenders whom society first manufactures and then punishes. There is no outlet from this vicious sequence of evil effect from evil cause but a radical change in our economic relations. Pending this oncoming social revolution, our aim must be to lessen for these unhappy ones the hardship of their situation, and endeavour by brotherly sympathy and aid to revive and develop the human and social feeling they have lost.

It will always be difficult to decide at what point the social sense of a community has right against the anti-social acts of an individual. There are a few cases in which the ideal condition for the hopeless criminal (and also sometimes of the lunatic and even the man of what we call genius) would be a Robinson Crusoe existence, "had we but world enough"—in which his energies might have free play because there were no other individuals to injure. But for most unsocial persons individual, sympathetic care, and treatment which aims above

all things at drawing out their feelings, energies and interests in a beneficent direction, and fostering their self-respect and sense of social responsibility, are the only hope of reformation; and these will never be found in a prison.

NOTES.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S open defection from the party of law and order is another step towards disentangling the confused issues in English politics. At last he has come unto his own, and his own, in the persons of Messrs. Chamberlain and Co., show signs of considerable willingness to receive him. He falls into his true place in joining the ranks of the gamblers.

* * *

The genuine Conservative—the honest believer in the sacredness of property and authority—we have ever with us. A little too prominently so at the present moment. His real opponents are no so-called Liberals, of whatever complexion, but, as the *Times* pointed out in its leader for Christmas Day, "those who seek at once to undermine society and to break up the empire"; in other words the party of the People, enemies of property and government, advocates of equal freedom for all men as the basis of society. Conservative and Socialist each contends for his own conception of the public good. Society as it is, Society as it must and ought to be, are watchwords each implying an intelligible principle of action.

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Between these parties divided by a genuine difference of idea, oscillates the shifting crowd of the political gamblers. Men to whom all is fair in love as in war; who love the democracy, because the desperate needs and strivings of the people supply the counters for their game. Men to whom "the fountains of the great deep" are nothing but a convenient element to float their miserable cock-boats whilst they lay odds on their own skill and luck in the steering. Men who consider the great social movement of our time merely as it adds zest to their play by raising the stakes and increasing the risks. And these are our coming politicians, the men to whom some even in our own ranks would bid our suffering fellow citizens pin the fragments of their faith! For ourselves, we hope and expect but one good thing of such politicians—that they finish the task which the Parnellites have so vigorously begun, and render representative government utterly contemptible.

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The greatest service to mankind rendered by the Irish leaders is not the positive part they play in the deliverance of their fellow-countrymen. What little freedom the Irish people have attained has been won by their own brave spirit of revolt. But the civilised world owes a debt of gratitude to men like Dillon, O'Brien, Healy, and the rest, for the perpetual contempt they pour on government. During this winter they have publicly thrust slice after slice of humble-pie down the throats of our rulers and theirs, and overturned in the eyes of all men the sacred majesty of the law. Our English workers look on quietly, but they are learning the lesson.

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The success of the present Government in checking the agrarian movement by persecuting its successive methods of action is likely to parallel that of their precursors in warring with the Catholic Association. If the Plan of Campaign is abandoned, it will only be to give place to more revolutionary tactics, and the new scheme of local Tenants' Defence Societies will probably give the defenders of property more trouble. All revolutionary movements prosper best if hydra-headed. It is sheer tempting of providence to offer to the enemy one head which may be sliced off at a blow and the body left sprawling.

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We Anarchist Socialists are determined to put an end to the appropriation of wealth, which makes every human being who has no property the slave of those who have. Therefore we hate governments; for the object of every government hitherto known amongst men has been to protect property. If any one doubts this let him study any government in the making he likes to choose.

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We are publishing the story of the establishment of law and order in Ireland as an illustration; but there is no need to seek illustrations in the past. Take, for example, the history of a young colony told by Julian Thomas in his 'Cannibals and Convicts.' First, he describes how the natives of New California have been robbed of their land by French settlers. Then comes the French Government to protect the stolen goods, enclose the lands, and drive the tribes into the stony and barren uplands. The tribes "rebel," and are murdered wholesale by the amiable and brilliant Commander Rivière, of Tonquin celebrity. Next comes a company, an offshoot of the Rothchild interest, trading in slaves (politely termed "labour traffic") for Australasian capitalists, who, since the Chinese have begun to organise a little, find their labour too expensive. This company buys the settlers' stolen land cheap, and then persuades the incorruptible French Republic to transport thither its convicts, when of course, according to the "economic law of supply and demand," the land becomes very valuable and the government pays what the monopolist company asks.

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What wonder if the French budget is somewhat excessive! But France is not the only country where the government is an agent for extorting the people's money to feed the cruelty and avarice of a few monopolists.

¹ *La Criminalité Comparée* (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine). By G. Tarde, Paris. Felix Alcan, 1886.

ANARCHISM AS CRITICISM AND RELIGION.

AN EPILOGUE.

Citizen. I'm off to town in the morning. But, over our last pipe, will you explain a thing or two that puzzles me? I've been brooding days and nights over your last words on the shore—"Criticism and Religion." They are a kind of magical incantation you use when cornered—an "Open Sesame" to let you out of a blind alley.

Seaborn. Cornered in a blind alley?

Cit. Yes, whenever you have pressed home upon you the impracticability or inapplicableness of Anarchist principles, at present, or within any assignable future, you seek refuge and escape in that sublime and highly philosophical phrase, "Meantime, Anarchism is at least CRITICISM and RELIGION." What does it mean? Is the Anarchist rôle to stand aloof, find fault, and say "Non possumus" to their Socialist brethren who are not Anarchists?

Sea. Certainly not. The true Anarchist will be no heretic or schismatic, fomenting divisions, and breaking up Socialist organisations that are as yet mainly or wholly Collectivist. He will never forget that he is a Socialist. He may be even ready to admit that an attempt at the establishment of the common equal life under majority-rule is the next, and perhaps necessary, stage in the evolution of the Anarchist ideal of entirely voluntary life together, just as the Collectivists might very well allow that the measures of sincere reformers and radicals are steps towards the realisation of Socialism as they understand it, though they may be feeble, faltering, and small. But he will, all the same, strenuously and unceasingly show these Radicals, Reformers, Collectivists, and Social Democrats, all alike, that every advance or improvement they propose or effect in human life, implies the Anarchist ideal, just as every advance, reform, or improvement of the Radicals implies the Socialist or Communist end. That is our critical attitude. Anarchism, then, is a criticism and protest, and the Anarchist is simply a self-criticising and protestant Socialist.

Cit. And is he to content himself with keeping this attitude, which I must say has a certain air of aloofness about it, and might easily be made an excuse for doing nothing? Is he to do nothing to further change of the economical conditions, to help on the common holding and using of capital? Can he not consistently work, say with co-operators, land restorers, or the Social Democratic Federation? Is his worship of the ideal of *Free Society* to paralyse him?

Sea. By no means. I do not see why we should not work altogether on friendly terms. Yet, there is such a thing as division of labour, and as *Anarchist* his business is criticism and protest. But these will be more effectual coming from a friend and fellow-worker. He will, therefore, stand and work within and not outside the Socialist organisation, and even within present Society at large, in so far as it is trying to progress towards Humanity. He will not frown upon Radicals, Home Rulers, or Social Democrats, but rather give them a hand when they appear to him to be going in the right direction. All this he may do, and ought to do, yet without derogation or compromise. His criticism will be as inexorable and absolute as ever.

Cit. How will he address his associates and friends?

Sea. He will say to them, "See how your improvements, great and small, your education of the people's children in Board Schools, Irish Land Acts, Home Rule for Ireland, your abolition of wage-slavery, profit-making, and private dominion over capital, etc., all imply Anarchism as their end and goal. These changes you have effected, or seek to effect, by democratic methods, *i.e.*, majority over-ruling, are only good and sound advances because and in so far as they make for the abolition of all kinds of majority-ruling whatever. And even if the Social Democracy is ever fairly established, its one central essential business will be to render itself unnecessary and gradually efface itself. The essence and nature of every social reform, what constitutes its progress, is its tendency to abolish the policeman, the penalty, the prison, the soldiers, and every other form of physical force, without which there can be no over-ruling or imposition of alien will. Willy nilly, therefore, consciously or unconsciously, every reformer, improver, Social Democrat, and every Socialist, is Anarchist, and you are all working for the realisation of that unity of Freedom and unanimity in Society, which is our ideal. Knowing that is so, we are your friends, and we are with you shoulder to shoulder. But equally aware that the power within you and your movement would work more effectually, if you recognised it and were fully conscious of your aim, we persist in our criticism and protest. It is a kind of couching and eye-opening. You do not see the goal, and we want you to see it for all sakes. Become aware of what you are really doing, give to the ideal end a clear, steady, and worshipful recognition, and we shall move much more rapidly and surely towards pureness and completeness of common life. Purge every measure of those soiling and hindering elements that will not stand before the grand and infallible test of Individual Freedom and Integrity conjoint with Unanimity, and there will be less halting, wandering, and harking back. We are always troubling you for our common good, because we must insist on always applying our ideal as universal criterion to every proposal." That is something like what we Anarchists have to say to our friends. We are *self-criticising* Socialists, and call upon our fellows to criticise themselves and their activities, and we provide them with the Universal Criterion.

Cit. Your protestantism is not so obviously useful now, when Socialists have need to show an undivided front to the enemy, Mis-

rule. You give the adversary cause to blaspheme, and say, "See how those Socialists love one another!"

Sea. Not so *obviously* useful now, perhaps, as when Socialism shall have taken a wider hold upon men's minds; but yet not, as you seem to think, pernicious, provided we caution and reprove in all brotherly kindness and without breach of the unity of the Socialist faith.

Cit. "Faith!" Ah, that brings us to your "religion." Now, I am inclined to admit the importance, for sure-footed, swift, and straight progress, of the explicit and fully conscious recognition of your aim, but why "worshipful"?

Sea. Because our aim is an ideal, that is to say, the farthest off state of common life we can see to aim at, and so far away and uplifted that, except when filling the eye and soul fully facing it, it tends to seem all but or even quite unattainable. Now, all other schemes of conjoint life—and they are all equally dependent on majority-over-ruling—appear to be comparatively easy of attainment, and we can think of them as over-passed. They cannot, therefore, because of this finitude, become objects of worshipful regard. They cannot command our entire obedience and willing service. They do not absorb us. We cannot love them with our whole heart, soul, mind, and strength. Not so with the conception of a society that is at once free in every member and unanimous in the whole. This unity of wills in humane life appears attainable to the devotee, when in the act of worshipping, and compels his entire devotion, yet it can never be thought of as passed by and left behind. It is the least that may truly be called human, and it is, *in outline*, the most that Humanity can ever hope or think to be. Hence Anarchism is religion; and, again, as criticism, it will prevail because it is religious. Men with such religious conviction dare all things. They even dare withstand their friends to their face, when need be. Such pious daring is no breach of the unity of brothers. And when all Socialists are conscious Anarchists, with eyes wide open and fixed in worship upon the End, we shall find that our deliberate, reasonable, and religious regard for that End, will impart vast increase of momentum to all our Socialist endeavours.

But my pipe is out. So, good night.

GOVERNMENT BY JOURNALISM.

THE future rôle of journalism, according to the opinion expressed by Mr. Stead in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, is to supplement if not supersede the impotence of our present system of government by representation. Both Parliament and Executive are, he contends, out of touch with the people. They do not even care to test and stimulate public opinion with reference to the questions of the day. The press, he thinks, must step into the breach. Each considerable newspaper must keep a member of its staff in every important town in the country, whose business it will be to gather round him a little group of gratuitous feeders, and also to employ paid travelling news collectors. On every important public question the editor, by means of this local machinery, should interrogate all sorts and conditions of official persons, from mayors to churchwardens, and tabulate the replies. In accordance with the statistics of opinion thus collected, "responsible" ministers and irresponsible editors working hand and glove are to head the democracy, not as its servants but as its masters.

The picture of bewildered Bumbledom, besieged for its "opinion" by a crowd of rival news purveyors, is sufficiently comic, and the resultant legislation would be likely to furnish Herbert Spencer with a new text from which to preach the fatuous inconsistencies of governments; nevertheless Mr. Stead founds his contention on an underlying truth of the utmost value. It is well when the editor of a popular middle-class journal is forced to recognise the plain fact that Constitutional Governments do not, and in so far as experience goes, cannot in the least represent public opinion. A minority singled out for the exercise of the franchise, party discipline in the country and in Parliament, personal and class interests mingling with matters of general concern, first and foremost the individual ambition of public men creeping on to power by bribery and treachery, the ignorance in which the people are kept of what most deeply and immediately affects them, the sybil-line nature of the electoral *fiat* which endows a few men for years with the disposal of the destiny, the interests and liberties of the whole nation, and lastly the centralisation of the powers and resources of the community—all these contribute to make representation in practice nothing better than a farce.

All this is true enough, but the said farce will be driven from the stage of history by something of sterner mould than a newspaper government. All rulers, whether they be called Emperors or Editors, have one end and aim by which to justify their existence, namely, the supposed necessity to force the masses of the people to respect the property of a few. Mr. Stead proposes to find out from the local rulers how this may best be done, instead of continuing the present rough and ready plan of deciding the fate of the masses by compromise between the personal interests of a few noisy politicians. But how long do these gentlemen suppose that the people are going to put up with rulers and ruling in any shape? Just so long as they fail to perceive that this imagined necessity is simply the selfish desire of the Haves to keep the Have-nots in misery and degradation; no longer. With the on-coming of Socialism the occupation of governments will vanish.

LAW AND ORDER IN IRELAND.

III.—“WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT,” ETC.

THE Scottish invasion, though unsuccessful, produced three striking results, the effects of which are still felt. First, with it began the discord between the north and south—the southerners bitterly blaming the Ulster men for the general misfortunes that had resulted from the unlucky invitation to Bruce. Secondly, the English yeomen, who held land as tenants under the barons, were in many cases utterly ruined and forced to leave the country. Those that remained merged into the condition of the tribal Irish, who swarmed from the mountains to resume possession of the deserted lands. The reoccupation of the fields of their forefathers must have stimulated greatly the attachment to the soil so curiously strong in the Keltic heart. Thirdly, the English government had failed to protect its Anglo-Irish subjects, who, having done their fighting the last time unassisted, became henceforward more self-reliant and in consequence less subservient than ever to the Crown. In fact the descendants of those who had invaded Ireland on pretence of “reforming her morals and government” underwent at this period a strange transformation. The fraternising with the natives which had occurred at intervals and individually now became general. In order that they might establish a better hold over their lands and to win the suffrage if not the suffrage of the tribes, the great barons assumed Irish names in addition to the manners and dress of the native chiefs, and in some instances openly cast off all allegiance to the English government. This was notably the case in Connaught, which, long divided against itself, fell an easy prey to two members of the De Burgh (*Hibernice*, Burke) family. One took possession of Sligo, the other of Mayo. From the latter has descended the notorious Clanricarde, the *corpus*, truly vile, of the legal struggle between Mr. Dillon and our present fatuous Government. The head of the De Burghs, William, third English earl of Ulster, had been foully murdered by his uncle. His wife fled to England with her infant daughter. This child, on attaining womanhood, was espoused by Lionel, son of Edward III., on the strength of her supposed claim on the earldom of Ulster. Meanwhile Ulster proclaimed O’Neil as her only lord. So that the north being in the hands of a native chief, Connaught having revolted, the other great landowners being virtually independent, and the reoccupation by the tribes going steadily on in the east and south, the English territory was speedily reduced to an undefined and ever diminishing district in Leinster. In short, the fortified towns in that province were all that remained English from 1330 to 1485.

Thus the laws that had been passed to prevent the amalgamation of the settler with the native were rendered inoperative. A very strong executive indeed would have been required to carry them into effect in the face of so general a defiance. The wars of the English kings with Scotland and France rendered it impossible for the would-be tyrants of Ireland to make their will deed. But the sister isle was inoculated from time to time with the virus of race-hatred, which broke forth later on into hideous sores, whereof the scars are yet fresh in the hearts of the people. In 1342, the King’s Council sent over certain “Articles of Reform,” threatening the nobility that if they were not more attentive in discharging their duties to the king, his majesty would resume into his hands all grants made by him or his ancestors. The threatened nobles met in furious conclave at Kilkenny and framed an indignant remonstrance against the king’s injustice, complaining pathetically that a large portion of the first conquest had been recovered by the “old Irish.” The king, seeing nothing tangible was likely to result from his threats, let the matter drop, but demanded a force to be raised to assist him in his wars. Men were accordingly sent him, and they did such good work at Halidon Hill and before Calais, that recruits began to be regularly drawn from Ireland.

The next move to check the growing independence was a decree that no one should hold an office of State save a “fit Englishman holding lands and benefices in England,” thus excluding the Anglo-Irish, the natives being of course quite out of the running. The latter were styled the “Irish enemy” in contradistinction to the “Irish rebels,” as the Colonials had come to be called. In 1361, it was thought expedient to send over one of the king’s sons as lord-deputy, and Lionel, Duke of Clarence, titular Earl of Ulster, was chosen for the purpose. The first step of this hopeful deputy on landing was to prohibit the approach of any one native born of whatsoever origin. He withdrew the interdict when he found that no one manifested any desire to approach his camp save the tribes, who certainly did not draw nigh “on hospitable thoughts intent.” His term of office was signalled by the “Statute of Kilkenny,” 1367. This was a resumé of all the former laws against marriage, fosterage, gossiping, and sale and barter between the two races. Submission to native law was to be accounted felony. Adoption of Irish dress, etc., entailed forfeiture of lands. Cattle of the Irish pastured on English lands might be distrained *damage feasant*. No Irish ecclesiastic was to be inducted into a living or received into an English monastery. The bards were to be regarded as spies, and Englishmen forbidden to entertain them under pain of imprisonment, and so on. Two years later a second Act was passed, commanding all absentee landlords to return, in the desperate hope of establishing a well-affected community. But like preceding ones, and from the same cause, these statutes were practically null and void. That of Kilkenny certainly had a use, for whenever the Parliament in Dublin in succeeding years were seized with a panic at the growing strength of the natives, they would assemble and solemnly re-enact the famous statute, which they regarded as their palladium. Looking back upon the history of this law-making, it is ludicrous to think of the Irish Attorney-General, after the lapse of five centuries, disinterring the statutes of Edward III. to pick therefrom a clause wherewith to silence a champion of Ireland’s peasantry, now that they are standing shoulder to shoulder almost for the first time.

AN ARTIST’S DREAM.

ONLY some wood carving; a stall in Amiens Cathedral. At the end, forming a little pinnacle, there sits a monk; his wiry hands hang loosely, and his deep-set eyes are closed in sleep; along the top of his chair two dogs face each other, their bodies running off into leaf shapes at the side. It is quite indescribable in words, as all real artist’s work is, inimitable, rich in wayward fancy. And an ordinary workman did it. He was no better than his fellows, everything produced then (it was a little after 1400) was exquisite. Are men different now? Why is there no more fancy and no more life? The artist who carved that stall was happy; he chuckled as he cut the sleeping upper lip, he delighted in the knotted hands, and shaped them with concentrated care and keen enjoyment. He could give all his time and thought to that, and revel in the exquisite delight of living. One says now: “They had faith in those days, and that is the reason the artist work is so beautiful.” But how does faith manifest itself in that sleeping monk, or in the little panel on the same stall, where a delicious interior is carved, with the child Mary learning to read; a cat runs under the table, and ornamental pots are on a stand. No, they had faith just as children picking daisies in the sunshine have it now; they didn’t think anything about it; they did not carve to preach the gospel or explain the sacraments; they just worked out their own simple, loving, artist lives; they let their exuberant fancy guide their chisel and were happy. We could do it now, our workmen of to-day, if they had a chance, but never while the iron hand of oppression is upon them, never while they are not individual and independent, never while their pay is so miserable that they must scamp every bit of work they do to get it finished fast enough to earn the bread that stops their children’s cries. What is it that has

ruined all good work, so that England is a howling desert of miserable shoddy and sham? It is the capitalist system. The workman would be glad enough to be happy and make beautiful things, but the capitalist tears from him his time and strength, and makes him produce hateful imbecilities and detestable make-believes, and so his life is a weary task, a never-ending grind. He is like the Gnomes in the middle of the earth who turn its axis round, they go on and on and on and grow deformed and ugly, for they never can come out to the sky and the free wind; if they stopped the earth would stand still!

When at last we have Freedom, all work will be delight; we shall be happy, and so everything will of itself, spontaneously, become beautiful. It is no use saying, “Art is useless, it is just as well for it to be extinguished.” It is the very essence of our being, we cannot do without it; we were artists when we were cave-men, we worshipped beauty when we painted ourselves with woad. Art is so human, it is the soul of our every work; besides, it expresses itself in everything, our kitchen utensils, our ships, our playthings, our very boots. Why should they not be beautiful as well as ugly? They must be one or the other. Artists were always human folk, they didn’t think much of religion (except the few who were monks), they worked in their own wild wanton way, and were for all time. They are creatures of feeling rather than intellect, and felt a truth that science takes three more centuries to find out. Raphael could paint a “School of Athens” and a “Dispute of the Sacrament”—a School of Athens where Plato and Aristotle are as sublime as his Saint Paul—and Michael Angelo alternates a Delphic or a Persian Sibyl with his Ezekiel and Jeremiah. When at last we get Freedom, when one class does not conceive the end of life as the heaping up of gold, and another is not ground down in impotent slavery to make it, we shall work together in wide, free fellowship, and such art will arise as we have never known before, freer and fuller, and more loving, wider and still sublime. Then nothing will be too mean to breathe it, and nothing too high for its sea-bird flight, for we shall have Truth at last, not at the bottom of a well seen only by distorted reflections in a mirror, but ever present with us. We shall dare to look at all things frankly and fairly; we shall know and scorn corrupt ideals, and work in the spirit of human fellowship, knowing we are gods and all things human are divine.

HOW THE SHOE PINCHES.

(From a Correspondent.)

It is impossible to tell all the daily wretchedness of those who have to feel the pinch of poverty. The misery of being without work and not knowing when there will be a chance of getting work again, to one who wishes to pay their way, is purgatory of the worst description. I have had to go out to work ever since I was six years of age, and would do some now only I have a family of five children to attend to. The difficulty of providing them food and clothes almost sends me mad. I have been unlike the majority of the poor women here in that my husband had regular employment for eight years. But at the beginning of this year, owing to the depression in trade, his employer took the work away from hereabouts. His factory at L— was fitted up with all the improved machinery for carrying on the business of a shoe manufacturer; and he could get the work done there cheaper and better than in the country, although we had to fit and machine a dozen pairs of cashmere boots for two shillings and three pence, and the silk and thread required for machining them had to be bought from him at a high figure, and then we had to buy our own machines, and I understand there is a large profit on them. This year has been a miserable one to me. Often I have wished I could take my children with me to a better world, or to a long quiet sleep in the grave. I do not wonder at some parents taking the lives of their children under such circumstances. You cannot think what a misery it is always to have to tell them they cannot have this necessary and cannot have that because it takes money to buy it. When the scanty wages come on Saturday it taxes all one’s ingenuity to know how best to spend them. If groceries are written down on a paper, first one article and then another has to be scratched out because the money will not buy all the things requisite to make a family comfortable. If titled ladies would only do their share of work instead of telling us in the newspapers and magazines that hard work is a blessing, they would not make themselves so ridiculous. If they must lecture some one, let them turn their attention to their own class; they will find plenty of work cut out for them. The law courts are giving us some rare specimens of high life now. Then, again, how troubled they are at what they call the “wasteful habits” of the workers. How they grudge the sixpence spent in amusement if it brings a little sunshine into weary lives; but how seldom do we hear of the waste of the well-to-do being condemned. I have read of some ladies with more money than sense spending as much as sixty or eighty pounds on one dress. How I have wished I could have either sum to make my family comfortable for twelve months. Such inequalities cannot last for ever. Waste in one class and want in another must cause a Revolution soon. It is always the workers who are the sufferers, and whose lives are full of privations, while the rich idlers are for ever enjoying the good things procured for them by the labours of others.

(From another Correspondent.)

The one thing that I dislike most in service is the cringing homage that most ladies demand. It makes me feel rebellious and scornful to think that I am obliged to pay them homage just because they are rich, when I cannot admire one thing in their character. Another thing is the feeling of bondage. It is so bad to have a certain amount of food allowed—half a pound of butter, two ounces of tea, and half a pound of sugar in the week; and then to stay in the house for two or three months and not go out except to church. When I think of all these things I would rather die in a ditch than go to service. And yet what else is there to do?

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Annual Subscription, including postage, 1s. 6d.
All communications to be addressed to The Editor of FREEDOM, 34 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
FREEDOM can be obtained of W. Reeves, 185 Fleet Street; and the Freethought Publishing Company, 63 Fleet Street; or can be ordered for enclosure with the COMMONWEAL, Socialist League Office, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.

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“FREEDOM” PUBLICATION FUND.

H. G., 10s.; J. H. W., 2s.; S. M., 3s.

Printed and Published by C. M. WILSON, 34 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.