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A JOURNAL OF

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM

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It is the great merit of Christianity to have proclaimed the humanity of all human beings, women included, the equality of all men before God. But how did Christianity proclaim it? In heaven, in a faustian, a Hobbesian, and relocated manner, no, and nowhere. On the contrary, even this future equality is a sham, for the number of the elect is said to be exceedingly small. On this point theologians of the most diverse teachings, whether, orthodox or liberal, believe that God will make the greatest number of elect equal. Despite the equalization of all in the eyes of God it is an equality which results in most hare-brained privilege for a few thousands, who are elected by the grace of God over millions who are damned. And even worse: this equality of all before God, is筒 realize for everybody, still it would not be the equal dignity and slavery of all before a supreme master. It is the root idea of Christianity and the primary condition of salvation, the re-creation of human dignity, and the contempt of this dignity by the greatness of God. A Christian, then, is not a man insomuch as he is not conscious of humanity: he is not a man too because not respecting human dignity in himself, he cannot respect it in others; and not respecting it in others he is unable to respect it in himself. By a law of nature, a law for all mankind, a minister, an official, the representative of some authority, a schoolmaster, a henchman, an aristocrat, an exploiting bourgeoisie, or an enslaved proletarian; an oppressor or an oppressed, a torturer or a victim of torture, a master for the eschatological world, a slave for the historical world. The man is truly human, because man only becomes really such when he respects and loves the humanity and freedom of all other men, and when his own freedom and dignity are likewise respected, loved, aroused, and promoted by all other men. I am really free only when all human beings are free around me, men and women, are equally free. The freedom of others, far from being the limit or negation of my freedom is on the contrary its necessary condition and its confirmation. I become really free only through the freedom of others, so that the more free men there are around me, the more free I am. If I am the master, and other does my own freedom become. The slavery of men puts a benches on my freedom. In other words their brutalization is a negation of my humanity, because—I repeat it once more—I can only call myself really free when my freedom, or what means the same thing, my human dignity, my human right, consisting in obeying no other man and determining my actions in accordance with my own convictions, reflected by the equally free consciousness of all, are confirmed by the assent of everybody. My personal freedom established in this way by the free of all has no limits. It will be seen from this that freedom as understood by materialists, is a very positive, very complex, and above all, an unceasingly social matter, because it can only be realized in society, and only by means of the strictest equality and solidarity of all. We can distinguish in it three points of development, three elements; the first of which is essentially political, the second economic, and the third educational. It is the result of a consistent and prolonged use of all human faculties and powers, by everybody, through education, scientific instruction, and material prosperity, each of which can only be generated by the political, the material, the intellectual, and the moral, and the whole of society. The second element of freedom is negative. It is the element of revolt—the rebellion of the human individual against authority, divine or temporal, and social. It is first revolt against the tyranny of the supreme phantom of theology, against God. It is evident that as long as we shall have a master in heaven, we shall be slaves on earth. As long as we believe that absolute obedience is due to him, and there is no other obedience possible against a God, we must necessarily submit passively and without exercising the slightest criticism, to the sacred authority, and lose all our human rights, our individuality, our independence, our dignity, inspirited legislators, emperors, kings and all their officials and ministers, the sacred representatives and servants of the two great institutions which are imposed on us as being established by God himself. This obedience is either political, social, or temporal or human authority is directly derived from spiritual or divine authority. But authority is the negation of freedom. Hence God—or rather the fiction of God, as the learned and the unlearned, and the political and mental and moral cause of all slavery upon earth, and human beings will not be completed, until it shall have completely destroyed the mythical fiction of a celestial master. It is essentially the negation of the existence of the former, the revolt of every individual against the tyranny of men against individual and social authority, represented and legalized by the State. It is necessary that we understand something about how, and for this reason it is essential that we know that the true rebel is not an individual, but the citizen as a whole, the citizen as a whole. The revolt of the individual against this natural influence of society is much more difficult than revolt against officially organized Society, though it is sometimes invincible as the latter. Social tyranny, often creating and dissuading, does not exhibit that character of impious violence, of legalized and formal despotism which marks the authority of the State. It is not imposed as a law to which every individual is forced to submit under penalty of legal punishment. In this very reason stronger than the authority of the State, men by means of customs; by morals; by the mass of sentiments, prejudices, and habits of the material life, as well as of the spirit and the heart, work together to perpetuate it. Hence: Opinion. It surrounds a man from his birth, it pervades and penetrates him, and forms the very basis of his own individual existence in such wise that each one becomes its沉默者, that is to say, his own very self, and for the most part without being at all aware of the fact. The results that it revolts against this natural influence of society over us by mere force, gives rise to some extent revolt against himself; for he is, with all his efforts, deprived of all freedom, disregards his own individual existence, to nothing other than a product of Society. Hence the immense power exercised by Society upon individual men. It is the best proof of the absolute subservience that is of respect for man, and I will presently explain what I mean by these words. From this point of view, Society may be an agent of good as well as of evil. It is beneficial when it tends towards the development of science, material prosperity, freedom, equality, and the fraternal solidarity of men. But it is harmful so far as it has the opposite tendency. A man born into a society of brutes remains, with very few exceptions, a brute; born in a society led by priests, he becomes an idiot, a simpleton, born among a band of thieves, he must probably become a thief; born a bourgeoys he becomes an exploiter of the labor of others; and, if he is unfortunate enough to be born in the society of the demi-gods who govern this world, he becomes a slave, an enemy of all, a man whose freedom depends on the degree of his abilities, his means, and his power, an enslaver of mankind, a tyrant. In all these cases, to make the individual even human, revolt against that particular society which gave him birth becomes indispensable. But I repeat, the revolt of the individual against society is quite another and more difficult matter than his revolt against the State. The State is a historical, transitory institution, a passing social arrangement, like the Church whose younger brother it is. But it has not the fatal and immutable character of Society, which being anterior to all special human developments, and sharing fully the power of natural and historical functions, constitutes the final basis of human existence. Man, though he has made a first step towards humanity, having become to be a human that is, a more or less speaking and thinking being, is born, nevertheless, an animal, born with an instinct, with an ant's nest, or a bee into a hive. He does not chose it, he is in the contrary, its product, and is as fatally swayed by all the natural laws determining his necessary development as he is by the mercy of all other animals with whom he comes into contact. Society, as we have already seen, in contrary to nature, exercises him like nature herself. Society is eternal as nature is eternal, or rather, having had its genesis on this globe, will last as long as this globe shall exist. It has roots that extend from the bottom of the globe, and are responsible for man as a revolt against nature in totality, human society being after all nothing other than the latest great manifestation or creation of nature upon this planet, and any individual who should think it to be something that is not something as natural as the general, and of his own nature in particular, and thus places himself outside the conditions of real existence, throwing himself into nothingness—absolute vacuity—dead abstraction. God is and remains the board of State. Society is a good or an evil, as to inquire whether nature at large, this universal material, real, unique, supreme, absolute being is a good or an evil. It is more profoundly a question of man's development of man himself, and in so far to all intellectual and moral appreciation. It is the basis—the ground upon which, later on, that which we call good and evil necessarily develops. For it is not the case with the State; and I do not hesitate to say that the State is an evil, though a historically necessary evil, as necessary in the past, as its complete extinction will, sooner or later, be necessary in the future. It has been as necessary as were the primitive brute, before the theological wanderings of mankind. The State is not Society, it is only a historical phase of it which is as barbarous as it is abstract. It was originated in all countries by the combination of the most disparate elements, village communities, old feudal states, and on one hand, and the gods, created by the theological fancy of different nations, on the other. It was at the beginning, and to this day remains, the divine sanction of brute force and triumphant impudence. It is the only thing that ever has really come to be the state of all men of the United States of America or Switzerland of the regular institution—privilege for the minority and of enslavement for an immense majority.

No Nationality

The fact is, as individuals suppress individuality, so nationalism suppresses all that is worth keeping in the special elements which go to make up a real and not an artificial nation. The sham community of nationality, which is as artificial as the sham individual, and consequently suppresses all minor differences that do not help to supersede over other nations. The true community of the future will be formed for healing and the development of all knowledge, all sciences, and consequently would avail itself of the various temperaments caused by differences of surroundings which differentiate the race and families of mankind. William Morris.
WHICH ARE THE MURDERS?

At this time when general abuse is thrown against the continental Anarchists, and the extradition or expulsion of those of them who happen to be in England, are matters proposed and discussed with callous indifference or cynical brutality, it might be well to consider whether these men in their own countries, once they fall into the clutches of their Ferdinand governments, are not made to suffer the worst tortures, physical and moral, before and after their trial, at their execution as well as during the long years they linger in prison. We maintain that this is a matter of fact and to prove this even to the most biased opponents we take our examples from the ordinary bourgeois press, and here again as well from Conservative as from Radical papers.

A Spanish deputy, returning from Catalonia to Madrid, revealed how the Anarchists arrested in Barcelona were brought to make "confessions." It was not deemed advisable to last them with traces of this nature remain; so they were fed for days on codfish and bread; no water was given to them. When brought before the magistrate who examines them in private, they saw a jug of fresh water placed on the table as if by accident, and the agonies of thirst being insupportable, some made "confessions" for the sake of a glass of water! This was written to the Journal des Débats of Paris.

The same method is said to have been used by the Belgian magistrates against an Anarchist, Müller, arrested at Liege.

When Vanlant was arrested after the explosion in the Paris Chamber of Deputies, he was himself suffering heavily from wounds caused by the explosion. The police watched him and did not let him sleep during all the night, but continually warned him with questions, till at last, in the small hours of the morning, he said: "I have done it!" for the sake of a few hours rest! (New York Times, Feb. 16.)

In the case of Henry the facts as given by the Henry the Henry of the Paris papers triumphantly told the following story: of the career investigating magistrate: Henry was told by this magistrate that Paul Bernard, who had just been arrested, had given information against him, and in the same way Paul Bernard was told the lie that Henry had changed him. When they were confronted with each other, each under the impression of having been betrayed by the other, there was a very violent scene, which is said to be of importance (la Gavroche, Feb. 23). This fact has been denied later on, but this does not alter the fact that the Paris press reported this vilification as a splendid achievement of a very clever and learned magistrate. Thus there exists no called public opinion which would in any way safe guard a prisoner against this moral torture. And was not the same duty tried to be imposed upon one of our Belfast comrades?

The Daily Graphic of Jan. 22 reproduces a photograph of Salvador Franck in the prison of Zaragoza, chained by the leg to the ceiling of his cell. "Although unable to move in consequence of the severity of the wounds he inflicted upon himself when he was arrested, Franck is secured by a chain which attaches his leg to the ceiling of his cell. Otherwise every arrangement is made for his comfort." When he was removed from there to Barcelona, "still looking pale, and emaciated, he was carried on a chair to the third floor of the prison, and placed in a separate cell in the infirmary. He was placed in irons, fastened to a chain riveted to the floor when the hairs of his neck were examined, he complained that his wrists had been bruised." (Standard, Feb. 3.)

When our comrades have gone through all these tortures it might be expected they would go on their way to the scaffold at any rate meet no further tortures; but this is not the case.

It has been revealed, and the details are too atrocious to be reproduced, in what way Ravachol was fettered before being led to the guillotine. Every pace must have caused him the most stringent pains, increasing the more he was hurried on by the public executioner. One must do to make him look afraid of death, by complimenting of his person. But in this they did not succeed.

In a similar way Vanlant was treated, who simply said: "Why do you fetter me so tightly? I am not going to run away." When his body was laid into the collin at the Ixty cemetery, a paper said: "They tried to undo the fetters which compressed his wrists; but M. Deibler had compressed them with so much force that it was very difficult to insert the blade of a knife underneath the cords." (Tid Disco, Feb. 7.) Emile Henry also said: "It is impossible to walk." The more we must tender homage to their courage when we see how barbarities are used to make them look feeble in the last moments of their life.

Lungi Molinari was sentenced for an address he gave to the workmen of Carrara at Christmas, some weeks before the Carrara insurrection, to twenty-three years' imprisonment, including three years' solitary confinement. "Solitary confinement," writes Onda to Truth (Truth, May 20) "is a sentence passed with light heart and callous indifference by judges as brutal as they are vengeful and impious, in the tribunals of two thirds of Italy and France. Joseph Carnoto and others, who have been charged with the crime of Ogna. "Molinari is lying in a most miserable cell to endure the period of solitary confinement to which he was sentenced, the cell is not only low and damp, but so cramped that if the unhappy young man remains there he will inevitably lose his health. This is indeed infamous, for even the worst malefactors are not treated so barbarously. He is absolutely forbidden any speech with any human creature, and he is not even allowed to walk in the courtyard in the day. Mean- time the food given to him is of the very worst kind and in insufficient quantity to satisfy hunger." (Neruda, Milan, April 28.)

Here we will end. The prisons of Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, and Germany are crowded with our comrades. Who knows the horrors going on there? Who knows exactly what is going on in the head of that Spanish vessel, filled with hundreds of Anarchists, that is moored on the coast of the South of Spain? We remember to have seen bourgeois papers discussing what will be their fate; would they be sent away to Africa in a rotten vessel to perish at sea, or would they be provocated to revolt and show their rage and their strength?

This is the state of things on the continent at the present moment.

There was a French author, who, when asked his opinion on the abolition of the penalty of death, said: "Qui massacrent les assassins commencent!" (Let the murderers begin!) This we might reply to those who are so fond in their denunciations of Anarchists: Which are the murderers? Those who uphold and profit by a system of society, which, in addition to the slow murder of the millions of the toiling masses who pass their lives in misery and sufferings, perpetrate these godless, legal holocausts? or those who revolt against this rotten society at the peril not only of their life but of muttable sufferings which are worse than death. The above is a contribution to a reply to this question.

June 6, 1904.
HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW? FIRST, FEW MEN HEAR IT; NEXT, MOST MEN DENY IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT; AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

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

"LIBERTY" is a journal of Anarchic Communism, but articles on all phases of the social and political movement will be freely admitted, provided they are written in suitable language. No contributions should exceed one column in length. The writer whose signature the article appears in alone responsible for the opinions expressed, and the Editor in all matters retains the right to alter or reject any article. We would ask our contributors to write plainly, and on one side of the paper only.

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To Correspondents.

I. S. BEVINGTON, Willerden.—We tender our sincere thanks for your generous assistance.

T. Sampson, Brighton.—Pleased to hear of your steady work, and hope to be able to come down and help you.

J. Blair Smith, Glasgow.—We received M38, and shall be delighted to see you "when sampling our village.

J. J. Black, Sunderland.—We regret your illness and trust you will quickly recover, for yourself and the Cause.

S. Mainwarne, Swansea.—We send you best wishes and hope to hear from you soon.

LIBERTY,
LONDON, JULY, 1891.

Between Ourselves.

Last Monday Europe was thrown into a state of excitement by the assassination of President Carnot by the Anarchist, Casiero Santo. The Daily Chronicle (the organ of the Nonconformist conscience) went into mourning. Column after column was devoted to the death of one man: comparatively little attention being given to the most appalling disaster of recent years: when nearly 300 lives are lost, murdered by the callous indifference of the Albion Colliery Co., and the wives and families of the breadwinners are left destitute.

Morris Ashton, a fireman in the colliery, told his brother Edward, who is now alive, that he was often afraid to go down the pit, and this only on Friday night, a few hours before the catastrophe. Why is there no notice taken of what old miners say who have spent their whole life in the mines. Why are the men allowed to go down in the mine when there is danger? simply because the capitalists are indifferent to the lives of the miners.

We are told by a miner friend that if many mines were thoroughly ventilated and made safe to work in they would never pay. Precisely so; while mines are worked to pay a dividend, these accidents must happen.

In a free Society, when the Commune owns the mines, without capital and government, them and not till then will these heartrending losses of life cease.

It is reported in legal circles in Paris that of the 3,000 Anarchists now under arrest 53 only will be prosecuted, including, Sebastien Faure, Ortiz, Mathieu, and Fenelon. When Governments are seized with panic every innocent and guilty are made to feel its cruel despotism. When Vaillant’s wife and child, Sidonie, pleaded for a respite, and would gladly have followed him to New Caledonia, President Carnot obstinately refused, and that in face of the fact that Vaillant killed no one, was he full of the milk of human kindness then? How could Carnot then, hope for mercy, rendering none?

As Anarchists we look with horror upon every imprisonment and execution, and the economic slavery and oppression of men, women, and children by monopoly and government; and desperate deeds decide the assassination of Carnot are the outcome of the economic condition which only those who have lived with the people can realize.

Louise Michel, according to the Matin, has expressed herself thus to an interviewer in London: "This execution is more than a simple act of justice. In Carnot a whole class, the whole bourgeois world, has been struck at. Carnot embodies the execrable capitalist Republic. It is not merely Debiller’s President but also the Fanatics’ President who has fallen under Cesario’s dagger. Anarchy will once more have deserved well of mankind for love of mankind is the sole object of Anarchy. Individual revolt is the prelude of the grand plebeian revolution whereon social harmony will emerge."

Here in England we have little or no idea of the intense hatred that exists in France between the workers and the bourgeois and from what we know of this class who are brutally indifferent to the claims of the worker, we do not wonder at it. There, as here, the press is in the hands of the capitalist class but now and then we get a glimpse of the red state of affairs. The following case has just been tried before the tribunal of the Seine. A gardener had consented to the transfusion of some of his blood and thus save his employer’s life. The gardener, however, fell ill, later on, and rapidly sunk into a decline. He attributed his condition to operation, and naturally expected his master to make some provision for his wife, whom he foresaw would shortly become a widow this his master refused to do. The tribunal ordered a medical expert, report, and in the meantime the gardener was discharged. His wife took up the case, but lost her case. One would have thought that common humanity seeing the nature of the service rendered, would have caused the master to have come generously to her aid, but no, his instincts are brutalized by the race for wealth, and the law is on his side.

The Echo, June 27, writes: "It is a pity that the House of Commons cannot clothe it manners in crapo, and temper its humouris to the moment of grief. The Chamber reached the address of condolences with the French nation in a spirit of distinct frivolity, it laughed with laughter, the persons distilling humour, being curiously to relate, two members of the government in particular, Mr. Asquith and the Attorney-General."

When Kier Hardie suggested that the Government, in moving the vote of condolences on the death of President Carnot, might "include an expression of the feeling of the House towards the relations of those who had been killed by the explosion," Sir William Harcourt briefly explained its sympathy, and the affair ended. Kier Hardie did well in forcing the government to the admission that the House, on the deplorable condition of the miners’ brothers. Even Tillet came off no better with the London County Council.
WHY I AM A SOCIALIST AND A THEIST.

By JOHN GLEN.

Socialism, as I understand it, has to do primarily with the solution of the problem of poverty and the evils which necessarily flow from it. Religion, too, i.e., orthodox religion, professes to solve these problems, but its solution is not only different from, but entirely opposed to, that of Socialism, and it is round this question of poverty, its causes, results, and cure that the fight between them centres. The record of how I became a Socialist is therefore the record of my changing thought respecting the origin of wealth and poverty and the consequent realisation of the injustice, which has brought about our present social conditions.

But before my thoughts could change on these matters it was necessary that there should be someone to think for me, and this freedom was denied me by the theology in which I was brought up. I was taught to believe that poverty and wealth were Divine ordinations, that suffering and misery were necessary in order to evoke the virtues of sympathy and gratitude, that rich men were "stewards of God's bounty," and that the duty of poor men was "to be content in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them." I had learnt how we were all partakers of a fallen and degraded nature through the disobedience of our "first parents," that this world was a "cursed world," and that our highest wisdom was to have as little as possible to do with it, but to keep our eyes and hearts fixed on that other "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." To doubt all this was a sin, for did not the Church teach it, and were not the texts on which the Church relied drawn from the Bible, and was not the Bible the very Word of God? Hence to doubt was to "make God a liar," and condemn oneself to post-mortem penalties too horrible to mention. What then was it that first broke these ecclesiastical fetters and set the thinking machine free? Well, to recount this fully would take too long, besides being somewhat foreign to my subject, so suffice it to say that one day I saw in print a declaration by a clergyman that both the Bible and the Church had been presented unto us under false pretences, that really the Bible was a human compilation and the authority of the Church a huge assumption. Strange to say this startling declaration exactly fitted in with certain fugitive thoughts of my own, which would occasionally intrude themselves in spite of my conviction as to their falsehood, so finding there was a man actually preaching and daring to print what I scarcely dared to think, I ventured to examine, first a little, then a little more, until I finally saw that my friend was right and that there was actually no foundation for the claims of the Church respecting herself and the Bible, save assumption.

Charles Darwin completed the enthronement which my clerical friend began, and now with a mind free to think and freed from all fears of the ecclesiastical bogies which hitherto kept me quiescent, I endeavoured to understand why it was that in a world of such enormous capacities for material happiness there should yet be so much poverty and misery. On one hand I found a number of men and women possessing far more wealth than they could possibly use, on the other a multitude of the most wretched and in many cases numbering more than they needed or more at all, the most singular phenomenon being that those who held most of the possessions did least or none of the work, while those who held little or none were working all the time. To say that this was a Divine ordination was only to say in other words that the Divine Being had made a middle of things generally and was devoid of any sense of fairness or justice, so I had to seek elsewhere for a solution and I found—thanks to such men as Henry George, Bernard Shaw, and others whom I need not mention—that poverty was an effect of certain economic conditions, that as long as these conditions remained unaltered the result was natural and inevitable, and that if we really wanted to make possible a fuller and richer life for all God's creatures then the remedy was in our own hands and not in those of any supernatural being. This seemed to me to imbue religion with a grander meaning, and enabled me to think of the Divine Being with some degree of respect—which in my orthodox days I had never been able to do—for it appeared to me a nobler thing to leave us to work out our own salvation from ignorance, vice, fear, and misery on the basis of unchanging law rather than for him to be always meddling and interfering with his work whenever one of his creatures chose to importune him to do so.

With this enlarged conception of religion I was enabled to see that righteousness was the one thing which alone could produce lasting happiness among men. What then was it that hindered the reign of righteousness? Nothing in the world except the fact that instead of men working with and helping each other in the production and distribution of what all alike needed, they were actually fighting each other in a mad struggle to obtain the most of what was produced! I found that exactly in proportion as one gained more than another so was his power increased to obtain still more from his weaker brethren, until at length that depth was reached at which it was impossible to extract more without extracting the life of the unfortunate ones. Fighting for profit among those who had, fighting for the very privilege of toiling among those who had not. A constant fight, open and unblushing, dignified with the name of business and only partially relaxed one day out of seven, when for an hour or so confession was made that we were "miserable sinners," and paid preachers discourse on brotherly love, heaven, hell, reprobation, the efficacy of bread and wine, etc., after which the fight recommenced with the taking down of the Monday shutters and "brotherly love" became again the impossible thing it is while competition reigns supreme.

As a true religion must embrace the brotherhood of man, i.e., the recognition of the solidarity of the race—that no one member of the human family can be injured without the whole body suffering loss, and as the system of competition for private wealth renders such brotherhood impossible, then it was borne in on me that I must take sides: either keep quiet and get all I could out of the present arrangement, or come out and denounce what I now plainly saw to be the cause of so much vice, unhappiness, poverty and desolation. I chose the latter, as I believe all men must do when once their eyes have been opened to the economic laws which under a competitive system govern the production and distribution of wealth. Thus I became a Socialist,—i.e., one who seeks to help to the best of his ability to regulate economic laws as to produce the greatest possible happiness for all—because I was a Theist. Believing that the will of God is that man shall be happy and through his own efforts, and righteous from the native love of righteousness, and knowing that that happiness and righteousness are largely dependent upon the social arrangements which exist in any community, then I became a Socialist because the economic aims of Socialism appeared to me to be the very first steps towards the realisation of that national righteousness.

Opponents of Socialism may talk as they do—about the beauties of competition for profit and of the difficulties which lie in the way of any organised national or communal production and distribution of wealth, but the all-sufficient answer is our social condition at the present day under competition. The thousands of willing
would be workers, with their hungry families on the one
hand, the ignorance, brutality, meanness and vice which
their poverty directly produces and fosters, and on the
other the ever increasing luxury and idleness of those
who do no productive work at all, go to produce a spec-
tacle which ought to make every thinking man blush.
Unfortunately there is no necessity for a continuance of the
horrible system: human agency has produced it, human
agency can remove it, all that is needed are earnest men
and women moved by a spirit of human love. It is
among the socialists that this work will most probably
be done, men and women who, whatever their failings, have
realised the economic causes of poverty and elected to
fight against them until they are removed, and it is be-
cause I believe this removal of poverty and the necessity
of moderate work for all to be the elementary steps
towards anything worthy of being called religion, that I
am proud of the name of Socialist.

If, on the other hand, it be said that the orthodox
religion is of itself sufficient to produce human happiness
by changing the nature of man, the reply is obvious: any
religion which makes a man happy while leaving the
causes of human misery untouched must be bad. The
happiness which it brings is only the joy experienced at
being saved from a mythical "hell." It first produces
that unhappiness which alone it cures. That it is abso-
lutely powerless to influence economic conditions is
shown by the fact that after nearly one thousand nine
hundred years it leaves us as a people—socially, if not
morally, worse than ever, and to be happy under such
circumstances is a whole millennium.

Christianity stands confessed a wretched failure; the
numbers who are influenced by it become yearly less.
It has nothing to say about this world, except that it
is a cursed world but munables it promises and
threats about another. Healthy men are sick of it and
are becoming more and more convinced that the best
preparation for any possible future life is a good and
useful life here. It is not Christian dogma that has
taught them this, but Science and common sense.
Hence the need for a new religious cult and in my opin-
ion in the advent of Socialism to supply the need, and
hence the inclusion of your humble servant in its ranks.

THE EIGHT HOURS WORKING DAY.

By P. Kropotkin.

Let us always remember ourselves. Let us say, always and every-
where where an opportunity presents itself, our opinion, our whole
and full opinion, without being spun back anything, without concealing any-
thing from the workers. Let us destroy the Spanish castles with
which the legislator socialists try to captivate and to cheat the
masses and let us repeat forever that whatever the masses need to get
and shall get, they must conquer themselves outside of parliament.
Wherever we speak on the eight hours day, in private conversation or
at small or large meetings, let us always say our full opinion and act
accordingly.

Eight hours a work for a master is eight hours too much. Not only
because four of these eight hours are employed to earn a master and to
help to large weapons, by which we ourselves are kept down, but
also because another hour is a full hour and a half is useless and
necessary for society but to produce what brings the largest profit to the explo-
iter.

It is a contradiction that eight hours working day is nothing extra-
ordinary. In many of our factories, in Scotland and North America,
only from six to seven hours are worked per week, and just when the hours
of labor are shortest, the largest profits are made by the owners.
Even in the bourgeois countries, where profits are not so very
big, the worker produces more than the prices that in all kinds of work,
cotton mills, tanneries, tailors,

Sixth Year: Lawmakers are pronounced: "People, you are always
whining. Do you want the earth?"

Seventh Year: Lawmakers respectfully: "We cannot work long
for such small wages, we must live and have decent homes
and other conveniences."

Eighth Year: Lawmakers loudly: "There is no work for men in
such wages, don't you think? This is a free country, and you are
at perfect liberty to leave and go somewhere else."

Tenth Year: Lawmakers angrily: "We cannot and will not stand
such social democracy, such a clever people will not pursue the wealth and we
propose to have it."

Capitalists declare: "What is this? Police, Social Anarchists, Commis-
sar, etc."

Eleventh Year: Lawmakers are pleased: "We have not even
the eight hours day."

No capitalists will hear of a eight hours day.
THE SMITH AND THE KING.

By EDWARD CARPENTER.

A Smith upon a summer's day
Did call upon a King;
The King exclaimed, "The Queen's away,
Can I do anything?"

"I pray you come," the Smith replied;
"I want a bit of bread."

"Why?" cried the King. The fellow sighed;
"I'm hungry, sir," he said.

"Dear me! I'll call my Chancellor,
He understands such things;
Your claims I cannot cancel,
Be seen fit themes for kings."

Sir Chancellor, why here's a wretched
Starving—like rats or mice?"
The Chancellor replied, "I'll fetch
The First Lord in a trice."

The First Lord came, and by his look
You might have guessed he'd shrunk;
Said he, "Your Majesty's mistake,
This is the Chief Clerk's work."

The Chief Clerk said the case was bad,
But quite beyond his power,
Seeing it was the steward had
The keys of cake and flour.

The steward sobbed: "The keys I've lost,
Almost! but in my house,
I'll call the Smith. Why, Holy Ghost!
Here is the very man."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they loudly cried,
"How cleverly we've done it!"
We solved this question, short and wide,
Well-nigh were we begun.

"Thanks!" said the Smith, "O fools and vile,
Go rest upon the shelf.
The next time I'm starving I'll
Take care to help myself."

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.

CHAPTER II.

My uncle would sooner have passed by a tavern without stopping
than by a man. Halting on the side of the road, he said:
"Comrade, that bad breakfast you have there?
I have eaten many a worse one, but Fontenay and I have good appetites."

"Who is Fontenay?"

"My dog, that pretty one you see there."

"The devil! but that is a fine name for a dog. But then, glory is a
good thing for kings; why shouldn't it be for poultry dogs?"

That's his fighting name," continued the sergeant; "his family name is Anor."

"Well, why do you call him Fontenay?"

"Because at the battle of Fontenay he made an English captain prisoner."

"Hey, how is that? exclaimed my uncle, greatly astonished
In a very simple way, by hanging to one of the skirts of his coat until I could lay my hand on his shoulder. Fontenay, just as he is, has been made master of the order of the army, and has had the honor to be presented to Louis XV. who descended as to say: "Sergeant Dumont, you have a fine dog there."

"Well, that was a dog who was very sensible with quadrupeds. I am astonished that he did not issue a patent of nobility to your poultry. How does it happen that you have abandoned the service of so good a king?"

"Because they have been too wrong," said the sergeant, his eye glaring and his nostrils swelling with anger; "I have had those golden rings on my arms for ten years; I have been through all the campaigns of Maurice de Saxe, and I have more scars on my body than would be required to arm the whole army and make a little sort of knight and knave from his page's shield. He will never have to get himself killed, of course; for they are brave, there is no denying that. But he does not know how to say, "Yes.""

At this point the sergeant, who was hampered by the sergeant the problem
Dined his cheese to the right in a truly military fashion.

Very fine, Fontenay," said his master, "you forget that we have
Restored the service. And he continued "I could not forgive the very English king for that. I have been out with him ever since, and I asked him for my turban, which he graciously granted."

"You have done well, brave man," cried Benjamin, slapping the old soldier on the shoulder, an unprintable gesture that caused every near
curious the possibility to devour him. "If my approval is of any value to you, I gave it to you without reserve; the nobles have never stood in the way of my advancement, but that does not prevent me from hating them with all my heart."

"In that case it is a purely platonic hatred," interrupted my grandfather.

"Say rather a purely philosophical hatred, Macheauet. Nobility is in the most absurd of all things. It is a flagrant revolt against despotism, against the Creator. Did God make the graces of the prairie higher one than the other? Did God make the wings of birds and the skins of wild beasts? What signify these superior men which a king makes by letters patent, as he makes an exorcism or a bucksteth? Dating from today, you will recognize Mr. So-and-so as a sovereign. Signed Louis XVI, and lower down Chancery. Oh, that's a fine way to establish supremacy.

"A villain is made a count by Henri IV., because he has served that majesty with a nice gosse; if he had served a capon with the goose, he would have been made a marquis; he would have taken it for a sort of pardon. The descendants of these men have the privilege of beating us, whose ancestors never had an opportunity of offering a feather to a kite."

"And we see what a little thing greatness depends in this world! If the goose had been cooked a little more or a little less, if they had put on it one more pinch of salt or one less pinch of pepper, if a little sauce
Went into the dripping pan or a little cider upon the slices of bread, or if the bird had been served a little sooner or a little later, there would have been one less noble family in France. And the people bear these heads before such greatnesses! Oh! I could wish, as Calvin wished of the Roman people, that France had but a single pair of
Cheeks that I might slap its face.

"But tell me, imbible people, what value do you find them in the two things that these people place before their names? Do the
Are they more than their names? Do the
In the family of the Roman people, that France had but a single pair of
Cheeks that I might slap its face.

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"What this greatness is that is transmitted from father to son, like a new candle which we light from a candle that is going out? Are the toadstools which arise from the ruins of a dead oak, oak on that account?"

"When I learn that the king has created a noble family, it seems to me that I see a farmer planting in his field a big body of a poppy, which will infect twenty hectares with its seed and yield every year for ten years big red leaves. Nevertheless, as long as there shall be kings, there will be nobles.

"The kings make counts, marquis, dukes, dukes, that admiration may arise for him degrees, Nobility is related to the gates of the palace, the gate that gives the offer a taste of the magnificence of the spectacle. A king without nobility would be a salmon with
out an eel of the eel, but that handy pride will cost them dear. It is
Undoubtedly that two or three men of new should consist of something, nothing in the State that a few thousand couriers may be something; who sees privileges will rap revolutions."

"The time is not far off, perhaps when all these brilliant escutcheons will be dragged in the gutter, and when those who now adorn themselves with them will need the protection of their rulers."

"What you say is true," my uncle Benjamin said all that.

"But why not for the king's coat?"

"All in one breath!"

"To be sure. What is there in that as astonishing? My grandfather, I have a patch that he gave me, and my uncle emptied it at one draught, he called that making drains."

"And his words? How were they preserved?"

"My grandfather wrote them down."

"But how? He had there, in the open air, all the necessary writing materials."

"How stupid! Wasn't he asummons servant?"

"And the sergeant? Did he have anything more to say?"

"Naturally, it was very necessary that he should speak in order that my uncle might reply."

Now then, the sergeant said:

"I have been on the road for the last three months. I got from farm to farm, and I stay as long as they are willing to keep me. I play with the children, I tell the story of our campaigns to the men, and Fontenay amateurs the women with his files. I am in no hurry, for I don't know where I am going and can go to my mind and I have no money. My father's estate was long ago staved in, and my arms are bolder and rather than two old gun barrels. Nevertheless, I think that I shall return to my village. Not that I expect to be better off there, but my coat is least of all wet, and when the ground is as hard there, and they do not drink brandy in the roads. But what
difference does it make? I shall go there just the same. It is a sort of sick man's whim: I shall be the garrison of the neighborhood. If they do not wish to support the old soldier, they will have at least to bury him, and if they do not wish to give him the kind enough, to place upon my grave a little song for Fontenay, until he shall die of sorrow; for Fontenay will not let me go away alone. When we are alone and he looks at me, he promises me that, this good Fontenay.

"What is that is the fate that they have made you? I asked Benjamin. "Truly, kings are the most selfish of all beings. If the serpents, of which our poets speak so ill, had a literature, they would make kings the symbol of ingratitude. They have a heart, and no head. The head had made the heart of kings, the dog ran off with it, and that, not wishing to begin his work again, he put a stone in its place. That seems to me very likely. As for the Capets, perhaps they have a little of the beast in them, and they see these beasts in the country."

"Because these people had a cross made on their forehead with oil, their persons are august, they are majesties, they are we instead of I: they can do no wrong - if their ralet de chambre should scratch them in the face, they shall be a miracle. Their heads are the stars, their highnesses, these brats, which a woman carries in her hand, and whose cradle could be held in a hen-coop: they are very lofty heights, most serene mountains. We would willingly gild their noses. If such is the effect of a little oil, how much we ought to respect the anchovies that are pickled in oil till we eat them!"

"In the case of siros, pride goes to the point of madness. They are compared to Jews who think that they are not considered too highly honored by the comparison. Leave out the thunderbolt, and they would be offended. Nevertheless, Jupiter has not the head, and they have the heart."

The chymist Belaid has, by his private authority, ordered the winds to be silent, inasmuch as he was about to speak of Louis XIV: "Et vous, vents, faites silence. Je vais parler de Louis."

"And Louis XIV looked on this as very natural; only it has never occurred to him to order the commanders of his vessels to speak of Louis in order to still the tempests."

They imagine poor people believe that the space of earth over which they reign is theirs; that God has given it to them, soil and sub-soil, to be enjoyed, without disturbance or hindrance, by them and their descendants. They see, on this, that God made the people to supply the the great bomin, the Tudorians, and they will look on him as a man of wit. They regard these millions of men around them as their property, the title to whom cannot be disputed. To the people, nothing is more strange than to see some having the blood of the human race, with assisting in the work, the same hands that have the warm welcome. Between monarhies these are considerations which we each one. You will think perhaps at first sight that our enemies are men; I warn you to the contrary; they are Prussian."

You shall distinguish them from the human race by the color of their uniform. Try to draw your duty well, for I shall be there on my throne to watch you. If you bring victory with you when you return to France, you will be lodged beneath my roof; I shall appear in full uniform and say to you: "Soldiers, I am content with you." If you are one hundred thousand men, you will have for your share a hundred thousand of these words. In case you should remain on the battle-field which may very easily happen, I will send your death certificate to your family, that they may weep for you and that your brothers may inherit your property. If you lose an arm or a leg, I will pay you what they are worth, but I have a word for those who return home, who may think it, to escape the bullet, when you have no longer strength enough to carry your knapsack, I will give you your forlorn, and you can go to the where you like; that will no longer concern me.

"That's just the serenade," said the sergeant, "when they have extracted from our blood the phosphorus of which they make their glory, they throw us aside as the wine-grower throws on the mark, keep the skin of the grape after squeezing out the sap, or as a child throws into the gutter the fruit of the pear he has extracted from it."

"That is very wrong of them," said Machevront, whose mind was at Corro, and who longed to see his brother-in-law there.

"They are not to be pitied," said Benjamin, looking at the landscape, "be more careful of your expressions, this is a laughing matter. Yes, when you see these proud soldiers, who have made the glory of their country with their blood, obliged, like that poor old Ovissi, to spend the rest of their days on a cock-fight, while a multitude of gilded puppets monopolize the public revenues, and prostitutes have cashmieres for their morning wrappers, a single thread of which is worth the entire war of a province, I am ready to make war against kings, if God will, I would put a leaden uniform on their bodies, and turn them a thousand years of military service in the moon, with all their impieties in their knapsacks. The emperors should be corporals."

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