

"Why I am a Socialist and an Atheist," by C. Næwiger.

Vol. I. No. 4.

APRIL, 1891.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

LIBERTY

• CONTENTS •

Between Ourselves.

Villains of the Commune.

Some objections to Anarchism.
By EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

Anarchism and the S. D. F.
By "REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALIST."

An Anarchist on Anarchy.
By ELISEE RECLUS.

My Uncle Benjamin.
By CLAUDE TILLIER.

International Notes.

W.M. ROYE

• A JOURNAL OF •

• ANARCHIST COMMUNISM •

LONDON

WILLIAM REEVES. 185, FLEET STREET, E.C.

AND OF J. TOCHATTE, CARMAGNOLE HOUSE, 7, BEADON ROAD, HAMMERSMITH.



THE "VILLAINS" OF THE COMMUNE.

[*"Liberty,"* New York.]

Elisée Reclus, perhaps the most famous geographer living, author of a gigantic work, entitled *"The Earth and Its Inhabitants,"* for which he has been decorated by a French scientific society, is the first villain on our list. He fought in the ranks of the Commune.

Paschal Grousset, who escaped from New Caledonia with Rochefort is now a novelist, a journalist, and a leader of the movement for the physical culture of the youth of France.

Elie Reclus, brother of Elisée and librarian of the National Library under the Commune, is an ethnologist of high repute and is employed in scientific work by the publishing house of Hachette and Co. By his side works Lefrançais, another member of the Commune and scientist as well.

It is almost needless to mention Henri Rochefort. Though now undergoing another exile on account of his political opinions, his leading article sent from London to *L'Intransigeant* is read eagerly every day by thousands of people, and the Republic trembles before his pen as did the Empire. Among the journalists of France he is easily the first in influence.

Arthur Arnould, since the amnesty, has written novels which have won him fame, and a play which scored a pronounced success at the Odéon.

Amouroux, who died a few years ago, was on the editorial staff of an influential Paris daily. Four years after the amnesty he was elected to the Paris Municipal Council, and later to the Chamber of Deputies, of which bodies he was considered one of the most industrious members. While municipal councillor, he was one of an official delegation of two sent to America on some important mission, the nature of which we do not now recall. Here he was feted by the authorities, who little dreamed that they were entertaining a villain.

Brelay has been several times elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

General Cluseret, who is not only a villain of the Commune, but a villain of the Crimean war, a villain of the Garibaldian army, and a villain of Fenianism, is at present a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Besides a soldier and a legislator, he is a painter of no mean power.

Avrial, after the amnesty, became the contractor of a large sewing-machine factory. He is an inventor of such fertility that it is said of him that he can take a new patent every day.

Emile Ferry has been mayor of the Ninth Arrondissement of Paris.

Gambon, a villain of 1848 as well as of the Commune, who became famous as the man whose cow was sold for taxes under the Empire, was another member of the Chamber of Deputies.

Léo Meillet, on being exiled, established a boarding school in Glasgow. The children of the first families of Scotland are entrusted to the care of this villain.

Dr. Goupil, sentenced to five years' imprisonment and pardoned at the end of two years and a half, then opened an office in Paris, where his medical practice yields him sixty thousand francs a year.

Gustave Courbet, instrumental in the demolition of the Vendôme column, was one of the leading painters of France, even before the Commune. His pictures now command fabulous prices, and his name and works are counted among the crowning glories of French art. The villain died in exile.

Meline has not only been deputy, but several a member of the government. He was Minister of Agriculture. Now he has become a leader of the French protectionists.

When Félix Pyat died in 1889, he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Both friends and enemies regarded him as a journalist of the first order and as dramatist in some respects unequalled. He wrote the most successful play ever produced on the French stage, *"The Rag-Picker of Paris,"* of which he afterwards made a novel.

Ranc, the old disciple of Blanqui, is editor-in-chief of one of the first journals of Paris, and has had an opportunity to refuse a cabinet position.

Blanqui, the arch-conspirator who paid the penalty for his life of eighty-odd years of villainy by spending forty-seven of them in prison, spent his years of freedom in studying society and the stars. He was

a noted astronomer. The great sculptor Dalou disgraced himself by making a statue of this villain for his monument at Père-Lachaise.

Dr. Robinet is one the leaders of the French Positivists.

Tirard is a member of the French Senate and has held three portfolios, agriculture, commerce, and finance.

Alavoine, on his return, was given an important place in the office of the Prefect of the Seine.

Arnold became architect of the city of Paris.

Brunel is a professor in the English Naval School, having obtained the position in a competitive examination.

Douvet spent his exile in London, where he edited the *"Courrier de l'Europe,"* of which journal he later became owner. He acquired great influence in England, and was elected a member of the Cobden Club. Afterward he sold his journal at a large profit, and became a manufacturer in Paris. He is president of the Anti-Wheat-Tax League and is worth a million.

Callet, after his three years in prison, was made managing inspector of public buildings of Paris.

Chabert was elected to the Paris Municipal Council.

Hector France is a prominent novelist.

Humbert, an editor of the *"Père-Duchêne"* in 1871, is at present prominent in Parisian journalism.

Joffrin became a municipal councillor and a deputy. He died hated by the Boulangists, in whose overthrow he had been a powerful factor. They alone considered him a villain. All other parties—radical and conservative alike—paid tribute to his memory as an exceptionally honest man.

Lucipia is a municipal councillor and an able journalist.

Dacosta is an accomplished grammarian, and his text-books are considered models in the schools.

Barrère is in charge of French affairs in Egypt and a member of the Legion of Honor.

Dalou is a sculptor of the highest eminence.

Bricon is a physician, who has grown so rich through his practice that he now cares to work only in the hospitals with his friend, Dr. Bourneville.

Gausseron is a teacher in one of the principal schools of Paris.

Jaclard lived in Russia during his exile, where in five years he built up a considerable literary reputation.

Jacquot is a consul.

Perret, accused of burning the Palais Royal, fled to Belgium, where, perhaps to atone for his villainy, he built the Winter Garden of the King's Palace and the monument to Peter the Great at Spa. After the amnesty he built an enormous number of new edifices in Paris. He has a fortune of five millions.

Piat holds an important post in the management of the State Railways.

Roques de Filhol became a deputy.

Vuillaume, with Humbert on the *"Père Duchêne"* in 1871, is an expert in technical science. He holds an important position in one of the recognized dynamite factories. Perhaps it was from this villain that Ravachol procured his dynamite. Who knows?

AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.

By ELISEE RECLUS.

Others may turn their eyes from these horrors; we Socialists look them full in the face, and seek out the cause. That cause is the monopoly of the soil, the appropriation by a few of the land which belongs to all. We Anarchists are not the only ones to say it: the cry for nationalization of the land is rising so high that all may hear it who do not wilfully close their ears. The idea spreads fast, for private property, in its present form, has had its day, and historians are everywhere testifying that the old Roman law is not synonymous with eternal justice. Without doubt it were vain to hope that holders of the soil, saturated, so to speak, with ideas of caste, of privilege, and of inheritance, will voluntarily give back to all the bread-yielding furrows; the glory will not be theirs of joining as equals their fellow-citizens; but when public opinion is ripe—and day by day it grows—individuals will oppose in vain the concourse of wills, and the axe will be applied to the upas tree's roots. Arable land will be held once more in common; but instead of being ploughed and sown almost at hazard by ignorant hands, as it has hitherto been, science will aid us in the choice of climate, of soils, of methods of culture, of fertilizers, and of machinery. Husbandry will be guided by the same prescience as mechanical combinations and chemical operations; but the fruits of his toil will not be lost to the laborer. Many so-called savage societies hold their land in common, and humble though in our eyes they may seem, they are our betters in this: want among them is unknown. Are we, then, too ambitious in desiring to attain a social state which shall add to the conquests of civilization the privileges of these primitive tribes? Through the education of our children we may to some extent fashion the future.

After we have bread for all, we shall require something more—equality of rights; but this point will soon be realized, for a man who needs not incline himself before his fellows to crave a pittance is already their equal. Equality of conditions, which is in no way incompatible with the infinite diversity of human character, we ardently desire and look upon as indispensable, for it offers us the only means whereby a true public morality can be developed. A man can be truly moral only when he is his own master. From the moment when he awakens to a comprehension of that which is equitable and good it is for him to direct

his own movements, to seek in his conscience reasons for his actions and to perform them simply, without either fearing punishment or looking for reward. Nevertheless his will cannot fail to be strengthened when he sees other men guided like himself by their own volition following the same line of conduct. Mutual example will soon constitute a collective code of ethics to which all may conform without effort; but the moment that orders, enforced by legal penalties, replace the personal impulses of the conscience, there is an end to morality. Hence the saying of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "the law makes sin." Even more, it is sin itself, because, instead of appealing to man's better part, to his bold initiative, it appeals to his worst—it rules by fear. It thus behooves every one to resist laws that he has not made, and to defend his personal rights, which are also the rights of others. People often speak of the antagonism between rights and duties. It is an empty phrase; there is no such antagonism. Whoso vindicates his own rights fulfils at the same time his duty towards his fellow-men. Privilege, not right, is the converse of duty.

Besides the possession of a man's own person, sound morality involves yet another condition—mutual goodwill, which is likewise the outcome of equality. The time-honored words of Mahabarata are as true as ever: "The ignorant are not the friends of the wise; the man who has no cart is not the friend of him who has a cart. Friendship is the daughter of equality; it is never born of inequality." Without doubt it is given to some men, great by their thoughts, by sympathy, or by strength of will, to win the multitude; but if the attachment of their followers and admirers comes otherwise than of an enthusiastic affinity of idea to idea, or of heart to heart, it is speedily transformed either into fanaticism or servility. He who is hailed lord by the acclamations of the crowd must almost of necessity attribute to himself exceptional virtues, or a "grace of God," that marks him in his own estimation as a predestined being, and he usurps without hesitation or remorse privileges which he transmits as a heritage to his children. But, while in rank exalted, he is morally degraded, and his partisans and sycophants are more degraded still; they wait for the word of command which fall from the master's lips; when they hear in the depths of their conscience some faint note of dissent, it is stifled; they become practiced liars, they stoop to flattery, and lose the power of looking honest men in the face. Between him who commands and him who obeys, and whose degradation deepens from generation to generation, there is no possibility of friendship. The virtues are transformed; brotherly frankness is destroyed; independence becomes a crime; above is either pitying condescension or haughty contempt, below either envious admiration or hidden hate. Let each of us recall the past and ask ourselves in all sincerity this question: "Who are the men in whose society we have experienced the most pleasure?" Are they personages who have "honored" us with their conversation, or the humble with whom we have "deigned" to associate. Are they not rather our equals, those whose looks neither implore nor command, and whom we may love with open hearts without afterthought or reserve?

It is to live in conditions of equality, and escape from the falsehoods and hypocrisies of a society of superiors and inferiors, that so many men and women have formed themselves into close corporations and little worlds apart.

America abounds in communities of this sort. But these societies, few of which prosper while many perish, are all ruled more or less by force; they carry within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution, and are reabsorbed by Nature's law of gravitation into the world which they have left. Yet even were they perfection, if man enjoyed in them the highest happiness of which his nature is capable, they would be none the less open to the charge of selfish isolation, of raising a wall between themselves and the rest of their race, their pleasures are egotistical, and devotion to the cause of humanity would draw back the best of them into the great struggle.

As for us Anarchists, never will we separate ourselves from the world to build a little church hidden in some vast wilderness. Here is the fighting ground and we remain in the ranks, ready to give our help wherever it may be most needed. We do not cherish premature hopes, but we know that our efforts will not be lost. Many of the ignorant, who either out of love of routine or simplicity of soul now anathematize us, will end by associating themselves with our cause. For every man whom circumstances permit to join us freely, hundreds are hindered by the hard necessities of life from openly avowing their opinions, but they listen from afar and cherish our words in the treasury of their hearts. We know that we are defending the cause of the poor, the disinherited, the suffering; we are seeking to restore to them their earth, personal rights, confidence in the future; and is it not natural that they should encourage us by look and gesture, even when they dare not come to us. In times of trouble, when the "groups," freed for an instant from the pressure above, reform themselves according to their natural affinities, on which side will be the many? Though making no pretention to prophetic insight, may we not venture without temerity to say that the great multitude would join our ranks? Albeit they never weary of repeating that Anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not even our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects and machinations they impute to us, make an incessant propaganda in our favor? It is said that, when the magicians of the Middle Ages wanted to raise the devil, they began their incantations by painting his image on a wall. For a long time past modern exorcists have adopted a similar method for conjuring Anarchists.

Pending the great work of the coming time, and to the end that this

work may be accomplished, it behooves us to utilize every opportunity for rede and deed. Meanwhile, although our object is to live without government and without law, we are obliged to submit. On the other hand, how often are we enabled to disregard their behests and to act on our own free will. Ours be it to let slip none of these occasions, and to accept tranquilly whatever personal consequences may result from doing that which we believe to be our duty. In no case will we strengthen authority by appeals or petitions, neither shall we sanction the law by demanding justice from the courts, nor by giving our votes and influence to any candidate whatsoever, become the authors of our own ill-fortune? It is also easy for us to accept nothing from power, to call no man "master," neither to be called "master" ourselves, to remain in the ranks as simple citizens and to maintain resolutely, and in every circumstance, our quality of equal among equals. Let our friends judge us by our deeds, and reject from among them those of us who falter.

To be continued.

SOME OBJECTIONS TO ANARCHISM.



As the coercionists, whether socialist or capitalist, seem to be rather hard up for arguments against liberty, perhaps they will be glad for an Anarchist to provide them with a few.

First then, the very premises of the Anarchist theory are obviously defective. The poor are not, as agitators continually declare, in misery, except in those exceptional cases where they actually suffer from hunger or cold, and they would only feel insulted if any one told them they were. Will anyone say that the jovial crowd at a penny gaff are not quite as blithe as the uncomfortably dressed throng at a fashionable drawing-room or theatre? Then where are the grasping and miserly capitalists we hear of? What about the millions given away in charity and for public purposes by our Tates, Carnegies, Hirsches and Thompsons? The theoretically crushing burdens of rent and interest, moreover, do not by any means exert the terrible effect they ought to, and business depressions are regularly followed by revivals, where things jog along as before. And whereas, if the geometrical increase of capital held good, we should see workers dying off by thousands like flies, while a few billionaires accumulated the entire wealth of the world, in reality, as we all know, the standard of comfort is rapidly rising, and numbers of small tradesmen make little fortunes without much difficulty.

Again, how can any one suppose people could be happy in a condition of equality. Happiness is enhanced by, if not dependent upon, others' misfortunes, and if all were satisfied all would be dissatisfied. Imagine the misery of women who could not outshine their neighbors in dress or equipage, or who had no longer the opportunity of bullying some slavey or assistant. What zest would there be in life for men, when it was no longer in their power to accumulate a fortune and live in luxury, the envy of the common herd, or generally to lord it over a crowd of subordinates? Above all, the speculative instinct is among the most deeply rooted in human nature and when deprived of the opportunity to exercise it in the fruits of others' labor our "sportsmen" and stock-jobbers, in order to avoid dying of ennui, would turn the whole country into a gambling hell. It is also said that every one naturally loves work, but is it not rather the fact that no one would work at all unless compelled, except at what was useless or mischievous, or at the best dabble in dilettante occupations. Even children, when their mother's back is turned, will play with water, mud or fire rather than with clean and pretty toys. Most people, too, relish being governed, and would be utterly helpless if free to do as they liked. Others again would immediately start robbing and murdering their fellows, if only for the fun of it, just as the ancients delighted in seeing gladiators kill each other in the arena. The result of any attempt to put a stop to this by voluntary vigilance committees would simply be lynch law, vendettas and vehingerichts, in short, continual warfare. But this would be nothing to the difficulties arising from sexual matters. We all know what the cities of the plain came to when every man did what was right in his own eyes, but the right to follow their example is a necessary consequence of the most elementary principle of freedom, ownership of one's person. Yet if some of the longest terms of penal servitude known to our law fail to extirpate this "unnatural" behavior, how much more would it become rampant when the abolition of compulsory monogamy put it out of the power of most men to marry at all? For the institution of free love would at once mean that every girl as soon as she left school, or even earlier, would fall a prey to one of the few most brazen and plausible men, while the refined, unassuming and gentle would have to put up with their leavings.

As to land tenure under Anarchism, nothing can be more evident than that the desire of all to occupy the best positions would cause continual conflicts. Indeed one plot of land, one house or even one room might be considered most desirable and consequently nothing but a war of extermination would settle the question of occupancy. Then the laying out of roads by voluntary subscription would expose the man who declined to pay his share to perpetual imprisonment in his own house. And, to carry the Anarchist theory to its logical conclusion, two or more persons must have the right to occupy the same identical space at the same moment. This is physically impossible and consequently Anarchism stands self-condemned and reduced to absurdity.

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

*No Anarchist need be alarmed by the favorite arguments against Anarchism in an unequalled form. Our opponents may be sure that we shall not be afraid of anything weaker. If they have something reasonably convincing to offer, we shall be glad to hear it. —Ed.



HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW;
FIRST, FEW MEN HELD IT, NEXT, MORE MEN CONTEND IT, LASTLY, ALL
MEN ACCEPT IT AND THE CAUSE IS WON.

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM IS THE UNION OF THE TWO FUNDAMENTAL TENDEN-
CIES OF OUR SOCIETY, A TENDENCY TOWARDS ECONOMIC EQUALITY AND A
TENDENCY TOWARDS POLITICAL LIBERTY. KROPOTKIN.

"LIBERTY" is a journal of Anarchist-Communism; but articles on all phases of the Revolu-
tionary movement will be freely admitted, provided they are worded in suitable language. No
contributions should exceed one column in length. The writer over whose signature the article
appears is alone responsible for the opinions expressed, and the Editor in all matters reserves to
himself the fullest right to reject any article.

We would ask our contributors, to write plainly and on one side of the paper only.

All Communications should be addressed, The Editor, Liberty, 7 Beadon Road, Hammer-
smith, W.

Subscription, 1s. 6d. per year, post free. Per quire of 27 copies, 1s. 3d. post free. The trade
supplied by W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

To Correspondents.

J. J. BLACK, Sunderland.—"On Tramp" will be used. We will forward
Kropotkin's "Conquest of Bread" as soon as we receive it. Pam-
phlets forwarded as requested.

H. CAMPBELL, Edinburgh.—Thanks for your address; will insert in
"Where to get LIBERTY."

J. BURGOYNE, Inverness.—Our Paris Comrade's letter expressed our
views on the question of Physical Force. Your letter will appear in
our next issue.

S. MAINWARING, St. Thomas, Swansea.—We are pleased to hear that
you have given your new hall the name of "LIBERTY HALL," and
that you have had LIBERTY'S FRONTISPIECE painted on a large shield
on the front of the building, we wish you every success in your up
hill fight against superstition and ignorance.

T. SAMPSON, Brighton.—We are glad to hear of your steady work.

A. WALKDEN, Leicester.—Your hopeful letter to hand; accept our best
wishes, and we trust the open air propaganda you have commenced
will answer to your expectations.

MONS. A. COULON, B. és L., 85, Sistova Road, Balham, London, S.W.
—We have thrown your announcement into the waste-paper basket.
In future limit your communications to Scotland Yard.

LIBERTY,

LONDON, APRIL, 1894.

Between Ourselves.

We heartily welcome *The Anarchist*, a new monthly journal, edited
by our Comrade D. J. Nicoll and published by him at 36 Walkley St.,
Sheffield, where our comrade is carrying on active propaganda. This
paper is started with the idea of putting new life and vigor into our
provincial groups, and judging from its terse and vigorous articles,
we think it no doubt will accomplish that aim, we also hope all com-
rades will do their best to aid its circulation.

Our comrades will no doubt be pleased to hear that we intend to
print some unpublished MSS. of Bakunin's in our next issue.
Bakunin was a most voluminous writer, most of his work being
buried in correspondence to his friends in the movement, but the most
important work is "God and the State" (translated from the French
by Benj. R. Tucker and published by him in 1890), which breaks off
abruptly; fortunately the continuation has been discovered, and will be
published in French shortly, with his life and correspondence.

Our comrade E. T. Craig, who is 89 years of age, has been compelled
to keep to his bed this winter, owing to the feeble state of his health, was
very pleased on receiving a kind note from Pierre Kropotkin, in which
he expressed his esteem of the life work of the founder of Ralahine,
one of the most valuable experiments in Co-operative Farming.
Mr. Francis Craig, son of the foregoing, is about to write further
expositions of the views of Socialists and Anarchists, including those of
Malatesta.

At Maryport, the other night, Sir Wilfrid Lawson confessed himself
a Roseberian, for Lord Rosebery had told them if the House of Lords
were not reformed they must face revolution, well he would say "Let
the revolution come." So say we, but not the mere change in the holders
of political power, like 1832, 1864 and 1885, but an economic revolution
which will sweep away Monopoly. Sir Wilfrid Lawson may or may

not be ready to smash the House of Lords, we are ready and anxious to
smash both your Houses.

G. B. Shaw has recently been trying to put the Socialists in a logical
dilemma by insisting that it was about time that the Socialists in this
country adopted a definite political platform, so that it could be under-
stood what views they took on the questions of the Nationalization of
the Land, Means of Production and Transit, also such questions as
Free Trade, Eight Hours Day, Home Rule, Disestablishment of the
Church, Occupation of India, Drink, Vaccination, etc. This may be
all very clever; but somehow we don't feel ourselves in the slightest
dilemma, but rather think the said dilemma fits our Fabian Friends
particularly well, as also Social Democrats.

We cannot suspect G. B. Shaw of confusing, at any rate in his own
mind, Socialism with Democracy, but still he seems to offer the
difficulties of Democracy as being those of Socialism. To our mind
Socialism is not a form of Government but a question of principle,
which, being translated into every-day life, would mean Free Com-
munism.

With regard to modes of propaganda, we feel our work to be the
making of Socialists, and the calling of people's attention to the
absurdities and iniquities of the present system as the result of
Monopoly and Government. That anyone can have a good word to
say for our system of education of the young, demonstrates clearly
lamentable ignorance all round. The Arts and Sciences, Literature,
etc., are all degraded to the very dust by the spirit of gambling and
Mammon worship.

J. Grave, the indefatigable editor of "La Révolte," has been con-
demned to two years' imprisonment for the publication of his book
"The Dying Society and Anarchism," in spite of the expositions of
the best French writers, such as Adam, Mirbeau, Bernard Lazare and
of the learned Elisée Reclus, who have all declared themselves solid
for the views expressed in the incriminated book.

The juries, while admitting extenuating circumstances, have been
afraid of passing for Anarchists if they acquitted the man who, by an
unrivalled criticism, based on the facts of contemporary life, has clearly
proved that humanity, following a false road, is obliged to change its
course to assure mankind not only their rights to existence according
to natural laws, but also their intellectual autonomy according to their
free development in crafts, art and science.

It is just such a book as might have been passed unnoticed, but is
now publicly discussed, and many who have not read it are obliged to
read it in order to know why the writer has been condemned.

The victory is for the humanitarian idea which, in spite of all the
tricks of despots and of the enemies of human progress, keeps straight
on its way, the way which leads where natural tendencies attract, that
is, to the good of all under the sun.

Herr Neft, the courageous and able editor of the *Socialist* (the
Anarchist weekly paper of Berlin) has just been sentenced to six
months' imprisonment for writing an article inciting to class hatred.
This is law; yes, it may be. The Blood and Iron absolutists are becom-
ing alarmed, and are determined to suppress the unemployed agitation
and the spread of Anarchist ideas with suppression like this. But the
hand writing on the wall will grow clearer; the greater the tyranny,
the greater our courage to resist will become.

The Commune Commemoration.

The Commemoration of the Paris Commune was held in the hall of
the Club and Institute Union, Clerkenwell Road, on Monday the 26th,
the speakers being Turner, Macdonald, Samuels, Mowbray, Louise
Michel, Kropotkin, Agnes Henry, and Yanov-sky. The hall was filled,
the outcome in a great measure of open-air propaganda. The meeting
was enthusiastic throughout.

Turner emphasized the fact that the Commune failed by trying to
legalize itself by forming a revolutionary government. Macdonald ex-
plained that three elements were necessary to a successful revolution:
a new idea, favorable circumstances, and courage on the part of the
people to take advantage of the opportunity to revolt. Samuels point-
ed out that men rebelled, unable any longer to bear the brutality of the
governing classes and used the first weapon that came to hand, and con-
tended that if France had free speech the bomb would disappear.

Mowbray spoke on the value of association and work among the
trades unionists in order to promote the growth of the Anarchist-Com-
munist idea.

Kropotkin dwelt upon the supremacy of ideas, and showed how the
false idea of the state spoiled the Commune of the twelfth century, the
idea of government itself was being rapidly exploded all over the world.
Something grand is growing; the Individual will assert himself; he
will no longer be a pariah. For this he will sacrifice even his own life.

Louise Michel, in a speech of remarkable beauty, spoke of "Liberty
being so attractive that, once seen, men will fight and die for it.
Even Animals will revolt, it is the natural right of all, it is the hope
of the world. We cannot love freedom and not hate oppression."

The meeting concluded with telling speeches from Agnes Henry and
Yanovsky.

WHY I AM A SOCIALIST AND AN ATHEIST.

By CONRAD NEWIGER.

The first half of this question is not difficult to answer, yet there are people who wonder why Socialism is adopted in preference to Individualism. Socialism to this class of people means that all incentive to progress and thrift would become things of the past, if it became adopted universally. These good souls are under the impression that all progress is due to Individualism; maybe, to a certain extent, but there is another side to this picture, and a grim one it is too: a picture upon which is discernible misery, starvation, want and destitution. Individualism may be depicted as a circle, which we all know is composed of two sides: the inner side and an outer one. The inner part is comprised of Selfishness: *i.e.*, Individualism. The outer part is composed of that great portion of the community which is outcast, or crushed down by the straggle for existence, the inner portion being utterly indifferent as to what happens to the outer one. And some thoughtful people, calling themselves Socialists, finding that the inner part is injurious to all concerned, are determined, by hook or by crook, that this lesser part shall be demolished. And I am one of those people who consider that the power of Individualism must be broken, before any good can be accomplished. The idea which Individualism is endeavoring to impress upon us, that Socialism means a nation of soulless slaves is misleading, for are we not such to-day? Are we not slaves to want, misery and all the other evils of the present day? No! It is by the teaching (and the fulfilment) of Socialism that the chains of our bondage will be snapped, and we will become free men and women. Again, anyone who has a feeling for our downtrodden poor must admit, that the present scramble for wealth on the one hand, and the utter neglect of those who are unsuccessful in it on the other hand cannot continue. A new state of things must soon be inaugurated; and taking this into consideration I became a Socialist: a person whose sole aim is the abolition of want in all its forms, and the well-being of *all* humanity his highest ideal. And I desire that this change should be brought about as speedily as possible, let the methods be peaceable or otherwise.

Now as to the latter part of the heading of this article, "and an Atheist." I am an Atheist by having studied the religions of various times and countries. But before I proceed I had perhaps better state what I mean by the word "religions." Philosophers like Fichte and Kant put a different construction upon this word than is generally understood. Kant held that religion meant morality, and Fichte considered that it ought to mean knowledge. Many hold that religion means a duty towards God or Gods—whatever they may be—and it is under this latter definition that I have examined its pretensions. I have looked back through the pages of history and found that wherever a people was striving for liberty, religion always barred its progress and crushed the longings for freedom. In the Dark Ages when religion was predominant, learning and liberty were trampled upon, arts and sciences were regarded as instruments of the devil. The very term "Thou shalt have no other God but me," was an edict that freedom of thought must be obliterated from the mind of man. And when Christ is reported to have said "Resist not evil," man became a coward and his fetters became more strong.

Then I read how one tribe warred with another, and nation against nation, because each held different views regarding religion, and wholesale extermination of people occurred in the name of religion and God. More blood has flowed, caused by religion, than by all the revolutions of past times. The wars of the Jews; the Christian hunt during the rise of Christianity; the Cru-

sades; the oppression of Protestants by Catholics and *vice versa*. This shows that wherever religion marches, a trail of blood is left behind. Even to-day the antipathy which is shown by the Christian towards the Jew, proves that religious hatred is not yet dead; and this feeling, I venture to say, will never be overcome until religion in its superstitious aspect is vanquished, and its parsons and priests, or whatever these drones may be called, are sent to the right about to earn their own living.

But we have a new danger threatening us in our march towards Freedom. The religionists finding that the Labor Movement is making such rapid strides, view with alarm that they will be left in the rear or be ignored altogether. "This will never do," they say, "the Movement must have a God and religion in it," and then with the artfulness for which they are so well-known, they endeavor to wriggle themselves into the Movement and then again become the block of ignorance which will bar the rapid march of Labor. Let the labor movement beware, for religion has crushed many a people before and may do so again. If Socialism is to be achieved and be successful and truly free, it must be without God and without master. The belief as to whether there is a God or fifty Gods is a matter which must be kept out of labor questions. The worshipping of a mythical being and the offering-up of a prayer means so much time taken from solving the Labor Problem. Each minute wasted upon vain exhortation to a hypothetical something, means so much less time to be spent in the emancipation of man.

Finding that Individualism is wrong, I became a Socialist and would banish poverty in all its forms, also free all slaves from bondage. Finding that religion has almost in every instance been the enemy of man, and that it flourishes upon ignorance, I cast it off. Finding with careful search that the existence of Gods cannot be demonstrated, I became an Atheist. No God ever interfered in the affairs of man for the simple reason that man has not yet been able to prove that one really exists. Worlds are shattered, lands inundated, cholera rages, storms swallow up our gallant sailors, but no God helps. Lightning strikes the praying widow, and paralyzes the innocent child, but no God interferes. Vice, debauchery, and cruelty are rampant, honesty goes starving, might conquers right, hungry men and women wait for food, but no God helps. We must help ourselves. We must be without God, we must be without master. Finding that Socialism and Atheism are most likely to bring about the emancipation of mind and body, I adopted both, for I hold that they are the only instruments that will free mankind.

Blind Ignorance.

Luxury can only at present be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold. *Raskin.*

A Young Anarchist.

It sounds a little bit irreverent, but as it was told by a highly esteemed clergyman, and in a Sunday-school, too, it is presumably tellable in print. A little girl, walking in the public garden on Sunday with her mother, began to play upon the grass, and was instantly restrained, to her chagrin. "Why can't I run on the grass, mamma?" she exclaimed. "Because the policeman will make you go off if you do. Don't you see the policeman over there? Besides, it is Sunday, and God doesn't want you to play." "Oh, dear," said the little girl, "if it wasn't for the policemen and God, what nice times we should have."

ANARCHISM AND THE S. D. F.



Some few weeks ago, in the usual circular sent by the General Council of the S. D. F. to its several branches, occurred a recommendation to its members not to hold debates with Anarchists. Hence, I naturally thought they were to be severely let alone, and as a member of the S. D. F. was prepared to loyally fall in with the proposal, with, however, the mental reservation as to the littleness of mind of those who were responsible for such recommendation. But not a week has passed without a lecture on Anarchism by one or other of the speakers of the S. D. F. In the list for Sunday, March 11, occur the names of Burrows on "The Foolishness of Anarchism," Davis on "Social-Democracy and Anarchism," and Davey on "Socialism and Anarchism." And this in face of the above recommendation. But these are not debates but lectures, it may be said. Precisely; and that worsens the difficulty instead of clearing or explaining it away, for doubtless it had been carefully calculated that the lecture form gives the Anarchist the least opportunity of stating his case, and the greater safety to the lecturer in his final reply. Or, perhaps, Anarchists are not supposed to be present at all, and if not, what is the use of lecturing to those who are already orthodox? I may state here that I have not written this with the intention of opening a discussion on the relative merits of Social-Democracy and Anarchism, and may add that since both of them are political forms of Socialism, I much prefer the name of Revolutionary Socialist.

I attended Davey's lecture on "Socialism and Anarchism". I sincerely hope, even for the sake of Social-Democracy, that what I heard there does not pass as a type of Social Democratic criticism of Anarchism. Not a single basic principle was touched. Beginning with a declaration of love and fraternity, he immediately followed by saying that Anarchists were not fit to live in this or any state of society, and that the best they could do would be to meet the fate of Bourdin, who, he told us, was bent on destroying Greenwich Observatory, a statement which he afterwards had to acknowledge he had no evidence to support. He was prepared to debate the question, he said, though not two minutes before he had declared it was hopeless to debate with such people; they refused to be convinced. When he was asked to reconcile the recommendation from head-quarters with his challenge to debate, and also to make such contradictory actions square to the amenability to authority he had been lecturing us upon, he first denied he threw out any challenge, and finding that didn't answer, since his exact words had been taken down, he then told us he hadn't intended to throw out the challenge, and that he didn't hold with debates, as they were not conducive to morality! Not one objection was raised but a few years ago was raised against Social-Democracy itself. Anarchism and outrage were synonymous to our sapient lecturer, forgetting apparently that the party which is now nothing if not constitutional, was similarly attacked less than ten years since. Poor, contrariwise, obstreperous human nature was trotted out in all its "pure cussedness," to wreck Anarchist society. I well remember, in the early eighties, how the question was never omitted at the lectures then. It cropped up with the persistency and frequency of Charles' head in Mr. Dick's memorial. At any rate we never had to make a confession of faith that human nature is so dreadfully depraved that the majority would have to keep the minority under lock and key, or *vice versa*, if the minority were the more cunning. That brought us to majority rule, the be-all and end all of Social-Democracy. Well do I remember how the Radicals in general, and the Individualists in particular, were ever putting this as an objection to the Social-Democrats, who in their turn with tongue in cheek are now putting it as a clinching

poser to the Anarchists. It would be wearisome to go through any more "points" of the lecture in question. Enough to say, in face of such base and paltry tactics, how can we decently and consistently expose such dishonest statements as follows, which is a type of many we are constantly meeting with, and which particular one in this case appeared in the *Walthamstow Guardian* of the 9th March in connexion with the local School Board election which had taken place the previous Saturday.

"It was somewhat amusing to overhear a Social Democrat ventilating his views outside the polling station in High Street to a handful of listeners. A bystander suggested that without capital it would be impossible for great works to be carried on, and labor employed, but this was scouted as rank heresy. Jack's idea of dividing up at intervals so that the provident and the improvident, the wise man and the fool, may be kept on something like equal terms, would, no doubt, commend itself to the man we have mentioned. But all the dividing-up in the world could never make men or things equal, although it would kill enterprise and stifle genius."

Here we have the "able editor" pulverizing Social-Democracy in one short paragraph. But Social-Democracy "refused to be convinced." Instead of hiding its diminished head in shame, the local branch met the following Tuesday evening as serenely as though the "able editor" had not put pen to paper. Why? Simply because they knew it to misrepresent, and possibly meant to mislead its readers, so as to prevent them from even inquiring into the meaning of Social-Democracy. Yet this criticism of Social-Democracy is every whit as fair as the lecture was to Anarchism.

In conclusion, I may state that the above has been sent for insertion in the pages of *Justice*, where it was refused insertion.

REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALIST.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.



GERMANY.

The most important fact concerning the German Anarchist of the last two years is that, besides the secret, underground work, at last a public Anarchist agitation has grown up and large masses of people are now within the reach of our propaganda. In that police-ridden country that was only possible, it is true, by carrying on the propaganda work on theoretical lines and putting aside, for the moment, the more actual questions of the ways and means of Anarchist action which have come to the front in France, Spain, and other countries. Still, this period of theoretical agitation will be useful, especially in a country where we meet large numbers of the most hopelessly reactionary fossils, namely, the "scientific" Marxist Social-Democrats, who are brought up in holy horror of Anarchism and, indeed, anything which is not in the electioneering line in general. Bombs would frighten them to death; so it remains to be seen whether a portion of them are open to theoretical propaganda, and some of the less callous ones are, indeed, in Germany, and the propaganda proceeds successfully.

During the last two years, many pamphlets and articles of the French Anarchist literature have been translated into German, and—an unheard of thing before—some of Kropotkin's and Most's pamphlets have even been reprinted, with some omissions made necessary by "the law," last winter in Berlin (by W. Werner, the printer of the *Socialist*, the Anarchist weekly paper of Berlin). Many editors of this paper, and even the printer, have been sentenced, also many of the speakers at public meetings. At these meetings, besides the discussion of Anarchist principles, the questions of the unemployed and of the general strike are chiefly taken up. In conclusion, we may say that there is more life, energy and vigor displayed by the comparatively small number of these propagandists and their adherents than by the bulky, inflated body of Social-Democrats who boast of their one million and a half of votes at the elections, yet from the ranks of whom never a voice of protest is heard against the shameful way in which their leaders and organs insult Anarchist principles and their defenders day by day.

ITALY.

The state of siege continues in several provinces, the military tribunals are constantly sitting and condemn regularly according to the information given by the civil authorities. At Naples some thirty Socialist students have been judged because during the departure of troops for Sicily they manifested their opinion against the government, protesting against the violence and massacres which the monarchy has employed to stifle the cries of the people and the revolutionary ideas which march rapidly along.

THE SECRET OF THE BEES.

How have you managed it? bright busy bee! —
You are all of you useful, yet each of you free.

What man only talks of, the busy bee does;
Shares food, and keeps order, with no waste of buzz.

No cell that's too narrow, no squandering of wax,
No damage to pay, and no rent, and no tax.

No drones kept in honey to look on and prate,
No property tyrants, no big-wigs of State.

Free access to flowers, free use of all wings;
And when bee-life is threatened, then free use of stings.

No fighting for glory, no fighting for pelf;
Each thrust at the risk of the soldier himself.

Comes over-much plenty one summer, you'll see
A lull and a leisure for each busy bee.

No over-work, under-work, glut of the spoil;
No hunger for any, no purposeless toil.

Economy, Liberty, Order, and Wealth! —
Say, busy bee, how have you reached Social Health?

(Answer.)

Say rather, why *not*? It is easier so;
We have all the world open to come and to go.

We haven't got masters, we haven't got money,
We've nothing to hinder the gathering of honey.

The sun and the air and the sweet summer flowers
Attract to spontaneous use of our powers.

Our work is all natural, — nothing but play,
For wings and proboscis can go their own way.

We find it convenient to live in one nest,
None hindering other from doing her best.

We haven't a Press, so we haven't got lies,
And it's worth no one's while to throw dust in our eyes.

We haven't among us a single pretence,
And we got our good habits through sheer Common-Sense.

L. S. BEVINGTON.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.

Continued.

"Gentlemen," cried Page, the lawyer, "I must entertain you with my last speech in court. The case was this. Two asses had got into a quarrel in a meadow. The owner of one, good-for-nothing scamp that he is, runs and beats the other ass. But this quadruped, not being disposed to endure it, bites our man on the little finger. The owner of the ass who inflicted the bite is cited before the bailiff as responsible for the doings of his beast. I was counsel for the defendant. 'Before coming to the question of fact,' said I to the bailiff, 'I must enlighten you as to the morals of the ass that I defend and that of the plaintiff. Our ass is an entirely inoffensive quadruped; he enjoys the esteem of all who know him, and the town constable holds him in high regard. Now, I defy the man who is our adversary to say as much of his. Our ass is the bearer of a certificate from the mayor of his commune, and this certificate really existed, — which testifies to his morality and good conduct. If the plaintiff can produce a like certificate, we consent to pay him three thousand francs damages.'"

"May Saint Yves bless you!" said my uncle; "now the poet, Millot-Rataut, must sing us his 'Grand Noel':"

A genoux, chrétiens, à genoux!

"That is eminently lyrical. It must have been the Holy Spirit that inspired that beautiful line."

"I should like to see you do as much," cried the tailor, who was very inascible under the influence of Burgundy.

"I am not so stupid," answered my uncle.

"Silence!" interrupted Page, the lawyer, striking with all his might on the table; "I declare to the court that I wish to finish my plea."

"Directly," said my uncle; "you are not yet drunk enough to plead."

"And I tell you that I will plead now. Who are you, old five-foot ten, to prevent a lawyer from talking?"

"Have a care Page," exclaimed Arthus, the notary, "you are only a man of the pen, and you are dealing with a man of the sword."

"It well becomes you, a man of the fork, and a devourer of salmon, to talk of men of the sword; before you could frighten anybody, he would have to be cooked."

"Benjamin is indeed terrible," said the architect. "He is like a lion; at one stroke of his queue he can knock a man down."

"Gentlemen," said my grandfather, rising, "I will answer for my brother-in-law; he has never shed blood except with his lancet."

"Do you really dare to maintain that, Machecourt?"

"And you, Benjamin, do you really dare to maintain the contrary?"

"Then you shall give me satisfaction on the instant for this insult; and, as we have here but one sword, which is mine, I will keep the scabbard, and you shall take the blade."

My grandfather, who was very fond of his brother-in-law, accepted the proposition, to avoid vexing him. As the two adversaries rose, Page, the lawyer, said:

"One moment, gentlemen. We must fix the conditions of the combat. I propose that each of the two adversaries shall hold on to the arm of his second, in order that he may not fall before it is time."

"Adopted!" cried all the guests.

Benjamin and Machecourt stood promptly face to face.

"Are you there, Benjamin?"

"And you, Machecourt?"

With the first stroke of his sword my grandfather cut Benjamin's scabbard in two as if it had been an oyster plant, and made a gash upon his wrist sufficient to force him to drink with his left hand for at least a week.

"The clumsy fellow!" cried Benjamin; "he has cut me."

"What!" answered my grandfather, with charming simplicity, "does your sword really cut?"

"All the same, I still want my revenge; and the remaining half of this scabbard is enough with which to make you beg my pardon."

"No, Benjamin," rejoined my grandfather, "it is your turn to take the sword. If you stick me, we shall be even, and we shall play no more."

The guests, sobered by this accident, wanted to return to town.

"No, gentlemen," cried Benjamin, with his stentorian voice, "let each one return to his seat; I have a proposition to make to you. Considering that it was his first attempt, Machecourt has behaved most brilliantly; he is in a position to measure himself against the most murderous of barbers, provided the latter will yield him the sword and keep the scabbard. I propose that we name him fencing-master; only on this condition will I consent to let him live; and, if you indorse my opinion, I will even force myself to offer him my left hand, inasmuch as he has disabled the other."

"Benjamin is right," cried a multitude of voices. "Bravo, Benjamin. Machecourt must be made fencing-master."

And each one ran to his seat, and Benjamin ordered a second dessert.

Meanwhile the news of this accident had spread to Clamency. In passing from mouth to mouth, it had grown marvelously, and, when it reached my grandmother, it had taken on the gigantic proportion of a murder committed by her husband upon the person of her brother.

My grandmother, in a body that was less than five feet long, had a character that was full of firmness and energy. She did not go screaming and crying to her

