SOLIDARITY

A FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

of the Relations between different sections of the Working Community of the United States and an Exponent of Anarchist-Socialism.

[Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.]

No. 4. NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1892. PRICE, 3 CENTS.

All Letters, Subscriptions, etc., should be addressed to

SOLIDARITY,
85 EAST FOURTH ST.,
NEW YORK.

Subscriptions: Yearly, $1.00; Six Months, 50 Cents; Three Months, 25 Cents.

Postage Stamps are accepted.

A FEW WORDS.

FOR COMRADE BERKMAN AND PRIVATE IAMS.

There are times when to say the truth is especially dangerous; but to lie or even to remain silent is cowardice.

Berkman has undoubtedly acted of his own accord. All the arrests which are taking place every day in the persons of known Anarchists are simply made in order to terrorize the people, and in the hope of dealing a blow to the great principles, which prompted the action of our comrade.

To all new and great ideas, Governments have but one argument to oppose: force. Eventually, however, the violence of the repression turns out to be the greatest motor of Progress.

We publish below some extracts from an interview which Berkman had, soon after his arrest, with a reporter. The passages we publish were given in the first edition of the *Philadelphia Record*, July 24th, but were expunged, on better thought, from later editions.

In these passages the motives of comrade Berkman in attempting to kill Frick are put in the clearest light. Whoever reads them and has not permitted his judgment to be fooled by the hypocritical cries of the capitalist press, must recognize in Berkman one of those men who live up to a cause and die for it. A cause which may enlist such men is sure to win.

We hardly need protest against the vituperations of the press. Such vituperations honor us. Some people think that they can manufacture fame and shame, and by calling a noble man names they can convert him into a "coward," just as other people believe that by shaving half somebody's head or stripping a button from a coat they can impress the mark of infamy on a man, whose only crime is to have refused to lie, and to have maintained his refusal under the writing of an atrocious punishment.

They only succeed in so doing, to show how mean they are—and to widen the moral gulf between their victims and themselves.

BERKMAN INTERVIEWED.

(The *Philadelphia Record*, July 24th.)

"What did I shoot him for? Ha, ha! That's a nice question to ask. Do you know any person in this world who is better or happier for his ever having lived? I can find you thousands whom he has made miserable. Out in Homestead people will soon be suffering the pangs of hunger. Whose fault is it? Mr. Frick's. Thousands of strong, healthy men are now idle because they cannot return to work without sacrificing their self respect. Whose fault is it? Mr. Frick's. Six workingmen were buried here last week. Who killed them? Mr. Frick. Does such a man deserve to live? Of what good is he in the world? He is a dog, and he should die. I wanted to kill him, and I am ready to die for it." He began to walk excitedly up and down his cell, his face turned to the floor. He stopped at the door again, drew his hand through his hair and smiled. "I suppose," he said, "you are going to describe me as a red-hot Anarchist. Well, say what you like; it cannot affect me."

"Do you live in Pittsburg?"

"Oh, no, I simply came here to kill Frick. It wasn't an accident. I have no hesitation in telling you this; it did not come into my head all in one instant. I thought over it a long time, and I said to myself: If I kill Frick, escape is out of the question; millions of dollars would be spent to find me, and I would be arrested if it took them ten years to find me. No, I could not escape. I would rush out of the building and would be stopped and maybe killed on the spot by some of his hirelings. If not, I would be hanged.

"Then I asked myself: Is it worth while to sacrifice my life to kill Frick? I decided that it was. I was only one, and my death would be nothing at all compared with the happiness of the thousands of workers who would bless my memory. The men could then win their strike and the downtrodden of this country would rejoice. I am very sorry that I made a bungle of my job, as my life will probably be wasted. You see I understand what I have done, and I know what my punishment will be, but as it is in all the great causes, I do not mind it a bit."

"In what way," asked the reporter, "did you expect the death of Mr. Frick to affect the strike in Homestead?"

"Why, what would the company do without him? It is his stubbornness that the workers have had to fight against more than anything else. He is a cruel, heartless man, who can see thousands of his fellowbeings in misery without a sigh of sympathy. Carnegie is thousands of miles away, and he would not dare to oppose the men as Frick has done. The men could easily win then, for the company could hardly find a man in the whole country with Frick's brains and Frick's meanness."

"Are you a Socialist or an Anarchist or a Nihilist, or all three?"

The prisoner laughed. "Those names in your mind I know sound very bloody." He grew serious in an instant and went on. "I believe in liberty and justice. I have only been in your country five years, but I know its Constitution.

"Who ever lives up to it? Does the capitalist consider that the workingman is his equal? Every rich man is a traitor to his country. What work did Frick ever do to give him the right to hold in his hands the happiness of thousands of workmen? I believe that every man is king (?), and that every tyrant should die. But what's the use of my telling this to you. You will never print it in your paper."

"There are lots of capitalists in the world," the reporter suggested to draw the man out.

"Yes," he answered, very dryly; "that's the trouble."

"Why did you want to kill Mr. Frick rather than other rich men?"

"Oh, well, a beginning had to be made somewhere, and besides, Frick was more prominent just now as an oppressor of the poor than any other capitalist in the country," he continued. "Oh, how happy I would be to know that he is dead. Do you understand? I wanted to kill Frick, I came here to do so. I am sorry I did not kill him at once. Now I want him to die. Tell me now, how many bullets did he have in him?"

"HOMESTEAD" AGAIN.

The situation at Homestead has had a tragic turn, since our last issue. The drama has had its catastrophe. Where, two weeks ago, the rejoicings of victory were heard, now there reigns the distress of defeat. The brightest hopes have given way to bitter disillusions. Confidence has turned into distrust and despair. The mill, of which the workmen had gained possession, is again in the hands of the company.

Some of the men are in jail, all are threatened with arrest and prosecution for murder. Non-union men are at work—under the protection of the militia.

How the heart of the locked-out men must have bled when they saw again the smoke from the furnaces, and heard once more the whistle of the locomotives! Many of them are very poor; they see their provisions shortened day by day; every day the outlook becomes gloomier for them, and Mr. Frick sends in, simply and cynically, an invitation to resume work at his own terms,—an invitation which is at the same time an insult and a temptation, a defiance and a bribe, an act of warfare and an assertion of victory.

These men have been told that in order to win they should not become Socialists or Anarchists, and they have been defeated because they were not Socialists and Anarchists.

They now realize for the first time in their lives perhaps how great is the insolence of Capital. They now repent the confidence they put in the Governor and in the militia. They now see the folly of assisting peacebly at the preparations made against themselves in the building and fortification of the fences, and of lending their arms to the construction of the machinery by which they are now annihilated.

They now see that Frick could well afford to smile at the news of their "victory" over the Pinkertons. That victory was part of his plan. Frick wanted the militia. The sheriff wanted it from the Governor.

There had to be bloodshed in order that the Government might be justified in interfering; and bloodshed there was. The Pinkertons were sent to give death, *and* to die. They might well implore to go back. They had been lured, and now, gentlemen—they were told—you must fight and *die*! The result is that Carnegie has the militia, and the county of Allegheny pays for it. The workmen pay $30,000 per day to the soldiers who have come to fight and murder them—$25 per day to the major-general, $15 to the brigadier-general, and so on.

The men trusted Carnegie "the philanthropist," they trusted the Governor and his secret promises that he would not send the militia. They trusted the militia itself that it would, if not join their

ranks, remain neutral in their struggle against the Company. They did not know that a capitalist is bound to squeeze his employees, that he is as much a tool of the system as the Governor, and that the militia are tools in the hands of the capitalists.

The curse of the present system is this, that it forces even good men to act against their own will and interests. These militiamen did not dream, when they first enlisted, that they would be made to support by their rifles a tyranny of which they themselves are victims.

These Homestead people had great respect for law and justice. They now see Mr. Frick playing with law as with cards—every day choosing his victims and hitting at them; sending his agents around and subduing people by threats of persecution; subduing the sons by threatening persecution against their fathers, and the fathers by threatening persecution against their sons.

They now realize that judges, the military, and the government itself, are the paid servants of capitalism, and that it is foolish to expect them to side with the poor and the weak.

All this is as clear as day. No stronger argument, no better illustration, no more conclusive, no vindication of our principles could be conceived.

Here, Mr. George! These people own their homes. There is no question of land-monopoly, nor of railroad monopoly at Homestead. But as the people do not own the mill, their homes and their labor belong to the factory company. They may be driven out of Homestead at the will of the capitalists.

But you will have the mill nationalized, Mr. Bellamy! You want a central government to carry on all the economical concerns of the community, like a huge Company! Well, be sure that such a government would dictate its terms to the men, would lock them out if the terms were refused, and would employ soldiers to shoot them down if necessary.

Let us suppose the third—the peoples'—party in power. They would never send soldiers to fight workingmen. So they say, because they at present are "out," and want to catch votes. Were they, —the farmers—the government, they would wish to see their laborers working quietly and submitting to their masters' terms. They would invest their surpluses in company shares, and be interested in the dividends. And if the laborers and workers should strike, or otherwise give trouble they would be as certainly shot down by order of the People's Party Government as they are now under the reign of Republicans and Democrats.

There is only one remedy for this state of affairs—Revolution, a thorough change of social institutions. All workmen should unite—the different sorts and condition of workmen should sink their differences and fight for their common emancipation.

Some reader may remember the history of Spring Valley, Illinois—of those workmen who, after having been induced to settle there and buy houses, and after having been promised good wages and all the comforts of life, were suddenly discharged, reduced to poverty and abject want, and taken back at starvation wages.

A similar process of "pauperization" of the masses was carried on, during the last century, in England through the "enclosures"—and the result was a "factory system" without a parallel in any other country. The Americans in their turn will be famished and enslaved, if they do not make a stand and fight to a man.

HOLY SIMPLICITY!

An appeal to the public has been issued, as it is well known, by the Advisory Committee of the Homestead strikers.

The men claim that they have built a town, its houses and its churches (even the churches!), and that therefore they and the public have equitable right and interest in the Carnegie mills—especially a right to continuous employment.

That right surely they have. But then such a right is subversive of the right of the capitalists to manage their own concerns and subversive of the whole present industrial and commercial system.

The latter right kills the former. Either the mills belongs to Carnegie & Co., or to the workmen.

All workingmen have built houses, railroads and factories; and have been evicted from them. All workingmen have acquired shares in industrial concerns, and have been stripped of them. All may claim a right and an interest in the factories and workshops they have erected, in the capital they have created. But if these rights should be respected, if only the workmen should be given the right of "continuous employment" at fair wages, then the capitalist system could not work, would not last one hour.

Therefore down with the capitalists—or, down with the workingmen!

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

The present society may have many good points for itself, except that *it is not a Society*. It is the very negation of society. There are poor and rich, masters and slaves, ruling classes and working classes, bosses, sweaters, monopolists and their helpless victims. There is, and there can be no freedom, no justice, no righteousness in such a sham society. Force reigns from top to bottom: sometimes open brutal force; some other time force disguised in the garb of fraud and law, *i. e*; force *plus* hypocrisy. The different classes stand in a hierarchical order, one under the other; the workingman under the small boss, the latter under bigger ones and so on till we ascend to the great potentates, industrial and political.

Work is not the bond which unites human beings, but is the chain by which some are kept in bondage to others. It is not an exertion to produce something useful. It is not performed by man upon nature. Such is only the work of the common workman. But the work of the capitalist is performed upon men as raw material; is an exploitation of labor, a robbery, maybe a murder. Such is also the *work* of the landlord, of the lawyer, of the usurer, of the politician.

Genuine work is subjected to sham-work. The more useful, the harder the work, the scantier the reward. Nowhere is the contrast so sharp as in this country. The pauper immigrant performs the greatest and most arduous work, he opens new countries to industry and civilization, he makes the way to other and better-paid workingmen and creates immense fortunes to the capitalists; yet his wages are a bloody irony, his treatment is that of a slave, and hatred and contempt are bestowed on him instead of gratitude.

On the contrary, the man who prescribes some syrup as a remedy against the pangs of hunger and the effects of excessive work and defective food, this man swallows in the space of a few minutes our wages of a week. The lawyer takes advantage of our misfortune to despoil us; and the capitalist, the financier, the senator, who lends his name to a prospectus, earn in one day what thousands of men take their whole life to produce.

Nor are these people satisfied with what they can squander in their lifetime: they claim the right to capitalize their rents and profits and to be our creditors—the creditors of the working classes—for ever. In coming into the world, we not only bring with us neither palaces, nor villas, nor shares, nor stocks, but we are charged with a debt, which our ancestors incurred by working too much, producing too much, and accumulating wealth to their employers.

This society does not care for the workingmen: but the workingmen exist for the benefit and the pleasures of the capitalists. The needs of the workingmen, their very lives, are of no social value: but the smallest wishes and caprices of the capitalists are paid the greatest consideration. The more one needs, the less he gets: the less one needs, the more he gets. Fortune was described by the ancients as blind. It seems that it now sees, and profligates its favor to those who are less in need of it.

The workingmen have no recognized existence in society. Their existence is only incidental to that of the capitalist. They are allowed to live only in so far as they may contribute to the happiness of the capitalist. If not—not. In all countries some land remains uncultivated while there are people starving—and factories are locked up, while there are so many poor and ragged men. Two millions of men are out of employment in this country; two millions of men who are not allowed to produce their own food; and shelter, furniture, clothing and everytihng is wanted by a great part of the ten millions of actual workers. Production is limited, trade is obstructed, in order that the workman may be kept at the verge of starvation and forced to work for the benefit of the capitalist. All the benefits accrue to the capitalist,—wealth accumulates in his hands, machinery and progress benefit him. The mere increase of population enriches him. The workman supports all the burdens: taxation, even if assessed on other classes, is shifted upon him: he is the scapegoat of industrial, competion, he suffers from every change of law and policy, from protection as well as from free trade; he pays for the expenses of wars, crises and other calamities; he pays for the Pinkertons and for the militia while they are employed against him. He is the Cirenian who carries the cross of the present system, and the burden grows heavier and heavier on his shoulders. He must throw it off or break down under it.

Nor is this division of society a temporary one. Classes are hereditary. Men *are born* poor and rich, masters and slaves. The son of the workman is doomed to serve and to be ignorant, whilst the son of the rich is trained to dominate. Democracy is a lie. The caste system is as flourishing in democratic America as in old despotic India. We have imported into this country the economical and political institutions of feudal Europe and we have worsted them. The will of a few millionaires rules the country.

The workman is *the thing* of the capitalist. Property is believed to be a power that a man wields over a thing. This is not true. Evidently a man cannot own nor possess more than he uses to work. Property is a power over men—over the workmen. The capitalist is a ruler and a legislator, in his factory, in the market and in Congress. He fixes the work for the workmen, its duration and the conditions in which it must be performed. His power covers the whole life of the workman. The capitalist decides where the workmen must dwell, what food he must eat (he only brings to the market such commodities as yield to him a profit), the number of years he must live, whether he may marry or not, and what the future of his children shall be. Our health, our intelligence, our employment, our lives and those of our dear ones are at his mercy. The workman may have saved money, built houses, and think they are his own. No, they really belong to his employer who may evict him at a moment's notice. The big capitalist legislates for the small one; he controls the market, decides who shall sell, what commodities shall be sold, and at what prices and he enforces his decisions by fines, boycotting, lock-outs and systematic starvation.

The law puts the seal on his will. It approves beforehand of everything which the capitalist may do. It puts chains on the arms of the workman while the capitalist stabs him in the back. The capitalist devotes the money that the workman has earned for him to hire Pinkertons to shoot the workman down, or to hire legislators to protect him against the workmen and his competitors. He keeps a standing army of political hirelings, who buy votes, sell offices and arrange everything in such a way as to let it appear that it is the will of the people to be ruled and coerced and squeezed by the capitalists. The Government is a machinery by which the private law or will of the capitalist is converted into public law of the country; it originates in wealth and social inequality and grows with the growth of social inequalities and with the accumulation of wealth at the hands of the capitalist. The stronger the Government, the weaker and the more oppressed are the people.

The cause of all the evils and injustices of the present society is its imperfect constitution. The destruction of ranks, the separation of manual work from intellectual work, commercialism and profitmongery, the concentration of capital and centralization of government—such are the main features of the present society. This must be changed by a social revolution, which will afford the people the opportunity to take possession in a summary way of the means of production, organize production and exchange on the co-operative system, and derive from their combined efforts the greatest satisfaction of their needs.

INDIVIDUALIST ANARCHISM—

HOW IT PRACTICALLY MEANS MONOPOLY AND COERCION.

Mr. Benj. Tucker has published a long reply to my criticism of Individualist Anarchism, without however, giving me the benefit of the publication of my views, as he had promised, in *Liberty*.—He says I have committed a great breach of journal-

listic *etiquette*. That may be so. I do not care for journalistic-*etiquette*. I considered that the readers of SOLIDARITY might not read *Liberty*, and that the question might interest them; and I published the criticism in this paper at the same time that I forwarded it to the editor of *Liberty*. What the readers of the latter paper may have understood of the whole controversy, I wonder. Such of them as happen to know the address of SOLIDARITY, should ask for number 2.

So much for etiquette. Let us pass to the merits of the controversy.

Mr. Tucker claims to be a Socialist. He claims that Individualist Anarchism destroys "usury and the exploitation of labor."—This I deny; and in my former article I have proved that it is not true. I have heard Individualist Anarchists contend that, under their system, owners of houses may let them for a rent, that miners may put a competition price on the different minerals, that inheritance may be admitted, and that there may be "voluntary police" for the protection of the rights of ownership.

This being the case, there will be rich and poor in society; the rich will cease to work and have the poor working in their stead, the most advantageous situations will be occupied, the most fertile lands owned; the newcomers will lack the means of production; many will work for wages, others will be unemployed, and ultimately there must needs be an organised force to compel the proletarians to submit to the plutocrats, individual or groups; and a Government to protect and control that beautiful system.

Of course Mr. Tucker having given a very ambiguous definition of Socialism, may still say, according to that definition, that the power the holder of wealth will have under Individualist Anarchism will not be *antisocial*, and that the tribute he will extort will not be *compulsory*, but voluntary. So the present monopolists pretend that by exploiting labor they are conferring a benefit on society, and that the workingman is free to accept their terms or....to starve. We however are no more the dupes of "liberalism." We want *substantial*, not formal freedom.

What kind of socialist Mr. Tucker is, is seen by his statement that the present *form* of society is perfectly compatible with the realization of Socialism. I suppose he means that the form in which industry is organized, trade is carried on, and the distribution of products effected, that the sale for a profit, or Commercialism, is all right.

What he wants is, all things remaining as they now stand, "to give free flow to all activities." But we know that anything like "free flow to all activities" is impossible under the present *regime*. Commercialism obstructs production, curtails energies, keeps men at the verge of starvation, fosters fraud and adulteration, and checks intellectual, moral and material progress.

If Mr. Tucker had thoroughly investigated the structure of the present society, he would not have found that Socialism is compatible with it.—

After all, Mr. Tucker "does not know." He is "not at all sure that in *form* any new society is needed." He does "not profess to know what the form of the new society will be." He admits, for the sake of argument, that the future society will be carried on by industrial groups in possession of the means of production." But he does not know whether "the relations between the groups should be based on free competition or organized solidarity," and he answers the question by saying: "on free competition in any case, *and* on organized solidarity so far as the groups *choose* to solidarily organize."

Mr. Tucker evidently thinks that people competing with each other may yet be *solidary*—and he makes *solidarity* a matter of choice, a luxury.—

But Solidarity is not a coat, which people may put on their back or fold and carry under their arms, at pleasure: solidarity is a principle, the organic, the basic principle of society, and a principle entirely exclusive of competition. Like all true and great principles, it cannot be enforced by the strong hand; but it must penetrate the minds and the feelings of the people, shape their relations, and assert itself in all the social institutions. Men have to choose between solidarity and monopoly, We cannot go round and say like Mr. Tucker "we do not know, and we do not care to know."—

Now Mr. Tucker may be a sharp debater, but he is not a fair one. I had proved that free competition would lead to the enrichment of the few and the pauperization of the masses, because of the existing differences of situations, of needs, of abilities, etc. This is a general phenomenon.

There are no two acres of soil equally fertile. There are no two situations equally advantageous. Differences and inequalities exist everywhere, between things and between men. It is not only the voice of a Patti which may obtain control of a particularly valuable iron mine.

There is a hierarchy in things; by controlling the extraction of raw materials the whole industry of a country is controlled.

Railroads and canals have a power over all the producers of labor; and nobody will doubt the paramount importance of ports, centers of trade etc. It may be that science, civilization, and social progress, will narrow to some extent the space of natural monopoly. But social monopolies, the outcome of social needs and arrangements, are on the increase. The time when men will get everything they are in need of freely and directly at the hands of nature, and when all men will get an equal quantity, is as yet far distant. We see on the other hand, that natural resources, like air and light, are more and more monopolized by the few under the competitive system.

If free competition is allowed to have its way, it will lead to great accumulation of wealth and to poverty. This, I repeat, is a general phenomenon. Mr. Tucker says (in a parenthesis) *that I say* that competition is impossible in certain cases—one in a million. This way of refusing arguments is not to the credit of Mr. Tucker's sincerity.

Nor is his quibble about competition and monopoly more decent. He says that in the cases alleged by me (he does not dispute them) not competition, but monopoly, is the cause of the evil. Well, monopoly is the cause of the evil and competition is the parent of monopoly. What I maintain is that in an Individualist Anarchist society there would be monopoly and exploitation of labor, and therefore "no socialism."

Mr. Tucker argues in a very queer way. I bring forward cases, where free competition leads to monopoly. He says: "I will have nothing to do with such cases. I want Mr. Merlino to bring me cases where there is free competition without monopoly, and yet there is exploitation of labor." Of course I cannot comply with his request since I maintain that competition breeds monopoly and is inseparable from it.

Here is another illustration of Mr. Tucker's polemical methods. He had stated in *Liberty* that, through the lottery-tickets issued by the Syndicate of the Paris Exhibition, an immense sum was realized, and yet every one got full value for his money. I denied this sufficiently self-contradictory statement. Mr. Tucker replies that I "want to have compulsory taxation" that "communists prefer to have their money taken out of their pockets by force" and that, after all, I admit the absence of coercion "which was the chief point" at issue. Whether or no this is *bona-fide* arguing I leave to the reader to say.

I wish also to state that Mr. Tucker's self-conceitedness, the tone of superiority he assumes in discussion, his sweeping judgment on "the Communistic recklessness of statement," etc., are just the kind of things which usually take the place of sound arguments.

As to the merits of the lottery-tickets' question, I state again that the lottery-tickets were issued in Paris, and sold on the understanding that it would cost everybody 20 *cents* to be admitted to the exhibition, the chance of getting a prize in a long series of drawings, and the return of the money in 1964, amounting to but very little. All those who bought the bundle of twenty tickets were cheated into paying 20 cents, what it cost in the market six cents.

The speculators robbed the public, as always happens. This is the story of the capitalistic system all around, and all over, and over and over again. Mr. Tucker begs the question with his dilemma: "buy in a free market, even though you get the worst of the bargain, or have your money taken out of your pockets by force."

We Anarchist Communists want neither: and it is probable that neither Mr. Tucker nor his friends want to "get the worst of the bargain." They rather hope to get the best of it for themselves.

Now, what does this talk about freedom, voluntary bargain, and so on, amount to? A man who has not the knowledge or the means, which the professional speculator possesses (and the public is and *must* be in that condition) is not *free*. The whole mass of the consumers is not free and never can be in its relations with the "dealers" and retailers.

There is no free competition now, and there can never be. If established for a moment, free competition will lead to unequality and then cease to be free. Competition necessarily results in monopoly, in *trusts* and *combines*; and it would also under free Individualist Anarchist *regime*.

But here is Mr. Tucker's final blow. "Be competition a blessing, or an evil, I am curious to know how Merlino can forbid it, and still call himself an Anarchist."

Let us go on with the argument. "Be murder a blessing or an evil—be robbery a blessing or an evil—be monopoly a blessing or an evil—be war and extermination blessings or evils"— they cannot be forbidden for we are Anarchists.

For me, if Anarchism means leaving crime and injustice alone, if it means the liberty to do harm and to oppress, and no reistance to oppression, then *I am not* an Anarchist.

To be Anarchists, we must fight the evils, by persuasion if possible, by violence if necessary. We must fight above all the present system, which is *incompatible* with the realization of Socialism and Anarchism.—Therefore I am a revolutionist, i.e. I am an Anarchist who wants to see Anarchism realized, while M. Tucker is an anarchist who submits to the present system and countenances its evils.

S. MERLINO.

P. S.—Mr. tucker has, in the last issue of *Liberty* a malignant insinuation about "professional Socialists. The reply must be deferred for lack of space to the next number.

WHERE DOES THE EVIL LIE?

The terrible occurrence of the Homestead difficulty suggests to us that question. Certainly, the right of the human being to preserve a life conferred on him by nature cannot be contested. Yet, this right, though not contested, proves often to be an impracticable theory.

Men, women and children, are starving, and the world goes on, steeped in luxury and pleasures, just as if suffering was unknown among us.

Is Labor so helpless, then, that it must crouch at the feet of Capital for a morsel of bread, and be thankful to get the crumbs?

No! at any time labor unhampered can stand its own against Capital. But, as yet, Labor has not come out untrammeled.

The trammels destructive to Labor are entwined round the mind of the Laborer himself. His ignorance of human rights and of the means of asserting those rights is the flaw which every time breaks the rod.

In this new world, Socialistic agitation and Labor troubles are new developments. The American middle classes believe these phenomena to be exotic plants, imported from *Outre-mer*. But their surmise is erroneous: the plants are purely indigenous. Socialism, in other words the laws establishing the rights of the human being in society, is not a product of any special country. It was born at the time that two, or several, came to co-operate together for any purpose.

A breach of the laws of Society creates a disturbance in the organic economy of the association, and the *effect* of the breach of the laws surges upward as does water when repressed by a dam.

Labor troubles are the fiercest of these surging billows, for they are the effect of the most disastrous offense against organized society. In America, these disturbances are new manifestations because the conditions which produce them are new features on this continent.

That social evil is a disease, the result of congestion in some organ of the body economic, and, like all diseases, is powerless to invade an organism unless a morbific action on the tissues creates a condition in which it may thrive.

The revolutionary malaria, of which Labor troubles are the keenest symptom, is *not* endemic, it is thoroughly pandemic. Only recently did it invade America, because only recently did the war of secession, the supremacy of the republican party, the protective tariff and other similar factors centralize wealth and industry into the hands of a few, and thus create in the organic economy of society a morbid atmosphere congenial to the malaria.

But for those of us whose hearts go out to the unprivileged classes, the question, "where does the evil lie?" "which nips in the bud all efforts of

the toiler to claim what belongs to him by right of social laws?" becomes one of great moment.

That great question, history records it; it has traced the characters on its pages with a pen dipped in the blood of thousands upon thousands who fell under the bayonets of the men of the *Bleu* Republic in France on the memorable days of June (not of February), 1848.

Behold the great democratic and socialistic uprising of June; so stupendous that the entire world felt it; — stood aghast, quaked, and fell prostrate with terror, — and yet it is ignored, or nearly so, by all French historians!!

They dare not name it! Those who butchered the poor starving insurgents behind their formidable barricades on which floated their red flag, whereon two simple but thrilling words read: *Du pain!* (bread!)—those, I say, *dare not* record the deeds of their most infernal brutality, and *would not* transmit to posterity the noblest deeds of heroism ever witnessed, which immortalizes the insurgents of June, 1848.

Lamartine, the Blue republican and member of the Provisional Government, was aware of the stain which would be attached to his name if a history of the June Revolution were written.

But there is an unwritten history which parents whisper to their children; which a man relates to another at dinner hour in the workshop; which is graven on the stones of the houses and the pavings on the streets. I have not seen the scenes of June, 1848, I have not read their description, but on my heart they are engraven in characters so indelible that time has been unable to mar their clearness.

I *know* that the insurgents were armed with cannons, a fact which had never been seen before in a revolution; I *know* that the barricade erected at the foot of the Faubourg St. Antoine on the Place of the Bastille covered the entire length of the Place, and rose as high as a two story-house; I *know* that that barricade was declared impregnable and that eminent engineers who examined it after the surrender declared it the most marvellous piece of spontaneous engineering ever known; I *know* that it has never been taken by the government forces, but that the insurgents surrendered it on the promise made to them by the infamous General Cavaignac to treat them as brothers. Between quotations I give here the exact text of the Proclamation:

"Workingmen, and you all who have your arms raised against the Republic, a last time, and in the name of all that is respectable, holy and sacred for men, *lay down your arms!* The National Assembly; the whole nation demands this of you!

"*They tell you that cruel revengeful acts are waiting for you! Those who speak so are your enemies and ours. They tell you that you will be sacrificed in cold blood!!* Come to us! Come to us as repenting brothers and law-abiding men, and the arms of the Republic are open to receive you."

Signed: The Chief of the Executive Power,
E. CAVAGNAC."

The government forces were unable to take that gigantic barricade in spite of all that Alphonse de Lamartine says in his "History of the Revolution of 1848," where he shamelessly boasts of leading the attack and having had two horses killed under him as he fought by the side of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, the subsequently notorious murderer of Victor Noir, who by this crime precipitated the fall of the Empire in 1870—and also by the side of General Cavaignac. I *know* that when the Government saw the great strength of the insurgents they ordered the cavalry and the artillery of the Fort of Vincennes to march down to the Faubourg St. Antoine and attack the insurgents in the back, while the other troops attacked them in the front, and I *know* also that as soon as the artillery and cavalry commenced moving down, the women of the Faubourg St. Antoine threw all their glass and China ware into the streets to disable the horses, and that those who advanced a few steps were saluted with a rain of pieces of furniture on their heads; I *know* with what ardor those poor frenzied women fought, and sacrificed all their household goods to save their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, who were battling behind the great barricade below; I *know* that after the insurgents had laid down their arms, they were massacred in cold blood by thousands upon thousands, and that the massacre lasted weeks and even months, for the houses of the workingmen were all given over to the rage of the *Garde Mobile*, who spared neither age nor sex; I *know* that so great was the carnage that nearly all the hearts that had beat at the sound of the word *Socialism* were made cold in death, and that the ship of the Blue, *i. e.*, *Bourgeoise* Republic, was stranded on a sea made with the blood of Toilers and Republicans; I *know all this* for I have seen the faces of women blanching at the mere mention of June, and men clenching their fists in rage. I have heard them relate their own experience and the scenes they had witnessed. But all was said in whispers, for terror still floated in the air, and in the presence of such mighty heroism, I exclaim with David of the Bible: *How has the Mighty fallen?*

All the treachery of Cavaignac, Lamartine, Clement Thomas; and the cowardice of Victor Hugo, Ledru Rollin and the majority of the Representatives of the Blue Republic, added to this the large army of Regulars and that of National Guards, all these elements put together could not have conquered the Socialist uprising of June, if Lamartine, inspired by an infernal spirit, had not organized what was called the *Garde Mobile*.

Towards the end of February, as he was the leading member of the Provisional Goverment, he went out one night to watch the attitude of the people, who—anxious to secure a republican form of government and remembering how, in 1830, they fought for a republic and were cheated by the *Bourgeoisie*—had remained under arms waiting to see the issue.

Lamartine, in his "History of the Revolution of 1848," says: "There was in that multitude enough to recruit *ten* revolutions." Then he became afraid of the strength of the people. The names of Barbès, Louis Blanc, Blanqui, Raspail, Proudhon sounded in his ears like a tocsin, the *Socialism*, uttered all around made him quake. To reduce the strength of the people by *all* and *any* means, was now the aim of his diplomacy.

Noticing that the men from twenty years upward were calm though determined, but that those from twelve years to twenty were reckless and fiery, he resolved to extract that young element from the main body by enrolling them as *Garde Mobile*, and then *turn them on their own fathers and brothers*. He says: "The force destined to restrain the revolt was, in that manner, extracted from the revolt itself." . . . "A real army of a people militarily enrolled." . . . "The creation of the *Garde Mobile* was the presentiment of the salvation of the Republic in the days of June. . . . "I calculated that these young people, left to vagabondage and riot, or enrolled under the discipline and the hand of the Government, would make a difference of 50,000 men for the cause of order against that of anarchy."

When the Government closed up the national workshops and threw thousands of men into the streets to starve (for no work could be got), and when the entire *proletariat* were famished, then, on the 24th of June, the despair and ingenuity of hunger rose for a final struggle against the Blue Republic.

The Government launched on the people the *Garde Mobile* as they would mad dogs, and the horrors that uniformed portion of the people perpetrated on the other portion is unequalled in the annals of revolution. On these immortal days of June the uniformed son thrust the bayonet into the breast of his father, who, behind the barricade, fought for bread, and butchered his mother and sisters inside the houses of the Faubourg St. Antoine. They, workingmen, fighting against workingmen, and both combattants were children of the same city: The magnificent but crimson shrouded Paris!

Lamartine was correct in his crafty surmise: The workingmen was the most potent force he could oppose to the demands of Labor; the Revolution of June stands as an eternal accusation against the ignorance of the majority of the laboring classes in matters connected with their rightful position on this earth.

Louis Blanc writes: *The days of June must be called the Revolution of Hunger.*

What a telling lesson this great page of history offers us! *Here* is the worm gnawing at the heart of Labor's cause! June reveals it! So long as men do not recognize love as the only healer and binder, and do not enter into the bonds of universal solidarity; war, strife and hunger stare us in the face.

MARIE LOUISE.

The labor performed by the individual must be useful to society. Usury, speculation, monopoly, are injurious work, if they are work at all.

WORKMEN AND POLITICS.

When, oh when, will workingmen come to their senses, and cease to be Democrats and Republicans, and remember that they are workingmen? At the mass meeting on July 18th another painful illustration of staunch partisanship was exhibited by Mr. Gallagher, when he took exception to what the chairman of the meeting said in reference to condemning the action of Governor Pattison in calling out the State militia. Mr. Gallagher is an officer of the Amalgamated Association, and stands high among his fellows, and yet when an obliging Governor, at the request of the Sheriff of Allegheny County, backed up by Murderer Frick, at the dead hour of the night, orders the State troops to proceed to Homestead at once, and at the point of the bayonet compel those sturdy sons of toil to submit to the dictates of Carnegie & Co., he holds that he simply did his duty. We are fully convinced that no one except a hardshell Democrat or a representative capitalist can conscientiously hold this opinion. *Labor Leader.*

THE COAL BARONS.

On the first days of July the coal barons, including all the coal producers of the Reading combine, met at New York and voted to fix the output of coal for July at 3,500,000 tons as against 3,791,399 tons in July, 1891. As the result of this reduction in the supply, the Western sales agents immediately met and raised the tide-water price of all varieties of coal 25 cents a ton. The Eastern sales agents also met and raised the price 15 cents a ton for grates, 30 cents for egg, and 35 cents for stove and chestnut. Those who have not yet met—are the consumers.

CHILD LABOR IN RHODE ISLAND.

Many interesting facts concerning the employment of child labor have recently been published by the Commissioner of Industrial Statistics of Rhode Island. As the population of the entire state is but about one-fourth of that of the city of Chicago, it will be seen that this evil has grown to large proportions. The report says that 5,273 children between the ages of ten and fifteen years are employed in factories, workshops and other places of industry. Of these, 2,977 are boys and 2,296 girls. The responsibility for the utilization of this child labor is not to be saddled upon any particular industry, because the total number employed is divided up among ninety different occupations, though three-fourths of it is to be charged up to the cotton and woollen industries. The remuneration given the children for their toil ranges all the way from 74 cents to six dollars per week.

CARNEGIE'S SAVINGS.

To the working masses the condition of the iron workers in Carnegie's mills, now that a strike prevails, has more than ordinary importance, and the point at issue should be fully understood. The amount per ton is seventy-eight cents. The change in time that the contract shall end, to be changed from July to January. Now the seventy-eight cents per ton affects sixty per cent of skilled workmen and all unskilled labor. Now the product of the mills is rails, structural and plate iron, and steel, the government being the largest consumer for plates, this contract extending into 1894 at prices based upon pig iron at one dollar per ton above market rates of to-day. Coke is five cents per ton less and coal mining the same. Within the past year Carnegie & Co., limited, have introduced labor saving methods of nineteen cents per ton; structural iron in price is about the same that it was in 1891; rails less one dollar per ton. Nor is this all; the Company are about introducing into the steel mill a converter, by which fifteen per cent of the skilled labor will be dispensed with and a saving of two dollars per ton. Now the men, looking to permanent employment, were willing to suffer a reduction equal to 40 cents per ton, and the reduction comes on an advancing market for supplies. Next the change of time when the contract ends, places the men in the midst of winter. Shall these men be sustained is a question affecting all labor. *Hollister's Eight-hour Herald.*