GOD AND THE STATE.

EXTRACTS FROM UNEDITED MANUSCRIPTS OF
MICHAEL BAKUNIN.

TRANSLATED FOR "LIBERTY" BY

Frank B. Hare.

Jesus Christ is right; the conception of material riches and the salvation of immortal souls are absolutely incompatible with each other. And if one really believes in the immortality of the soul, it is not better to believe in the existence of the immortal soul of the society and not to live upon roots as the anarchists did, but to save his soul for eternity, than to hoard for some dozens of years of material enjoyment.

This calculation is so simple, so evidently right, that we are forced to think that the poor and rich benefit comparably. The manufacture of man’s meat is the new art which are so extremely successful in business by the means we know and who at the same time always prove the words of the gospels, do not at all reckon upon the immortality of the soul for themselves and generously abandon it to the proletariat, whilst they humbly reserve for themselves this miserable material wealth which they accumulate here upon earth.

Besides material wealth, what else does Society give? Carnal, human, earthly affections; civilization, and culture of the mind: all of which things are immense from the point of view of a passing and earthly humanity, but which are as nothing in the face of eternal immortality. God.-Is not the greatest human wisdom folly before God?

A grade of the Eastern church tells of two anchoress saints, who, by voluntary isolation, lived on a small island, keeping apart even from one another the last whole day and night in contemplation and prayer, finally arrived at the point of losing even the faculty of language; of all their former vocabulary they had only retained their names. One day, however, in the course of a conversation, which nevertheless expressed before God, the highest aspiration of their souls. Of course they lived on roots like herbivorous animals. From the time they had abdicated the island, the houses, the divine standpoint—that of belief in the immortality of the soul—they were far deeper calculators than Galileo or Newton. For they sacrificed a few dozen years of earthly prosperity and secular spirit, to win eternal and sublime spirit.

It is therefore evident that man, endowed with an immortal soul, and with infinity and liberty inherent in this soul, is an essentially anti-social being. And if he had been wisely enough to despise all the values that the society assigns and which it is so much vainly trying to exalt with eternity, he should have never abandoned this state of divine innocence or innocence, which would never have formed societies. In a word, he should never have eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and we should all have lived like beasts in this earthly paradise which God had chosen for their abode. But when once mankind wanted to, to be civilized, and humanized, to think, to speak, and to use the instruments and means of the intellectual and social life, he had to leave their state of isolation and form society. For in the measure of their proportion as they are within themselves, infinite, immortal, free, are they extremely limited, mortal, feeble, and dependent on the outside world.

The mass of mankind, regarded from the standpoint of their earthly existence—that is, their real and not merely fictitious existence—present such a degradation, such a wretchedness, such a meagreness, a feeble, will, or spirit, that surely one must possess a great capacity for illusion to discover in them any immortal soul, or the shadow of any free will whatever. They appear before us as beings absolutely and fundamentally moral, to whom the idea of immortality is at least as unknown as the idea of the soul.

Among a thousand men, there would be one who will be found of whom speaking from a relative and not an absolute standpoint, it may be said that he wills and thanks for himself. The immense majority of men, not only among the ignorant masses, but equally among the educated and thoughtful, are not the originators of any ideas, but mere executors of some idea. We can hardly believe that there are wills and ideas of their own, yet they only repeat in a servile, routine, and with quite imperceptible and insignificant modifications, the ideas of others, and that only in the service of some indifferent source of commonplace: this absence of all revolt in the will and of initiative in the ideas of people, are the principal causes of the decay of the spiritual power and of the decadence of individualism.

To us materialists or realists, who do not believe in the immortality of the soul nor in free will, this shallowness, however disappointing it may be, appears a quite natural fact. Starting from the state of the gospels, He is conscious of the complete lack of any personal man, of his own humanity and at realization of his own liberty. At the beginning, he cannot be possessed of this consciousness, nor this liberty. Barrenness and estrangement, he humanizes and emancipates himself, he, with his individuated power of thought and of action, he wills and does, he wills and does, he wills and does.

In the man's soul, which is the soma, mankind is contained under the form of the divine, and at the same time the soma is contained in the divine. The soma is an image, the divine is the soma. In this way, the soma is in the divine and the divine in the soma. To be contained is to be contained, to contain is to contain. Nothing is lost, nothing is added, the soma is the image of the divine, the divine the soma. The soma is a child of the divine, the divine is the progeny of the soma.
KING GOLD.
By W. A. Whittick.

King Gold reclined on his lofty throne, And his face was red with wine.
He laughed with glee, "Aha," said he, "Aha, the world is mine.

The millions toil in mine and field, In store and factory.
They sow the seed and pluck the weed, But the harvest is for me.

For me and the few who feast with me, And join in my revels gay,
We never need soil our hands with toil, While I my sceptre sway.

Then fill up the cup, my jovial friends, For a jovily crow are we,
We are all in luck, and can say with Puck, "What fools these mortals be!"

APPEAL.
Oh, why do we worship this tyrant king, And how does it come to pass,
That we bow before gold whose worth all told Is eclipsed by a blade of grass.

NEMESIS.
King Gold reclined on his lofty throne, But his face was blanched with fear.
For he heard the shout of the crowd without, And knew that his doom was near.

On the millions of slaves the truth had dawned, And the morn of a universal awakening.
They rise in their might, and girded with right, Dethrone the tyrant king.

Now he who creates may freely consume, And he that hath plenty will seem
Shrewd of ancestry from a series of bomb explosions, Having for their object the destruction of life, is not, to my mind, the way to impress them favorably towards its principles or its advocates. Had we got so far in one hand around the toilers to sense of the injustice they are suffering, got them to understand the true purpose for which governments exist; had we created among them a desire for freedom and the hope of attaining it, then such acts would have been different, but as it is, they are meaningless, and, therefore, warrant outrages upon human life in the eyes of the oppressed masses in whose very interest they were committed.

Is it then for them to remain at home, to work for the workers who we are strong to win, our worst enemies; to have our meetings and publications suppressed; to justify the maltreatment of those who have not been enemies of government, as being in the cause of improvement or death, that we have adopted this policy of dynamite?

Those who argue as some of our comrades are now doing, that governments cannot be forced to fall for the wide distinction there exists between those successful appeals to force which they refer to, and those acts of violence now being perpetrated by our comrades.

Whenever force has been associated with past causes, we know that millions of the people were as sincere, and as determined in their zeal for the cause, as the few who indulged in violence for it; and it is to this fact, and not to such isolated acts, that we must ascribe the concessions of governments. It should not be forgotten that while we, as Anarchists, may be quite satisfied that mankind could get along much better without government than with it, mankind, on the whole, has not reached that desirable stage of confidence in itself and in others which it is the encouragement of such confidence in our fellows, by Anarchist teaching, that I think all our energies ought to be devoted

JOE BROWNE.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY.

The Editor of the Liberty Review means by liberty something very different from what we understand by that word.
He believes in those possessing power, cunning, and position, being free to use these for their own benefit, irrespective of the results to those who happen to be without them.
He possibly may be sorry for them, but thinks it their duty to accept the position in which Providence or fate has placed them.

He quotes Moncure Conway with approbation for saying he has no sympathy with the popular cry, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and that those who use it have not the faintest conception of what they really mean, that those who fancy those words have any related meaning are summarily dismissed with the dogmatic statement that they "are really and essentially very different," "that social equality cannot exist with liberty."
And why, think you? Because people are unequal in abilities and advantages, and if free will seek the best society available to them, will associate with those who can exchange advantages; develop their personalities with those congenial, not with inferiors. Thus "legal equality is steadily attained; social equality or fraternity in my similar sense cannot exist in a free community."
The Editor says: "Here we have the assertion of an palpable truth to ultra-democrats."

We admit the fact of personal inequality, may, we rejoice in this fact, and never expect to alter it, and do not want to. But we have also the desire for the best society, for associates with whom we might exchange advantages, develop our superiorities, even develop our personal inequalities. We still realize that at present this is only open to the few, we are determined to give it to all as a right. And how can it be done, except by the social power limiting the individually powerful and cunning from dominating their less well equipped associates?

We hold that personal inequality teaches us the need of social equality. And the present system of privileged classes, made legal by the e in power, must be broken by the communal social power, which, when organized, will destroy the power of the present organ and tyranny of the few over the many.

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are essentially the same in meaning. Brothers are equal in relation to their Parent, who is their Superior. Men are equal, so children, when come to man's estate, are equal to their parents, they become free of Parental control. So we demand equal to grow out of rudeness to our masters, and are determined to be free. This only can be, when the social power destroys individual or class rule.

Personal inequality, then, is the true base upon which Social Equality is built. The patent evils of Privileged Inequality are the causes producing the desire for Social Equality. By this alone in Liberty for all possible.

The Condition of the Masses.

There was an increase of wages averaging 50 per cent from 1840 to 1860, but since the latter year much of that advance has been lost. Wages are nominally as high now as in 1880, but the number of men working full time is less. The actual earnings may be stated thus:

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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Blacksmith</th>
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<th>Plumber</th>
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<td>1840</td>
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<td>1860</td>
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After making all deductions we find the working man earns 20 or 25 per cent more than in 1840, and the process of necessary has mostly fallen. These advantages are counterbalanced by the rise in rent, for whereas house property in 1840 averaged a value of $40 per inhabitant it now stands for 475, a proof that rents have risen exactly 150 per cent. Michael, "Fifty Years' National Progress."

The Moral Frontier.

Why do you kill me? What? do you not love on the other side of the water? My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be unjust to kill you, but since you live on the other side, I am a brave man, and it is just.

A Usurpation of Function.

Judge: "You have been caught stealing goods from a window."
Prosector: "I did not steal.
Judge: "Why not? (after a pause) you have a lawyer."
Between Ourselves.

Mr. Herbert Burrows in a lecture delivered at the Central Hall on May 20th, has been fulfilling of the Fabian Society and its shining lights, Bernard Shaw, Grant Allen, and others. Dear, dear, how very reckless to be sure, but we are afraid our friend's power of satire and irony is scarcely equal to the occasion.

Herbert Burrows is what our friend Grant Allen would call "very provincial." That is, the country bully who deserts his native haunts, like Virgil's Meleagros, and, finding London much bigger and broader, and full of interesting people, transfers outright his primitive provincialism from the smaller to the larger village which he henceforth devoutly believes to sum up the universe.

Our own Lion has gone a step further, he has carried his provincialism into the S. F. E., and backed up by his few weeks' travel in America, he is truly terrible. But stay, my inquisitive young friend! don't be rash, we do not wish to see you come to an untimely end. If Grant Allen and Bernard Shaw leave you severely alone (and we tremble for your life if they don't) there are others outside your camp who have to be reckoned with.

Sir John Bridge lays it down that the Lodon barricades explosion cannot be considered a political offence. If we remember rightly, Lord Coleridge, in the French case, contended that if the act (Café Versailles) had been directed against a public functionary or building, it would have been a political offence.

Mr. Morley, answering Mr. Field, said the Government had no statutory powers to enable Irish laborers to acquire land for co-operative farming, and at that the present time it was impossible that the Government could consider the possibility of legislation upon the subject.

Of course not, that would be going perilously near the root of the whole Irish Question, as our comrade E. T. Craig proved by his experience at Balham in 1871, which was admitted by Hon. Horace D. Pimlott, M.P., Trinity College, Dublin, to be one of the most successful experiments ever tried on the land. Once grant Irish laborers the right to acquire land for co-operative cultivation and the Irish Question is near solution, and the Government like O'Connell will find its occupation gone.

The brutality of the detectives at our meeting on May Day in Hyde Park has done more to open the eyes of Social Democrats, Land Nationalizers, and others, than any amount of speaking, and we believe the Natalion Yard provocation will regret before long. The reports given in the daily papers that the police archists sought police protection is deliberate and wilful misrepresentation, but only what one could expect from the righteous press in the hands of the capitalists.

We hear from the Italian paper, Il Nove, that our comrade Mattino has been denied the usual treatment of a political offender since his removal to Florence in the beginning of May. He was confined to a very small cell and refused permission to receive books for the first 15 days. His trial, which was to have commenced on the 15th or 16th inst., has been rescheduled to some uncertain date.

America is in a very troubled state. The serious strike riots is as the writing on the wall, the miners have shown their solidarity by releasing one of their comrades who had fallen into the enemies hands at Leesville, at the same time giving three cheers for Anarchy.

The Meunier Extradition Treaty.

Meunier, now accused of two explosions in Paris, was arrested in that city the day after the Cafe Versailles explosion. But a little point was added against him that he was libelled without even having to produce a witness on his behalf.

In the case of the explosion at the La Jatte, a Bebe, there were at least 80 arrested, it was a common scandal which the judges rightly accepted all Anarchists with regard to whom it seemed to be true.

The explosion at the Cafe Versailles was not a common scandal, the French Government has all the depots in which the explosive material is kept under strict control, and from what we hear it is only a question of time before the police will have the whole of the anarchists under arrest.

Several letters have been received from comrade Meunier, who has been quite successful in his attempts to make himself understood by his captors.

Meunier Defence Fund.

WHY I AM AN ANARCHIST.
By W. A. WHITTICK.

You wish me to tell you why I am an Individualist. Anarchist. I take exception to the notion, preferring, simply, "Why I am an Anarchist." Individualist-Anarchism is in me tautologous, as Communist-Anarchism is contradictory.

Individualism and Anarchism are synonymous, both asserting the sovereignty of the individual—the autonomy of self. Each man his own autocrat! Communism is the sovereignty of the commune. Individualism is the natural boundary of authority. Outside of the individual, authority is invasion.

I am an Individualist because I have a profound respect for myself, and a respect, equally profound, for my neighbor.

From time immemorial human beings have been the victims of two invasive forces. Firstly, the force that openly defies right with might. Secondly, the force that invades under a solace, real or assumed, for the welfare of the invaded, under a mangled rendition of the golden rule. The former finds its area narrowing in the face of growing love of justice. The latter is expanding its area of pernicious mediocriness, and the poor individual withers in the embers of unsought affection. From the mandolin dream of Invasive Socialism, to the edict of the autocrat, the same (superficial at least) desire for his welfare threatens the individual, and he is forced to swallow nauseous prescriptions, in the shape of laws and taxes, for the public welfare, public credit, national honor, etc., with the result that the individual welfare, individual credit, individual honor, etc., are banished for miserable abstractions, which pamper the commonplace and feed the bull-dog propensities of virtuous bigots.

As an Individualist I protest against this invasion of my Ego. I write upon my forehead, "No trespassers allowed!" I say to the invasive golden-rustics, "Mind your own business!"

As an Individualist my thoughts are: "Murder to the State," for I behold with terrible distinctness the crimes of legislation.

The monopoly of natural opportunity, natural capital, land, the monopoly of the medium of exchange (money) are both creations of law. Their offspring are poverty and crime.

Legal restrictions of social relations breed prostitution and its resultant pestilence, which is sapping the vitals of the human race.

And from this State, this Pandora's Box, from which even Hope has fléé, huge systems of debt, taxation, and classism proceed, which can only be overthrown by violence, because, inevitably, reigned injustices precipitate reigns of terror.

And when the Goliath of Government asks me, "Do you believe in force?" I reply with poor Lunge, "if they use courage against us, we will use dynamite against them."

"This appears to me eminently fair, and I rejoice that science has not overlooked the poor. Individualist in her dispensations, but has armed him with a weapon, with which, one man is as ten thousand."

Oh, Goliath, backed by army, navy, police, juror, sheriff, and hangman, you are the incarnation of violence, and it is written, "They that use the sword shall perish by the sword."

"It is you who render a peaceful solution of social problems impossible. Carthage must be destroyed! The State must go."

In its place will come free association of free individuals for the common weal.

Liberty is the mother of order. Property, or that part of wealth which now exploits its producers, will naturally cease, will be impossible under freedom.

Property (now called capital) is the product of inequitable contract between man and man. Render equitable contract possible, and property vanishes to make room for equality.

Anarchist-Communism overlooks the above fact, and goes farther than freedom, becoming invasion.

It says that "all belongs to everyone" because all wealth is the product of the labor of past and present generations. But as the product of the past would be open to each and all in the present, some may neglect these stores of wealth and wisdom; while others, with infinite pains, may adapt them to present purposes for humanity's and their own good. Shall the drone share with the worker? The public good?

Besides, Communism necessitates administrators, and administration breeds government, from which "impossible hell" we seek perpetual deliverance.

Anarchy thus becomes the exponent of just ownership, and its only guarantor.

Thus, as an Individualist, repudiating the government of men by man, and asserting my autocracy, the autonomy of self I say to all good-intentioned and evil-intentioned, as Diogenes said to Alexander, "Get out of my sunlight."

Every man his own autocrat!

TYRANNY'S HATRED OF THOUGHT.

It troubles the church people, in all countries, to think that men have eyes; they would like to be at the head of a society of blind men. But it is more honorable to be approved by men who reason than to dominate over people who do not think.—Voltaire.

SOCIALISM AND INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY.
By TOUZEAU PARIS.

These words are usually understood as representing antagonistic principles at work in modern Society. And by many who pride themselves upon carrying out their principles to their logical conclusions as mutually exclusive one of the other. But men are influenced both by love of personal freedom and a strong desire for association.

Now these diverse views held by Anarchists and Communists depend largely upon their individual tendency, being either towards the benefits derivable from the one or the other principle.

The Anarchists make most of Liberty.

The Communists of the benefits of Association, both see the evils of the present system, seek its overthrow, and want something better in its place.

They differ mostly as to the means likely to bring about their desires. Their methods have been defined as Evolutionary and Revolutionary. These terms apply equally to Anarchists and Communists.

Class governments, or rather the patent evils of class governments, have generated both Anarchism and Communism.

The earlier forms of Communist were imperfect attempts to modify Social Inequality by very limited attempts to co-operation. The latter form is the definite purpose of seizing the governmental machine; because Communists realize the futility of all small attempts against the organised forces of class governments.

The Communists have concentrated their minds and efforts more distinctly towards the material improvement of the masses, partly from association and habit, ordered their scheme too much upon the military, or master and ser
vant style, too suit the spirit of the growing democracy. This has led some to fear that the rule of the majority might be as tyrannous, as other forms of Governments have been; certainly, there is the possibility, but not probability, that this may be so.

The Anarchist says that Government, in every form must tend to tyranny, there is truth in this assertion.

The Individualist says that Communism must be tyrannical; we are not so sure this is the case.

Does it necessarily follow, because past and present forms of Personal, Oligarchic, and class governments have been tyrannical, therefore all forms of governments in the future must also be tyrannical?

Has our experience of Individualism, proved liberty to be an evil? We think not.

The present Individualistic Society, yields liberty only to some few, but entails slavery upon the many. It may be objected that as yet we have never had an example of true Individualism, because the social and legal restrictions from the dead past, fetter the present too much, for the manifestation of the best form of Individualism, we readily admit.

The Anarchists demand liberty for all, not for some. Communists and Collectivists, most certainly desire and work for liberty as much as Anarchists.

They do not talk so much about liberty, but certainly very occasionally yield up in this direction. Both want the same things, the destruction of privileges, equality of opportunity, and surely this is the true way to Liberty.

Their differences are rather that of method. The Anarchist would destroy all forms of government, and leave the people to settle down anyhow; to form voluntary associations or not, just as each individual chooses, thinking that circumstances and natural tendencies will lead to associations only of the useful kind.

The Collectivist perceives the present power of the governing few is through organisation, and supposing the present governments were destroyed, that without organisation, Society would become the prey of any and every ambitious adventurer, who would and could use the ignorant for his purpose.

Vagaries and excesses manifested by the populace in communities on the fringe of civilisation, under what is termed mob law, are by no means encouraging.

Moreover the Collectivists perceive the futility of guerrilla warfare, samples of which so-called Anarchist occasionally yield up, and which we think tend to strengthen rather than weaken class governments.

Collectivists are deeply impressed with the strength of Social Organisation, and think it best, in every sense, to seize, whenever able, the present organisations and use them for Socialistic purposes and ends.

There are risks and difficulties in so doing, we are aware, but the chances of success are much greater than by merely gad-fly teachings.

The Anarchist abominate Opportunism.

The Collectivist is most thoroughly going Opportunist. The simple question to be resolved is, which is the wisest course and most likely to succeed. The decision in all cases we find depends more upon likes and tendencies, than reasoning.

It is more than probable the chief cause of difference arises from so many Reformers basing their theories upon a priori principles, and innate ideas of right and wrong, instead of upon the facts of social life.

The earliest notions of Socialism undoubtedly were thus based, and by far too much that goes under the name of Socialism to day.

Socialism to be worth anything, must be the product of the Scientific method, deduced from the completest induction of facts possible.

First, what is it we want? Socialism is necessarily altruistic, therefore we de-

mand the largest amount of happiness for all, this only can be when all have shelter, clothes, food and liberty, and the latter is necessary to happiness as either of the former.

Liberty of the isolated individual is meaningless.

Enjoyment, happiness, pleasure, are terms of little import to the solitary, their fullest, truest meaning are only realised in association.

Many Individualists seem quite willing to receive any and all the benefits of associative life, but deny to contribute their due share to its support or what the majority deem their due share. There then arises the question, are we right to try and enforce the decision of the Majority.

Let us endeavour to understand in what sense we can affirm it right to enforce the will of the Majority.

Without doubt the original and perpetual source of Right is Might, (Physical force) this was afterwards modified by knowledge or cunning, ability of various kinds was accepted as having rights only secondary to physical force. Lastly we have the ethical element of right, which modifies the uses of physical force and knowledge; this is the product of Social Relations.

The family life widening into tribal, municipal and national life, and eventually international life.

It is the social power that puts limits to the individual use both of physical force and knowledge, permitting their use for general good, denying their use for individual profit, at national loss or cost.

It is this growing ethical element, which has produced modern Socialism, has led to the realisation of the causes and nature of the evils of the present systems of governments. Which conserve the privileges of those possessing and using might and knowledge, at the cost of the unorganized ignorant masses.

The communist and collectivist Society have hitherto been chiefly the enforcement of the rights of privileged classes.

The Socialist sees and says that this is inequitab.

That the proper action of the Social power is to limit the use of individual might and knowledge, from being exercised to public detriment.

We have all heard, that the Kingly power was for the good of the people, also, that Aristocracies, Landlords, and Capitalists are for the peoples' good but fail to find either the good or benefits flowing from these; we rather find in them, the causes of the evils, under which the people suffer.

And, is it not more than likely all these evils of governments, have been, because they are the conservators of Autocratic power, Landlordism and Capitalism.

When there exists a truly Democratic Government, which instead of supporting privileged classes and monopolies, uses its power to keep in check individual and class power and ability, from injuring the less powerful, educated or able, thus giving equal opportunities to all.

We shall then have, not the semblance of liberty such as the Individualistic System of today gives us, but the real thing, with "the least possible government."

Is it a paradox, a contradiction, as at first sight it might seem, that we must use coercion to get and keep Social Liberty?

The Anarchists gives away his case, as against governmental coercion most emphatically, by using force to obtain Liberty.

The Collectivist, if necessary, to get the good he desires, is prepared to use force, because he knows force will be used against him.

If it is necessary to use force to get the good we desire, it may be equally necessary to use force to keep it. For whilst there are fools and madmen, as well as masses of men, so ignorant, as to be easily led into folly by ambitious men, who flatter them. Society being the majority, and organised, will use the power it possesses to repress all forcible attempts to resist its authority.
We rest assured that Might is the basic element of Right, we lay put knowledge with it, and modify the physical force element, and in the ethical element of Right, we shall find that which will modify the uses of both physical force and knowledge, but only that, however powerful, which will temper their uses, not destroy them: if force is used according to our best knowledge, tempered by the Ethical spirit of the age, that objection can there be to its use.

Of course Majories are liable to mistakes, but if we have the safe guards, the fullest freedom of expression, and minorities are treated with consideration, realizing that after all they may be right, and that a majority vote is no proof they are wrong. Every opportunity for discussion, and propagation of the minorities' views being given, surely there can be no other way whereby organized society can be carried on.

When the majority are seeking the good of the community, with the best knowledge at their command they certainly would be dastards not to use the force they possess to carry out their desires, more, they must be fools who expect them to do anything else.

Now we hold that whatever antagonism there has been between Governments and Liberty, Socialism will in its more perfect forms make a synthesis of these. Government, Corporate and Class Governments have produced necessarily Anarchists.

The social growth has evolved the ethical principles which produce Socialism. We cannot go back to primitive nature and don't want to if we could, the good of civilization we must retain, the benefits of organization it would be stupid to discard, the natural resources, the fruits of our labour, the full exercise of our faculties, must be open to all equally.

This is true Liberty, organization with the fullest personal liberty compatible with the general weal. What more can reasonable beings expect or ask?

MY UNCLE, BENJAMIN.

CHAPTER II.

My grandfather was up before daylight. When he had scribbled off his writ and written at the foot: "The cost of which is six frames four sons and six deniers," he wiped his pen on the sleeve of his coat, carefully put away his glasses in their cases, and went to wake Benjamin. The latter was sleeping like the Prince de Conde (provided the Prince was not pretending sleep) on the eve of a battle.

"Hello there, Benjamin, get up; it is broad daylight."

"You are mistaken," answered Benjamin, with a grunt, and turning over toward the wall, "it is pitch dark."

"Lift up your head, and you will see the sunlight on the floor."

"I tell you that it is the light of the street lamp."

"Oh, then, you do not want to go?"

"No, I have dreamed all night of hard bread and sour wine, and if we start some misfortune will happen."

"Well, I declare to you that, if in ten minutes you are not up, I will send your dear sister to you. If, on the other hand, you are up, I will open that quarter-cask of old wine you know so well."

"You know that it is from Pommery, are you?" said Benjamin, sitting up in bed: "you give me your word of honor?"

"Yes, upon my word as a summoner-server."

"Then go open your quarter-cask; but I warn you that, if we meet with any accident on our way, you will have to answer for it to my dear sister."

An hour later my uncle and my grandfather were on their way to Monlot. At some distance from the town they met two little peasants, of whom one was carrying a rabbit under his arm and the other had two hens in his basket. The former said to his companion: "If you will tell M. Chapet that my rabbit is a warren rabbit, and that you saw him taken in the trap, you shall be my comrade."

"Willingly," answered the latter, "but on condition that you will tell Mme. Debly that your hens lay twice a day and that their eggs are as big as ducks' eggs."

"You are two little thieves," said my grandfather; "I will have your ears pulled out of these days by the commissary of police."

"And I, my friends," said Benjamin, "I beg you each to accept this twelve-denier piece."

"Well, that's generosity well placed," said my grandfather, stinging his shoulders." "You will undoubtedly give the flat of your sword to the first poor honest man that you meet, since you prostitute your money on these two scamps."

"Scamps to you, Machevrot, who see only the surface of things, but to me they are two philosophers. They have just invented a machine which, well organized, would make the fortune of ten honest people."

"And what machine is that, pray," said my grandfather, with an air of incredulity, "which has just been invented by these two philosophers, whom I would shun solemnly if we had the time to stop?"

"It is a simple machine," said my uncle; "this is how it works. We are ten friends who, instead of meeting for breakfast, meet to make our fortunes."

"That is something worth meeting for," interrupted my grandfather.

"All ten of us are intelligent, adroit, and, if need be, shrewd. We have bold voices and are wonderful debaters. We handle words with the same skill with which a juggler handles his balls. As for morality, we are all capable in our professions, and well-meaning persons may say, without seriously compromising themselves, that we are superior to our rivals. We form, with the most honorable intentions, a society to puff each other, to inflate our little merits and make them froth and foam."

"I understand," said my grandfather; "one sells 'Rough on Rats' and has a big drum, the other Swiss tea and has only a pair of cymbals. You unite your means of making a noise, and..."

"That's it exactly," interrupted Benjamin. "You see that, if the machine works properly, each of the members has about him nine instruments that make a frightful uproar."

"There are nine of us who say: Pape, the lawyer, drinks too much; but I believe that this devil of a man steeps leaves from the common-law book in his wine, and that he has bottled up logic. All the cases that he wants to win, he wins; and the other day he got a verdict of heavy damages for a gentleman who had beaten a peasant."

"The process server, Pachanta, is a little crafty; but he is the Hannibal of process-servers. His arrests for debt are inevitable; his debtor could only escape him if he had no body at all. He would lay his hand on the shoulder of a duke and peer."

"As for Benjamin Rathery, he is a careless fellow, who mocks at everything; and laughs in the face of fever, a man, if you will, of the plate and the bottle; but it is precisely for that reason that I prefer him to his rivals. He has not the air of those sinister doctors whose register is a cemetery. He is too gay and digests too well to have many death certificates to answer for."

"Thus each of the members finds himself multiplied by nine."

"Yes," said my grandfather; "but will that give you nine red coats? Nine times Benjamin Rathery, what does that make?"
"That makes nine hundred times Machecourt," replied Benjamin, quickly. "But let me finish my demonstration; you shall judge afterwards.

"Here are nine living advertisements, who insinuate themselves everywhere, who repeat to you to-morrow under another form what they have told you to-day under placards that talk and take passes by the arm; nine signs that promenade through the town, that discuss, that make dilemmas and enthymemes, and mock at you if you are not of their opinion."

"As a result, the reputation of Page, Rapin, and Rathery, which was dragging painfully along within the precincts of their little town, like a lawyer in a vicious circus, was suddenly taken by a Starting Flight. Yesterday it had no feet; to-day it has wings. It expands like gas when the bottle in which it was confined has been opened. It spreads throughout the province. Clients come to these people from all parts of the bailiwick; they come from the South and from the North, from the dawn and from the sunset, in the Apocalypse the elect come to the city of Jerusalem. After five or six years Benjamin Rathery is the owner of a handsome fortune, which he expends, with great noise of glasses and bottles, in breakfasts and dinners; you, Machecourt, are no longer a server of wine; I buy you the office of bailiff. Your wife is covered with silks and laces like a holy queen; your eldest son, who is already a choir-boy, enters the ecclesiastical seminary; your second son, who is sickly and yellow as a canary bird, studies medicine; I give him my reputation and my old clients, and I keep him in red coats. Of your youngest son, we make a lawyer. Your eldest daughter marries a man of letters. We marry the youngest to a fat bourgeois, and the day after the wedding we put the machine away in the attic."

"Yes, but your machine has one little defect; it is not for the use of honest people."

"Why so?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Because the effect is immoral."

"Can you prove me that by now and by then?"

"To the devil with your nows and thens. You are an educated man, and you reason with your mind; but I, who am a poor server of wine, I feel with my conscience. I maintain that any man who acquires his fortune by other means than his labor and his talents is not a legitimate possessor."

"What you say is very good, Machecourt," cried my uncle, you are perfectly right. Consistence is the best of all logics, and charlatanism, under whatever form it may disguise itself, is always a swindle. Well, we will break our machine and say no more about it."

While chattering thus, we were approaching the village of Moulot; they saw in front of a vineyard gate a sort of soldier half buried in brambles, the brown and red tufts of which, touched by the frost, fell in confusion like a disordered head of hair. This man had on his head a piece of a cooked hat without a cockade; his disinfected face had a stony taut, that yellow taut that old monuments have in the sunlight. The two halves of a huge white moustache encrusted his mouth, like two parentheses. He was dressed in an old uniform. Across one of the sleeves stretched an old and worn strip of gold lace. The other sleeve, deprived of its ensign, was nothing but a rectangle distinguished from the rest of the material by a newer wool and a deeper shade. His bare legs swollen by the cold, were red as beets. He was letting a few drops of brandy drip from a gourd on some old pieces of black bread. A peevish dog of the larger type was sitting in front of him, and following all his movements, like a dumb servant listening with his eyes to the orders given him by his master.

To be continued

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LONDON. Hyde Park, 3:30; Recent's Park, 11; Hacket Church, 12; Victoria Park, 12; Deptford Broadway, 11 and 7.

ABERDEEN Foot of Marischal Street, Sundays, 3 p.m.; Castle Street, 6:30 p.m.; Small Field, 4-9 Hall, Mondays, 8.

GLASGOW Judd Square, Sundays, 1 p.m. Information regarding group meetings can be had at 106, London Street.

LEEDS Sundays, Vicar's Craft, 11 and 3-3; Woodhouse Meet, 7-8; Bradford Temperance Hotel, Tuesday evenings.

LEICESTER Sundays, Russell Square, 10:45 a.m.; Market Place, 6:15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, 8 p.m.

MANCHESTER Sundays, Stephenson's Square, 2; New Cross, 1.

NORWICH Sundays, Market Place, 11, and 3:30.

SWANSEA Liberty Hall, Sundays, 11:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays, 2:30; Coffee Tavern, Llandow, 7:30.

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