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A JOURNAL OF

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM

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Our Manifesto.

We come before you, Anarchist Communists; we do not suppose this statement will predispose you to view either us, or our propaganda, with much favor.

The very name of Anarchism is held as a reproach, while the person professing Anarchism is regarded as a criminal, madman, and fanatic.

"Practical Anarchism," says the Capitalist Press, the mouthpiece of the present system of society, consists of blowing up innocent people with dynamite.

Having said that, they cry out for our extermination, as a species of noxious vermin.

Anarchism does not necessarily mean violence even in the propaganda, and would necessarily put a stop to violence once and for all when it is successful.

We have a very strong dislike to cant, and this cant of the middle-class about the use of violence by the proletarian in assertion of their right to live, is especially nauseating, for it is not by physical force and violence that they have gained their present position, and by the same means they retain it.

It was in the interest of the middle-class that the Indians were murdered at Featherstone, and that working men were hanged in London and strangled in the streets of Bristol; it was in the interest of this same middle-class that the Red Indians of America, the Aborigines of Australia and New Zealand, and more recently the Metis and other African tribes, have been mercilessly driven from their lands and homes, and are being grossly exterminated.

Every civilized country furnishes similar instances of Commercial middle-class brutality.

However, necessary force may be, and we are fully convinced that workers will never better their condition without the use of it, or without showing that they are in a position to use it, we believe that histrionic talk and glorifying the deeds of men driven to desperation by circumstances, can only serve to retard the progress of Anarchist ideas by alienating the sympathies of the mass of the people.

Do you ask, then, what is Anarchist Communism if it is not merely violence and outrage?

"Anarchist Communism," says Kropotkin, "is the result of two fundamental tendencies in our society, a tendency towards economic equality and a tendency towards political liberty.

To attain this end we advocate the destruction of monopoly and the abolition of government.

Monopoly, by its control of the means and instruments of production, transport, and exchange, gives to the classes dependent on them for their livelihood, thus while this fosters economic equality is impossible.

Class Government, by its domination of men by men in the interest of privilege, renders true political liberty impossible. It stands in the way of all progress, it stultifies free speech, if your speech be offensive to it, it keeps the people ignorant by giving them a insufficient education, teaching them only what is necessary to be able to work at the workmen.

It professes to manage the affairs of the country in the interests of all, yet the mass of the workers producing everything get poorer and poorer, while the idle profit monstero Capitalist class get every year richer and richer.

With people starving for want of bread, it keeps them from the bread, which could be made fruitful by their labor, unless they pay the tax which those who own the land demand.

It protects with all its power the rich robber of the poor, and punishes the starving man for seeking that which will enable him to live.

We believe in the abolition of Capitalism and Government, not because we believe in anarchy, but because we believe in the abolition of inequality.

That the struggle is not now to be waged with a view to make the world what it is; but to make out of the chaos and confusion in which the world is, a state of things that will enable men to live contentedly together.

"Practical Anarchism," says the Capitalist Press, "is anarchy on the large scale, and with a vengeance.

"Anarchism," says the Capitalist Press, "is a revolution to make men free by getting rid of masters.

"Anarchism," says the Capitalist Press, "is a revolution in which the world is to be made over for the benefit of the workers.

"Anarchism," says the Capitalist Press, "is a revolutionary program to demand the Charter, and when the people demand it, they will give it.

"Anarchism," says the Capitalist Press, "is the work of the people, and the work of the people will be speedily tricked, and the whole agitation might never have been.

So long as the people of Ireland in their struggle for independence carried on their "No Rent Campaign" and similar propaganda, their was hope for their cause, but having put their trust in politicians, they have now perforce to be content with what they can get.

So here and now in this labour movement, if the workers trust to politicians, their cause is lost.

We have always and only advocated the consolidation of the working classes, so that the working classes may be able to carry through their programme, and we have always and only advocated the consolidation of the working classes, so that the working classes may be able to carry through their programme.

The economic position has to be captured; and the capitalist and landlord monopolists expropriated; till this is done the worker cannot be politically free.

Do you ask what means we advocate?

They are any means which seem best. In our opinion the best, and only sure method, seems the propaganda of Anarchist ideas, the education of the workers to a sense of their power, and what they could accomplish by laying down their tools, and refusing any longer to produce the wealth by which their masters live.

Let but the workers say to their masters. By your might you have kept us slaving for you, producing that which brought you luxury, you have led indigent luxurious lives for long enough at our expense; while you have lived thus, we have suffered misery, starvation, and degradation.

We have been blind, but now we see our interests, and realise our might to gain them.

We will now work for ourselves, producing that which we need to satisfy our necessities; on these conditions will we labour again, and on no others.

Then you could organize yourselves into groups for the purpose of production and distribution. Enjoy the full results of your labour, live, and not exist, as at present.

Therefore, we take as our cry: Away with government and oppression, make way for the people, and Liberty.

In this number we announce a Humorous, Satirical, and Philosophical Novel, by Claude Tillier, translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Here it may be as well to let the translator speak for himself.

"I resurrect a buried treasure: a novel unlike any other by an author unlike any other: a novel, as Chas. Monselet says, that "has no equivalent in the literature of this century": a novel which, despite the pessimism with which it opens and the pathos with which it closes, yet, even in these, must take rank among the wittiest and most humorous ever written: a novel of philosophy, of progress, of reality, of humanity: a novel of the heart and of the head: a novel that is less a work of art than a work of genius, the work of an author who lived and died early in the nineteenth century and will be famous only in the twentieth."
MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.

BY CLAUDE THILLIER.

CHAPTER I.

WHO WAS MY UNCLE BARON.

I REALIZE do not know why men so cling to life. What does he find that is so agreeable in this insipid succession of nights and days, of winter and summer? Always the same sky, the same sun; always the same green pastures and the same yellow fields; always the same speeches of the crown, the same knives and the same duels. If this is the best that God could do, he is a sorry workman, and the scene-shifter at the Grand Opera is cleverer than he.

More personalities, you say; there are you now, indulging in personalities against God. What do you expect? To be sure, God is a functionalist and a high functionalist too, although his functions are not a sacred. Indeed God would be a shrewd judge that would not be surprised when he will see me in the counts for damages, winner to build a church, as a compensation for the injury I may have done to his honor.

I know very well that the court officials are more sensitive in regard to his reputation than he is himself; but it is precisely that of which I complain. By virtue of what title do these men in blackarrogate to themselves the right to avenge injuries which are wholly personal to him? Have they a power of attorney signed by Jehovah that authorizes them?

Do you believe that he is highly pleased when the police magistrates take in hand his thunderbolts and launch them brutally upon the unfortunate for an offence of a few syllables? Besides, what proof have these gentlemen that God has been offended? He is there in the court room, fastened to his cross, while they sit there in arm-chairs: let them question him; if he answers them in the affirmative, I will admit my error. Do you know why he trembled from the throne the Capet dynasty, that old and august saloon of kings so saturated with holy oil? I know, and I am going to tell you. It is because it enchanted the law against sacrilege.

But this is not the point. What is it to live? To rise, to go to bed to breakfast, to dine, and begin again to morrow. When one has performed this task for forty years, it finally becomes very insipid.

Men resemble the spectators, some sitting on velvet others on bare boards, but the greater number standing, who witness the same drama every evening, and pray every one of them till they break their jaws. All agree that it is mortally tiresome, that they would much better off in their beds, and yet no one is willing to give up his place.

To live, is that worth the trouble of opening one's eyes? All our enterprises have but a beginning; the house that we build is for our heirs; the morning wrapper that we clad with love to envelop our old age, will be made into swaddling clothes for our grandchilden. We say to ourselves: "There, the day is ended."

We light our lamp, we shut our face; we get ready to pass a quiet and peaceful evening at the corner of our hearth; i.e., some one knocks at the door. Who is there? It is Death; we must start. When we have all the apparatus of grief which our blood is full of iron and adored, we carry without a cent, when our teeth and thumbs are gone, we are millions. We have scarcely time to say to a woman: "I love you!" our second kiss, she is old and decrepit. Emotions are no sooner consolidated than they begin to tumble; they resemble those hills which the poor insects build with such great efforts; when it needs but a crust to feed them, our one hand under his bread, or a cent under his bed. What you call the vegetable stomach of the globe consists of thousands and thousands of shrivelled once upon the other by successive generations. The great names that resound upon the lips of men, names of capitals, monarchs, generals, are the clattering debris of old empires. You do not take a spoon to you but a dust of a thousand things destroyed before they were finished.

I am forty years old; I have already passed through four professions; I have been a monitor, a soldier, a school-teacher, and now I am a journalist. I have been on land and on sea, under tents and at the corner of the first, behind prison bars and in the midst of the broad expanses of the world; I have obeyed and I have commanded; I have had moments of wealth and years of poverty. I have been loved and I have been hated; I have been applauded and I have been ridiculed. I have been a son and a father, a lover and a husband; I have passed through the season of flowers and through the season of fruits, as the poets say; and under none of these circumstances have I found any reasons to congratulate myself on being confined in the skin of a man rather than in that of a wolf or a fox, rather than in the shell of an oyster, in the bark of a tree, or in the jacket of a potato. Perhaps if I were a man of property, a man with an income of fifty thousand francs, I should think differently.

In the meantime, my opinions that man is a machine made expressly for sorrow; he has only five senses with which to receive pleasure, and suffering comes to him through the whole surface of his body; in whatever spot he is pricked, he bleeds; in whatever spot he is burned, he bleeds; the lungs, the liver, the bowels can give him no enjoyment; nevertheless, the lungs inflame and make him cough; the liver becomes obstructed and throws him into a fever; the bowels grip and give him the colic. You have not a nerve, a muscle, a sinew under your skin that cannot make you howl with pain.

Your organization unjoins at every moment, like a bad pendulum. You raise your eyes to heaven to invoke it, and a swallow's dive falls into them and drives them up; if you go to bed you spurn your ankle and have to be carried home on a matre; to-day you are a great writer, a great philosopher, a great poet; a fibre of your brain breaks, and in an hour will you know or see on your head, to-morrow you will only be a poor madman.

Sorrow hides behind all your pleasures; you are gluttonous rats which it attracts with a bit of savoy bacon.

You are in the shadow of your garden, and you shout: "Oh! what a beautiful rose!" and the rose pricks you: "Oh! what a beautiful fruit!" there is a wasp on it, and the fruit bites you.

You say: God has made us to serve him and to love him. It is not true. He has made us to suffer. The man who does not suffer is not a man made machine, an imperfect creature, a moral scribble, one of these abominations. Death is not only the end of life, it is its remedy. One is nowhere so well off as in the grave. If you believe me, you will order, instead of a new overcoat, a coffin. It is the only garment that does not pinch.

What I have just said to you you may take for a philosophical idea or for a paradox, it certainly is all one to me. But I pray you at least to accept it as a preface, for I cannot make you a better one, or one more suitable to me and for my work which I am going to the honor of relating to you.

You will permit me to trace my story back to the second generation, like that of a prince, or of a hero, when his funeral oration is delivered. Perhaps you will not lose thereby. The caustics of that time were well worth those of ours; the people carved swords, but they danced with them, and made them rattle like castanets.
To Correspondents.

G. LARMANOR. Your article will appear in the "Why I Am."  
THOMAS PARKES. Thanks for "Socialism and Individual Liberty" which will shortly appear.

D. B. MAPP. Norwich. We are indeed glad in having your good wishes, accept our greeting. Let us know how you like "Liberty."  
F. ESHERICK, Aberdeen. "Liberty" will be monthly at present, we send you to and comrades Fraternal Greeting.

J. BLAIR SMITH. Thanks for suggestion which we shall act on, we are also pleased that you intend pushing the sale, we are anxious to again hear from you.

M. GROVES. We send you hearty Greeting in return for your good wishes and approval of "Liberty."

LIBERTY.
LONDON, JANUARY, 1884.

Between Ourselves.

Comrades, The World Over, Greeting.

We offer no apology to the public for our appearance, but comrades, and others, must excuse the roughness of our attire, and the slips in the printing.

There are many reasons why "Liberty" should be alive. Many, one time anti-parliamentarian, and revolutionary socialists, have been drawn into politics. But on the other hand there are indications of many earnest Social-Democrats becoming disagree with the reactionary tactics of many of the most recently elected, Socialist (are) labour members.

We must endeavour to point them to a new field of action. By the organised workers must the revolution be accomplished. They supply the basis (at present insufficiently developed) for the reorganisation of society.

Anyone who has had the bringing out of a paper, without professional assistance, can understand how we set our teeth as each trouble turned up. We are not capitalists. Having raked up enough money to buy a little type, and a press, we comrades set to work to learn printing.

We thank all our comrades who have helped us with their advice and assistance, and we hope that those who spent Christmas '83 in an extinguished printing den, will long work as cheerfully, and hopefully for the cause, as they have to produce No. 1 of "Liberty."

The Frontispiece, is by W. M. Rowe, and we wish to assure him of our thorough appreciation of his work; our thanks are also due to G. F. Watts R.A., for permission to reproduce his celebrated picture "Mammon" for "Social Contracts.

Walter Crane, ever ready to help on the cause, has done good work in keeping alive the memory of "The Chicago Martyrs" by his latest design "The Chicago Anarchists." Our old comrade P. Bobas has given valuable assistance in many ways.

We offer our provincial friends, if they will guarantee 100 or more copies a half-column for notices: of meet ing's and reports of their propaganda thus we think would be of great service from many points of view. Friends in Glasgow, Aberdeen, Manchester, Norwich, etc., will please let us know what they think of the offer.

The miners arrested during the late coal lock out, have been sentenced by the impartial (?) tribunals of this country, in the usual brutal manner, characteristic of judges when dealing with workers arrested during a strike. Force men it to revolt, then punish them for so doing.

Where are the miners, and labour representatives, that they have not raised their voices in parliament about this cruel injustice? They know perfectly well that the threatening attitude assumed by these men did more to win victory for the miners, than anything else; shewing as it did that it would not be safe to trifle with them, to too, great an extent.

But, we suppose it is not their game, to stand the risk of being regarded as the apologists of disorder. So they leave the miners to their fate. The men sentenced are not criminals, but prisoners of war. Being the victims of an admitted conspiracy among the employers to force down wages, and force up prices.

We can fully understand the silence of the capitalist press, that voiced from interested motives the miners' cause; also that of the workers so-called representatives. The silence however, of the workers themselves, is altogether beyond comprehension. Why do they not demand the immediate release of these men?

Whatever opinion one may hold about the recent explosions which have occurred in our peaceful law and order blessed society, on the continent they certainly have drawn attention to Anarchism, and its methods, in this country. The press has suddenly shown an overwhelming desire to know what we are going to do.

To obtain this information Louise Michel, Malatesta, and others have been interviewed. Though mutilated, the interviews give to many who we cannot reach with our ordinary propaganda, an idea as to who and what Anarchists are, and may do something towards spreading the light.

The Legislator Defined

Legislators are men who make rules for others and exceptions for themselves. GUIYARD.

Blind Content.

A mind satisfied with the present will be careful not to trouble itself about the future. HEGEL.
WHY I AM A SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

By G. BERNARD SHAW.

The question you have put to me above is one that I should like to get out of answering, because the longer I live the greater becomes my dislike of answering myself as a Social-Democrat or anything else. I am not a man with a theory, binding myself to all the logical conclusions of that theory; and you will find, if you study my polemics against Anarchists, that I deal not with the theories of the Anarchists or the logical conclusions of those theories, but solely with the actual measures and the concrete results of those theories. The world was not made to fit anybody's theory, nor can our misfortunes be remedied by any mortal power, not even the Procrustean forces of the Inquisition or the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834.

I prefer a municipal gas supply to a private enterprise gas supply, not on principle, but because it means two and threepence per thousand feet to the consumer instead of three and a penny, and to the worker twenty-four shillings a week for an eight-hour day instead of eighteen shillings for a ten or twelve-hour day.

I prefer Socialism to Manchesterism because it will add the rent of land and of capital to the reward of labor and thereby eliminate the idler, with obvious advantages to the country in which I have to live.

I prefer Democracy to Autocracy, again not on principle, but because on looking at me I find that it is a good deal better to be a Swiss than a Russian, and I attribute the superiority of life in Switzerland to her democratic institutions.

At the same time I am just as hostile to the supremacy of the community in questions of Free Thought and Free Speech as I am to the supremacy of the individual over land and capital; and my democracy does not to the least prevent me from believing that the country will come more and more to be governed by State departments of highly paid and skilled permanent officials who will often be of one opinion when both the democratic parliament and the people behind it are of another. On such occasions the officials will often be able to override both parliament and people.

Some of your subscribers will say here that I am presenting the social problem as if there were no alternative between democracy and autocracy, or between Social-Democracy and Manchesterism. They will say that I am ignoring the alternative of Anarchism, and I am just as an Anarchist. But I have stated very fully in my "Impressibilities of Anarchism" my reasons for thinking that there is no escape on either of these lines from the economic and political difficulties with which we are struggling. I am convinced that the democratic movement has now gained sufficient power to complete itself, and that the same forces which turned feudalism into Manchesterism will turn Manchesterism into Social-Democracy. I may be wrong, just as the Anarchists may be wrong; but at any rate I have no vested interests for regarding Socialism and Democracy, or rather the combination of both known as Social-Democracy, as not only inevitable, but highly desirable.

By highly desirable, however, I do not mean that the advent of Social Democracy will be the advent of the millennium. And here comes in a difference between myself and many other Social Democrats who would deny to me all Fabians the right to call ourselves Social-Democrats. They hold sincerely the view that although we have attacked the crown in the orthodox socialist fashion we must in our future lectures and books and newspapers and conversations never mention that. I believe, in the final analysis, we Social-Democrats are not to be the parties that prove the things we Social-Democracy is too to be the party that proves them. They are quite right in this.

The end Fabian Social Democrat, with his red tie and his copy of Justice, believes that Social Democracy will establish an earthly paradise, in which all old conditions and corrupt motives and class distinctions are to have no existence, in which there shall be plenty and demand, no money, no banks, no wages, no employers, no Maxim guns, no Trade Unions, no patents or monoplies, no criminal code, nothing of all these things, and the present system has made fruitful to us. Take Gonzalo in The Tempest, he would say, he expressed what is always at the back of his mind.

No kind of traffic
World I abject, no name of magistracy.
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty.
And use of money naught, contract, succession.
Bourn, bound of land, tillth, wineyard, none.
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Wondrous have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all heaven, all abundance.
To feel my ancient or young,
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To heed the golden age.

I have purposely left out such lines as "No occupation: all men idle, all: and women too"; for, to do the human race justice, its Utopists no longer put idleness in their programs; but in other respects the old Utopia is still inspiring us.

Now I and in this respect I am a typical Fabian — do not believe in the millennium. Social-Democracy will have for many a long day its prisons, its armies, its galleys, its hangmen, its intrigues, its selfishness and selfishness, and its talk and enthusiasm in things real and its big talk and enthusiasm in things ideal, its helpless dependence on a minority of able men, and its mass of people, capable of nothing beyond their own immediate concerns, taking advantage of the higher wages, shorter hours and better education obtainable under Social-Democracy without in the least understanding it. The man with the red flag turns sick at the picture, and asks indignantly whether a state of things so like our own is worth any man's labour and sacrifice. The Fabian, being mostly a middle class man with a hereditary aptitude for business, replies that a thousand pounds is better than a penny, but that a penny is always worth trying for when you cannot get twopence.

I dare say the Fabians pattering after their pennyworths of Socialism cut a poor figure in the imagination of our enthusiasts beside the men who will accept nothing short of than the whole "means of Production, Distribution and Exchange"; but after all, the penny in real, as the Blackwall Tunnel men found when their wages were raised by "more Progressivism" from fivepence to sixpence an hour.

I do not know whether you are any wiser now as to why I am a Social Democrat — but the rest of my reasons would overread your space.

Rich and Poor.

"Care for us! True indeed they never cared for us. Suffer us to finish and their storehouses crammed with grain! make edicts for usury to support manors; repeat daily any act whatsoever established against the rich and provide more piercing statutes daily to drain up and restrict the poor. if the wars do not eat us up, they will!" Coleridge, Act I., sc. 1.

Poverty and Suicide.

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back and undoubtedly it is this last straw—the inability to satisfy the cravings of the physical man—but drives a considerable number of our wretched to self-destruction. "Suicide and Insanity" by S. A. K. Stedman.
AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.
By ELISEE REUILLAS.

To most Englishmen the word Anarchy is so recondite a thing that ordinary readers of the "Contemporary Review" will probably turn from these pages with aversion, wondering how anybody could have the audacity to write such a thing. We are all too well acquainted with thebadge of Anarchism as an uninviting badge to popular favour. Even if we should not think much of Anarchism, our natural aversion to all secret societies and anything that smacks of the underboudoir of a society is naturally well founded. Take for instance, our great cities, the dens of civilization, especially the most populous, the dens of vice, the dens of debauchery, the dens of all that infamous which gullers to herself the riches of the world, whose every warehouse is a house of prostitution, whose every currency is a house of prostitution, and whose every currency is a house of prostitution. So the whole of the world is a house of prostitution. And we are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered.

Yet it is not with light hearts that we meet so much talk about. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered. We are all too well acquainted with the name of Anarchism as a thing that is too absurd to be considered.
GOVERNMENT SWEATING

In this last decade of the nineteenth century when so much is being said and written about the advantages to be gained by the State taking under its control, the mines, railways, etc., a few words about the management of one of our greatest national workshops, the Post Office, may not be out of place.

In spite of all that is said in its favour, it is questionable whether the community derives much benefit from this State monopoly, competition being forbidden by Act of Parliament, and whether the business of the Post Office is not carried on as well by private contractors. Certainly, the following facts show that the employees could be treated no worse. We do not wish to convey the idea that the capitalist system is in any way superior to the State Socialists, they are equally bad, both having the same inherent evil, the exploitation of the labourer. To whom it matters nothing, whether he is being exploited in the interest of the State, or of private capitalists. Only this, the State forbids him to take any action, even political, for a betterment of his position.

The greatest difficulty is to make people understand that there are other workers in this State. In addition to the postmen. If you speak of tyranny and the grievances under which the men labour, you will generally receive a mild expression of sympathy for the poor postman.

Now I do not want it to be assumed by this that the position of these men is all that it should be, quite the contrary, in fact, but I do want to emphasise that there are others, who for the reason that they do not come into direct contact with the public, are treated infinitely worse. For an example let us take the G. P. O. East Building. Here we find twenty men sweated because of the smallness of their number to such an extent that, if they were done by a private firm, would call forth a strong outburst of public opinion. Some of these men they are known as "lift attendants" have been employed at this work for the last twenty years, and are now receiving sixteen shillings per week! And this for a working day of 8 hours made up in two shifts viz. 4 a.m. to 12 noon, and back again from 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Unlike the postmen they have no uniform, have not the opportunity of setting themselves up with a hansom, Christmas box at the public expense, and have to live, because of excessive rents, some considerable distance from their work, the result of which is that they never get from year to year and more than four hours successive sleep; and all this for fourteen shillings per week. This is State employment.

Then we take the case of the Mail Cart drivers working, as has been proved, in some cases as many as a hundred hours a week for the miserable pittance of eighteen shillings. And then your Liberal Postmaster General endeavours to shirk his responsibility by stating in the House of Commons that they are employed by a contractor. Does he not engage the contractor? And in engaging him is he not morally bound to see that the man he engages is as not a generous man, at least a humane one.

And what can be said of treatment of men engaged in the sorting offices, and the cruel system of espionage carried on there, where, can it be believed, men are reported by spies, and never permitted to know their answers. All manner of charges are laid against the men in this way, and on the strength of such reports the poor culprit is brought on duty to work two and sometimes four hours extra without pay. The greatest injury to the body, greatest injury to body and may not have the slightest foundation for the charge; if once he repeats you, farewell to all redress. Should the matter be brought forward in the House of Commons, it calls forth a reply that what is done is done in the interest of discipline and for the good of the public service.

Then, in conclusion, we take the case of City Telegraph messengers who one morning a week are compelled to attend for two hours drill with carbines, just as if they were full blown soldiers on pick drill, and for this which the P. M. G. says is done for the benefit of the boys health, the lads receive 24 p. per hour and then have to take up their ordinary duties of running about with telegrams for the next few hours.

This is by no means all that could be said of the advantages (?) slack employment. Workmen, seeking blindly for some redress of their present state, would do well to consider these few facts before spending their time, wasting their energies, to obtain the State as their employers, in place of their present masters.

Voluntary cooperation, for the purpose of carrying on the postal as well as all other industries, can alone guarantee to the workers freedom from exploitation.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

ITALY.

Sicily is in open rebellion. The people, after having carried on an extensive agrarian strike, are now revolting against local taxes, especially custom duties (duties).

In several places they have burned the customs offices, together with the town-hall, and the collection of the taxes has been stopped.

To understand this particular phase of the revolutionary movement in Sicily, it is has to be known that in that country municipal _cifores_ are composed of local landlords and their servants. They are at the same time both the economic and political power.

As landlords, they rack rent the poor peasants, forcing them to pay numberless _reducciones_ and gratuities to themselves and their armed servants. As the mayors or communal councillors they levy taxes of the most scandalous kind on every fire place and on all articles of food which the poor peasants consume. Property and Government are here seen to be two aspects of one and the same thing. Now the peasants have revolted, and that system of wholesale robbery is breaking down.

The Government is now trying to soothe the exasperation of the people by tardy and insufficient concession, at the same time preparing to prejudice the troops which are now in Sicily who, however, are too much in sympathy with the people by bringing fresh troops from the Continent.

The agitation is spreading to Calabria and other parts of the Continent; and it is quite possible that Italy is on the eve of a Social Revolution.

BRUSSELS.

M. Volders, editor of Le Peuple, and leader of the Belgian Labour Party, has been committed for trial on the charge of using inflammatory language in an article published by him on the bomb outrage in the French Chamber.

FRANCE.

The French Government is no longer master of itself. It is in a situation of which there is no similar in history; it feels itself powerless against the development of Anarchism in France; it does not know what to do in order to allay the feeling of disgust in the mind of the people caused by the Panama disclosures and the economic crisis. The people openly applaud the explosions and all the acts of rebellion against bourgeois society. The repressive laws passed in a panic will only serve to more strongly convince those who believe in carrying on a violent struggle against the oppressors of humanity.
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