LIBERTY



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ONE PENNY.

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LIBERTY,

LONDON, JUNE, 1896.

ANARCHISTS AT PAST INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES.

In view of the forthcoming International Congress we will record the attitude of the three previous congresses towards Anarchists.

The Paris Congress of 1889 was preceded by hot polemics between Possibilists (with whom the S. D. F. sided) and Marxists, and it is known that side by side of it a Possibilist International Congress took place, at which John Burns, Mrs. Besant, and S. D. F. delegates took part. The Marxist Congress was preceded by a preliminary and unofficial conference at the Hague (Feb. 28, 1889), which laid down the following rule of admission: "That the congress will be open to Workmen and Socialists of all countries, on conditions compatible with the political laws in force there", (the latter remark applying to the form of mandates in coerced countries). This was resolved by Bebel, Liebknecht, Lafargue, Nieuwenhuis, and others, and the English appeal, (signed among others by R. D. Cunninghame Graham, J. Keir Hardie, Tom Mann, W. Parnell, etc., also by William Morris and F. Kitz), simply says that the congress "shall be open to the workers of the whole world."

Among the Groups which were represented at the Paris Congress were the following Anarchistic: Cercle Michael Bakounin; Cercles 18th March—1, 2, and 3; Cercle May 27; Cercle Spartacus; Cercle Amilcure Cipriani (all of Rimini, Italy); Cercles of Palermo and Pesaro; Cercle of Iron and Fire of Alexandria, Egypt; Action Group of Rheims; Young Anarchists of St. Quentin, etc.

Nor was any Organising Committee busy with scrutinizing the inmost conscience of delegates, or groups, but the Congress simply met at the Salle Petrelle, on Sunday, July 14, where nobody was bothered about cards or credentials, in fact nobody held any cards then, as far as I am aware; these were delivered and filled up next morning at informal meetings of the delegates of each country.

The Congress was remarkable for the way in which its time was wasted. From Monday morning until Saturday noon nothing was done but wrangling with the Possibilist Congress, and listening to reports of delegates. Anarchist speakers were not excluded, but treated as unfairly as possible—Comrade Merlino for instance—when he spoke on the situation in Italy. One evening, the chairman Anseele, a Belgian, (described by a French paper as "a kind of swineherd with a bludgeon in his hand") insulted and actually threatened the French Anarchists. The chief question was that of international labour legislation, a panacea at that time so much boomed that the German Emperor next year (1890) picked it up and used it for advertising himself at the famous Berlin Conference of delegates of governments. The men behind the curtains of the Congress had got the Congress to nominate them as the "Bureau" and this bureau, first understood to be elected merely to facilitate business, rapidly arrogated to itself more and more powers, and this culminated in their arbitrary dealing with resolutions which, modified or amalgamated according to their plans, they intended to force on the Congress in the following way:

On Saturday morning when many delegates had not yet turned up, it was proposed that in the afternoon the resolutions of the bureau should be voted upon without discussion. This suggestion was never put to the vote and consequently never accepted, but it formed a pretext for the chairman of the afternoon, a Marxist henchman named Deville, to strangle every discussion. Other resolutions were not allowed even to be read—only the official resolutions were to be proposed and voted upon; afterwards, if time were left, delegates might amuse themselves with arguments and discussion!

Against this outrage at the afternoon meeting Comrade Merlino protested, and demanded leave to read out his resolution on labour legislation, which he had already proposed at the Possibilist Congress two days before (where he was allowed to speak without interference); it was published, also in English, in the "Revolte" of July 27, 1889. The chairman refused to let him speak, and when many of the French, Italian, and English delegates demanded fairplay, the reply was—a number of French, German, and Swiss delegates laid hold of Merlino and overpowered him by brute force.

Then Deville (the chairman) was replaced by E. Vaillant (a Blanquist, not to be confounded with Auguste Vaillant), and he urged the assembly to be quiet, saying that if they did not keep their tempers the presence of a single "agent provocateur" would be sufficient to upset the Congress and make void all its work. This remark was grossly insulting, as everybody knew that the only man who had spoken in opposition on that occasion was Merlino. But this indirect insult was at once placed in the shade by the infamous direct insult uttered by the so-called English translator (?) Mrs. E. Marx Aveling, who stated "it was said that the interruptor was a police spy." Merlino at once rose and indignantly protested against this accusation. He was immediately set upon by the Marxist delegates, and at that moment only one friend was near him, our comrade F. Charles; both fought hard, but they were overpowered and hustled out of the hall. The other English (Socialist League) delegates endeavoured to get near them to help, but were held back by force. They, however, with a number of French and Italian delegates, immediately afterwards left the hall.

They went to a neighbouring cafe and had a consultation; they decided that it would be undignified to endeavour to force themselves upon the Congress: they resolved however to make a formal protest, which was duly drawn up, and which was as follows:

"We, the undersigned delegates at the meeting of July 20th, of the Marxist Congress, protest against the partiality of the bureau to strangle discussion, and against the brutality used to put into effect its machinations. We declare to have nothing more to do in such a place, and withdraw. (Signed). G. G. Schack, F. Charles, J. Cooper, Ritson, J. Tochatti, L. Tochatti, E. Molinari."

Comrade Tochatti gained re-admission to the Congress by a side entrance, and, after several futile attempts, managed to utter the protest and state the reason why himself and colleagues withdrew.

Other English delegates—W. Morris, F. Kitz, and Cunninghame Graham—had left Paris utterly dissatisfied with the manner in which the proceedings of the Congress had been conducted, a week having been literally wasted in discussing "the eight-hours question," or they would without a doubt also have signed the protest; indeed, when made aware of what had taken place, Cunninghame Graham expressed regret that he had left and was not able to have taken part in the action of his colleagues.

Contrast to this muddleheaded and infamous authoritarian

congress the two International Anarchist Congresses held at Paris early in September of 1889. As one who was present at them I bear witness that never were meetings conducted more smoothly. There was a crowded audience and a platform, but no chairman: comrades of different countries spoke on the subjects of expropriation, the military, strikes, etc., and the speeches delivered during the eight hours the conferences lasted (reported in the "Revolte" of September 1889) give more matter for thought than the speeches and internecine quarrels during the eight days of the Marxist congress. These conferences as compared with the Marxist congress were indeed an object lesson of the superiority of freedom over impotent authority and officialism.

Next month we will discuss the Congresses of 1891 and 1893.

* *

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the large amnesty meeting held at Holborn Town Hall was a great success. Our comrade Nicoll is to be congratulated. The following resolution was carried unanimously:

"This meeting calls upon the Government to grant a complete amnesty to all political prisoners, and is of opinion that the time has arrived for a full and careful inquiry by the Home Secretary into the case of the three men Cailes, Charles, and Battola, condemned at Stafford in April, 1892, by Justice Hawkins to ten years' penal servitude for being in possession of explosive substances, with a view to their speedy release."

The expenses of the above mentioned meeting were necessarily very large, and have not been quite covered by the collections. We appeal to all comrades to forward whatever they can to D. J. Nicoll, 82, Randall Street, Sheffield in order to meet the deficiency.

Readers of LIBERTY will be pained to hear that our comrade William Morris is dangerously ill, and that he has for some weeks past been losing flesh rapidly. This has led to a consultation with a special doctor, who at once ordered him to Folkstone, in the hope that purer air and changed scene might do something before too late. At present he looks but a shadow of his former self, and is very weak.

The cause has suffered a loss through the sudden death of A. McDougall, which took place at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, on Sunday, May 24th, at the age of 31. The interment took place on the Wednesday following, at Janefield Cemetery. Our comrade's fall adds one more to the many victims of hideous capitalism: his life was one continuous struggle against "the mammonite crew,"

"Fearless, in splendour of faith,
Of the worst they could do."

He was devoted to the cause of Anarchism, and was also an ardent worker in trade union channels, who will be long remembered by the members of his own Union as an active secretary. He has left some M.SS., which our Glasgow friends think of publishing shortly. He was a great reader and a deep thinker, and he naturally formed a comprehensive idea of Anarchism. He was always tolerant, having naturally a kind disposition. No one felt reluctance in asking him to explain an abstruse point, because his reply was sure to be lucid, and most genially expressed; there was no doubt that he had as much pleasure in giving information as anyone could have in receiving it. But this was only one of the many sides of his loveable character. He was a kind husband, devotedly attached to his children, and assiduous in his endeavours to make his home a happy one. Much sympathy is felt for the widow and family in their bereavement.

Fowler, Millson, Seaman, and Mrs. Dyer have been hung, the law wilfully shutting its eyes to the fact that punishment does not act as a deterrent to crime. Nor can such horrible spectacles take place without ministering to morbid taste and further brutalising public opinion—which is the most powerful factor for good or evil. There is an old Russian proverb which says "Given a swamp and you breed a monster." Cleanse society of its rottenness; once make it possible for human beings to live free lives, by the communalisation of the means of production, which will guarantee to all the results of their labour: once give a free society, and the inherited tendency to crime would soon be eliminated. Then the best, and not the worst, part of our nature would be developed, the incentive to crime being removed by the abolition of private property. Professor Ferri (in his work on "Criminal Sociology") shows that the dictum of the law—that punishments must be severe in order to deter crime—is absolutely disproved by statistics which admit of no possible question; and he also shows plainly that crime under present conditions is on the increase, with oscillations from year to year, according as various physical and social factors predominate.

There are to be twenty more drinking booths on Epsom Downs at this year's races than there were last year. What does this fact indicate? Have the supporters of horse races more money to spend than usual, and if so how have they got possession of it? This is a question more easily asked than answered. There can be no doubt that the monetary support given to horse racing, and its all important adjunct—betting, is rapidly on the increase. Much of this money is being drawn (honestly and dishonestly) from quarters where it can be ill-spared. The ever increasing record of bankruptcies, embezzlements, and petty thefts, directly traceable to the habit of betting, is a terrible condemnation of society as it exists today. For the thousands of "bookmaking" sharks, whose sole aim is to live without doing a day's proper labour, there should be nothing but contempt and aversion. The belong as completely to the parasite class as the sweater, the usurer, the capitalist, or the monopolist. For their foolish victims sympathy is not altogether misplaced. But neither sympathy for its victims, nor violent attempts to suppress betting, appear powerful enough to remove the evil. Probably nothing short of an entire reconstruction of the conditions of life will ever prove effective. At any rate all remedial measures applied up to now have been failures. All the good in humanity is being crushed by the intense and increasing craving for the means whereby to live without giving one atom of honest manly work in return.

The Medical Officer of Health for the Parish of St. Giles, in supporting an application to a magistrate for an order to close certain houses in his district, made an astounding statement. He said that the deaths in one house were at the rate of 129 per 1000, while all the houses were in a shockingly bad state of repair and sanitation from top to bottom. In one room he found a number of rat holes, and was informed that the children who slept in it were in the habit of appointing one of their number to keep awake in order to prevent the rats attacking the children who were sleeping. That such cases do not create greater indignation only proves that our common humanity is rendered callous and indifferent by the brutalising conditions that exist today, once more proving the effect of city life on character.

THE ABJECT WORSHIP OF AUTHORITY.

At a time when authority in all its various forms is being keenly criticised and very largely condemned, the world is asked to applaud an exhibition of the worship of a power of a most savage and barbarous character. "A pious autocrat"—the Tsar of Russia, the "little Father" of his people, has been crowned "Lord of all" the many inhabitants of the immense Russian Empire; at an expenditure (so it is reported) of some millions sterling, the fearful and sudden sacrifice of many hundreds if not thousands of lives, and a display of sycophancy and human debasement without a parrallel in the history of the world.

In this abject and degrading worship the English nation has involuntarily taken part, through their monarchially appointed representative—a scion of the family called by "the grace of God" and sundry other fraudulent theories to rule over the people of these much favoured isles—H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

Looking at the proceedings at Moscow from any point whatever, and after carefully reading as many columns of the daily journal reports as time and patience would permit, it is not possible to find in them a single redeeming feature, or the record of an act on which humanity can look with honest pleasure. The site, it is true, was not altogether inappropriate for such demoralising proceedings—such a sacrifice of decency and manliness. The history of Moscow contains nothing worth recalling to remembrance. Its very existence for ages past has been a standing menace to freedom. Its main buildings are either the homes of bigotry and persecution, or the strongholds and fastnesses of savage and blood-spilling tyranny. Most of its inhabitants are official or unauthorised commercial brigands. Its houses are filthy dens or palatial official mansions. The scum of the vast territories around the place finds its way, in volumes more or less dangerous, to this Russian Mecca. One visit to the place is generally sufficient for the most inveterate tourist.

This city of filth and autocracy was made, at an immense outlay, to look its best—its ugliness both moral and material were hidden with the utmost care—for the "Gargantuan round of festivities," the orgie of power worshippers, necessitated by the "little father" deciding that the time had come for him to perform the farcical ceremony of placing a crown of jewels (from whence or how obtained need not be mentioned) on his by no means well-shaped head. All the "powers" of Europe and many of the Asiatic "authorities" have willingly taken part in this ceremony, not however altogether to the complete satisfaction of some of them, for there were sundry hitches in the preliminary arrangements consequent on the difficulty of deciding as to those entitled to the front seats at the show. Indeed it is evident that beneath all the glitter and and glamour there was much heart burning, envy, and malice. In this direction these debasing ceremonials were there own condemnation.

But the entire outcome was—What? A glaring and tawdry worship of power in its most objectionable form; a gigantic attempt to demonstrate that man "dressed in a little brief authority" is and must be superior to all other men, and that all authorities natural and supernatural admit of his being held up for idolatrous worship. The whole business becomes utterly ridiculous when it is remembered that the idol set up at Moscow is but a miserable "weakling" when measured by the standard adopted by his family. From Peter the Great to Nicholas II.—what a gulf!

Glance for a moment at the details of the idolatrous ceremony. Fancy one of the "apostles" of Jesus of Nazareth addressing a human being in language like the following:

"O pious autocrat, Emperor of all the Russias, crowned, endowed, and adorned by God, accept the sceptre and the Imperial orb, for they are the visible image of the autocracy which the Most High grants thee over his servants, to govern them and procure them all desirable well being."

Imagine these last words being echoed and re-echoed until they find their way to the ears of Siberian exiles and, to the gloomy cells in which so many of the "little father's" people are experiencing the torture of a lingering death.

After this the dirty act of "anointing," the chanting of blasphemous rhymes, the fluxions and genufluxions of priests are somewhat insignificant. And little need be said of the protection given to the heaven-appointed Protector of his people in order that the latter should not get too near his sacred person—of the police surveillance of every house and its occupants, of thick ranks of soldiers in every street and open space. Nor is it necessary to do more than mention the paltry bait held out to the "masses"—the half-starved masses, thousands of whom walked many miles to obtain a "free feed", and the slight chance of seeing their Tsar in the long long distance. Little need be said of the sad calamity which formed one of the closing scenes: for the victims of such an orgie only pity can be felt. But for the chief actors—from the Tsar to the very smallest representative of savage power, for the conditions which make such a ceremony possible, there can be but one feeling in the minds of all men worthy of the name, and that is unmitigated scorn.

It is perhaps hoping for the impossible to desire that such an event may never have a successor, more especially in the face of a current report that the Queen of England and Empress of India is desirous of having a little authority worship on her own account, should she live to complete sixty years of ruling by "the grace of God". Imagine "Jubilee Year—Second Edition." Would the nation submit to such a farce? D. B.

Recommend "Liberty" to your friends.

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM IN ITS RELATION TO STATE SOCIALISM.

By AGNES HENRY.

The question of how for Anarchist Communism agrees exactly with State Socialism, and the exact line that divides them, has long seemed to me one that it would be well to enter into. And just now, in view of the approaching International Congress, seems a time particularly appropriate for this consideration. For surely it would be well to have reflected before hand what common action is open to us, together with those bodies of Socialists with whom in some respects we differ. For if there be no such common ground what have we got to do with them? The mere fact that both State Socialist and Anarchist Communist movements are in the main working class movements, is surely not sufficient reason for us to attempt to unite with them.

This question has already been dealt with in a German academical periodical, "Der Soziallstiche Akademiker," (Berlin) during some months of 1895, under the title of "Anarchy in Relation to Communism." Under Anarchy, the author "Catilina," treats separately of Individualistic and then of Communistic Anarchy. Communism is for him practically identical with Socialism, for, he maintains, Socialism once established would inevitably develope into Communism. Writing also from a German point of view, the Socialist party is equivalent to the Social Democratic party.

According to this German writer, the common opinion that there is a fundamental or radical difference between Anarchism and Socialism (or Communism) is erroneous, and arises chiefly from the different method of reasoning adopted by each party, or in consequence of the difference in tactics employed.

He examines carefully the position of the Individualist Anarchist, showing logically that economic necessity—the fact that the individual cannot by his own efforts satisfy his own needs—forces him, nolens volens, to associate and cooperate with his fellows. Under which circumstance he is obliged to restrain many of his individual inclinations, in consideration of others, up to the point necessary to obtain that higher freedom which depends upon the possibility of gratifying his permanent and the greater number of his constant needs. Consequently Individualist Anarchism leads inevitably in the end to Communism, or if it lose sight of its object—the greatest possible liberty to each and all, and follows a phantom, the impracticable "living out" of every desire, regardless of every thing, even freedom—its inevitable result will be a return to the individualistic capitalism of today.

As to Communistic Anarchism, the argument is that it is identical with Communism, recognising the necessity of organising production. But that the organisation should be complete for the whole country, a certain amount of centralisation is necessary, therefore the only difference between this and Socialism lies in the dictum that Socialism grants "to each according to his work", while the Communist dictum is "to each according to his needs". This latter, however, can only be when an ample sufficiency to cover the possible needs of all is secured. With the improvement in production under Socialism this in the end would follow.

This conclusion, that Communist Anarchism is identical with Communism, is, I should say, quite the opinion of the Communist Anarchists themselves. There remains, however, the fact, that two kinds of Communism are possible—an imposed Communism, in which every individual is compelled, not merely by economic necessity, but by physical force to submit to the instituted arrangements, whether he will or not. The other, that Communism which would arise from economic necessity and social human instinct alone, without any external physical force instituted to maintain it. The power of these—State Communism, like compulsory State Socialism, or State maintained capitalism—all alike being based on the false principle that "might is right" would not be identical with Anarchist Communism. This maintains that right cannot be secured by force, and that where such force reigns social harmony is impossible.

As to tactics, "Catilina" points out that Socialists (i.e., Social Democrats) alike avail themselves of propaganda by speech and press, to spread the conviction of the desirability and necessity for the abolition of the present social system, and hasten the establishment of the socialistic or communistic system. "Propaganda by deed" he does not dwell on, as he considers it "as good as abandoned, at least in Western Europe." The Socialists, however, make use also of parliamentary means, both as affording them greater publicity, as well as freedom of speech, while the Anarchists reject this method as giving greater power to the State. He evidently thinks that the improvement in the material status of the proletariat, to be gained by parliamentary means, would be very slight indeed—hardly worth reckoning; and he admits that the political method of attempting to affect an economic change must always be a point of difference between the Anarchists and the Social Democrats.

There is, however, another branch of propaganda upon which Anarchists are divided, and Social Democrats have shown themselves hitherto on the whole very indifferent. This is the organising of working men in trade unions, with a view to the unanimous and universal control of labour, as well as the establishment of socialistic cooperatives—at first distributive, with the object of becoming productive cooperatives. Here, he indicates, is common ground on which Social Democrats and Anarchists might unite, while still carrying on their respective agitations for or against State control.

Here, I think, this writer, is certainly right. Why should not Communist Anarchists and State Socialists unite in every endeavour to bring about more complete organisation among the workers, as well as encourage and assist in every effort for even partial substitution of cooperation for competition. Above all, a propagaada inducing the existing cooperative associations to work hand in hand with labour organisations, as they are now doing in France, in the matter of the Working-men's Glass-works at Carmeaux, would be of great advantage to the cause of Socialism. There can be no question at all that with federal union between labour organisations and cooperative associations, with a corresponding boycott of the small individualistic trader, the working class could at once effect an enormous improvement in their economic status, and at the same time largely supplant the capitalistic system. This propaganda could be perfectly common ground for Anarchist Communists and State Socialists. It would hasten the downfall of capitalism, while inducing more fraternity of spirit among all Socialists, whatever their difference on certain points, which itself would mean a step towards realising brotherhood amongst mankind, based upon an acknowledged common interest and a common hope.

When, however, "Catilina" concludes that, there being so very little difference between the two parties, and identity in their ultimate aim, the Anarchists ought not to stand outside, but incorporate themselves with the Social Democrats, on the ground that they are too weak a party to effect a sensible propaganda outside it, we cannot agree with him.

He says the Anarchists must in the end admit that the great majority of the working men belong to the Social Democratic party, and that therefore propaganda outside that party is ineffective. Here, to say the least, he limits his view to Germany alone. Besides which he forgets that a small dissenting minority may be easily gagged within a centralised powerfully dominated party, and so not be able to make itself heard amidst the mass.

It seems also somewhat premature to conclude that the Anarchist party is too insignificant to be influential, considering the comparatively short time that any Anarchist party has been in existence in Germany. The constant dissentions which break out within the Social Democratic party also indicate that the dominancy of that party is not or will not long remain so firmly established as has hitherto been the case. In addition to which the Anarchist Communists in Germany are, at the present moment, throwing themselves with heart and soul into the trade unions agitation, and indications have not been lacking that their influence in that direction has been by no means insignificant.

But by far the most important fact he loses sight of is, that the advance of any kind of Socialism, whether Anarchistic or State, is an international and not a national question. Whereas

in Germany the Social Democrats may have established their footing, and so to say covered the ground, that is by no means the case in other lands. In Spain and Italy there is no question that the majority of the Socialists are Anarchists also, while in France it is a well known fact that the majority of the working mens' unions are Libertarian Socialist, i.e., opposed to the conquest of political powers—for all practical purposes, Anarchistic; while in Holland a very considerable minority, if not half of the Socialists are the same. As to England, most of the trade unions are not Socialistic, but are on the whole opposed to politics, while among such Socialist bodies as the I. L. P. and the Brotherhood Church, etc., a good number of their eminent members are quite as anxious for the development of the "self-help" methods of social evolution, independently of political action, as for the conquest of political powers. Consequently, taking the continent and Great Britain together, the ascendancy of the Social Democratic party is no such established fact after all.

On the whole, then, although the German article alluded to contains much clear-sighted and useful criticism of both parties, distinguished as Anarchistic opposed to Socialistic (which itself is erroneous, as, undeniably, both Collectivist and Communist Anarchism are forms of Socialism) it still does not convincingly establish the necessity or desirability for the Anarchists to incorporate themselves with Social Democrats. Nor does it, in my opinion, really indicate the true point of difference between the two parties.

In order to know exactly what we are talking of, it is necessary to define as nearly as possible what we mean by the terms "Anarchist Communism" on the one hand, and "State Socialism" on the other.

This, with regard to the word Anarchist, is not such an easy matter, owing to the fact that the Anarchists have never established exact definitions of the chief terms they constantly employ. Every Anarchist knows that "Anarchy means order", Anarchy means "no master", "no authority", "no government", etc. But what is order, what is a master, what is authority, what is government?

All these terms admit of different interpretations. For instance: Balfour's rule in Ireland established "order" for many people (the way in which he did it does not come into account). But this certainly is not the "order" conceived of by Anarchists.

As to "master", in most civilisted countries today—in France, Italy, Germany, and even Russia, the schoolmaster is not a man with a rod in his hand—England remains almost alone in this barbarism, but the "master is one who teaches, who speaks with the authority of knowledge; the compulsion he exercises, when he has need of it, is not that of brute force.

But let us now consider more particularly the dictum "Anarchy means no government", as that is the point of view in which Anarchy stands opposed to State Socialism.

Malatesta, in his "Anarchy", makes it exceedingly clear that all governments, of whatever form—in every age, have been empowered to exercise physical force against those who opposed their dictates. This function has indeed been the chief object of their existence, but they would not always, nor by all peoples, have been tolerated, had it not been for another function, which has however always been secondary, and in most cases more a profession than a realty, namely, the function of administration for the public good—or at least, as the British Liberal would admit, for the good of the classes represented in government.

Now this function, although, as already said, it has always been secondary compared to that of exercising physical violence, has nevertheless differed in its proportion to the latter, in different governments. I am convinced that a careful examination will show that where governments have been least oppressive they have been proportionally more administrative. The more military a power is, the more oppressive it is; so the less oppressive the more administrative it is. Therefore rather more upon the character of the government than upon its quantity depends the degree of the individual freedom of the subject. This it is which has made the essential difference between the British constitution and those of other lands, not, as many of our foreign comrades put it, that we have "less government", for the British are an essentially politics-loving people, taking a more widespread and lively interest in their national politics than perhaps any other European nation.

Now if this be accepted, as I belive it reasonably must be, the development of the administrative function in favour more and more of every class in the community would gradually transform a compulsory government, oppressive to many, into an administrative government advantageous to all. When the object of government became to administrate in the genuine interests of the community—those interests being, as a matter of fact, for the most part identical, the result would be that—in the first instance—there would not exist the same amount of interest in opposing the administration; and, secondly, the public would gradually come to recognise that nothing but what is in itself objectionable can be upheld by such an irrational method as that of physical compulsion.

(To be completed in the July number.)

WAITING FOR DEATH.

We referred in our last issued to the tortures inflicted on the imprisoned French Anarchists at Cayenne, and more particularly to the cruel and inhuman treatment of Girier (Lorion) in keeping him for more than twelve months in daily expectation of execution. The following letters, written by Girier to a friend in Paris, will bring even to the mind of the most callous some idea of the heartlessness of "authority" in dealing with its helpless and innocent (of crime) victims. The letters were written before he knew of his death sentence being commuted for that of five years' penal servitude; how far, however, death would be preferable to life under such circumstances will be easily conceived.

October 12th, 1895.—Maitre Severe,—You cannot form any idea of my sufferings. Without news of what may be happening—even to you, alone with my four walls, I was quite calm and patient until the Governor, passing through the Isles, I demanded of him that he should tell me exactly how my case stood. "Pourvoi (appeal) rejected, and invited to have recourse to asking pardon of the President of the Republic." That was his reply. I said that one could not ask for pardon without having first become guilty. I then understood that henceforth I must consider myself as being at his disposal. Since then I listen intently every morning in order to perceive, amid the sounds which reach me, something to let me know as quickly as possible if it is day, if the machine is raised, if some one is coming to warn me. When the hour of execution has gone by, I say to myself "Still twenty-four hours of life left me!" Next day it all begins again. It is horrible not to know when it will be over and done with; the thought of execution does not make me feel afraid, but this uncertainty, this warning always expected, is killing me. I believe I have been condemned to death, but surely not to agony—to agony in full consciousness of it, to agony so long drawn out that nature would blush to make the most infamous of beings submit to it. If only one word from you could find its way into this cellar of mine, how it would lessen my sufferings! The single fact of the restitution of Lamennais, with which I was made acquainted several days ago, authorises my writing to you thus. Two things that I attribute to your proceedings, and which seem to tell me that you think of me, have sent a ray of joy into my heart. I am so lonely, all about me is so icy cold as it were, that you must not be astonished at the eagerness of the looks which I turn in your direction. You are the only light which shines near my tomb, and I have always felt so sure of your goodness of heart that I could wish to obtain warmth from it, while waiting for the knife to destroy the little life that yet remains in me. Alas! why cannot I? It is very dreadful to know that one has to quit this stage of existence. However miserable human conditions may be, one yet prefers them to death: this, however, is no reason for allowing one to fail of obtaining everything necessary to preserve life. Many men are, however, wrong in trying to paint shadowy pictures of the joys supposed to be experienced in death, in order to catch martyrs! That is to act as a mystifier, to induce miserable wretches to set out on a road, the fatigues of which they will probably be unable to

support. It is no longer the way to move the world. Tell the would-be martyr the truth! The prospect of the annihilation of one's personalty is an affliction; nature wishes it otherwise, and he who does not feel afflicted is a monster. Let those who risk execution be henceforth only men working for the defence of right, not mystics, expecting to receive in exchange a supreme joy. There will be perhaps fewer martyrs, but more rational ones.

Oct. 22nd.—One more day, bringing me more news! I am getting more and more feeble; I can compare my body to a sort of circus, where nature and the guillotine are disputing for the prize. Which of them, I wonder, is to be the one to carry me off the ground? If the latter does not make haste I am afraid she will be too late. Since the middle of July, I have absorbed on each ordinary (or tranquil) day: 2 grammes of anti-pyrene, 2 grammes chloral of potasse, 30 grammes syrup of morphine, and 10 drops of chloroform. Very often this dose has been nearly doubled. If I were to make a calculation of all that I thus absorb in a year, taking into account the absolute non-absorption of any wines or tonics whatsoever, of the all but total lack of solid food, of the confinement and the solitude, I could not believe myself still alive. Sometimes I doubt whether I am alive. . . The day is over: it will perhaps take place tomorrow.

Oct. 23rd.—It is not to be this morning. Still four and twenty hours to live! If this state of things could only last until the post comes, I could perhaps still obtain news of you and France.

Oct. 25th.—It is once more not for today. If it is not tomorrow I may count on having forty-eight hours to live, for they do not execute one on Sunday. 4 o'clock in the afternoon. —I have strong suspicions that it will be tomorrow morning. 8 o'clock in the evening.—A boat has just arrived; I can hear its whistle; and then I hear someone cry "There is the sloop", (the one which generally comes on that business). This confirms my suspicions: it is for tomorrow.

Oct. 26th.—I have slept well; it is six o'clock. Still no news whatever. The alarm of yesterday evening was a false one.

Nov. 3rd.—I have just read the two missives which you send me by the courier. . . . Do you remember that when, in 1892, with Alltmayer and Levy for agents, certain functionaries tried to make game of the false Anarchist plot, and when we failed of being shot—my friends and I, do you remember that it was G. who had already the address in his hands? . . . I have, like you, conceived the hypothesis that contradictory news given by the newspapers of one party, and by the governor of another, could both be true, but now as I write I have lost faith in it, for if a new action could take place the decision born of it having been taken in the first fortnight of August we should have seen its effects made manifest since that date. I have also encouraged the supposition of a commutation intervening, in spite of my refusal to have recourse to asking formal pardon of the governor when he enters my cell. Finally, listen to my third hypothesis: Execution deferred from one day to another, the only one which seems to me truest and most in harmony with the social order that governs us. Yes it is with a profound conviction of its realisation that, each evening, I fall asleep murmuring "Tomorrow morning". If however an order for execution does come, would not there be a way of fighting in order to obtain new debates? Be quite sure that five years assigned me under the formula of solitary confinement would be my death. Yet they would give me ten—ten in this disgusting place—if they thought me still capable of resistance. This would be liberation at 37—after 15 years of this death in life! What sort of thing should I have become? Ah, it is all death under different disguises. Think of it! . . To all these deaths add this example: The unfortunate Reynier, that witness whom they sent to the "Orapu" so that I could not produce him, has endured such unheard-of sufferings that he has hanged himself from despair and misery. Think of it! Lichigary, who testified for me in the action, though belonging to the first class, "centre-maitre," having no more than three or four years longer to serve out of 12 or 15, owning a small but already respectable fortune, that he was always asking to have put as a speculation in the colony, was obstinately refused the concession. They did more—they buried him in the Isles du Salut. After the action, and when they understood [illegible] was a witness, then they thought of releasing him [illegible] several times before the affair of October 21st—fifteen days, a month, before execution. Think of it! They introduce into my cell the officer of the administration, delegate of the governor-commissioner. He gives me notification of the rejection of the "pourvoi" in the Court of Abrogation against the decision of the Council of Revision of Cayenne. I receive him, and he takes his departure. I cannot help reflecting. A rejection of "pourvoi" does not modify itself in usage until the last moment, and I don't know why this official notification of a thing that I already knew with certitude resounds in my ears like a knell. The courier must have brought an order for execution, in order that this notification of which they could long since have informed me, should be made to me today. More than ever, it will take place tomorrow, or afterwards. One thing won't leave my mind. There is a mystery in it. How can we explain why so many papers at headquarters have been able to announce that I ought to appear before other judges, and that this may not be true? It is one of those incredible things in the unravelling of which I assisted thirteen months ago! What a nightmare it all is!

Nov. 25th.—Things look bad today. By dint of being prolonged, the horrors of my situation are deepened. I experienced a deadly sinking of heart: always alone—the emptiness all around me is horrible; the men I catch sight of sometimes are shadows for me, everything turns me cold. I am writing to you in order to get rid of these impressions: while tomorrow, perhaps!

Who is to blame?

Men and women do not easily take to what we call crime. Every day the newspapers chronicle suicides of poor men who choose to die rather than steal, and of poor women who choose to die rather than live by a calling that is hateful to them. This is what we might expect, for wealth cannot be properly enjoyed unless it be earned by honest labour; and association between men and women cannot be happy unless the intellectual and æsthetic natures are mutually satisfied. If, then, men and women become violent or libidinous there must be some reason for it external to themselves. That reason is be found in the monopoly of land and money, and the rulership of man by physical violence, which are inevitably followed by poverty, and which involve slavery; and these two—poverty and slavery —are the roots of all evil.

And now let me say: Think kindly of all men, for whatever they are you would be under the circumstances through which they have evolved. Do not blame any one for being what he is, for he cannot help being what he is. But if you cannot attain this highly rational attitude towards your fellows, if you must blame some one, let your blame fall—not on the inmates of our convict prisons, who are really the martyrs over whom the world is marching to happier days, but on the rulers and monopolists, for they are the real authors of all our trouble and sadness. I do not altogether blame even them, for they know not what they do; but if you must blame someone, they, and not the so-called criminals, are the ones to blame.

G. O. WARREN.

MISSIONS AND CIVILISATION.—From the point of view of the social progress of the human race, and from the conditions under which missions are maintained, the final conclusion must be, that missions, as a whole, have retarded the civilisations of the more backward races, and, indeed, have been the unconscious source of profound mischief. Whatever the purity of their own motives, the missionaries are in fact the mere forerunners of the unscrupulous trader and the ambitious conqueror. The Bible, crudely thrust upon the natural man undermines his character, and speedily gives way to rum, contagious diseases, gunpowder, coercion, and crushing taxation. The missionary often becomes a common slave driver, or outcast squatter; his church becomes little more than a hypocritical blanket club; and, even where he is still a zealous philanthropist himself, he only opens a way to fraud, avarice, oppression, and annexation. —FREDERIC HARRISON.

MICHAEL BAKOUNIN.

The following record of some incidents in the life of Bakounin, written by A. Herzen, appeared originally in the periodical "Kolokol", and afterwards in English in the "Cosmopolitan Review".

Bakounin left Russia in 1841. In 1845 he was involved in the trial of the Swiss Socialists. Blunchle pointed him out to the Russian Government, and he was ordered to return immediately. He did not return; the Senate deprived him of his rank as an officer, and his rights of nobility; he then went to Paris.

It was there Bakounin pronounced his celebrated speech to the Poles, on the 20th November, 1847—the anniversary of the insurrection at Warsaw For the first time, a Russian was seen to offer a hand of brotherhood to the Poles, and renounce publicly the government of Petersburg. The speech had an immense effect. Guizot expelled Bakounin from Paris; but he had scarcely reached Brussels, when Paris expelled Guizot and Louis Philippe from France. Bakounin returned to Paris, and passionately threw himself into the new political life which then began. The Lamartine and Marast government beheld, with evil eye, the men who accepted the republic in earnest, and was glad to be rid of them in any manner, provided they did not remain in France. It was a relief when Bakounin prepared to depart. But a new era had commenced—a Slavo-Polish Congress had assembled at Breslau. There Bakounin was active; and even more so afterwards at the Congress at Prague, where, indeed, he was not the only Russian.

He wrote his social Slavonic programme, which the Tcheks have not forgotten; he acted with the Slavonians until Windischgrætz dispersed the Congress with Austrian cannon.

Quitting Prague, Bakounin made an attempt in opposition to Palacki to unite the Slavonian Democrats with the Hungarians, who sought their independence, and with the German revolutionists. Into this Union many Poles entered, and the Hungarians sent Count Teleki. Bakounin, wishing to confirm this union by example, took the command at the defence of Dresden, and acquired a glory which even his enemies have not denied. He retired, after the taking of Dresden by the Prussians. At Chemnitz he was seized by treachery, with two of his companions, and from that time commenced his long martyrdom.

Bakounin was condemned to death by the Saxon tribunals—a sentence commuted by the King to that of perpetual imprisonment. In May, 1850, he was sent, chained, to Prague. The Austrian Government desired to extort from him the secrets of the Slavonian movement; he refused to answer. He was left for a year at the Hradshin, and the question was not renewed. In May, 1851, terrified by the report of a design to liberate Bakounin, the government transferred him to Olmutz, where he passed six months chained to the wall. Afterwards, Austria delivered him to Russia. It was said, that on the frontier the fetters should be removed from his hands and feet. Nicholas was not so delicate; the Austrian chains were taken off, as imperial property; but they were replaced by native irons, of twice the weight. Bakounin passed three years in the fortress of Alexis, and he left in 1854 for Schlesselbourg. Nicholas feared that Sir Charles Napier might set him free.

Alexander II. ascended the throne; he published several unsatisfactory half amnesties—of Bakounin, not a word. His Majesty deigned even to efface his name from the list. Bakounin's mother petitioned the Emperor, who replied with affability, "As long as your son lives, madame, he will never be free."

In 1857, Bakounin was sent to Eastern Siberia.

In 1860, a fresh attempt was made to obtain for Bakounin permission to return to Russia. His Majesty again refused, assigning as the motive for his severity a letter written by Bakounin, in 1851, and adding, "I see in him no sign of remorse." However, the Emperor granted him the right of entering the service as an employe in the Chancery, of the 4th order—a particular class of copyists—Bakounin could not profit by this imperial grace of the 4th order. After eight years' imprisonment, and four years' exile, he had to look forward still to a long series of dreary years in Siberia.

A new flame was kindled throughout Russia; Austria vanquished and in retreat, the Italian flag unfurled at Milan, Bakounin tells us with what eagerness he followed, at Irkutsk, the movements of Garibaldi, as the peninsula grew brighter and brighter in the light of liberty. To remain, at 47 years of age, and with his pulse in full vigour, a tame and distant spectator of events, was impossible; he had expiated long enough his faith in the possibility of a union with the German Democrats. He determined to escape from Siberia. Under pretext of a commercial affair he reached the Amour, and an American clipper conveyed him to Japan—undoubtedly the first political refugee who had ever there sought shelter. Thence he arrived at San Francisco, crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and on to New York, On December 26th he landed at Liverpool, and on the 27th he arrived in London.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS.

If everyone would carefully study the life and nature of man, he will find the following truths, which are so very important for the regeneration of society:

1. That full liberty for the enjoyment of things kills greed. The desires for pleasure are then held in natural limits.

2. Men will always work voluntarily, without any compulsion, when the fruits of labour come to all alike.

These are no speculations, but facts founded upon numerous careful observations; and on this immovable rock will the Anarchistic-Communistic society be built.

Only by voluntary labour, the fruits of which shall be freely enjoyed by all, can the general welfare of mankind be firmly and for ever established.

And this is the true aim of Anarchism.

From Steinle's "True Aim of Anarchism."

THE BUSINESS AUTOCRAT.

For many months past there has been not only continual talk but daily expectation of war, and whenever the present so-called "peace" is threatened, the cause is the same—some one nation or section of a nation seeking a new outlet for commercial enterprise.

The business man is the autocrat of our civilization; the tyranny of kings is as nothing to his tyranny; for his benefit millions of men and women wear out miserable lives toiling for leave to live; at his bidding women forsake their honour, men betray their own brothers, truth, mercy, and love are forgotten, justice becomes a ghastly farce, and whole nations labour to sustain a stupendous and corrupt fabric of hypocrisy and lies.

He makes the orthodox politicians dance obediently to his music, and the economists are at his feet. "See," they cry, "in the extension of trade brought about by the opening up of new countries lies the solution of the unemployed question!" and many people swallow the lie, forgetting that so long as we have competition, the rush of the rival firms to any new field of enterprise, bent on supplying the demand must eventually result in "market gluts" and the necessary corollary of the discharging of laws and all the consequent miseries of unemployment. G. D.

FALSE IDEALISM.

All Mazzini's work remained outside the true life of the masses. And that is why that giant work, undertaken by the greatest man of the century, and accomplished by two generations of Italian hero-martyrs, seems a dead work, resembling more a corpse in a state of putrefaction than a powerful and living being; and that is why, in spite of the transcendental idealism of the thought that inspired it, the political unity created by Mazzini, and more than half rotten to-day, has become an Eldorado of parasites and other foul beasts of prey. A man can conceive an idea, he can also inspire hundreds of young men with it; but however great his genius may be, he cannot create life, nor the power of life; for life is never the child of abstraction, the latter on the contrary always proceeding from the former, and never being anything more than its incomplete expression. The secret and the power of life are only to be found in society, in the people. And as long as the people have not given their sanction to a so-called national work, that work will never be truly national and live. Italy created by Mazzini has fatally resulted in an Italy of Lauzas, Boughis, Covretis, Visconti-Venostas, in an Italy of Crispis, Mordinis, Nicoteras, and the rest of them. This has not been an unlucky accident but a logical and fatal necessity. No one understood this less than Mazzini. Thus you find the word "people" in all his works; it is part of his famous formula "God and the people," and Mazzini always declared that he would only consider his work as definitely complete when it had been sanctioned by the people. But the people Mazzini speaks of are not the real people—taken in their spontaneous and living reality; his people are fictitious beings, abstract, theological so to say. Popular masses, taken in their real living and natural existence, seem to be but a multitude in his eyes; and for that multitude to become a people it must first accept the law of God, the thought of God revealed by prophets—men of genius crowned by virtue. The thought that has the power to transform a multitude into a nation is therefore not the expression of that multitude's own life, it is born outside of it, and consequently is brought and imposed from without. That is the true significance of the formula "God and the people". God is the dogmatic, aristocratic thought, foreign to the people and consequently anti-popular. It must at all costs be imposed on the multitude, and the multitude must sanction it by the semblance of a spontaneous vote, and by sanctioning it become a people. Mazzini's people are an hynotized and sacrificed multitude, easily represented in councils and parliaments, by men who will have imbibed their inspirations, not in the interests of the masses, not in the real life of the masses, but in a theologico-political abstraction absolutely foreign to them.

Our principle—is it not so?—is quite the reverse. Outside positive science we recognise no source of moral truths but the life of the people, positive science being but a methodical and reasoned summary of the great historical experience of nations. Society taken in its broadest sense, the people—the vile multitude, the mass of workers—not only gives power and life but also the elements of all modern thought; a thought not created by it and not the faithful expression of popular instincts, is according to me a still-born thought. From which I draw the conclusion that the part devoted and educated young men have to play is not that of revealers, prophets, instructors or doctors, not that of creators, but only that of expounders of thought, born of the people's life; that is to say that young men who wish to serve the people, must not seek their inspiration from above, but straight from the people, in order to give a clearly defined expression to what its unconscious but powerful aspirations contain in a confused manner.

Among popular thoughts, one that unquestionably occupies the first place in the aspirations of the masses of all countries, is material and economic emancipation. The Mazzinians from the heights of their transcendental idealism foreign to the people, disdained this tendency very much, and if they found themselves obliged to make certain concessions to it, they only did it with a sort of disdainful condescension for the vile brutality of the masses, incapable of forgetting their appetites and of living in the sole contemplation of an ideal. Their contemptuous Socialism was a sort of bait for the multitude that could not be touched by the beauty of an ideal. Blinded by their own theological and political ideas, that after all represented so many old and new chains for the people, they only saw the brutal expression of brutal appetites in such an aspiration, and they did not understand that this primitive and unconscious form contains the highest and most emancipating idea of the century; that of destroying all ideals as abstractions, as fictions or as theological, poetical, judicial and political symbols, and transforming them into popular living realites: truth, justice, liberty, equality, solidarity, fraternity, humanity, all these magnificent things, that so long as they remained theological, poetical, political, judicial truths, served but to consecrate and cover the most brutal, crushing oppression and exploitation in the true life of the people, have been but the expression of the multitude's condemnation to misery and eternal servitude. Since history exists, has not the basis as well as the consequence of all these splendid abstractions always been exploitation of the forced work of the masses for the profit of privileged minorities called classes? Has not the Catholic church, the most ideal of all in principle, been since the first years of its official existence, that is to say since the Emperor Constantine the Great, the most rapacious and grasping institution? Has not all the splendour of Christian civilization, Church, State, material prosperity of nations, science, art, poetry, been supported by the slavery,

bondage, misery of millions of workers who constitute the real people? What do the people do in asking this terrible economical question? They attack the basis of all civilization that has so long enslaved them. They force the eternal idealities, be they theological or political, to fall from the sky to the ground where true life exists, and to be transformed into living and fruitful realities for the people. The people in claiming their daily bread, the whole product of their work, claim science, justice, liberty, equality, solidarity, fraternity, in fact humanity. Whence it results that materialism is the highest expression of practical and true idealism. BAKOUNIN.

ANARCHISTS AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

You have asked me to express my opinion on the question as to whether the forthcoming International Socialist Congress in London should or should not follow the precedent of the Zurich Congress and expel the Anarchists.

First, I have to point out that the Zurich Congress did not expel the Anarchists. It wasted three days in a highly amusing but also very unseemly wrangle as to whether certain "Independents" who were opposed to the tactics of the German Social-Democratic party should or should not have their credentials rejected, and be themselves forcibly ejected from the hall. The Congress at last decided in the affirmative, not really on the ground that the "Independent" political theory was inadmissible, but as a rough and ready expedient for getting rid of a knot of men whom the German Social-Democratic leaders asserted to be so hopelessly disorderly, unpractical, and obstructive that no business could be done until they were removed.

What was the result? Were the "Anarchists" expelled? Not a bit of it. A few persons, after a scrimmage, were hustled out of the hall. But every Anarchist who sat in Congress as a delegate from a trade union kept his place unchallenged. For instance, Charles Mowbray, an Anarchist and a very demonstrative one at that, could not be touched, since he was present as the delegate of the East London tailors. Consequently, after all the fuss, all the discredit, all the wrangling, bad blood, waste of time, and general confusion and weariness, the Congress found itself just where it was before, except that it had thrown away three days in a perfectly futile attempt to prevent the Anarchists from wasting perhaps three hours. As a matter of fact, the subject cropped up again and again after the sham expulsion: and in the end all the resolutions had to be rushed through on the final Saturday morning without discussion.

Now is there any sort of sense in repeating this farce in England? And if the attempt is made, is it not more likely to end in a declaration of Congress in favour of the Anarchists than against them? Let us see.

In an English congress, trades unionism—which counts for comparatively little on the continent—will be all powerful. For instance, the Northumberland and Durham miners, whose delegates, as opponents of State action, voted on principle in favour of the Anarchists at Zurich, will represent a formidable force of opinion in an English congress. There is not only this theoretic individualism of many of the most powerful trade unions to be taken into account, but the strong English tradition against persecuting opinions, and, above all, the English impatience of tests and doctrines of all kinds—the "bona fide workingman" test always excepted. Take the Socialist bodies themselves: can they be relied on to support the German party against the Anarchists? Readers of "Justice" may suppose that the Social-Democratic Federation, for instance, is hand-and-glove with the German party, and is, in effect, the English branch of it. But exactly the same pretension was made before Zurich; and yet, when it came to the point, half the S. D. F. delegates voted one way and half the other. Nay, more, it was the half that represented the Central Council—that is to say, the "Justice" half—that voted with the Anarchists. The fact is, the S. D. F. here corresponds, not to the parliamentary Social-Democratic party in Germany, but to those very "Independents" who were thrown out of the Zurich Congress; and the attitude of the "Independent" leader at Zurich towards Liebnecht, Bebel and Singer, was exactly that of W. Quelch towards the Fabians in England. In London, when the Trades Council calls a conference on some question of the day, and it is practically prevented from doing any work by an irruption of youthful enthusiasts in red ties, all boiling over with propaganda, and ready to move and carry "the social revolution" as an amendment to every really businesslike motion—which is just the sort of thing that has driven the German Social-Democrats to expel the Independents—the disturbers are not Anarchists, but, if you please "revolutionary Social-Democrats", all guaranteed by the S. D. F. as after the regulation German pattern. These gentlemen will soon find out, as W. Quelch did, that the German leaders are no better than Fabians, and will vote against them in favour of the Anarchists or anyone else.

There is no reason whatever to suppose that the Independent Labour Party will vote for expulsion: on the contrary (though I have no special information on the subject) it will probably support Mr. Tom Mann in his plea for toleration. The Hammersmith Socialist Society will no doubt take the view of William Morris, who put the common sense of the whole business into a nutshell when he said "If there are any delegates who won't behave, carry them out like planks: if they will behave, why not have them, and hear what they have to say?" No doubt the "Bloomsbury Socialist Society" will support the German party; but with

all due consideration for Dr. and Mrs. Aveling, and for our old friend Lessner, Leibknecht can hardly fail to discover this time that the Bloomsbury Socialist Society is a purely imaginary body, which exists solely to qualify Dr. Aveling as a Socialist delegate. As to the Fabian Society, it has not yet instructed its delegates on this point; but I shall be greatly surprised if it resolves to have the Zurich row over again.

If the Congress were to reconstitute itself on an entirely political basis, excluding trade unions as such, and only admitting societies having for their object the solution of the industrial problem by Democratic State action, then the Anarchists and the Northumberland and Durham miners could go out together; but to admit one and expel the other would be too nonsensical.

But there is one difference between the Northumberland and Durham miners and the Anarchists which the latter should consider very seriously. The miners will send as their representatives men of experience, authority, and discretion, whose personal conduct will not offer the shadow of an excuse for any interference with their freedom of speech. Will the Anarchists do the same, or will they send men who cannot listen to a word in opposition to them without interrupting, clamouring, protesting, and generally exciting themselves until they are too hysterical to speak effectively when their own turn comes? If so, depend on it, William Morris's solution will be adopted, and they will be "carried out like planks" with the unanimous consent of the very delegates who will support their right to be present if they behave themselves reasonably. I am aware, of course, that Anarchists have no monopoly of indiscreet and incapable members. But you will admit, I think, that Anarchism, by presenting to all and sundry a doctrine which only very few people are finely constituted enough to appreciate, and still fewer can handle safely, does attract a rather unfair share of our scatterbrains. If the Anarchists select delegates who will do themselves and their cause credit, there is, I think, little fear of their being excluded from a congress in England.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

A DAY IN SPRING.

The sun of spring shines brightly, as it will,
And earth awakes to meet and greet it still;
The sun of Progress gives one's wishes scope,
And 'neath its beams men talk of love and hope.
Yet ah! it shines on what? What, then, may be
These sights it smiles on?—say, perplexity!
A world most set on Progress, yet too dull
To love the natural and the beautiful—
An Art made up of greed and blood and tears,
Mocking the proletarian's hopes and fears
Even while it drains his life-blood, yet no doubt
An Art that no sane man can do without—
Friends, cultured friends, and serious thinkers, who
Can teach the world a mournful thing or two—
(For 'tis their forte to treat of highest things,
And Socialism soars not, neither sings.)
Yet they can't sing, and they were overbold,
The glorious songs that charmed the world of old;
They cannot dream; their dreams of air and light
Have all been dreamt at length, and melt in night;
They cannot analyse—it turns them faint;
Nor do they care for problems, sad and quaint;
They can but tell the world its hopes are vain,
And that from love and joy it should refrain—
Trouble and gloom its due, and prison bars,
And blows, and woes, and medicine, and the stars.
And stranger sights, and worse confusion still
The sun smiles down on, calmly as it will.
Politics these friends flout, yet fain would find
Themselves in Parliament, the human mind
To conquer by pure stratagem, and for
Majorities condone both gold and war.
Money is power, and knowledge not too bold
Till warmed by—well, at least the sight of gold;
The touch comes next, which felt—ye gods, be dumb!
Thy kingdom—great officialdom!—may come!
Yes, mark their words, and all their tactics see,
And bow the head, for this is—Liberty!

Liberty, glorious vision, loved of old
By seers with loveliest secrets to unfold,
Is sunk to this—one's bread and butter free,
One's house and clothing—this is Liberty.
Nay, they disown the word—a "blessed" word
It is, and should not be so often heard.
It once had meaning, but ne'er will again;
A poor gift, it, to proffer starving men.
Justice, that is the word; a fine word too,
Though even more obscure—but what would you?
'Tis left for Liberty to shelter where
She best may from such chill and alien air,
And Anarchism claims her—nothing less!—
Strange champion for a goddess in distress?
Nay, better champion surely could not be,
For Anarchism is philosophy,
Is reason and enlightenment and rhyme
And evolution—everything but crime.
The anarchists, idealists at bay,
Are nought but good men who have come to stay;
Nought worse than learning's self, and if you choose
To look, you'll find them in our best reviews.
(Science this is—let it not be forgot—
Science it is, though Liberty 'tis not)
Look not for bombs, then, but for talent, and
Be very careful to misunderstand.
O sacred cause! child of eternal strife!
Was it for this men called ye into life?
For this heaven smiled, and bards, well-pleased, began
To sing the sacred love of man for man?
Was it for this, and but for this, ye sprang
Swift into life, even while the poets sang?—
Ye, pale sad faces, stern and anxious eyes!—
Ye who did hear the songs with glad surprise,
While on the earth ye gazed and gazed, until
With broken heart, but with undaunted will
Ye fought there!—long and fiercely—not amiss!—
Was all your joy, and all your pain for this?
Nay, not for this, not this! albeit to-day
'Mid this we grope; For what then? Freedom, say!—
Freedom, which, long desired, at length shall be;
Of science' self the deathless progeny!
When dead is all that would delay her reign,—
Ay, dead as custom's self, of wisdom slain;
And dead as knaves and dullards, priests and kings—
When—mark how the spirit of love and kinship springs
Out of the grave of force, and from all eyes
Wipes the sad tear, and shapes all destinies!
Washing the soiled world clean, yea, like a child
Treating the planet once so fierce and wild;
Pressing it to her heart, within its eyes
Better to read its sweet and strange surprise—
When in the merry world, from night set free
Each passionate heart throbs but for liberty,
And liberty is life—a cup brim full;
And life is nature, simple but not dull;
And nature is but lovely to the sight,
Bathed, at her worst, in fair and happy light;
With Art, her second self, not far away,
Growing serenely 'neath the eye of day—
When neither men nor women are accurst
Because of love—life's last gift, and the first;
And neither bards nor sages are undone
By life's fair face, turned smiling towards the sun;
And poetry, the child of painless strife
And tireless joy, springs once more into life!—
Matured that voice which, on an earlier day,
Was but the babblings of a child at play;
Divinely wise that voice, albeit sweet
And youthful, as, when nature dreams, is meet—
And Liberty, re-born, and born aright
Of storm and calm, of beauty and delight,
Of melancholy, thoughtful and divine,
And of fresh earth, warm earth, and fresh sunshine,
Unto the freed world's green and emulous youth
Lends wings of gold, ay, wings to all, in truth—
So great 'twill be, so great and fain to sing
Each child beloved of fate, beloved of spring!

JOHN FULFORD.

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