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• A JOURNAL OF •

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# THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By LOUISE MICHEL.

## PART II.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER, KNOWN AS  
"THE GOVERNMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE."

### CHAPTER I. (Continued)

The fact was that some of Tibaldi's young revolutionists had climbed through a window into the building, and passing by the bewildered concierge opened the door to the flood of populace. All those who had understood the Government's refusal to Flourens, on Sept. 5th, to arm the battalions of Belleville—all those who knew that the noise kept up at night by a formidable artillery firing at random from the forts of Paris, had no object but to inspire Parisians with the belief that the Government of "National Defence" was keeping its word—those, in short, who hoped nothing from the Government, now rushed in at the door till the Hotel de Ville could hold no more. The rest remained in the street, covering a large area like a swarm of bees that overflow the hive.

The surrender of Metz was dwelt on, and the treachery of Bazaine; which, but for Rochefort, Flourens, Felix Piat, and (some said also) Pelletan, would have been concealed until the final loss of all; and, realising the nature of the present peril, we believed we should be able to triumph over it. The gate of the Hotel de Ville was sealed; the crowd, continually increasing, climbed over all obstacles. Revolution was mistress of the field so long as the people remained there; should they however retire, all must be lost; for Flourens had only the 400 rifles of Belleville, Milliére was the sole representative of his own battalion, and Major Durand would not bring up his three battalions on account of "discipline," which did not permit him to place his men under the orders of Flourens. In consequence of the Government's refusal to arm Belleville, the latter had resigned his rank of Colonel in the National Guard. The scruple was idiotic, since at a critical juncture events themselves impose the manner of action; and it is not by means of discipline that a revolution can be accomplished.

When the people poured in, Trochu handed a spittoon he carried about him to an officer of the mobilised Bretons. "You may as well keep that," said Cipriani; "we have no intention of depriving you of it." (Cipriani was the personal friend of Flourens.) "I did not suppose you had," said Trochu. "Then it is a signal!" Cipriani replied, adding to his companions, "Open your eyes, marksmen!" Trochu looked at him steadily, as if he felt his intention had been guessed. Cipriani glancing round, observed that among those present there were many reactionaries.

Then it was that Picard, who was at large, had the signal beat, and the 106th battalion of the Faubourg St. Germain, composed of the national guards of order arrived at the gate of the Hotel de Ville under the conduct of Ibos, a man whose bravery was worthy of a better cause. As these guards approached, they shouted "Vive la Commune!"; and the crowd, misled by the ruse, made way for them.

At this juncture, Ferry, Jules Favre, and Trochu attempted to escape. Cipriani took aim at Trochu, but a friend, Labœuf, pressed his arm, and the ball made a hole in the ceiling, causing much tumult. Captain Greffier was able to stop Ibos; but Trochu and Ferry got away. Flourens trusted their word of honour; and the crowd put faith in the promises of the Provisional Government to appoint members for the Commune, and in the lists of names that had been thrown in at the windows of the Hotel de Ville. Poor Flourens! Poor crowd!

There had been so many names suggested in these lists, there had been so many witnesses to the government's promises to appoint the men suggested, that the people and the National Guards of the faubourgs retired, and for that night slept tranquilly.

Towards midnight, the mobilised Bretons passed through the subterranean passage which leads from the Napoleon Barracks to the Hotel de Ville. Trochu gave the order, and they went. At midnight they entered the Hotel de Ville with fixed bayonets, ready to massacre right and left. Dorian, Flourens, and Tunisier were, however, able by dint of promises to prevent bloodshed, and between two rows of soldiers Flourens and his friends passed out of the Hotel de Ville.

Paris on awaking found posted on the walls—not the names of the members of the Commune as promised the day before, but a series of accusations and menaces.

In the court-yard of the Hotel de Ville the Bretons waited; their blue eyes fixed on vacancy, and singing below their breath an old rhyme composed at the time of the first revolution, when Charrette had led the Bretons against the Germans in the war of Vendée. These rustics, now employed by Trochu against the revolted Parisians, were under the command of the son or grandson of Charrette:—

Monsieur de Charrette said to us at home—

"Arise;

"The chase is open, go hunt the wolves."

De Charrette told those of Ancenis<sup>(1)</sup>

(1) A small town in Bretagne.

"My friends,  
"The King goes a-gathering fleurs de lys!"<sup>(2)</sup>

But the wolves are not where you suppose them, poor lads, headstrong and brave! You will know that before long.

Rochefort at the request of the Government had announced from one of the windows of the Hotel de Ville the nomination of the Commune; a matter to which he believed the members of Government were pledged by their promise. Perceiving, however, almost immediately afterwards that contrary action was in preparation, he laid his resignation on the table, and went home. Trochu, stupid as he was, dominated the National Defence more than ever; the Bretons protected him as they would have guarded Notre Dame d'Auray; their blue eyes fixed on him, awaiting his orders. But he gave no orders! The posters of that morning proved as meaningless as the promises of the day before. Nevertheless, as with the empire, so now again, collapse was palpably imminent. It was in the air. Here and there the laughing refrain of the ironical song, "The Plan," could be heard in the dull streets:

"When on nice white paper—  
(Plan, plan, plan, plan, plan.)  
He had written down his notion  
He went to carry his plan  
To his attorney Duclon.  
"The plan it was of Trochu  
(Plan, plan, plan, plan, plan.)  
Ye gods! what a beautiful plan  
Was the plan of Monsieur Trochu  
Thanks to the plan we've won!"

A few incorrigibles sang further:

"Bismarck if you keep on  
Of all your soldiers not one,  
Not one will be left alive!"

(Thanks, of course, to the "plan, plan, plan, plan, plan.")

But Paris desired not to be conquered, either by William of Germany, or by Napoleon III, who was awaiting the restoration of the Empire. Paris did not intend to surrender. Nor, in the event, was it surrender that occurred. The city was given away. Incapacity has so many points in common with treachery that the one works as ill as the other. The fear of revolution was such that a blindness almost amounting to insanity haunted the Government.

On Nov. 3rd the municipal elections took place: an illusory satisfaction, which duped nobody, and was ineffectual to counterbalance the indignation that had been aroused by broken promises and by false news circulated with so much duplicity.

As to the Commune, the Government had no further idea of it; but the Parisians dreamt of it still.

Not that all the directors of affairs were accomplices. Edmund Adam tendered his resignation in consequence of so much bad faith. He was replaced by the advocate Crisson, and arrests began to take place. They were very numerous. Vésinier, Vermoral, Tibaldi, Lefrancais, Felix Piat, Goupil, Tridon, Ravvier Jaclard, and Bauer, were imprisoned. Milliére, Blanqui, and Flourens, managed to escape. But Flourens, having visited his friends in the trench of the Maison Alfort in the uniform of the National Guard was recognised, arrested, and confined in the Mazas prison. The Government ascribed to him the incitement of Oct. 31st; as though popular indignation had not been incitement enough!

Revolutionists felt themselves seized by the rebellion: there was no other duty. It was felt by all. The "Marseillaise" murmured in the faubourgs was followed by "La Carmagnole." The very ground brought forth legions of combatants.

An extract from Jules Favre's "Histoire du Gouvernement de la Defense Nationale" may here be of interest, as presenting from an opposite point of view the incidents of Oct. 31st:—

"I was working with M. Thiers and preparing all the details of his departure. At about 12.30 p.m. we sat down to luncheon. We were hardly seated, however, when a telegram came for me from my colleague M. Ferry, announcing that the crowd surrounding the Hotel de Ville was increasing every minute, and that the populace seemed disposed to force the gates. I was requested to come at once. I replied that before attending to anything else, I must protect the retreat of M. Thiers; but that instead of accompanying him, as I had intended, as far as the bridge of Sevres, I would entrust him to reliable officers and then come on as soon as possible to the Hotel de Ville. I was just finishing my telegram when M. Jules Ferry himself was announced. He confirmed his previous message, adding that at any moment the Hotel de Ville might be invaded. A few minutes later, a fresh telegram informed us that a deputation, followed by a numerous crowd, had penetrated into the large hall. There was no more time for deliberation. I told M. Thiers that we were well used to these little surprises, and that the present one would not be more dangerous than the others. I embraced him; he got into his carriage, and I made the best of my way to the Hotel de Ville."

To be continued.

(1) Monsieur de Charrette a dit a ceux de chez nous—

"Levez vous!

"La chasse est ouverte contre les loups."

Monsieur de Charrette a dit a ceux d'Ancenis—

"Mes amis!

"Le roi va amener les fleurs de lys."



## THE MASSACRE OF ANARCHIST CONVICTS IN FRENCH GUIANA.

There is seldom a greater amount of disgusting humbugging hypocrisy displayed than when States and Governments pretend to be alarmed and wounded in their "human feelings" by atrocities committed by another State or Government, whilst they do just the same things themselves whenever they dare and it suits their purpose. Thus countries like Russia and France pretend to be interested in the villainies which have doubtless been committed in Armenia by Turkish and Kurd soldiers. Yet everyone knows of the tortures inflicted on thousands of the best men and women of Russia, of their slavery in Siberian mines, of the flogging of women and wholesale massacres of political prisoners, and of the thousands of starving Russian peasants who cry for bread. France boasts of marching in the first rank of civilised nations, and yet the atrocities committed on her political prisoners (our Anarchist comrades sent to Cayenne) rival the horrors of Siberia. And who does not know of the Italian prisons and the atrocities committed therein, whether under Austrian or Bourbon rule, or under the rule of Umberto and that political fraud and thief Crispi? Similar horrors might be quoted from every other country—the "Hell on Blackwell's Island" of the United States, or the prisons of Barcelona, the citadel of Warsaw, or the prisons of Bohemia, where scores of young men of the Bohemian Omladina are kept, and where every few weeks one or the other of them dies from consumption or is sent to the madhouse.

But let us give some account of the fate of our French-comrades at Cayenne.

The Anarchist prisoners at Cayenne—among whom are Duval, Pini, and many others—were long since singled out from the other prisoners and chiefly kept on the "The Royale," on the "Islands of Salvation" as they are called. This is but a rock surrounded by the sea, where they have to pass their time in the murderous heat of the tropical sun. At night they are put in a dirty prison, on plank boards, their feet being chained to an iron bar. This state of things was described in a letter, signed, "the anarchist convicts of Guiana," published last year, as a leaflet ("A Voice from the Penitentiary, Vox du Bagne") which concludes thus: "Publish this letter that all comrades may know how we are treated, and that those who still believe there is some good in the bourgeois, may be deprived of this last illusion that makes them blind. May they also all be convinced that we have kept all our courage and our love for anarchy; and let them not believe that men, fallen in the struggle, are men lost for the future. This is false; our courage is greater than it ever was, and moreover we have got now the hatred which our henchmen infused in our hearts. Comrades, forward! Be not afraid of coming to join us! Struggle on! We are hapless here, our food is infected, our shelter unhealthy, the climate murderous, men are a pest to us; but all this cannot make Anarchists flinch; for in the midst of all this misery we are profoundly happy in our minds, and feel the joy of having struggled in the cause of truth. And we are happy to hear that others keep on fighting, and we have the firm hope that we shall fight ourselves once more later on. With this hope an Anarchist can suffer many tortures, for the body is strong if the moral conscience remains unabated. Be courageous, comrades! Strike hard at the monster of authority, break the machine of exploitation, crush the cancer of religion, and unfold fearlessly the banner of Anarchy. The hearts of the Anarchist convicts are with you in your struggle. Long live Anarchy!"

Another document, coming from this hell, is a letter from Comrade Clément Duval, transported since 1887, printed in "Le Réveil Social," of Paris, on Sept. 7, 1893.

But the latest news which arrived in November 1894 surpasses all the facts known before.

It is needless to say that the hate and enmity of the prison officials is concentrated on our comrades: for none but scoundrels of the lowest type sink so deep as to become the watchdogs of their fellowmen, and they feel a natural solidarity with the lowest type of criminals that fall into their hands—we mean the sneaking, cringing, cringing traitors like Allmeyer, who provoked and betrayed his fellow prisoners. He is a favourite of the administration and a near relative of Reinach, the swindler of tens of millions of francs in the Panama affair. These "men" and the officials are worthy each other, but they both hate the upright and fierce Anarchists, who brave all tortures with the conscience of having done nothing but good to mankind, and of suffering in the cause of freedom and right.

So, when in France Anarchists were hunted down all over the country, no wonder that the lackeys of the government in Cayenne, the governors and officials of prisons there, increased the infamous treatment they had inflicted on our comrades and that the state of things which, at the time of the letter we mentioned was still patiently born, became at last intolerable and revolt, however hopeless, became inevitable.

Already in August it was reported that, on a convict ship, a warder had been "forced, in order to restore order" (as the phrase goes) to fire his revolver in the midst of a crowd of prisoners and that some were killed and wounded, among them being some Anarchists.

On Oct. 27th the fact was first published in France, that on the nights of Oct. 21st and 22nd a rebellion took place on the Islands of Salvation and that three officials (names given) and twelve convicts, among whom were five Anarchists (names not given) were killed.

The Paris papers asked for the names and were told to wait for the arrival of the mail.<sup>(1)</sup> At last, on Nov. 5th, the names were published: Comrades Marpeaux, Shevenet, Simon, Leauthier, Meyneis.

It was said at that time, that when the mail came, the full facts would be published and that the Socialist deputies intended to interpolate the Government on this subject, but nothing has been as far as we are aware. The silence of the grave lies over the Islands of Salvation, and the only fuller report that we know of is a letter sent to the *Eclair* of Paris by its correspondent in Guiana, published on Nov. 25th or 26th, 1894. From this report we give the following account of an infinitesimal part of what seems to have taken place.

In September an Anarchist convict raised his hand against a warder, named Moxart, who shot him dead. He died with the words: "I die for Anarchy; the Anarchists will avenge my death." On Oct. 21st, in a dark night, Moxart and his fellow, Oretally, were stabbed to death; also two "foremen convicts," an Arth and Belle, that is convicts who do the dirty work of the officials and are called "dogs of the Bagno." The other warders were alarmed and they, together with the soldiers coming from a neighbouring island, attacked the hundreds of prisoners, and eleven convicts (among whom the five Anarchists mentioned) were killed. Other Anarchists (among them Pini) are said by the *Eclair* to have taken part in this fight—if a massacre of helpless men by brutes with guns and revolvers can be called a fight—and they will be court-martialed, and (says the report) "will probably be executed."

Then an alleged plan for a general rising is reported, which shows the intention of the authorities to fabricate a "plot," as they always do!

On the following day a criminal convict was executed, having been sentenced before the events above told.

"When his head rolled in the executioner's basket (says the *Eclair*) an Anarchist, who had mounted a tree, shouted, 'Long live Anarchy!' A soldier assisting at the execution said to him: 'Shall I fire high or low?' The Anarchist, in place of a reply, shouted to him: 'Long live Anarchy!' The soldier fired. The ball struck him. The Anarchist fell heavily to the ground. He was convict Number 26507, the accomplice of Ravachol, Simon called Biscuit. This was the last act of the revolt and the repression. Since then there is quiet in Guiana. But it is believed the fire smoulders under the cinders. Fresh acts of reprisal and fresh acts of chastisement are expected."

These are the latest items of news we know of, and the exploits of the court-martial are yet unknown, though all may be over long since.

Human misery is indeed too great to last much longer, and we should use our efforts that those who linger in the prisons of all countries, our friends and comrades in the cause of freedom, shall see happy days once more before they are worn-out by their slow tortures, or massacred by their bloodthirsty enemies.

Who is responsible for these massacres? Not only the degraded brutes of the police and "justice" departments—the people who follow occupations from which every honest man shrinks and which are therefore entirely given up to rogues of the worst type—but all who, in one way or another, uphold the State—that huge network of oppression and crime, which sanctions and defends every villainy done in its name and for its benefit. The State is a gigantic polypus that attacks the body of human society with its myriads of bloodsucking fangs, all of which are animated by the same central will and act for the benefit of the central body. Whilst every other being, attacked in this way, would strike hard blows at this centre; extirpating it and thus getting rid of the whole carcass, poor and stupid humanity—believing in authority, religion, government, etc.—cherishes and fosters the monster.

The people who take part in the administration of the State are far from being shunned and execrated, rather are they considered as more or less useful and necessary public servants. Even if there exists discontent with some of them, they are simply replaced by others, who make great promises which they seldom or ever keep. Take the professions made by the Liberals when out of office with regard to Ireland as a sample. How many political prisoners have they released since they have been in office? In short, everyone who upholds by any means the monster Government that preys upon humanity, and which defends and upholds all other oppressions—economic exploitation, education poisoned by religion, etc.—is in our eyes sanctioning all the crimes that this State and every State perpetrates. A man must choose whether he will side with the oppressors or the oppressed—and if the, being himself ever so much oppressed, sides with the oppressors by upholding the principle of the State, whether he wants to change the personal of the State or not (a useless delusion), he must sanction the acts of the State "in self defence," and under this head fall all the atrocities we have described. And this principle is upheld by all parties, from the Conservatives to the State Socialists, and everyone putting a voting paper in a ballot box is thereby practically upholding it, whether he dreams of impossible reforms or whether he admires a strong government.

Thus we hold all men, all classes of society, responsible for these atrocities, and repeat, that there is no choice between being the aiders and abettors of all crimes conceivable, and the only defenders of liberty left, viz., Anarchists.

Y. Z.

(1) The "Gaulois" told that its reporter interviewed the leading officials at the Colonial Office, and asked why they did not telegraph for the names. "But it costs nearly ten francs one word!" Asked again, he lifts his hands and lets them fall again. "Ten francs one word!" Evidently, the paper says, "ten francs one word" are a reply for all and we must submit to those "ten francs one word." We submit.



"LIBERTY" is a journal of Anarchist-Communism; but articles on all phases of the Revolutionary 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. 7d. post free. The trade supplied by W. Reeves, 18, Fleet Street, E.C.

RECEIVED.—"Firebrand," "Solidarity," "Torch," "Anarchist," "Free Life," "Saint and Devil," by John Mark, 1/- (Reeves, Fleet Street.) "Notas Sociales," by J. Martinez Ruiz. (Libreria de Fernando Fe. Madrid.) "L'Education Integrale," Directeur, Paul Robin. (Bureaux, 288, Rue des Pyrénées, Paris.)

LIBERTY.

LONDON, APRIL, 1895.

## Between Ourselves

Contrary to general expectation, the elections to the new County Council have been disadvantageous to the "Progressives." And it is noteworthy that the districts, in which the Progressives have lost the greater number of votes, are the poorest in London. If we thought workmen were discontented with the policy pursued by the two preceding County Councils, because they have acquired a clearer consciousness of their rights, and mean to insist upon them with more eagerness and energy, we should rejoice. But it appears only too certain that the failure of Progressives is principally due to indifference and apathy.

Undoubtedly, viewed by the light of Socialist principles, the policy of the Progressives on the County Council calls for the severest criticism. In the course of six years the Progressives, many of whom call themselves Socialists, although undisputed masters of the Council, kept straight at first, afraid of losing their seats at the second election: three fourths who voted for the fair wage clause were against it, and intrigued as hard as they could to keep it out, so long as they could do so unknown to the public. The last two years—not hard pressed by the few men whose energy seems to have dwindled—they certainly have not done much for labour.

While there are so many people in London without the necessities of life, and so many wishing to work and finding nothing to do, the County Council makes no attempt to save the workless, who are also the breadless, from the oppression of capitalism, by putting them in a position to obtain work, bread, fuel and housing, and the necessities of existence. And to-day London is still in the same condition it was six years ago, with its hundreds of thousands of unemployed and starvelings; with its tens of thousands of children who, barely covered with rags, go hungry to school; with its pestilential slums, with its criminals, prostitutes and drunkards who get driven to crime and vice by misery.

But if the work of the Progressive Council has been

a complete failure to what it might have been, looked upon objectively, in comparison with the former state of affairs, we must admit that the Progressives have done something to improve the sanitary state of London, to save workmen, engaged on public works, from the limitless oppression of contractors, to fix a minimum wage relatively sufficient to live on, and to prepare the way for the municipalisation of public services. It is right to find this ridiculously inadequate for the pressing needs of London, but it does not seem to be the right way of obtaining better conditions, to take no interest in public questions, and let the direction of affairs slip into the hands of the Conservatives, to whom even these few concessions appear extremely revolutionary.

What conclusion can be drawn from the foregoing? That the people are content to be oppressed? To us it seems a new proof that in the present economical and moral condition of the workers, the right to vote is a fraud. The power of capitalists is too great, the needs of the people are too urgent, for a little immediate help, cleverly distributed, not to win an easy victory over propagandists who promise slow and distant improvements.

And then, after the terrible sufferings that the bad weather has entailed on the poor of London, how could they summon enough energy to interest themselves in public affairs, and in their own well-being in the future? Give immediate and real well-being to the people, or to speak truly, show them how they are to procure it, and there will be no longer danger of their falling into apathy or throwing themselves into the arms of reaction.

At the Criminal Court, W. Connors and R. Stevens pleaded guilty to burglary at the house of Mr. Willshire, Battersea.—Commissioner Kerr, in sentencing Connors to six months and Stevens to three years, said Stevens was an habitual criminal, and it would have been cheaper for the country to set him up in business, or given him a pension of 30s. per week. Such a bargain would have been better for the country; but every one talked about these things—no one thought of doing anything. The Legislature was nothing but a talking shop.

Commissioner Kerr seems to have a vague idea that if men like Stevens were set up in business or had the means of earning a livelihood they would not be driven to crime. All this comes with refreshing candour from Commissioner Kerr, but has it never occurred to him, that monopoly in land and capital is the root cause of all the crime and poverty, and not until these are swept away will crime be abolished.

His reference to the Legislature is, unfortunately, only half the truth; it is a cunningly devised means by which those in power keep the workers in submission by cajolery, and should that fail, intimidate them by sending gunboats against them as at Hull, or dragooning them as at Bristol and in Wales, or ruthlessly shooting them down as the Liberal Government did the miners at Featherstone, and then explain afterwards.

The War Office, on March 4th, issued a document which calls the attention of the troops to the fact, "*That to fire over the heads of a crowd . . . would have the effect of favouring the most daring and guilty.*" This is disingenuous, and means "Fire Low," and this with rifles of great penetrating power would make it madness for strikers to face uniformed assassins. One result of actions of this nature will be the forcing of the people into guerilla warfare.

On February the 18th our comrade Merlino was tried by a Florentine jury for press offences. He was accused of attacking the rights of property and inciting to revolution, pillage, massacre of the rich, etc., crimes committed in his pamphlet, "Necessity and Basis of an



Agreement," and in an article in which he maintained that Anarchists must take an active part in the working-class movement.

The judge tried to hinder Merlino speaking, telling him that his counsel would defend him; but Merlino declared that his best vindicator was himself, and in spite of the judge's continual interruptions, defended himself with such eloquence that even the Italian bourgeois papers admitted that his defence was astonishing and marvellous. He explained at length the principles of Anarchist-Socialism, gave an historical account of the Anarchist movement in Italy, the persecutions of the police, and the popular revolts provoked by misery and persecution, and demonstrated that Revolution was the necessary consequence of the blind resistance of the bourgeoisie. He pictured to the jury the miserable condition in which all classes in Italy find themselves, save a small number of rich capitalists and high-placed political personages; and proved how all, both owners and proletarians, would gain by the abolition of private property. Then he concluded: "The Government treats us jesuitically as criminals; but the public know we are honest men who are fighting for the good of all. We are Revolutionists as were Mazzini and Pisacane. You can find us guilty, but it is not with violence that you can prove us in the wrong. Moreover, if we wish to abolish existing institutions, and we certainly do, it is true also that these institutions have already been destroyed by the government, as far as regards all the guarantees of liberty they possessed. You speak of social peace; but we are the true apostles of that peace, as there can be no social peace without justice. Convict, persecute, if you are blind enough to do it with a quiet conscience; but you will not escape from the present state of affairs, so hard for all, except by Socialism."

The counsel for the defence said they had nothing to add to what Merlino had said himself. The jury acquitted Merlino and the public loudly applauded Merlino and the jury. Merlino must now undergo another trial for press offences before a Bologna jury, and then he must finish his sentence for connection with the "International," that is to say another ten months' imprisonment.

An enormous crowd, who had been waiting for the attorney outside of the court, gave him a warm reception on his appearance, shouting, "Long live Ferri, long live the defender!" The crowd followed Ferri, cheering repeatedly, till the deputy entered a restaurant. Aside from his acquittal by the jurors of Florence, another surprise awaited Merlino in the shape of a letter from the Collegio de San Mazzaro dei Burgendi of the province of Pavia, offering to make him a candidate at the next election. It is probable Merlino will accept the offer. He may also be offered the candidature of two more towns, Ravenna and Naples.

It will be remembered that three Italian constituencies elected Cipriani to the National Parliament, thus forcing the government to liberate him from prison. It would certainly be a vindication of our Comrade Merlino's course if the same tactics should be followed in his case. We hope that Merlino will not refuse his liberation on such terms.

The editor of the *Asino* made an investigation at Porto Ercole where the Anarchists, sentenced to forced domicile by administrative process on mere suspicion of subversive opinions, are imprisoned. He found them in a horrible gaol, and treated with such brutality that it looks as if everything were being done to incite them to riot so as to have an excuse for massacring them. The result of the investigation has made a profound

impression on public opinion, and even Conservative papers speak of the necessity of annulling the exceptional laws, that are a disgrace to a civilized nation.

The Government continues to imprison Anarchists simply by police decrees, in spite of public opinion declaring itself always more clearly against this system, which is the negation, not only of every human right but of bourgeois law.

Within the last few days seven comrades succeeded in escaping from the prison at Porta Ercole; but as their object was not so much to secure liberty as to attract public attention more and more to the moral and physical torture to which the imprisoned Anarchists are subjected, they made no attempt to hide themselves and took the train unconcernedly. Being recognized along the road they were informed against and arrested.

In consequence of the amnesty in France, the publication of the *Père Peinard* in London has been stopped, to make way for a new organ *La Sociale*, which will be published in Paris.

*La Sociale* will appear every week and will be illustrated, and will be edited by our Comrade Emile Pouget, and published at 120 Rue Lafayette, Paris.

*La Sociale*, (like "Social" in English) is an adjective in French, and therefore rather slangy when standing by itself. It is abbreviated from "*La Revolution Sociale*" and all Paris workmen know its meaning. Perhaps it will pass some day into polite French. The Comrades often drink to "*La Sociale*."

Comrades who publish newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, posters, manifestoes, songs, drawings, or placards with reference to Anarchism, Socialism, or the labor movement, in any language, are requested to send at least one copy to M. A. Hamon, 132 Avenue de Clichy, Paris, who intends to use them for sociological studies.

## PARLIAMENTARY POLITICS IN THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

By ERRICO MALATESTA.

### II.—SOCIALISM AND PARLIAMENTARIANISM. (continued from No. 15).

A variety of causes brought about this inauspicious evolution. Socialism, disbelieved in and derided at the beginning, then fought with rabid fury, was just growing sufficiently powerful for the bourgeois to recognise in it a serious danger, and a force with which they would have to reckon in the future. And among them, those who were satisfied thought it an opportune moment to add, to the persecutions and the massacres, the weapon of corruption and deception; while others, who under the name of democrats, aspired to seize upon the government, determined to multiply its functions, and use it as an instrument of power.

On the other hand, there were Socialists, who, disconcerted by the discovery of difficulties and obstacles not suspected at first, and fearing that while awaiting the Revolution they would become inert, and academical, looked for new fields of activity and new weapons to be used in the struggle. And there were even some, who, tired and subdued by persecution, were disposed to approach the bourgeoisie they had fought so fiercely. These last, in other circumstances, would have openly betrayed their friends and forsworn the Cause, or they would have simply and honestly retired from the struggle, like every combatant whose strength gives way. But a means was given them to dissimulate their weariness under cover of a change of tactics, to hide their breach of faith under the show of conviction, and they at once seized it.

This method, that some sincerely believed would be a weapon to fight the bourgeoisie with, and bring the Revolution nearer, and for others was to be instrumental in satisfying their vanity and personal ambition—this means that has been of so much use to the bourgeoisie in arresting and leading the Socialist movement astray was the electoral campaign.

In truth, the harm done would not have been great if this change of tactics had been frankly entered upon, in a manner that would at once have provoked a new division of parties in conformity with the aim and tactics of the diverse fractions. But instead, partly designedly, partly by the chance of circumstances, those who wished to introduce among Socialists electoral tactics acted deceitfully, as if

reformed of themselves, and bid as far as possible the end they had

in view.

In fact they gave as a pretence for going to the ballot the counting

of their numbers, and proposed blank poll-tickets either for candi-

dates who were dead or not eligible. Then the by-little the dead

individuals who would go to parliament, and who wished

to remain there. But they did not dare to confess it as yet. They

always spoke of candidates of protestation; the elected members

were not to enter parliament; or they were to enter merely to taunt

the bourgeois with their infirmities, and to be hunted out as enemies

that do not compromise. They gave not even that excuse. It

was necessary to go to Parliament to profit by the parliamentary

tribunal; to show and denounce to the people politics viewed from

behind the scenes; to have advanced guards in the enemy's camp.

The socialist M. P. was not to be a legislator, there was to be no bond

between him and the bourgeois members: he was to remain in parlia-

ment, as a menacing spectre of the Social Revolution, among those

who live by the work and blood of the people.

And when at last some of them succeeded in getting elected their

uncompromising intentions grew becomelless, and they behaved

like any other parliamentary party, that is striving for a legal

majority to attain the powers of government. And thus it happened,

that a fact, that after all could be considered as a tentative experi-

ment and give rise to broad and peaceful arguments and discussions

on the tactics most useful to the triumph of Socialism, was the cause

of idle and irritating polemics about the greater or lesser good faith

of the individuals, and created among comrades in the struggle a

profound animosity that has greatly damaged and still damages the

Socialist movement.

But let us leave useless recriminations alone about the way in

which parliamentary tactics were introduced (at least as far as

regards countries of the Latin races), in the Socialist camp, and let us

examine the value of these tactics on their own merits.

After what I have written, in the earlier articles on this subject,

about Parliamentaryism and Universal Suffrage, I think it useless

to return to the impossibility of solving the social question, and

bringing Socialism into operation by means of a parliament, and by

remaining within legal bounds.

I shall, instead, say a few words on the use we might make of

Socialist members of parliament for propaganda.

Those who boast of having Socialists in parliament, generally only

look at one side of the question. We should have, they say, men who

would enjoy the right of travelling gratis and of other economical

advantages that would allow them to dedicate themselves to propa-

ganda with greater efficacy; we should have men who could observe

from near, the laws in the political world and denounce them to the

public, and who could above all, make use of the parliamentary

tribune to defend Socialist principles, and force the whole country to

study and discuss them. Why renounce such advantages?

It would certainly be a true and honorable thing for human nature

if we could affirm that whatever were the convictions of each one

## "THE PREJUDICE AGAINST PROPERTY."

(RESUME TO L. S. B. DEVLINGTON.)

Parliament.

But let us admit that no one gets corrupted and that men are

heroes . . . even those who eagerly long to become members of

Parliament.

And besides the feeling of impotence in such situations absolutely im-

possible. Humanity is marching towards the goal of the liberty of

possibility. I repeat, our highly complex social environment presents

Bankruptcy. I am gratefully supposing its establishment possible.

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## THE END OF THE WORLD.

Comrades! the end of the world's at hand!  
Our round earth planet? Ah, no;  
The planet shall roll, and the great sun stand,  
The beautiful sea-waves break on the strand,  
The flowers and fruits shall cover the land;  
But the World and its ills shall go.

Wherever has rested the golden smirch  
White livers prepare to hie;  
At sign from the gold god's tottering perch  
See, loth and lingering far in the lurch,  
Comes Mammon's black/hireling, the politic Church,  
Canting the Socialist cry.

Hear how its foolish begin to say,  
In fear of the final rout—  
"The night grows old, and the dread new day  
Requires that we follow the People's way;  
Give us your oil, ye wise, we pray,  
For our lamps are all flickering out."

The first time passed, and he died alone,  
And the deaf world held on its way;  
And priest and ruler the tares have sown,  
Mingled with wheat they have rampant grown,  
But the Harvester knows his own—his own,  
And in judgment he comes to-day.

And Houses shall fall, built on golden sand,  
And only the Truth be dear;  
The rock-built dwellings of faith shall stand,  
The glad, free people shall joy in the land,  
And heart trust heart e'en as hand helps hand,  
For the end of the World is here.

L. S. BEVINGTON.

## SOCIALISM IN DANGER.

By F. DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

Continued from No. 15.

Nobody is simple enough to think that the exploiting class will surrender its property, or that the realisation of Socialism can be effected by Act of Parliament. At first we take up political action as a means of agitation, but once on the slope we slide to the bottom. As Liebknecht said at the St. Gall Congress of the party, "Let there be no mistake, once we take part in elections, we not only engage in agitation, but we expose the weakness and inefficiency of parliamentary action." By all means let us proceed to assimilate that lesson.

Vollmar on this subject was the most logical of the German Social Democrats, and his proposals mark the course of conduct that his fellow-countrymen ought to follow in the future. (See "Les divers courants de la démocratie socialiste allemande" *Souete nouvelle*, 8e année, t. 1, p. 295.)

Parliamentarianism, as a method of tactics, is found wanting; even if we could improve it, it would be labor-lost. Leverdays' work, "Les Assemblées Parlantes," is in this connection very instructive, and it deals thoroughly with the question. Why do not the apologists of Parliament try to refute that book? Legislative chambers or Parliaments are as nearly as possible word-mills, or as Leverdays says, "a government of public chatterers." An honest member confining himself to his own experience, his own views, and his own convictions would be at least as capable as any ordinary minister, assisted by the specialists of his department. But he must know something of everything, for the most divergent subjects come before Parliament. He should be a living encyclopædia. What a punishment for the poor representative who attempts the task—his simple duty—to listen to all the speeches!

"At La Haye, when you visit the prison, the gaoler tells you that in olden times criminals were laid upon their back, and upon their bare head water fell drop by drop from the roof. And the honest man always adds that it was the most severe of punishment. Well, that cruel penalty has been transferred to the Chamber of Deputies, and a conscientious member must daily undergo the martyrdom torment of feeling that incessant drop, not upon his head but into his ear, in the form of speeches by honourable members."

Such punishment is past endurance, so they have devised all sorts of recreation, so as to render life supportable. There is the dining-room, the smoking-room, tea on the terrace, the library, the system of pairing, frequent and prolonged holidays, etc. Let us add also that it is indispensable that a man should be a partisan, for if he were to try to work in isolation he would be absolutely without influence.

On the subject of Parliaments we may quote the remark of Mirabeau on a certain occasion: "They are always willing but they never do anything." The words of Leverdays also merit reproduction: "Modern Hollanders if menaced by the invader would not break down their dykes as in the time of Louis XIV., and political Hollanders of to-day would not open the dyke to the revolution in order to drown the enemy. Save the country, if it be possible, but at all hazards preserve order! In this way they betray the masses,

to lead them to the slaughter-house. As a rule, if the defence of a nation rests in the hands of exploiters only, you may feel sure it will be sold."

There is an intimate connection between economic and political freedom, inasmuch as to each fresh economic development there is a corresponding political transformation. Kropotkin has made this clear. Absolute monarchy in the political world is mated with personal slavery and vassalage in economics. Representative government in politics goes along with the economic system of commercialism. Sometimes they are two forms of the same principle. A new mode of production is not found consistent with an outworn fashion of consumption, and does not exist contemporaneously with antique methods of political organisation. In a society where capitalist and workman would be merged in the same individual there would be no necessity for a government; it would be an anarchism, an impediment. Free workmen need a free organisation, which is incompatible with the existence of the statesman. The destruction of capitalism implies the destruction of government.

The roads taken by parliamentary and revolutionary socialism do not lean to the same destruction; no, they may run parallel but they will never meet.

Parliamentary Socialism must end in State Socialism, although the Social Democratic leaders do not yet recognise the fact, and declared in Berlin that Social Democracy and State Socialism are in irreconcilable opposition. But they commence with state railways, state apothecary halls, state education. State or Parliamentary Socialists do not want the abolition of the state, but the centralisation of production in the hands of government, that is to say, that the state should be the supreme regulator of industry. Do they not name Glasgow and its municipal undertakings as an example of practical socialism? Emile Vandervelde, in his pamphlet "Le Collectivisme," makes the same city serve as a model. Well, if that is the best instance they can cite, the hopes of practical socialism do not rise very high. The number of unemployed there is appalling, the population herds together in overcrowded tenements. The same author lauds the co-operative movement in Belgium, as it exists in Brussels, Gand, Joimont, and says that we might call it voluntary collectivism. All these cases are specimens more repulsive than attractive to him who is not dazzled by superficial appearances, and wishes to discover the true inwardness of things. Wherever the co-operative movement prospers it is at the expense of socialism; unless, as some do at Gand and elsewhere, we give the name of socialists to co-operators. There the proletariat apparently are at the top, although it is their exploiters who rule, and freedom is indiscoverable, just as in state factories.

Liebknecht, perceiving the danger, said at Berlin:

"Do you suppose that it would be disagreeable to the English cotton manufacturers that their business should be transferred to the State? Moreover in a very short time the State will find itself forced to take over and work the mines of the country. Every day the number of capitalists willing to resist such a proposal becomes fewer. Not only trade but even agriculture will in course of time pass into the hands of the State; that is one of the certainties of the future. If in Germany we were to take the soil away from the great landlords, paying them suitable compensation and engaging them as government officials, to be territorial captains of rural industry, in a position equivalent to that of the satraps of the ancient kingdom of Persia, would it not be a big bit of luck for the nobles, and don't you think some of the shrewdest among them have already discounted the proposal? Ah yes, they would jump at it, for it would increase both their influence and their income. But that is one of the inevitable results of State Socialism and must not be dismissed as an idle dream." (Protokoll, Berlin, p. 179).

Rest assured that when the doomed class of exploiters and landlords perceive that collectivism is a first-rate thing for them, and that the State is willing to buy out their bankrupt concerns, they will tumble over each other in their haste to avail themselves of the splendid market afforded by practical socialism. We see that Emile Vandervelde proclaims already that "la grande industrie is to be the field of collectivism and that is why the workers' party demands, and limits itself to demanding the socialisation of the mines, quarries, and land of the country along with the principle means of production and of transport." So the small traders and mechanics may rest in peace, for their little world is to be the home of free association; even the big men have nothing to fear, for they will be well rid of a bad business in return for a good indemnity. (Cf. "Le Collectivisme," p. 7.) Bless you, they all have votes, and bearing this in mind, Kautsky assures the small shopkeepers that, "The transition to socialism does not involve the expropriation of the small trader or of the peasant. On the contrary, the change will not only take nothing from, but it will increase their profits." (Das Erfter Programm in seinem grundsätzlichen Theil erläutert von K. Kautsky, p. 150.) Liebknecht sees the danger clearly, and we have not heard the last of the struggle for supremacy between Social Democracy and State Socialism; but he does not see that it is impossible Parliamentary Socialism should be contented with mere agitation as the end of its parliamentary action; it must have a positive object (Liebknecht proved it at the meeting of the party at Saint Gall) and it is obliged to mess about with State Socialism. At the Berlin congress of the party Bebel had enough of it, and said "that he was not at all in agreement with the theories of Liebknecht as to the meaning of State Socialism."

To be continued.



### The Majority Superstition.

"The man of the world despises Catholics for taking their religious opinions on trust, and being the slaves of tradition. . . . He laughs at them for their superstitions awe of the Church. As if his own inward awe of the Greater Number were one whit less of a superstition! He mocks their deference of the past. As if his own absorbing deference to the present were one tittle better bottomed or a jot more respectable. The modern emancipation will profit us very little if the *status quo* is to be fastened round our necks with the despotic authority of a heavenly dispensation, and if in the stead of ancient Scriptures we are to accept the plenary inspiration of Majorities."—*John Morley*.

### Why Progress is Slow.

"Not one in a thousand has the smallest turn for thinking; only for passive dreaming and hearsaying and active babbling by rote."—*Carlyle*

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LONDON—Hyde Park, 3.30; Regent's Park, 11; Canning Town, Beckton Road, 11.30. Stratford, The Grove, 11.30; Deptford, 395 New Cross Road, (top floor) group meetings every Monday at 8; London comrades will assist by ordering "Liberty through newsagents.

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Will Comrades forward notices of meetings etc. as soon as possible for insertion in our next issue.

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