THE "VILLAINS" OF THE COMMUNE.

(From "Liberty," New York.)

Eliseo 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.

Georges Proust, domiciled 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.

J.-B. Bach, brother of Eliseo 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 Lefrançois, another member of the Commune and scientist.

It is almost needless to mention Henri Rochefort. Though now undergoing another exile on account of his political opinions, his leading source was from London to L'Internaute in respect of every 20,000 by thousands of people, and the Republic trembles before his pen as did the Empire. Among the journalists of France he is the first in influence.

Arnold, 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 the official delegations sent to America on important mission, the nature of which we do not now recall. Here he was fed by the authorities, who little dreamed that they were entertaining a villain.

Bresley 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 the Commune, is now present a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Besides a soldier and a legislator, he is a painter of no mean power.

Avrail, 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.

Leo Miellet, on being exiled, established aboarding school in Glasgow. The children of the first families of Scotland are entrusted to the care of this villain.

Dr. Gaspard, 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. As he was instrumental in the demolition of the Vendôme column, he 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 glowing crowns of French art.

The villain died in exile.

Melvin 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 profiteers.

When Felix 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 the most remarkable man on the French stage. "The Bag-Picker of Paris," of which he afterwards made a novel.

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

Blanqui, the arch-conspirator who paid the penalty for his life of eighty-three 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 Dallon designed himself by making a statue of this villain for his monument at Pére-Lachaise.

Dr. Robinet is one the leaders of the French Positivists. Tardieu is a member of the French Senate and has held three portfolios, agriculture, commerce, and finance.

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

Arnold was architect of the city of Paris.

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

Deorret, spent his exile in London, where he edited the "Courrier à l'Europe," of which journal he later became owner. He acquired great influence in England, and was elected a member of the Cobden Club.

Maurice, publisher of the "Père Duchêne," in 1871, is at present a 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.

Locquet is a municipal councillor and an able journalist.

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

Barrière 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 no longer works in the hospitals with his friend De Bourseville.

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

Jacarli 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 Gardens of the King of the Belgians and the magnificent "Peter the Great," at St. Petersburg. After the amnesty he built an enormous number of new edifices in Paris. He has a fortune of five millions.

Past held is an important Vanderbilt and is the management of the State Railways. Roques de Filhol became a deputy.

Villaine, with Humbert on the "Père Duchêne" in 1871, is an expert in technical science. He holds an important position in one of the reorganized Perpetual factories. He 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 miserable corruption of the state, which does not merely belong to us, but belongs to all. We Anarchists are not the only ones to say it, the entire nationalization of the land is rising so high that all may see it. Many men will not feel the benefits of society, but when public opinion is ripe—and day by day it grows more mature—natural will lead it in vain the converse of well, and the new will be applied to the upper tree's root. Arable land will be held once more in common, but instead of being ploughed and soon almost at hand by ignorant hands, as it has little been, science, a result of methods of culture, of tillers, and of machinery, will be guided by the same presence as mechanical combinations and chemical operations; but the fruits of his toil will not be lost to the laborer. Man's social advantage, so often held their land in common, and humbly though in our case they are not seen, they are our inheritances, and who among us is unknown. Are we, then, so ambitious in desiring to attain a social state, which shall sub to the competition among these privileges of these primitive tribes? Through the education of our children we may to some extent fashion the future.

The Anarchist says: "And for all. and for the free. and for the infinitely. In the end it would be wise it would be wise to do something more equally of rights, but this point will soon be reached, for a man who needs not only more himself to fill his classes or to create a paradise is already his equal. Equality of conditions, which is in no way inconsistent with the diversity of human character, without jealousy and looking upon the indispensable, for it offers the only means whereby true public morality can be developed. Man can be truly moral when he is his own master. From the moment when he has understanding of the nature of the world, it is essential to direct..."
his own movements, to seek in his conscience reasons for his actions and to act by these. We do not live and dealing 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 or a similar course. In this way the tree will grow. The 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 progress of man by domination of the will, and hence, what is more, it is in 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 behoves us to establish justice, the recognition of just and equal 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. Whose vindicates his own rights by consenting to the subordination of his friend's. Privilege, not right, is the converse of duty.

Besides the possession of a man's own person, social morality involves yet another peculiar good, which the law recognizes as a part of the sum of human welfare. The time-honored words of Mahabharata are as true as ever: "The ignorant are not the friends of the wise; the man who has no ear is not the friend of him who has a ear. 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 undertaking that is propitiated and to which it is impossible to render either into faction or servility. He who is hated lord by the declarations of the crowd must almost of necessity attribute it to the "admirers," "followers," who, while they respect his own estimation as a proscribed 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 portraits are held up to his posterity as a warning; and yet it may 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 are playing at his game, those whose marks neither impair nor command, and whom we may live with open hearts without afterthought or reserve.

It is a fact that 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 forced themselves into close corporations and little worlds apart. A few people, a few sections, a few principles, a few traditions, 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 as inevitable as any human edifice is to a city of their own, we leave. Yet even were they perfection, if man enjoyed in them the highest happiness of which his nature is capable, they would be the less open to the charge of selfish isolation, of raising a wall between the nations, of degrading the democratic spirit, of a life. The criminal, and devotion to the cause of humanity would draw back the best of them into the great struggle.

As for an Anarchist, never will we separate ourselves from the world to build a little church hidden in some vast wilderness. Here is the lightning 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 that our efforts will not be lost. Many of the ignorant who, rife out of love of routine or simplicity of some now anathematized visions, will end by associating themselves with our cause. For every man whom circumstances permit to join us freely, hundreds, thousands hindered by the fear of things to come and the fear of things that are past. 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 misunderstood, brotherly kindness is destroyed, independence becomes a crime; above is either pitying condescension or harsh contempt, below either envying admiration or hidden hate. Let each of us recall the past and the present; this question has to our society as to how society we have experienced the most pleasure? Are they persons who have "honored" us with their conversation, or the humble with whom we have "deigned" to associate. Are they the people of equal rights, those whose marks neither impair nor command, and whom we may live with open hearts without afterthought or reserve.

The time of sociability and leisure has arrived, and anarchy is at hand. We are Columnists and in the popular sense this means a few; we are the Columns of the people; we are the Columns of individuality. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king. In the new order, every one is his own master, every one is his own father, every one is his own king.
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. Pamphlets forwarded as requested.

H. Campbell, Edinburgh. Thanks for your address; will insert in "Where to get Liberty.


S. MacEwan, 8th, St. Thomas, Swansea. We are pleased to hear that you have given your new half the name of "Liberty Hall," and that you have had Liberty's Frontispiece painted on a large shield on the front of the building, which 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. Walkin, Leicester. Your helpful letter to hand; accept our best wishes, and we trust the open an propaganda you have commenced will answer to your expectations.

Miss A. Cowley, B.A., 85, Sistova Road, Billham, London, S.W. We have thrown your announcement into the waste-paper basket. In future limit your communications to Scotland Yard.

Between Ourselves.

We heartily welcome The Anarchist, a new monthly journal, edited by our Comrade D. J. Nieuw and published by him at 36 Walkley St., Sheffield, where our comrades are carrying on active propaganda. This paper is started with the intention of opening a new line of life and work towards our provincial groups, and judging from its terse and vigorous articles, we think it no doubt will accomplish that aim, and we also hope all comrades 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商务 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 1879, which breaks off abruptly, fortunately the continuation has been discovered, and will be published in French shortly, with his life and correspondence.

Our comrades F. T. Craig, who is 80 years of age, has been compelled to keep his health this winter, owing to the feeble state of his health, not very pleasant on receiving a kind note from Pierre Kropotkin, in which he expressed his esteem of the life work of the founder of Kahlina, one of the most valuable experiments in Cooperative 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 Wilfred Lawson confessed himself a Rosicrucian. For Lord Rosebery had told them it the House of Lords were not reformed the House must face revolution, we believe would be "Let the revolution come." So says we, but not the more change in this odour of political power, like 1832, 1848 and 1858, but an economic revolution which will sweep away Monopoly. Sir Wilfred 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 shown whether the views they took on the questions of the Nationalization of the Means of Production and Distribution, Free Trade, Eight Hours Day, Home Rule, Disestablishment of the Church, Occupation of India, Drink, Vaccinisation, etc. This may be the case; but somehow we don't feel ourselves in the slightest dilemma, but rather think that our platform 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 be laboring under 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, when translated into everyday life, would mean Free Communism.

With regard to modes of propaganda, we feel our work is to make 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 devoted to the very lust of the spirit of gambling and Manumit worship.

J. Grain, the indefatigable editor of "La Révolte," has been condemned to two years imprisonment for the publication of a leaflet, "The Dying Society and Anarchism," in spite of the expositions of the best French writers, such as Adam, Marilin, Bernard Lazere and others, who have described Russia and defined herself sold for the views expressed in the incriminated book.

The jury, while admitting exterminating circumstances, have been afraid of passing for Anarchists if they acquitted the man who witnessed an unraveled criticism, based on the facts of contemporary life, basely proved that humanity, following a false road, is obliged to change its road, and that this resolution must not be confused with submission 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 victim is for the humanitarian idea which, in spite of all the tricks of despotism and of the enemies of human progress, keeps straight on its way, the way which leads where national tendencies attract, that is, to the goal of all under the sun.

Herr Neit, 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 inviting to class hatred. This is law; yes, it may be. The Blood and Iron absolutists are becoming alarmed, and are determined to suppress the unorthodox agitators and the spread of Anarchist ideas with surveillance like that which is in 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 30th, the speakers being Turner, MacDonald, Smothers, Moreboy, Louise Michel, Kropotkin, Agnes Henry, and Yanovsky. The hall was filled to the utmost capacity. The meeting was enthusiastic from beginning to end.

Turner emphasized the fact that the Commune failed by trying to legalize its existence instead of forming a revolutionary government. Macdonald explained 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. Smoother praised the men who rebelled, made them more ready to hear the beauties of the government and used the first woman. It came to hand and concluded, if France had free speech the bomb would be pretty quickly put down. Moreboy spoke on the valor of the Parisians and work among the trades unions in order to promote the growth of the Anarchist Commune.

If revolution should bring the supremacy of labor, then showed how the false idea of the state spoiled the Commune of the tenth century, the idea of government itself was being equally killed all over the world. Something grand is growing; the individual will assert himself, he will make a career for himself. For women's rights we have to choose ours.

Louise Michel, in a speech of remarkable beauty, spoke of labor, being not so attractive, that once seen, men will not light and light the fire. If Animals will revolts, it is the natural right of all of us to revolts.

The meeting concluded with telling speeches from Agnes Henry and Yanovsky.
WHY I AM A SOCIALIST AND AN ATHEIST.

BY CONRAD N. EWING.

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 the mass 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 to be a picture upon which is discernible misery, starvation, want and destitution. Individualism may be depicted as a circle, within which we all know is composed of two sides—the inner side and the outer one. The inner part is composed of selfishness: i.e., Individualism. The outer part is composed of that great portion of the community which is outward, or crushed down by the struggle 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 destroyed. 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 fulfillment of Socialism that the chains of our bondage will be snapped, and we will become free men and women. Again, and again the disciples of Individualism insist that the present struggle 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 to please God or God—whatever they may be—and it is under this latter definition that I have examined its possibilities. I have looked back through the pages of history and found that whenever 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 True shall have no other touch, put me,” was an edict that freedom of thought must have disappeared from men. And when Christ is reported to have said, “Beast not evil,” man became a coward and his letters become 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 way of the Jews, the Christian hunt during the rise of Christianity, the Crusades, the oppression of Protestants by Catholics and vice versa. This shows that wherever religion marches, a trail of blood is left behind. Even today the animosity 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 superstitions is abolished, 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 religiousists 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 religious sanction," 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. Every 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 has been the cause of man's downfall, I, too, came to see, 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, honestly 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 be blindfold. Boston.

A Young Anarchist.

It sounds a little bit treacherous, 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, ma'am?" she exclaimed. "Because the policeman will make you stop if you do. Don't you see the policeman over there?" Besides, it is Sunday, and God doesn't want you to play." Answer, "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 lowness 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. (from the first list for Dublin) from the names of Burrows on "The Foolishness of Anarchism," Davis on "Social Democracy and Anarchism," and170/120 and Davis on "Socialism and Anarchism." And this is in fact the 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 lecturers' various replies, altogether, the Anarchist is 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 Davis'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 Beardsley, 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 useless to debate with such people; they refused to be convinced. When he was asked to reconsider 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 our objection was raised but a few years ago was raised against Social-Democracy itself. Anarchism and outrage were synonymous to our agitant lecturer, forgetting apparently that the party which is now nothing if not constitutional, was similarly attacked less than ten years since. Poor, contrarywise, obtrusive human nature was trotted out in all its "pure iness," 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 perspicacity and frequency of Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorandum. At any rate we never had to make a confession of faith that human nature is so deplorably 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 individuals 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 power 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 palpable fallacy, how can we decently and consistently expose such honest 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 public station in South Street to a handful of listeners. A bystander suggested that without a fairer system for voting a reform would be impossible for great works to be carried on, and later employed, but this was vociferated as rank heresy. Jack's idea of voting up at intervals so that the present and the impatient might proceed, and the fool, may be kept on something like equal terms, would, it was doubt, commend itself to the man we have mentioned. But all the divagation in the world could not make 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 severely 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 the spirit of Social Democracy is very much as far 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, the last two public Anarchist agitation has grown up, and large masses of people are now within the reach of our propaganda. In that policed country that was only possible, it is true, by carrying on the propaganda work without secrecy and putting aside, for the moment, 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 has been useful, as it has acquainted people with us, and with the Anarchist movement in general. It has been an open door to theoretical propaganda, and some of the less callous ones, indeed, in Germany, and the propaganda proceeds successfully. Mentioning 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 Moisé'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 seats at elections, the ranks of whom most vociferously and heroically show 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 condemning regularly according to the information given by the civil authorities. At Naples some Anti-Socialist laws have been passed for a time, but the energetic steps for strictly they have 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 idea which March rapidly along.
THE SECRET OF THE BEES.

How have you managed it? bright hear 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 bronze kept in honey to lock on and grate, 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.

Come over much please one summer, you’ll see A hull and a leisure for each busy bée.

No over-work, under-work, glutton 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’re 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 provisions 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. REYNOLDS.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.

"Gentlemen," cried Page, the lawyer, "I must entertain you with my last speech in court. The case was this. Two assed had got into a quarrel in a meadow. The owner of one, good-for-nothing scape that he is, runs and beat the other ass. But this quadruped, not being desirous to endure injury, hits the other 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 inefficients 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 Vies bless you!" said my uncle; "now the poet, Millet-Ratant, must sing us his Grand Noel:"

"A goou, a goou, a goou!"

"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 insensible under the influence of Burgundy.

"I am no abstinent," answered my uncle.

"Silence!" interrupted Page, the lawyer, striking with all his might on the table, "I declare to the court that 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 will become 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 crossed."

"Benjamin is indeed terrible," said the architect.

"He is like a lion; at one stroke of his quiver 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 lance."

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

"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 Macheecourt stood promptly face to face.

"Are you there, Benjamin?"

"Yes, and Macheecourt?"

With the first stroke of his sword my grandfather cut Benjamin’s scabbard in two as if it had been an oyster shell, 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, Macheecourt has behaved most brilliantly; he is in a position to measure himself against the most murderous of barbarians, 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 meliorate my opinion, I will even force myself to offer him my left hand, insomuch as he has disabled the other."

"Benjamin is right," cried a multitude of voices.

"Bravo, Benjamin. Macheecourt 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 proportions 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
neighbors, to have them apply salts to her nose. With that presence of mind which sorrow imparts to strong souls, she saw at once what she must do. She put her children to bed, took all the money there was in the house, and the few jewels that she possessed, in order to supply her husband with means to leave the country, if that should be necessary; made up a bundle of linen for bandages and of lint to staunch the wounds of the injured man in case he should be still alive; took a mattress from her bed, and asked a neighbor to follow on with it; and then, wrapping herself in her cloak, she started without faltering for the fatal tea-garden. In entering the fumebag, she met her husband, whom they were bringing home in triumph, crowned with oak-leaves. Benjamin, on whose left arm he was supported, was crying at the top of his voice: "Know all men by these presents, that Monsieur Machereau, verger to his Majesty, has just been appointed fencing-master, in reward . . . ."

"Dog of a drunkard?" cried my grandmother, on seeing Benjamin; and, unable to resist the emotion that had been stirring her for an hour, she fell upon her knees. They had to carry her home on the mattress which she had intended for her brother.

As for the latter, he remembered his wound only the next morning when he was putting on his coat; but his sister had a high fever. She was dangerously ill for a week, and during the entire time Benjamin did not leave her bedside. When at last she could listen to him, he promised her that henceforth he would lead a more regular life, and said that he was seriously thinking of paying his debts and marrying.

My grandmother soon recovered. She charged her husband to be on the look out for a wife for Benjamin.

Shakespeare on Anarchy.

King Lear, act 4, sc. 6.

Lear: A man may see how the world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: See how you justice muls upon you, simple thief. Hark in thine ear, change places: and handy-dandy, which is the justice, and which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog hark at a beggar?

Gloster: Ay, Sir.

Lear: And the creature run from the ear? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: A dog's obeyed in office.

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