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THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By LOUISE MICHEL.

THE SPECTRUM.

Nous estimons que sans montrer,
Spender's paix, et des peuples qui
Vont se trouver dans le spectre.

We will return in a countless crowd,
We will return in a multitude,
We will return in a multitude,

Le peuple est toujours le même,
Les gens sont toujours les mêmes,
Les gens sont toujours les mêmes,

Les gens sont toujours les mêmes,

INTRODUCTION.

Yesterday it would have been too soon to tell the story of the Commune; to-morrow it will be too late. What is passing around us today presents so many points of similarity with what took place then, that the most imaginary reader will not feel speechless in reading our own. Now, then, events come thickly; the storm-clouds grow heavy, and in the tempest which is shaking the old world, the distracted compass in vain seeks the pole. Things are linked together as they were towards the close of the Empire; but there is a difference of scale. The struggle then was almost solely in France; this time it is throughout the world that human society seems about to change its axis.

Twice already within the last fifty years, England has shown hospitality to fugitives from the French heaven-tombs. Our fathers fled, when in December, 1851, Louis Bonaparte betrayed the Republic. Our brothers escaped the slaughter of May, 1871, and in their turn came to ask of the great black City place to lay their heads. And now a third exodus is beginning. It is right that a narrative of events should make England some what better acquainted with the history of the workers, who take the place of revolution in our midst. For the same old culprits are being evicted to-day; the work of the agents provocateurs is just what it used to be, and has already found its victims in the minority of the Commune of Paris, occurring, as it did, midway between the proclamation of December, '51, and that which is now beginning, may fairly appear in an edition specially for England, where for the most part small attention has been given by the general public to what occurs on the continent. England has contended with her own desires to help the refugees.

The French edition, on the other hand, will consist mainly of impressions, and will make its appeal to those who have seen and heard the facts related; the facts are familiar to them already, and the memory of them still fresh and vivid.

The English edition, adapted for rapid reading, will contain the facts, without commentary, but with incontestable references and quotations, clothing the skeleton fifty enough in its shroud.

The two editions will contain respectively the same number of pages, but these will be differently written.

The English edition will comprise the following:

Part I. The Death-Agony of the Empire.
Part III. The Commune of Paris.
Part IV. The Week of Bloodshed. Councils of War. The Transportation Returns.
Part V. From the time of the return of transportation, until to-day; when, for the third time, Freedom's lost children come to seek the asylum which England knows herself to be strong enough to grant them.

LOUISE MICHEL.

LONDON, Sept. 1st, 1894.

PART I.

THE DEATH-AGONY OF THE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY HISTORICAL AND QUOTATIONS.

The movement of revolt, long since set on foot by poverty on the one hand, and by discontent and the persecutions which thwart the natural march of progress on the other, has been well described by Malon in his work, The Third Island of the Proletariat. (Published by John P. Parker, 1871.)

"The great demands of the 18th century the says had conquered the past at the cost of unheard-of efforts. Despite enormous resistance, the divine right of kings was brought beneath the saddle of Louis XVI, and the way opened for social legislation through the facilities gained for the bourgeoisie. Political liberty had been affirmed, and a program of social equality adopted. In short, humanity had been made the object of a radical revolution.

"Then succeeded a moment of general and legitimate relaxation. The fumes of sanguinary glory had, however, blinded men, and caused the deviation of what energy remained. It was at this juncture that a few individuals whose hearts were touched by the sad lot of the people—boiling silently, suffering obscenely, fighting heroically, in other interests than their own—turned themselves to a task such as could only be dared by men of a certain kind of genius, those who were less that of transforming French society from top to bottom."

"Two of these, Balzac and Dumas, were denounced by a trade, and beat the heads of all attempts at revolution. Transportation and imprisonment were the lot of the other conspirators of progress, of whom were Buonarroti, Germain, Salema, Marchal, Cazin, Mass, Bouboul, Meunier, and Bon. . . . Naturally, these defeated men were to be found upon the revolutionaries. These men, who assume this name per se a policy which includes the uprooting and enslaving of men who aspire after a better social order." (Malon, p. 13.)

If it did not bear date, Oct. 31st, 1871, this book of Malon's appears to have been written yesterday.

"It is time that, even at the risk of appearing barbarians, those who laboured for what they hoped with their sweat and their blood, amount of human capital, and are the most active agents of progress, it is time that the workers should put in a claim to that idea which has been hitherto reserved for themselves by the parasites classes. Then the idea of the proletariat, this idea which is for justice against insufferable再也不束, has, however, at every epoch, been the very thing most severely stigmatised by the writers and orators belonging to the class that has been excluded. Thoughts of repudiation are called up by the revolt of the slaves of Greece, and by those of the Roman plebeians who followed the Gracchi, and Cataline; and those again, of the helots of Carthage, of the Jacobins, of the citizens of Rome, of the Rifians of Algeria, of the Flanders, of the Chaliphas of Mahomet, of the Jews, of the day is the Jacobins of France, of the Koomph of Florence, of the Blouses of Flanders, of Steu Kauffmän Russian peasants, of the Anabaptists of Germany, etc. Each time the champions of the suffering, after having been publicly exterminated, and after atrocious penalties, have been held up for the execution of succeeding generations.

"Let me permit Malon to speak further back after the parable on the two sons about account; for these things constantly repeat themselves, and are for ever the main causes of revolt. "Being crushed," says Malon, "the social revolution took refuge in secret societies, which were once monitored and reanimated the revolutionary tradition in Europe. . . ."

After painting the virtues of the struggle for life, in which everything that begins by promising some anentiation to the worker tends by giving it solely to those who are favored by fortune, Malon proceeds:

"The sufferings of the proletariats become more and more intolerable. Even an economist may speak of this poverty as desired, organized, and maintained on the increase, by middle-class selfishness; every employer is excluded from the existence of the unhappy classes; want and endurance stifle all their moral affections; for whose necessary for them to struggle hour by hour to live and to become concentrated in egoism. As Stammnitz justly said, "one feels ashamed of the human species on seeing to what depth of degradation it is capable of sinking, to what a less than human lot it is driven with submitting."

"Yet despite this treatment, the workers do not become brutalized. Beneath the crushing pressure of the official world, they continue to agitate."

"Various shocks in the great industrial towns, as in St Etienne, Mulhouse, Lille, Lyons, Clermont, Ferrand, gave notice that the proletariat would no longer accept without a struggle the slavery imposed upon them by finance and industrial companies. As early as 1832, the proletariats of Lyons wrote in red letters on their black flag, "lave working; or the fighting." Having passed through la Caxa, Rohus (an open square in Lyons) fighting heroically, they were overthrown and shot down, so it said.

"After this disaster, the secret societies resumed the struggle. In 1859, after St. Merry, after the massacre of the Rue Transnonain, Barbe, Blanqui, and two to three hundred other heroes, although for years later (1869 French) murders forced the masters of St Etienne to resume their painful toil in the mines, regarding which they had desired shorter hours and better conditions."

"Victor Considérant (author, communist, and refugee) thus describes the society of that time: "Society today is a heartless world, and every step forward is a step backward, but what begins to out and curb the great legislations of her poorer children, whose hands are bare, and whose hands are bent with toil; she has no word for these except when she asks them for their money, then their blood also"

"In the historical summary already quoted, Malon further tells us that "in February, 1848, the workers resumed the struggle, once again their banner. The Right to Work. Y et it was only for a moment."

"Among the bigger and more radical names in the Paris Commune, that of Louise Michel bore a paramount figure. Never, since the days of Saint John, the seer of Patmos, has there been a female name so prominently page current (July, 1894) among the leaders of the Paris Commune."

The above extract is the introduction to a book by Louise Michel, which is not a page current (July, 1894), among the leaders of the Paris Commune.
October 1794

LIBERTY

To die that was recognized. The massacres of June, July, and of December, 1793, which the Jacobins held out for three days, and the cruelty of their enemies, the bourgeoises, was absolutely ruthless. For four days the people were shot down in heaps.

Meanwhile the Empire went further ahead with its deep corruptions and its slaughters; on one hand the wars in Mexico and in China, on the other the fetes at the Elysée; which last Victor Hugo thus satirized, "Republic! There stands the guideline. Tonight there will be dancing at the Elysée!"

Yet, despite the destruction both of the Roman Republic, and of the French Republic to which Louis Napoleon had given his oath, the Empire was left standing till Sedan. Then, indeed, "there ran a whisper of deliverance through the industrial centres. "Let us free ourselves!" was the cry of the factory, the mill, the workshop, the mines, and the dockyards."

The English workers, keeping Ernest Jones and Robert Owen in remembrance, were seen actively associating.

In Spain and in Italy, in Spain, the workers perceiving that their politicians deceived them, were seeking means of improving their lot. The French workers were everywhere agitating, everywhere taking up arms; Belgium, by the wars of Tchernovsky, of Herzen, and of Bakunine, became propagandists of the social revolution. Germany, stirred by Karl Marx, Basleker, Behel, and Liebknecht, embarked on the Socialist movement.

The English workers, keeping Ernest Jones and Robert Owen in remembrance, were seen actively associating.

In London, at St. Martin's Hall, a meeting was convened on Sept. 26th, 1844, for the purpose of discussing the situation in Poland. Delegates from every part of the world having demonstrated the universal poverty, a treaty was agreed to by which in the year 1848 and 1851. In short the movement was growing more and more marked, and the proletariat tending increasingly to combine for common aid in the realization of their vague but ardent aspirations.

In 1848, a report was made to the meeting, which was then held in the International Working Men's Association (known as "The International") was officially born. It had existed, without self-recognition, ever since mankind had been divided into rich and weak, into slaves and masters.

With that meeting at St. Martin's Hall a new chapter opens, in which we will tell of the trials and prosecutions of the "International" in England.

Next, one reason for quantifying so much from Massignon in the present chapter is, that in narrating events concerning the import of which feeling runs so high, it is well to call a witness from the dead. Hate is least guilty, and judgment is calmer, when the witness has disappeared.

SOCIALISM IN DANGER

By F. DOMELI NIEUWENHUIS

International Socialism is today confronted by a problem of the greatest importance. Whenever the modern spirit prevails, whenever the popular movement has come to life, are found the same divergence of opinion, the same lamentable schism. In the stream of thought that makes for the ocean of righteousness two distinct currents flow by side by side, they might be styled the parliamentary and anti-parliamentary, the revolutionary and the revolutionary, or better still, the authoritarian and the libertarian.

This remarkable difference of opinion was one of the chief topics discussed at the previous meeting, and although we permit you to go so far, we hold that political supremacy will be able to abolish privileges and classes, and by expropriating the present ruling and possessing class, to obtain a complete hold of that power, and to found the Social Republic, firmly based on human equality and solidarity.

All must admit that the words run gladly, but that the task is by no means easy. Indeed, one must be very simple, not to say silly, to believe that political power can be used to abolish classes and privileges, and to expatriate the possessing class. First, we must work long and hard till we have expatriated a parliamentary majority, and then, thatdifficulttaskaccomplished,strippedofpower,therewouldseriouslyby lawful enactments to expatriate the possessing class.

A proposition of the same nature, but more cumulatively formulated, was tabled by the German Social Democratic party, and submitted for discussion by the Congress. In brief, it claimed that the struggle against the rule of the exploiting classes must be political, and have for its end the conquest of political power.

The object in view, then, is to be the possession of political power, and the programme is to be to organize the world in the conference of the party held at Erfurt: "We have first to win and to use political power, so as to arrive simultaneously at economic power by the extra-parliamentary action, and that the political power of a class in the state is merely the shadow of its economic resources.

Economic subjection is the cause of all manner of slavery and social inferiority. And now we hear it said that the Social Democratic party must first achieve that political power, and that economic good things will follow; whereas it is exactly the opposite which is true.

They even want to get far abroad who will take an active part in the political struggle, and will make use of all the political resources at the disposal of the proletariat, will be recognized as an active member of the international revolutionary worker's party.

We all know the classical phrase in Germany reserved for the expulsion of members of the party—"Homo hodieLenien" (to put him out). At the Congress at Karlsruhe, the Social Democrat party publicly written (see "Protocol," p. 67): "We must make an end of this continual grumbling and of these firebrands of discord who give the impression outside that the party is divided. I will take action at the next meeting of the party so that all misunderstanding between the party and the opposition shall disappear, and so that if the opposition does not rally to the attitude and the tactics of the party it shall be expelled."

Quite in the tone of the Emperor William, is it not? Just like His Imperial Majesty when he says of dissatisfied subjects: "If that does not satisfy you, then I will order the police to come out in force, and they will not suffer you to leave your homes.

I do not allow grumbling, thus with the Emperor."

"I, Hebel, I do not permit grumbling in the party; I, Hebel, have spoken."

It is desired to apply internationally this peculiarly German drill. Were the proposal accepted, and were Marx still alive, he himself would have to be expected from the party he founded, that is if the leaders dared not to become its slave and master.

With that meeting at St. Martin's Hall a new chapter opens, in which we will tell of the trials and prosecutions of the "International" in England.

Note. One reason for quantifying so much from Massignon in the present chapter is, that in narrating events concerning the import of which feeling runs so high, it is well to call a witness from the dead. Hate is least guilty, and judgment is calmer, when the witness has disappeared.
LIBERTY,
LONDON, OCTOBER, 1894.

Between Ourselves.

In a free community we hold all to take their part in the necessary work of society. Quite recently, at a meeting in Hyde Park, we were met with the old objection that it would be unreasonable to expect our great men to work at the arduous and laborious work, in fact it would unite our poets and artists in their doing fine and delicate work; and our opponent contended that William Morris would be unable to produce the artistic work he now does. Since this is an objection we commonly meet with in propaganda we wrote to William Morris for an expression of his opinion on this subject. Here is his answer:

"It is asked what share in the general work will such persons as poets, artists, etc., take in a socialistic state of things. The answer is, that if the general public wants such workmen they will exist, and if it does not they will not. If they exist they must have their livelihood like others, and in order to earn their livelihood like others, they must have opportunities of doing the work which they can do best, and which will consequently be a pleasure to them to do; in short they will be exactly on the same footing as everybody else, i.e., they will get what they want and do what they can. The only difference between their position now and then will be that then they will work for the benefit of those that work for them, i.e., the whole people: whereas now they work for the benefit of the rich class, that lives on the labour of others. In short there will be equality and mutual help."

Straws show which way the stream is running, says the proverb, and certain articles in the leading reviews of last month are strong indications of the serious attention being given unexpectedly in certain quarters to Anarchism and Socialism: these articles must be pleasant reading to conspirators of all sections. The "Economic Review," the "Fortnightly," and the "New Review" should all be looked at, and certain of their contents carefully read. Malthus's article in the last named periodical deserves especial consideration. Another article from Malte's pen, dealing with the principles of Anarchism, will shortly appear in the same periodical.

Even one of the most high-and-dry Church and Tory organs of the day is forced into noticing in courteous terms the "onward" movement: "Politicians may be loth to recognise that the government of the country has in a great measure passed into the hands of the working men, and they are now the real ruling class. But if this is true, and we do not suppose that any reasonable man is prepared to deny its truth, nothing is gained by refusing to act upon it."

Our new masters are not less intelligent than our former masters: they are only less instructed. If England is destined to see her empire broken up, her commerce destroyed, her manufactures left without a market, and her people denied work and food, it will be the fault, not of the new ruling class, but of the politicians."

In the "Contemporary" for this month is an article entitled "Our Most Pinstalled Refugee" (a biography of Prince Kropotkin), in which is told the following story:

"Shortly before he left Switzerland a curious incident occurred. He was informed, and his informant was a personage who then stood very near the Russian throne, that there was a plot on foot to kidnap his Holiness. The agents were to be sent into Switzerland in disguise, and the first time they came across the Prince in a lonely spot they were to quietly to take possession of him. There was to be no noise, no excitement; simple to disappear. All the details of the scheme, and the names of the officials who were to be the agents, were given. He knew it was no good applying to the Federal Council for protection; he therefore decided to appeal to the Times. He sought out a well-known journalist, and told him exactly how the matter stood.Acting on his advice Kropotkin called on the Editor of the Times, and informed the Editor of the plot of what he had done; informed them, too, that if anything befell him, these documents and papers, everything, would be published. You will hear no more of it, you will see," his friend remarked, and he was right."

In a recent number we referred to a work called "The Anarchist Peril," and to the incomplete, not to say inaccurate, character of the book. We confided we put the work entirely aside whilst dealing with Bakunin, and to his superhuman knowledge of the principles governing Bakunin's life. Felix Dubois may be somewhat excited on the ground of ignorance, but no such excuse can be offered on behalf of our able author. The book is an apology for a system of politics and of government and a book of polemics. In a recent notice of Bakunin, has been guilty of gross recklessness, or something worse. It is true the journalist in question has endeavored to render his handiwork in the form of quotations, but in the selection of those is displayed the want of principle which we complain. It is manifestly unfair to the author of "God and the State" to produce the assertion of a writer unmasked as Bakunin being a "weary and brooding thinker."

In the face of an admission by Mr. Bakunin carried, in the famous Congress, with Karl Marx against him, that following declaration, it is unsympathetic and untrue to describe Bakunin as "a man with more ambition than brains.

This note on the transfer to the community of the land in particular, and in general of all social wealth by virtue of a social liquidation. By social liquidation, I mean the legal expropriation of all the actual holders of wealth by the abolition of the State and the existing property. For social and of a character of justice, which we proclaim. It is manifestly unfair to the author of "God and the State" to produce the assertion of a writer unmasked as Bakunin being a "weary and brooding thinker."

In the face of an admission by Mr. Bakunin carried, in the famous Congress, with Karl Marx against him, that following declaration, it is unsympathetic and untrue to describe Bakunin as "a man with more ambition than brains."

With regard to a recently reported so-called Anarchist plot, we asked "Was it the work of the police?" We repeat the question in consequence of the arrest of eight Anarchists at Marseilles. The police charged these men with being concerned in a plot to blow up the Italian consulate, and asserted that they have found at the lodgings of the prisoners a quantity of Anarchist literature, and a number of compromising letters from comrades in London and elsewhere. This is the old, very old police story. Anarchist literature, compromising documents are never found in any of this sort of stock on hand. The literature costs them nothing, and the letters are not very expensive. The finding of such articles, after the accused are in prison, answers its purposes of making a show of the severity of newspaper readers, and strengthening the hands of Cripa.

That the Italian police, aided by their French confederes, can—and, in fact, must—continue this wretched system of wholesale apprehension is evident. Without the liege of Anarchism would cease to exist, and the occupation of half the continental police and their infernal spies would be in vain, the spirit of youth and the desire of the fleet part of a few Russians, Germans, or Frenchmen to free themselves from the crushing tyrannies by which they are surrounded—then the smallest type is brought into use. This is the sort of justice of which the police are capable.

Much has been said about the discovery of a bomb in Rome and in its vicinity, and of Anarchist publications. Of course certain persons were first suspected and then arrested. The police have done their work, and the supporters of the system are supposed to have brought them to justice. That justice: we have no reason for it, and no confidence in it. The absurdity of the whole affair, as also the cruelty, is not noticed. It is not remembered either that about 200 bombs have at various times been found by the Italian police, that some of these bombs were discovered in the act of exploding. As a matter of fact they are not made that way. Police bombs are harmless to all but suspects.

Conrad Merino, in prison awaiting his trial, writes us that his mind has been much relieved by the failure of the authorities to prove the murder. The brother (who holds the position of a public prosecutor) had stolen a document relating to the forthcoming trial. Why the government should have taken up such a prosecution is not easily discernible. If it was for the purpose of further crushing Merino—and many will take this view—it has signally failed.

Next month we shall publish Walter Crane's beautiful design "The Chicago Anarchists," printed on good paper, price 50c.
CASERIO'S DECLARATION.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

It is not a defiance that I desire to make, but simply an explanation of my act. From my earliest years I began to see that our society is badly organised, that unhappy men are constantly driven through poverty to commit suicide, leaving wives and children in saddest circumstances. Thousands of workmen seek work and do not find it. Poor families are seen asking for bread, shivering with cold, and suffering the most cruel privations. Poor children are seen crying hungrily to their unhappy mother, who, having nothing herself, can give them nothing: the few things that were in the house have all been sold or pawned, and the poor folks thus reduced to begging, which often means to be arrested as vagrants.

I left my native country because I had often wept at the sight of little girls, 8 or 10 years old, obliged to work 15 hours a day for the wretched wage of 20 centimes (2d.). Young girls of 18 or 20, or even older, also work 15 hours a day for a ridiculous wage. And such is not only the case with my compatriots. All over the world, the workers toil the long days through for a morsel of bread; while their labour produces millions and millions for their exploiters. In Italy they get little to eat but bread, water, and a little rice; so that by the time they are 30 or 40 they are worn out by toil, and go to the hospital to die. And besides, in consequence of deficient nourishment and excessive work, they are attacked by pellagra, a disease which (as the doctors acknowledge) specially attacks those whose food is insufficient, and who lead lives of suffering and privation.

I reflected, and said to myself, "A vast number of people are famished, and their children suffer, while in the towns there is no lack of bread or clothing. I saw the great shops full of garments and woollen stuffs, and all others full of food that every one needed, while on the other hand, thousands of people were doing nothing and producing nothing, yet living on the labor of the workers, violating the daughters of the people, possessing dwellings of forty or fifty rooms, and numbers of horses and servants, in short, every enjoyment of life. Ah, how I suffered! seeing this vile, badly-organised society. Often I said to myself—"Those who accumulated fortunes were actually the cause of social inequalities."

In my childhood I was taught to love my country; but when I saw that thousands of workers are obliged to leave the country, leaving their parents or children in distress, I thought within myself—"The workers have no mother country. Our country is the wide world. Those who preach love of one's native land do so because they themselves find the means of life in it, just as birds defend their nest because they are comfortable there."

I had believed in God; but when I saw such injustice between men, I perceived that instead of God having created men, it was men who had created God; and that those whose interest it is to teach belief in heaven and hell, are the very people who desire their private property to be respected, while keeping the people in ignorance.

In consequence of all this, I became an Anarchist. On the 1st of May, '91, when the workers of the whole world were massacred by their respective governments, whether monarchial or republican, replied with their guns and prisoners; many workers were killed or wounded, and still more were imprisoned. It was at this time that I became an Anarchist, for I was satisfied that the Anarchist Ideal fitted my ideas. It is only among Anarchists that I have found good, sincere men who know how to contend for the welfare of the workers.

So then I, too, began to make Anarchist propaganda, and I was not long in passing on to action.

I have not been long in France: but quite long enough to assure myself that all governments are alike. I have seen the poor miners of the north, whose pay was insufficient to feed their families; protest against their employers by means of strikes, and then, after a struggle of three months, I have seen them forced by hunger to resume work on the old terms. As to the Government, it took no heed whatever of these thousands of workers; it was taken up with great festivities in honour of the Franco-Russian alliance. There was a talk of imposing new taxes, in order to find the millions necessary for these festivities, and those who had sold their conscience to the bourgeoisie—the journalists—wrote articles to show that the alliance between France and Russia would bring great advantages to the workers. Nevertheless, we poor workers found ourselves still in the same poverty, and obliged to pay new taxes to meet the expenses of these great governmental heads. Then, when we asked for work or bread, we were answered by bullets, just as had been the case with the miners of the north, the agricultural laborers of Sicily, and so many others.

Long ago, Vaillant threw a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies in protest against existing society. He killed nobody, only wounding some; and yet bourgeois justice condemned him to death. And not content with condemning the guilty, they began to persecute the Anarchists at large; arresting them by hundreds; not that they had anything to do with Vaillant, but because they had been present at Anarchist conferences. The Government took no thought of their wives and children, and it cared little that those it arrested are not the only sufferers; that their children are crying for bread! Bourgeois justice gave no heed to these poor innocents who know nothing about society; they are not to blame that their fathers are in prison, they ask only to be fed.

Then the raids were continued, correspondence violated, conferences and meetings forbidden; there was the most infamous oppression used against us. Even today they are arresting hundreds of Anarchists only for having written some article or other in a newspaper, or for having expressed some idea in public.

If the Governments, then, employ guns, chains, and prisons against us, are we Anarchists, who are defending our lives, to remain cooped inactively at home? Are we to deny our Idea, which is the truth? No; on the contrary, we will reply to the governments with dynamite and the bomb, with steel and the dagger. In a word, we ought to do our utmost to destroy the bourgeoisie and the governments.

Emile Henry threw a bomb in a restaurant. I have avenged myself with the dagger!

You gentlemen of the jury, are the representatives of bourgeois society. If you wish to take my head, well, take it! But do not imagine that by so doing you will check the Anarchist propaganda. Take care; for what men sow that they reap. The Governments have begun to make martyrs; those garroted at Xeres, those hung in Chicago, those shot at Barcelona, those guillotined in Paris. The last words which these pronounced at the moment of their execution meant Death to the bourgeoisie.(1) Their words have crossed the seas and frontiers, they have penetrated into the towns and villages, into the dwellings of millions of workers. This multitude has lithero allowed itself to be led by those who pretend to direct them under the names of Associations, Corporations, Syndicates, and other mystifications which have only served the ambitions of those same Governments.

[1]"Death to the Bourgeoisie!" But this does not mean, 'Death to the Bourgeoisie.'
INTERNATIONAL NOTES

RUSSIA.

The Russian Free Press Fund in London has repented a very interesting pamphlet, lithographed copies of which have for some time been obtainable. The pamphlet is a translation of a Russian novelist, Kornilov, and is headed: "Reminiscences of Tcheremeshovsky." Kornilov, like most other gifted Russian literary men, has spent a part of his life in prison and in Siberia; and, while living in the wild Yakoit country (to which he had been exiled for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III), he began to collect, from various sources, information about the life and circumstances of the great writer, who for 17 years had been buried alive in the Arctic deserts of the north-east. So completely was Tcheremeshovsky cut off from the world of living men, that for a long time even his fellow exiles, stationed in the more inhabited parts of Siberia, fully believed him dead. But last year, in 1887, he was brought home to Russia, after 20 years of imprisonment and exile; and he was, as Kornilov puts it, in the position of a man who returns to the world after having lain asleep for a century.

When Kornilov, in his turn, was allowed to come back to Europe, he made the personal acquaintance of the dying Tcheremeshovsky, and his little book contains his own reminiscences, as well as the information which he collected while in Siberia. The book ends with a delightful little legend which he took down from the lips of a peasant in eastern Siberia. The curiosity of the country people was naturally aroused by the extraordinary precautions taken by the government to keep Tcheremeshovsky from holding any communication with the world, and they had invented their own explanation of the case as follows:

"Tcheremeshovsky was a great general and chief of all the senators. One day the Czar called all the senators together and said: 'They say things are going badly in my kingdom and the people complain. How shall we set things right?'

"Well, all the senators began to talk; one said one thing and one another. But Tcheremeshovsky held his tongue. Then the Czar said: 'Why don't you speak, my Senator Tcheremeshovsky?' And he said: 'I'd do it, but my servants are in the house, and I am afraid of the old lady, my mother-in-law.'

"The real thing little father (the Czar) is quite simple: look at us, what a lot of gold and silver we have hanging about us; and how much work do we do? We don't work at all. And the people in this kingdom that work most haven't even got shirts to put on. Everything's upside down. What you had better do is to take a little of our riches away from us, and a little of the burden off the other people.'

"And the chief of them said: 'There are bad times coming, when one wolf wants to eat the other wolves, and they all went away, one after another. So Tcheremeshovsky and the Czar were left alone together. At last the Czar said: 'Well, my dear, I am ready to go, but you must go first; but there's nothing for it; I must send you far away, because I can't manage all my business with one man but you to help me.'"

"And the Czar cried; but all the same he sent Tcheremeshovsky to the worst place he could find—right up north."
Since historical antecedents have driven us to the necessity of violence, let us employ violence; but let us never forget that it is a case of hard necessity, and in its essence contrary to our aspirations. Let us not forget that all history witnesses to this distressing fact—whenever resistance to oppression has been victorious it has always engendered new oppression, and it warns us that it must ever be so until the bloody tradition of the past be for ever broken with, and violence be limited to the strictest necessity.

Violence begets violence; and authoritarianism begets oppression and slavery. The good intentions of individuals can in no way affect this sequence. The fanatic who tells himself that he will save people by force and in his own manner, is always a sinner, but a terrible agent of oppression and reaction, Robespierre, with horrible good faith and his conscience pure and cruel, was just as fatal for the Revolution as the personal ambition of Bonaparte. The ardent zeal of Torquemada for the salvation of souls did much more harm to freedom of thought and to the progress of the human mind than the scepticism and corruption of Leo X. and his court.

Theories, declarations of principle, or magnanimous words do no good against the natural filiation of facts. Many martyrs have died for freedom, many battles have been fought and won in the name of the welfare of all mankind, and yet the freedom has turned out after all to mean nothing but the unlimited oppression and exploitation of the poor by the rich.

The Anarchist idea is no more secured from corruption than the Liberal idea has proved to be, yet the beginnings of corruption may be already observed if we note the contempt for the masses which is exhibited by certain Anarchists, their intolerance, and their desire to spread terror among their opponents.

Anarchists! let us save Anarchy! Our doctrine is a doctrine of love. We cannot, and we ought not to be either avengers, nor dispensers of justice. Our task, our ambition, our ideal is to be deliverers.

ERHICO MALATESTA.

The Prejudice against Property.

To the Editor of Liberty.

The main objections to the property idea which stand out clearly in L. S. Bevinington’s contribution in the last issue, are two. One is that “there cannot be individual producers,” the other that the commodity “product of one’s labour is essentially an instrument of subsistence and power over the opportunities of others.”

The first charge is patent to the individual producer. A commodity merely puts the finishing touch, so to speak, to a mass of labor performed by other hands. But “individual producer” is not merely the man occupied in the process of production—he is each of the contributors from the beginning to the end. Materials are bought by the community itself, so indeed are his tools; even his ideas and ability have cost him time and energy to acquire. In estimating the price of “his” product, he never calculates more than the personal energy he has expended upon it, plus the cost of the materials and wear and tear of tools, which is the price of other men’s labor incorporated into the product, for which he has paid in labor.

Therefore L. S. Bevinington’s reasoning doesn’t militate against the equity of appropriation in the slightest.

(2) The presumption that the mere control, by the individual, of his product, is tantamount to enslaving the rest of mankind, is really ridiculous. As long as each has the opportunity to control his product (which Anarchy means Communism is sufficient to guarantee) there will be an equality of status, and, consequently, slavery will be out of the question. To pretend that opportunities of production are limited in respect of a man, is merely to supply because there is an artificial disproportion between supply and demand to-day which is incidentally due to a vicious monetary system, and to re-state the new preposition of the capitalist.

The great objection of all to Communism is its impossibility. Primitive man only tolerated it through sheer necessity. His movement towards liberty has been in proportion as he has gained on the consumption instinct which has been his master progenitor. Civilized man could not go back to it. He must advance. If individual liberty has been found wanting in the worker, it is because it has been denied to him, not because of it. Yours truly,

HENRY STEMME.
LAND UNTENDERED: PEOPLE STARVED.

Kropotkin has contributed more to the emancipate of the North than the whole of the agriculturalists combined. The one, entitled "The Coming Reign of Plenty," we make the following extracts from:

THE ECONOMIC OPINIONS OF THE DAY.

We have been taught, both by economists and politicians, that the territories of the West European States are so overcrowded with inhabitants that they cannot grow all the food and raw produce which are necessary for the maintenance of their steadily increasing populations. Therefore the necessity of exporting manufactured ware, and of importing food. And we are told, moreover, that even if it were possible to grow in Western Europe all the food and materials for the necessities of its inhabitants, there would be no advantage in doing so, as long as the same food can be had cheaper from abroad. Such are the present teachings and the ideas which are current in society at large. And yet it is surely a matter of very serious importance: the territories of Western Europe could grow plenty of food for much more than their present population, and that an immense benefit would be derived from their doing so.

Thirty years ago the soil of Britain nourished one inhabitant on every two acres cultivated; why does it require now three acres in order to nourish the same inhabitant? The answer is plain: merely because, owing to the increase in population during the last thirty years. In fact the area under wheat has been reduced since 1853-69 by full 1,500,000 acres, and therefore the average crop of the last four years was below the average crop of 1853-69 by more than 1,500,000 bushels; and a deficiency of that magnitude will produce a deficiency of more than seven million inhabitants. At the same time the area under barley, oats, beans, and other spring crops has also been reduced by over 500,000 acres, and the total area of crops that for some 1,000 acres per quarter would represent the cereals necessary to complete the above for the same million inhabitants. And so we can say that if the United Kingdom imports cereals for 17,000,000 inhabitants instead of 10,000,000, it is simply because more than 7,000,000 acres have gone out of cultivation. But the same decrease is seen under the heads of green crops and the like.

MAKING COMPARISONS.

France nourishes 170 to 178 inhabitants per square mile, while this country provides with home-grown food only 135 out of the 290 persons who inhabit each square mile of her territory; and when we take into account the inferior food of the Irish, and the Scott highland, and the others, we shall find that a larger number of acres is required for the same number of inhabitants. And we must not compare extensive agriculture with intensive; if we intend to make a fair comparison we must take another country of intensive culture: for instance, Belgium. And there the comparison will not be in favour of these islands.

Belgium also grows an average of 27 bushels of wheat per acre, but her area is relatively twice as large as that of the United Kingdom; it covers one-eighth of the cultivated area or one-twelfth of the aggregate territory. Besides Belgium cultivates on a larger scale industrial plants, and although she keeps the same amount of cattle on the area as the United Kingdom, because her crops of cereals are five times larger with regard to the cultivated area, and seven times larger with regard to the aggregate territory.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

If the soil of the United Kingdom were cultivated only as it was thirty years ago, 24,000,000 people, instead of 17,000,000, could live on home-grown food; and that culture, giving occupation to at least 250,000 men, would give nearly 3,000,000 wealthy home customers to the British manufacturers. If the 1,500,000 acres on which wheat was grown thirty years ago—only these, and not more—were cultivated as the fields are cultivated now in England under the allotment system, which gives on the average forty bushels per acre, the deeply beneficial result would be a food supply for 1,500,000 people instead of the 35,000,000, now fed in London alone. If the now cultivated area of the United Kingdom (800,000 square miles) were cultivated as the soil is cultivated in the south of Belgium, the United Kingdom would have food for thirty million inhabitants; an amount of food that might export produce, without ceasing to produce, so as freely to supply all the needs of a wealthy population. And if the population of this country came to be double that which it now is, the food required for the support of forty million inhabitants would be to cultivate the soil as it is cultivated in the best farms of this country, in Lombardy, and in Flanders, and to cultivate the meadows which at present lie almost unproductive around the large cities in the same way as the neighbourhoods of Paris are cultivated.

If we take all in consideration; if we realise the progress made in the art of gardening, the tendency towards spreading it through public schools, if we watch the agricultural experiments which are being made now—experiments today and to-morrow and sooner or later the resources kept in store by Science, we are justified in saying that it is utterly impossible to foresee at the present moment the limits to the maximum number of human beings who could live, and enjoy life, upon a green area of land, nor as to what a variety of produce they could advantageously grow in any latitude.

CAUSES THAT CANNOT LAST.

The landlord, the State, or the Money-banker, take for themselves so considerable a part of the produce grown by the farmer, from one-fourth to one-third, and more, that agriculture cannot go on under such conditions: and that the tribute left upon it is too high. It is rendered still heavier by the tribute levied by the manufacturer. But these are social causes; they do not depend upon the unproductivity of the soil, nor upon over-population. And these causes cannot last.

LIBERTY BOOKSHELF.

The following can be obtained at the Office of "Liberty," or will be forwarded on receipt of stamps.

By Peter Kropotkin.

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A TALK ABOUT ANARCHIST COMMUNISM Between Two Workers. By Errico Malatesta. Price 1d.

This pamphlet has been translated into various languages, and is widely read in Italy and France.

ANARCHY. By Errico Malatesta. Price 1d.

EVILOVATION AND REVOLUTION. By Elisee Reclus. Price 1d.

NOTICES OF PROPAGANDA.

Commands would greatly insist by sending notices of meetings for discussion under the above headings, and notice that one of the last meetings held was on "The Spartan Society Rules," being to be held by the Committee of 17th October. Such notices, shorn in the middle of the month, will be prominently displayed on the notice-board and collected. Well wishes to make up to make these notices as complete as possible.

LONDON—Hyde Park, 5.30 p.m.; Regent's Park, 11; Boston Church, 12; Stratford, The Grove, 11.45; Deptford Broadway, 11; and 7, Thomas's, 8, Canning Town, Becontree Road, H.50. Cumberford Green, 7.30. Speeches in English and Italian.

ABERDEEN—Foot of Maresfield Street, Sundays, 3 p.m.; Castle Street, 5.30 p.m.; October, 11.00 a.m.; and 5.00 p.m.

EDMUNDBURGH—Sundays, Meadows, 3 and 6.30.

GLASGOW—The Green, Sundays, 12 noon; Wellington Place, 5 p.m. Information of group meetings will be had at the Agent.

LEEDS—Sundays, Vicere's Union, 11, and Wood Meadow, 5 p.m.; Pelagic's Temperance Hotel, Tuesday evenings.

LEICESTER—Sundays, Russell Square, 10, 15 a.m.; Market Place, 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, 8 p.m.; Gladstone Club, Charles Street, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.

MANCHESTER—Sundays, Stephenson Square, 11; New Cross, 8, 11.00 a.m.; Enfield, West End, Saturdays, 11.00 a.m.

NORWICH—Sundays, Market Place, 11, and 3.30.

SUSSEX—Sundays, 11, 12.30, and 3.30.

SWANSE—1 Liberty Hall, Sundays, 11.30 and 3. Wednesdays, 7.30.

Coffin barracks, London, 2.40.

Agent: S. Nunn, 22, Morley Lane, St. Thomas.

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