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The End of  
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THE END

OF THE

MISERABLE WORLD.

*J. J. Mass.*

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THE WORLD

WORLDWIDE WORLD

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P., Jan. 26, 1920

### A FEW WORDS.



What is this book? will it be asked. The end of the miserable world!

Yes! it is the end of the miserable world!... if the People will understand, open their eyes and look down on their wretchedness, on the abuses they have always suffered; if they will apply the remedy for their evils, — evils which desolate society, — regenerate the world, and give it new life.

Evil, — that is to say, misery, slavery, the prostitution of the body and that of intelligence, — all these plagues have attained their highest degree. There is not the smallest piece of land but where we can hear cries of despair, — not a nation that is not engaged in war, — not one single being enjoying true happiness.

Man and woman, face to face with misery and want, can but choose between dishonor or suicide.

Thief, Jesuit, spy, prostitute or slave, are reluctant words; nevertheless, man and woman have no other alternative left in the presence of the terrible exigencies of life.

Society admits him as honest who, having but little or no conscience at all, speculates on his fellowman, making him produce all the riches. He is therefore honest, according to the manners or morals of society. So, then, proud and calm, with one hand on his conscience and holding the Code in the other, he can say: "I have earned my fortune at the sweat of my brow!"

What shall you oppose to this red-hot iron logic applied to your sores, herculean People?

You are depressed, speechless, and without tribune to plead your cause; you witness the happiness and enjoyments of others, and you fall exhausted by fatigue under the weight of your chains.

Will it always be so?

Conscience and good sense reply: No!

This book is not a work of hatred nor of envy; it is all of love and pity for those who suffer and struggle under the vices of our corrupt society.

This book is an idea, a pacific, honest means; a conspiracy in the full light of the sun to stop those tears, those shames, those miseries, those suicides, those attempts against property and life, which every day become more and more frightful, and fatally strike on the unfortunate.

All of you, who are not of the *People*,—who pretend to be men of genius and science, and talk of Charity, Fraternity, and even of Liberty and Emancipation,—read this book, and make common cause with the People; listen to their sufferings, their despair; comfort them; and then, but then only, shall we have faith in your Christian words.

But no, People, do not entertain this hope. It is not sounding words which are required, but ACTS! Rely on yourselves to conquer your rights. When your enemies shall see that you are serious, strong and united, they will make themselves small and humble to come up to you.

J. F. MAS.

## THE END

OF THE

## MISERABLE WORLD.

I die at the moment when the scene is becoming interesting : a few years hence the genius of man shall have renewed the world.... Could I but take a countermark, and, mere spectator of things, live through curiosity !.... (GAY-LUSSAC.)

It is a very old story, that of the end of the world.

The lightning and thunder, the inundations, the drought, the earthquakes, all the great cataclysms have been a rich subject for the priests and Jesuits of all countries to predict the end of the world. The remotest date we can recollect of in history is the year 999.

At the last hour of said year 999, the terrestrial globe, according to our evil prophets, was to disappear like a nutmeg in the hands of a juggler, and all human beings to die instantly, and their soul appear before an old white-bearded man whom they call God, who would judge the ones good for Heaven, the others for Hell and Purgatory, three things which the priests and Jesuits skilfully turn to good account in frightening the credulous and weak-minded people.

Nevertheless, the globe still revolves.

Those predictions were throwing perturbation and desolation throughout the entire world, while the hypocritical devotees benigly reaped the earthly treasures from the horrified populations.

Excommunication, anathema, the Inquisition, turned the people into a mass of ignorant, stupid and trembling beings.

Guttenberg appears, and the reign of the priest vanishes as fast as light shines over the world.

The lords, masters of the soil and men, abused of their powers to such an extent, that, when '89 broke out, the world was shaken as if by an earthquake

That great revolution causes others to rise, which create a new lord, the *bourgeois*. This new master, with the support of the army and the priests, the *gendarmes*, the police, the jailors, the judges and consorts, maintains the people in slavery and stupidity. While extolling progress, liberalism, he is himself satisfied with the new order of things, which enables him to increase his property and fatten on the sweat of the wretched laboring men.

Since the reign of the lord, of the priest and the *bourgeois* will soon disappear, the reign of the people should commence.

The priest has often predicted the end of the world, the people will now announce it, — not the end of the world juggled and reduced to nought, but simply the end of the wretched world.

What is named society — that is to say all those leeches, who suck the people's blood — has attained the last step of its power. Society bears death in its bosom.

Yes, the old society is going — it is dying, because it ranks among fatal things, because it rests on falsehood and impossibility. Where unity, solidarity and fraternity do not exist, the word *Society* is but a falsehood. There is no more faith in honor, no probity in transactions, no holy confidence in friendship; we dream of an ideal world, and that is the sole consolation of those who suffer.

Man, by believing he has great knowledge of the human heart, thinks he has the right of scorning human-

ity, because he sees everywhere nothing but falsehood, vile calculation, duperies, intrigues and infernal machinations. Tired and disgusted, he follows the course of the impure and devastating torrent. He does not believe in the love of woman, and if he marries, it is through vanity — to do like the rest — to have a home, a family, which does not prevent him from having mistresses and companions of debauchery in town. If he has children, he does not overlove them, and they, at the sight of their grumbling, old and ridiculous parents, moralists at every occasion, find more charm in the laughing, playful generation who sees the future dawning, than in that which prays in churches and is always backwards in politics. Besides, what love, what veneration can these frolicsome natures have for parents who have united through interest, thinking of nothing else but the dowry or *the hopes*, and who were married through the channel of newspapers, the system by which employees or servant are procured ?

Everything is business to-day ; gold reigns supreme, it has superseded everything — friendship, love, family, religion, home, humanity.

Must we despair, submit and suffer with resignation, or hope in death as the only remedy for all these evils, when Nature is so rich and beautiful, and the human beings full of health and dreaming of happiness ; when the Earth is covered with harvests and flowers ; when there are so many happy beings ; when there is such movement and bustle on earth, on the waters, and, very soon, in the sky ; when all men of intellect think and reflect on the social miseries ?

No ! Away with those vain terrors and cowardly fears ! Réjoice, suffering slaves ! Those wars, those luxuries, — the happy in contact with the unhappy, — are the terrible questions to discuss, the beginning of the great work ; it is the end of the Impossible, — the last

battles to be fought between old, obstinate Slavery and Liberty.

The world anxiously look towards the Future; yes, every one is at the terrible work — studying the social questions.

If it is the disease, it is also the remedy.

Proudhon and several philosophers attribute to property the cause of all evils; Proudhon said: "Property is robbery!"

But has not the first occupant or proprietor worked enough to grub up the soil, to struggle against wild beasts, &c.? And to-day, is he not tormented enough in his possession by impositions, fines, mortgages, usurers, lawyers, thieves, rioters and murderers? Why insult this unhappy shell-snail? The poor man! he was coupled like the cattle; he took the chain as gayly as the convict takes it sadly; then he chose a solitary and individual life, despised the pleasures and activity of man; he made himself dumb to moral and intellectual labor, blind to the improvements and inventions which are revolutionizing the world; he despised everything but his egotistical life; he chose a star which failed him, and he lives buried and satisfied in the midst of his progeny. That is the result of Mariage and Property. That unhappy being is always uneasy, he arms himself and watches his property night and day, seeing nothing but thieves, assassins and incendiaries; he has always before his eyes this current title of the work of Balzac (*Les Paysans*): "QUI TERRE A GUERRE A;" that is to say that he who owns property is constantly exposed to war.

The first occupants were not thieves, and could not know what plagues the institution of property was to create; for must we not fatally go through error, slavery, misery, &c., before we can discern truth from error; fight against slavery to conquer liberty; work hard to get out of misery? Otherwise it would have been ne-

cessary that men came suddenly on earth like the fish in the water, and only have to open and shut their mouth to live; be educated and civilized, having railroads, electric telegraphs, navigation on the waters and in the airs; speak but one language, having no knowledge of wars, slavery, property, and all the plagues inherent to the human institution; in fine, arrive at one single stride to what will have no end,— Progress!

According to Victor Hugo, it is “to the degradation of man by pauperism; the fall of woman by hunger; the atrophy of the child by darkness, &c. ...As long as there shall be on earth ignorance and misery...”

Mr. Victor Hugo, allow me : You are not a *prolétaire* (pauper), your wife does not feel the pangs of hunger, your children are not in darkness, and nevertheless you do not possess the supreme happiness! You see very well, by the example of a group taken in Humanity, that all the evil should not be attributed to the “*prolétariat* (or pauperism), to the degradation of “woman, to ignorance.....”

Yes, it is through ignorance, but ignorance of what is true, just, and by not knowing how to apply the remedy to the evil. In a word, it requires actions, few phrases and few words; without that, we can arrive at no other result but that of producing speeches to put the people to sleep over their miseries, and volumes to become mouldy in libraries.

Remark one man, a rude athlete, who dreams but one thing, and that thing is all — it is absolute Liberty. M. Emile de Girardin does not write novels “which may not be useless;” he wants absolute liberty to cure all evils. He is right; but he seems to ignore the fact that he is a *subject* of the Man-Lie, the man who exhausts a whole nation by the words *glory, preponderance of France*; the man who killed the Roman republic, the prince who assassinated in an ambush the immortal Republic of February, — yes, immortal, although

the wretch presides at the Tuileries, proud and insolent, offering his *good* services of mediation, or threatening to make war against the whole universe. Family of assassins : the Uncle killed the first Revolution, his mother ; the Nephew choked the Revolution of '48 (his mother by adoption), the Roman republic, and he lately offered his mediation to the United States. And at this hour,

For you, Frenchmen, ah! what shame!

the soldiers of December, soldiers of the Pope and of the Prince of Atria, are dancing over the bloody and smoking ruins of the Mexican republic!

They have slaughtered the Parisians, the provincials, the Romans, the Mexicans, the Chinese.... they would thus go round the world!

Republicans of the North, look out for yourselves!

See the plot of covetousness formed for the annihilation of this Republic — the shame of European monarchies!

Reflect on the following extract from an old correspondence of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*. The writer (M. Gaillardet) expresses himself thus :

“ The evacuation of this land (the Crimea) bathed with blood was operated with a rapidity that struck the whole Europe. The most competent men had thought that this embarkment of over 250,000 men and an immense siege material would at least take six months. It was effected in less than three. This prodigious rapidity has been regarded as a proof of good will by the czar “Nicholas” (?), who could not have been crowned as long as part of the national territory was occupied by foreign forces. It has given him, at the same time, the measure of the resources which the French navy could have disposed of, if a disembarkment on any other point of his Empire had been needed. A distance of eight hundred leagues was run on sea with more rapidity and facility than it has ever been accomplished on land. The remotest Empires should then never believe themselves protected by the distance which separates them from Europe. Steam is now a hyphen between all points of the globe, not only for industry, but also for Justice, whose avenging arm can now reach the extremities of the Universe. THERE IS IN THAT A GREAT SOCIAL FACT WHICH THE WISE MEN OF ALL PARTS OF AMERICA WOULD DO WELL TO MEDITATE.

“ On this subject a Belgian journal reproaches the French press with not giving enough importance to the contention existing between England and the United States about Central America. THERE IS IN THAT A GENERAL INTEREST OF A HIGH RANGE FOR THE

FUTURE — says the Belgian paper, who sees in the conflict no other logical solution than the annulation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, substituting to said treaty a protocole of all the maritime nations, warranting the freedom of communication between the two oceans by the Isthmus of Panama. “

It is not a simple pamphlet, but all the sharp-shooters and gunners of the Press which are needed to warn the people of the approaching dangers.

This Republic with its gold mines, and producing corn, tobacco, cotton and thousands of other products of first necessity, supplying the European markets, and, above all, possessing Liberty,— yes, this Republic shames out European royalties, because here the people are free and live in abundance, whereas in Europe they are subjected, enslaved and miserable.

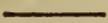
Girardin, Balzac, Proudhon, Victor Hugo and all the philosophers which the world admire make use of a beautiful language to paint the miseries of human life ; but, to quote the words of a respectable woman writing to us :— “ Do you think, like Victor Hugo, of changing society with mere words ? ”

There lies all the question.

To properly lay a question is almost to solve it.

Thank you, madam ; we shall develop an idea, a means which we are firmly convinced will solve forever those great questions — if the People will side with us.

But our voices is a very feeble one, and our resources are very limited. No matter ! Let us throw the Idea upon the whirlwing ! Come what may ! It is our Right ; it is our Duty !



After ten millions of days and nights of incalculable sufferings, the people should know enough and be strong enough to apply, himself, the remedy to his evils — leaving aside doctors-philosophers and advocate-philanthropists.

It is not by adding words to others; it is not by pronouncing with emphasis the words Progress, Republic, Liberty, that those evils shall cease. No!

To comprehend and practise Liberty, that is the remedy for all evils!

We must attack the evil at its root, search all the corners of society, from top to bottom, the outside and inside of those columns of clay which are named Property, Religion, Marriage, forced or voluntary celibacy, Family, Government, Law, Armed force, Slavery, Commerce, &c., wherein every one is struggling and wherein the people is but a machine, a vile multitude; analyse, denounce all that is untrue, mire, falsehood, hypocrisy — all that is horrible at the bottom of those institutions. To quote a word from the comedy, *Le Fils de Giboyer* : — “ Speech is also a sword. ”

Ah! mylords-knights Burgesses, we will find out the weak point of the cuirass, since our great writers, our great poets know not or dare not find it out.

To this prologue you reply, shrugging your shoulders : — “ Folly! poor sheep; ah! you shall always be shorn. ”

We well know that you scorn at the aspirations of the people towards Liberty; we know all the arguments with which you lull the people; you hold fast to your properties, to your families, to your prejudices and to your privileges; gold is the talisman through which you commit all sorts of infamies; nevertheless you are feasted and honored everywhere.

We pertinently know that you have your scribes who are watching from the top of their newspaper columns, ready to stop by their hue and cry the first who would attempt to raise the voice against your infamies; your means are diffamation, discredit, famine, which create discouragement, and often cause suicide. However, you shall be powerless against the truth contained in this simple pamphlet; and if the people will follow our

advice, instead of a few individuals to contend with, you shall have a tempest to appease and master.

We know that your spies, your Jesuits and your paid agents watch day and night that the people be calm and may not complain or revolt. We know all that and many other things yet; but, we repeat it, we now know the weak point of the cuirass, and we shall fight with uncovered breast, without murderous lead, without incendiary torch, the head up and in the full light of the sun.

But it is not assistance, alms, nor the right to labor which we claim; it is not a few political reforms for which we pray; no — it is the right to live and liberty for all — for you as well as for ourselves.

We have always trembled before your muskets and your cannons; we have feared your prisons and your tortures; but to-day we fear nothing. We warn you that you shall come and kneel before the people; but fear not, the powerful is never wicked — the elephant never tramples on the reptile but heedlessly.

Allow us to tell what is a *bourgeois*. It is a man without generous ideas, of gross appetite, cold, insensible at the sight of the misfortune, misery or despair of his fellow-man. The *bourgeois* is the king — the king is but his servant. He commands everywhere and speculates on every thing, even on his bastard children which he sells to the first planter he meets. The son of the *bourgeois* smilingly spends his youthful life and his fortune; he is the king of the houses of illfame whose inmates strip him of his money and jewels.

Before going further, we shall sketch society such as we see it.

The saying "each one for himself and each one at home," — which is a principle of Liberty, — is strictly practised by you, and under the mask of philanthropic charity, and while you seem to interest yourselves ostensibly to public and private miseries, the greatest horrors

are taking place side by side with mirth and sadness. A wall, often a simple partition, separates the rich from the poor : on one side the spare diet, on the other the sumptuous feast ; on one side there is singing and dancing, on the other weeping and horrible convulsions ; here the paralysing cold is felt, there the finest desserts are savored by the side of a good fire ; here a person meets with violence and murder, there they are laughing, singing and dancing ; on one side ignoble debauchery, on the other calmness and the peaceable and egotistical family life ; here the birth of a being is desired, announced with joy, prepared with care in its minor details ; there the first symptoms of a birth are terrors, maledictions to men and to God, — the birth of a child is a gloom and sometimes a crime.

In some parts of the city the streets are large, clean, planted with trees, shrubs, ivy climbing up to the roofs, of houses, with parterres covered with turf, sand and gravels ; stoops and balconies covered with odoriferous flowers — the whole forming a paradise for those well dressed and happy inhabitants who chat and laugh freely, trampling on the finest carpets ; there are sumptuous residences decorated with taste, the well ventilated rooms with their waxed floors, &c., their moveable panes of glass to condense the air with the heat of the warming pipes ; lustres, gas everywhere filling the place of the sun at night ; servants, male and female, kind and attentive to the least wants or caprice of their masters ; they have everything close at hand and at will — fuel, eatables, fresh or preserved ; professors of languages, of singing and dancing for their children ; nurses who have abandoned their children to the sucking-bottle — an instrument that kills more surely than the revolver, — yes, nurses who have abandoned and left their own babes to come and suckle, with oppressed hearts and eyes filled with tears, the babes of those ladies.

Around those sumptuous residences, it is not — as it

was befor the Republic — the serfs beating the ponds to prevent the frogs from troubling the voluptuous sleep of their lords and masters ; but instead of that there are guardians and police agents who watch day and night to prevent thieves and mendicants from coming near.

In other parts of the city, narrow and unwholesome streets, high and badly closed houses, constructed with such solidity as to fall down and burrying under their ruins household furniture and inhabitants ; close, low, dirty rooms, without yards non gardens ; no trees, no flowers ; the water down stairs or at the fountain ; the gas in the street or the stinking candle or the homicid fluid for he who can buy it ; the trash of the market traveling the streets in the rain and in the heat of the sun, impairing the food of the people ; vagrants in rags exposed to the bitter cold, rain, mud and snow ; in summer, the insects and vermin, the deleterious miasmas, the suffocating heat ; there, in those infectious dwellings, after long days of hard and rude labors, men, women and children are grouping around a meagre supper, drinking water or unwholesome beverages — without speaking of the tobacco or opium which besot them, loosing therey their reason, their intelligence ; and, at night, crowded in their filthy beds, where vermin and sickness tortures them, they die for want of wholesome food, doctors or medicines. There too are the police, but it is to watch and see that the people conspire not, collect together or make any attempt on private property, on the morals. &c. There, it is the daughter of the people who abandons her family and renounces to marriage, in which she can see nothing but toil and miseries, to launch herself in debauchery, selling her body to him — thief or assasin — who has gold. There, it is the workman who abandoned his ungrateful toil to throw himself into libertinism, sometimes associating with the prostitute to decoy into their den, strip and murder the unsuspected and candid passer-by. Of

course the cries of the victims are heard, but the passers-by mutter out in a low tone — “ Each one for himself. ”

Oh! this society is ignoble when at night the encounter of a fellow-creature is more to be dreaded than that of wild beasts!

The people have become so accustomed to this disorder of things, that they work and accustom themselves to privations and misery as though it were quite natural; they disown their rights and that which they owe to their children and to humanity. Some few robust and rude natures among the people, by working hard and suffering privations, sometimes attain the highest steps of speculation; these are the very ones who exercise the most pressure on the wretched.

By confiding to the savings banks the fruits of their economies, the people make the rich say that they earn too much; it is then that the wages are reduced from time to time, while the price of provisions rises as well as that of rent and everything necessary to the existence of man, — for the life of the rich is nothing but a perpetual calculation; he makes the earth and the flesh produce the most possible; he may *earn* a thousand or a hundred thousand more one year than the other: never will he increase the salary unless he is forced to do so by the *strikes*, — an increase insignificant and fatally good, for the more the workman shall be compelled to live miserably the sooner will he open his eyes and search the means to better his condition.

The poor people count by farthings and pennies; the rich count by *francs*, dollars, thousands and millions. — There are some who think less of a hundred or a thousand dollars, than others do of a penny or of a dime.

When we say that there are some who think less of a hundred or a thousand dollars than others of a penny or a dime, we mean to say that they think less of an expense of one hundred dollars to enjoy themselves, than others do of a penny or a dime to procure that which is

strictly necessary. With their calculation — money or credit — the rich know how to add up how much will yield so many heads of human cattle, black or white, by the work of a day or of a year; and also how much, by reducing the wages of each one, they will exactly produce. They know how to buy their provisions in large quantities and of the best quality at half price, while the poor pay double for inferior quality; and let us add that when the poor buy on credit or make a small loan of money, it is at the *legal* rate of 25 per cent or more.

As for the rich, the law against coalitions cannot reach them, for they can assemble and discuss at home, cause an increase in the price of everything, and treat at will all questions without fear of spies or *gendarmes*; while the poor have no peaceable place of meeting whatever and have to submit to laws prejudicial to their interest.

But these are things which everybody know, and which are secondary to those which we intend to treat hereafter. Besides, all the world know that all is profit and favor for he who possesses, to the detriment of those who have nothing but their arms to work for a living.

Look at the great trees of the forests. When they have attained the period of their growth, they pine away and fall to decomposition. Thus will it be with Property; the great wretchedness produced by it will be the cause of its downfall; for the people, when they shall understand the idea of emancipation, will rise and — it is the insurgent Barbès who said so — “their enemies will disappear like chaff before the wind.”

Laborers of the cities, you certainly deeply feel all your miseries; but the country people, sweating blood and water — far from the labors of intelligence — in order to extract the riches from the soil and the entrails of the earth, what privations and miseries have they not to suffer!

Armies of soldiers, mariners, laquays, jailors, slaves, workingmen of all countries, all those people who are

scorned, whipped, imprisoned, judged, condemned and killed in battles on sea and on land, in foul workshops, ship-yards, plantations, hospitals, in the mines, in prisons, and even in the public thoroughfares.

For the people, to whom everything is due, there is not even charity or pity for them!

If this disorderly state of things were to continue, we would be Malthusians with good heart, for it would be better to strangle those beings at the moment of their birth, rather than see them grow up, become strong to bow before a master, stupidly kneel before a priest, fall lifeless under the mouth of a cannon or the axe of the executionner!

While enjoying liberty as we do, we shall denounce in twenty pamphlets — if we have the means — all those infamies, those murders, those strangling of human beings and liberties; and when men shall see how Society is horrible and frightful, they will fall back horror-struck.

The task is a rude one to conquer Liberty. Alas! how many murders, riots, revolutions, wars, how much blood shed until this day!

To find out the word, the idea, the gordian knot of the social question, as we find the secret of a great invention, — then the *equilibrium* of so many centuries of iniquities shall be so well broken, that it is well to warn the people — like the lightning before the tempest — of the change which is about to take place all over the globe.

All the most beautiful speeches, the most beautiful reasoning, all the proofs that evil is surely evil — all that is idleness! One might indicate as clear as day that the sovereign remedy for the evils which decimate and desolate the people has been found, nevertheless the relief would not be materially felt. So many words, so many speeches, controversies and writings would serve but to procure more and more lucrative positions for

speakers and journalists, and good speculations for publishers and merchants.

The people is at school since thousands of years. Now or never is the time when the scholar should become practitioner. It is time that he who produces everything should have his share in everything. It is greatly time that he who has always been in darkness should have his share of the sun's rays. In fine, it is time that the slave should fully enjoy liberty.

To work! to work! to work! All hands on deck! or all is going down to the same abyss, treasures and miseries.

It is the cry of distress.

Brothers of all the Lodges of the universe, come to our aid, you who are working since five thousand years for your brothers all over the world. Be with us and we shall triumph.

To our aid, workmen of the universe! Help us in our war against this monstrous and rotten society, in order to reconstruct it on the solid foundations of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

Come also to our aid, you too, happy rich, parasites, speculators, usurers, merchants, jesuits, spies, judges, jailors and gendarmes, who, in order to keep up your rank and hold your position in society, are forced to put aside all the humane feelings which are at the bottom of your conscience. Come! slaves of the worst kind, for your own good and in your own interest, we rely a good deal on you, because you owe enormously to your unhappy brothers!

Come to our aid, sea-faring men, to carry the good news to all the peoples. Come to us, for we shall need your experience of navigation to perfect the speed and security of distant excursions.

Oh! women, come to our aid, you angels who are enduring all the evils of this hell; we shall feast you always, that we may see you smiling and happy. In the

name of your brothers, of your sisters, of your old parents, of your children; in the name of your most secret affections; in the name of your disowned and despised dignity; in the name of your liberty, help us in the enfranchisement of all! Without your help and encouragement, we shall fail in the accomplishment of our task; with you, we shall surely succeed.

Come to our aid, young girls! slaves of the laws and speculations of men; victims of the morals and stupidity which throne and dispose of everything; simple and candid young girls, your support is immense! Help us, and soon you may love whom you please, go and come freely, respected by all.

And you all, brothers and sisters, children and old men, who are riveted to the chain of labor or penitentiaries, on the hospital beds, in cellars, in garrets, in holes, in kennels, without bread or fire, paralysed by cold or suffocated by heat: we say to you — Hope! a little more suffering — your existence is twice dear to us; hope, for the hour of freedom is near!

All of you who have read a little of ancient and modern history, who have assisted to the last revolutions, remember how the dictators, the presidents, the kings, the emperors, the priests, the lords and the burgesses have treated the people — the serfs; remember the human *auto-da-fé*, the tortures of the Inquisitions, the imprisonments in the Bastille, the *lettres de cachet*, the *oubliettes*, the wholesale massacres, the crucifixions, the deaths by the guillotine, hanging, or drowning, the transportations, the empalements, the dungeons, the cells, the rope, the boiling pitch and oil, the water, the red hot iron, the ladders, the quarterings; in fine, a thousand manners of causing tortures and death which we know not and which are so horrible that one would believe them to be stories; and yet the people of all countries have suffered those horrors, when they pro-

tested against the lie of men and revolted to conquer their liberty.

And the morals that permitted those human sacrifices; and even to-day the slaughtering of the masses by conscription to suit the fancy of kings; and in the ordinary disorder what do we see? They think before all of material life. He who thinks that we should be mindful of the future, of liberty, of fighting the tyrants, of the miseries of the people, causes the satisfied rich who fatten on the sweat of the working people to say: "What do all those socialists, communists and incorrigible revolutionists want? They would do better to work and mind their own business." They repeat in other terms these words of Mr. Guizot, the ex-minister of Louis-Philippe — "Labor is a check." — Therefore, we see everywhere despair, suicides, murders, and men bowing low, selling themselves, drag themselves in infamy and misery; and the young girls, the women, selling themselves in marriage or prostitution!

Has not the time come to put a stop to those oceans of human blood, to those tempests of complaints and despairs?

Then let the People meet in public places, and in their meetings sign and issue — the same way as Abraham Lincoln — a Proclamation conceived thus:

ARTICLE 1.

In the name of Liberty.

From the 24th of February; 1870, all men, women and children, of all race and color, are now and shall forever remain FREE.

ARTICLE 2.

On the 24th of February, 1870, at daybreak, the

people shall cease to perform any longer all manual labor, and peaceably walk about and contemplate their power and show it to those who have speculated on their toil.

Decreed in New York, free city of the world, the 24th of February, 1864, the 17th year of the era of Socialism.

To the people is intrusted the execution of this present and first decree of the people to the people.

*(Follow the signatures.)*

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We wil develop this idea.

By the constant progress in industry, in the arts and sciences, and by all that which is passing before our eyes to the detriment of the poor and against the poor, the people shall soon reach the lowest degree of slavery, ancient and modern. We can see every day more and more all the business going into the hands of the great capitalists; — great firms, gigantic enterprises, with sounding capital doubled, tripled, quintupled by credit and paper. — “The rich only can borrow money;” therefore, the small firms, the minor industries vainly struggle and only obtain credit at a high interest, warranted by good securities — for the rich never will risk either capital or interest, nor the interest of interests. Those who have enough capital to live for the remainder of their days retire from the struggle, become *rentiers* (annuitants), speculators and usurers. These are the most prudent; they invest their money on good mortgages, on State stocks, and then live selfishly, unmindful of the questions of the day.

Those who intrust their capitals to the rich know that

their money is sure and that it will bring them large profits. The consequence of this is that we see wealthy firms delivering goods at fabulously low prices. Thus, little by little, workmen, foremen and small manufacturers come and offer every day their services to these solid houses where, although the salary is small, there is more security, besides *the glory* of being employed by such firms.

Wretchedness and misery work up the brain and often cause the discovery of great inventions; and the poor inventors unable to carry their discovery to perfection, are forced to sell their secret to capitalists. That is what we call "carrying water to the sea," and puts the people more and more under the domination of the rich.

If the rich undertake, by shares, a line of railroad or steamers, omnibus or cars, or any other great enterprises which at first seems uncertain of profits, the small purses are invited to join in, and they do rush in, the ones allured by gain, the others by covetousness of underhand dealings. The speculations on the Stock Exchange soon cause all these actions to fall in discredit; the small shareholders are soon seized with panic, and the rich — who caused the fall in values — buy all they can. The game is played: the small shareholder furnished the funds, and Macaire reaps the profits!

When the Christian kneels down and joins his hands, with his eyes turned up to heaven, he contemplates God and hopes in the promised land.

When the working man, through privations, succeeds in making economies, which he deposits in the banks, it is that with 5 or 6 per cent interest he hopes to become proprietor and speculator in his turn.

When the rich crosses his arms, with his legs up and fixed eyes, he is calculating; he is in extacy before the figures of the Stock Exchange.— Bertrand and Macaire

know that they can make more out of that than the miners of California with their *placers*.

The former, the religious, is the pupil of intelligent and even well educated people, — knowing that it is necessary to keep the people in ignorance, making them understand that in another world they will eternally enjoy supreme happiness; that the kingdom of God is the inheritance of the simple minded. But they, the cunning rascals, are in the meantime enjoying the pleasures of this paradise near at hand, and laugh at the good faith of their dupes.

The latter, the workingman, struggles with a vain hope; want of work, sickness, unhappy undertakings cause his hair to turn gray before time.

The rich can exempt himself of all extra-duties or unprofitable toil, of all that the poor must submit to. With a little money (the rate in France is 2,000 francs, and in America 300 dollars, more or less), they can exempt their sons from paying the tax of blood; and very often they can do so without money, through the influence of relatives presiding the councils of revision. All situations and lucrative sinecures are in their hands: directors, clerks, employés, ministers of the Gospel and Bible, prefects, judges, officers, generals, inspectors, mayors, church wardens, representatives of the people, counsellors at law, writers, consuls, ambassadors, chamberlains or *portes queues*, are named, elected, chosen amongst the rich. Power, dignities, honors, everything is in the hands of the rich; whereas the son of the poor, the working man, the country man and seaman support all the burdens and the hardships of the times.

And after that we are astonished that the people are depraved and commit crimes! We are astonished that the people fill the prisons, — that the daughters of the people fill the houses of prostitution!

But it is not Vice that revels in the houses of prostitution, — it is Misery!

It is not Crime that crawls in the penitentiaries, — it is Misery!

It is not Murder and Assassination that ascend the steps of the scaffold, — it is Misery!

It is not Crime, Murders, Assassination, Vagrancy, Infanticide, Swindling, &c., awaiting judgement in the prisons, in dungeons; no, — it is Misery!

What do we say of a man who has committed a culpable and shameful action? We say with sadness: — “It is a Wretch!”

Oh! we should never scorn and despise any one; we should rather have pity on him, and, notwithstanding what we hear others say against him, believe him to be good rather than bad.

Paupers, notwithstanding all your troubles and all your virtues, you have all the vices.

Have gold, and, notwithstanding all your infamies, you shall have all the virtues — in the eyes of society.

And the proof of this is that it is always the sons of the poor people, the miserables (since this word is in fashion), who are always dragged in prison and before the tribunals.

It matters not! Work away, inspect, watch the people! “Valet, prepare the harnesses and carriages! paint the hoofs of the horses, let down the steps, — we are going to the Wood! John, drive at full gallop, and splash all those sluggish fellows!” says the proud and satisfied rich.

What do the people require more to see clearly through this disorder of things, and to resolve not to be slaves any longer? Do they require greater catastrophes? Have they not hunger at home? the wholesale massacres of the battlefield? Have they not the prison? the houses of refuge for their old age? the benevolent societies where the wants are weighed and where, instead of relief you hear religious sermons? Has not the Pope lately sent ten thousand francs to the wretched inhabi

tants of Lower Seine — the price of at least one of his chasubles... a few pennies for each hungry person? And has not Napoleon III distributed among them, through the hands of his priests, one hundred thousand francs (what generosity and efficacy of relief!) And besides, such generosity and benevolence are bestowed only on those who are religious and submissive to the government! The Legislative-*Corps* have voted five millions of francs for the hungry workmen of France, but at the same time they will give hundreds of millions to pay the expenses of that shameful war of Mexico.

The French have taken Puebla, Mexico and other cities. It was understood that they were to treat of peace in Mexico, and then reembark : they have on the contrary decreed the Empire, and already they are talking of intervention in favor of the South against the North. England and Spain will soon join with France, and sooner or later they will choke our rich, proud and free Republic of Washington, the same way that Russia, Prussia and Austria are dividing Poland between themselves.

To-day the European monarchies perceive that Republics are their shame and danger. It is a deadly war between Slavery and Liberty.

If the North should succumb, the peoples of Europe would certainly feel an increase of bondage of which it would be impossible to get free forever.

All those soldiers trained up in the art of war are excited and full of fanaticism. They have been told so often that they were the champions of Civilisation and Liberty, that they now believe they really are, and look upon us, republicans, as heartless savages and blood drinkers.

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Workmen, shall you be deaf? Do you prefer slavery and charity! while those gentlemen and ladies, your

masters, have all they wish for and travel for their pleasure in all parts of the world wherever they can enjoy the splendors of a beautiful sun, rich landscape, pure air and good fare, splendid waterfalls, &c.; and the poor people offering them the finest fruits and the master-pieces of their work shops — always ready to serve masters, valets, horses and dogs!

Must we wait to act that the master imposes on the people all the ancient and modern usages of slavery? that two men cannot meet and speak about any subject they choose without being watched by a spy or a *gendarme*; without being dragged in prison, if they talk about the price of bread, or the cost of a government?

Cannot a person (as it is now the case in New York), man or woman, stop on any public place without a policeman pushing him and saying — “Go on!” And if you are a stranger, believing yourself free to look at the stars or wait for some friend, must a policeman, with raised club, arrest you and confine you in the cells of station houses, fit rather for beasts than for men?

And if you have received a bad banknote in exchange for your labor, must you be arrested as a forger and detained in prison for any length of time for want of proofs of your innocence, or for want of bail.

Must we no more circulate freely day or night, a bundle under the arm, without being interrogated by a policeman like a dishonest man or a thief? Or more, that in each city — as in London lately — misery drive the people to madness and make of them night-strangers by profession?

If, through privations, or returning from a dinner or pic-nic, you stagger a little in walking, must the policeman roughly take hold of you, with the club raised up, handcuff and drag you in those dirty cells, with all kinds of people, robbers, assassins and prostitutes, and leave you there until next day. Then, if you are not found dying or dead — as is often the case — they fine

you, and in default of your paying the find, you are sent to prison.

Must you be forbidden to speak, smoke in the streets, murmur tunes of liberty — as is done here, in France and other *civilized* countries, where one must bow before the *gendarmes* and spies, or else be imprisoned or exiled ?

Must we be prevented to cry out : thief! when we are robbed by a passerby, a hotel keeper or other, without being yourself arrested for troubling the public peace ? And, nevertheless, you are not ignorant of the fact that while the merchant swindles you on the weight or measure, he moreover succeeds in selling you cow for beef, cotton for wool, or brass for gold.

Must the proprietor of the house you live in put you and your family out in the streets — snow or rain — whether you or any member of your family are sick or not, because you cannot pay him at the precise time — as it is sometimes done in New York.

Those mock auctions in the centre of Broadway, where you are beaten and knocked down for refusing to pay for the brass which was sold to you as gold, — the police know them well, they pass by those houses at all hours of the day and arrest the person who has been robbed if he cries out : thief! because he troubles the *public peace* ; but they leave the patented auctioneer continue his business !

Must the people — unable to marry the woman of their choice — go always to those haunts of debauchery in the neighborhood of doctors and druggists ?

And those soldiers, those inhabitants of convents, male and female, shut up in celibacy ! One cannot imagine the infamies committed within closed doors as well as in the full light of day. The pen cannot describe them.

Must the workman be altogether a machine and the master impose on him such things as the bell to call him to work, the bell to eat, the bell to go out ; the vexa-

tions "rules of the house"; and all this in order that the workman may produce more while living poorly; whereas the master has at the end of each year a large total of profits!

Suppose you are working by the piece; soon the master will perceive, — by the comfort you enjoy, by your independence, — that you earn too much money; then he shall diminish your salary, which will bring on disgust and aversion for labor and even for life. If you are employed on time, you shall perform the least possible labor: you shall gain nothing thereby, neither will the master, and the community will suffer by it. What cares the master as long as you are his slave!

Oh! because woman is weak and in great wants, and has not the credit or the great resources of man, must the young girls, the women prostitute themselves after the day's work in order to live — as it is the case in the great manufacturing cities?

Must the workman, after long years of toil and misery, be obliged to pick up the filth in the streets, in order to live? Must he be reduced to carry burthens, clean boots for every body or perform other humiliating work to earn a few pennies, and not be allowed to sleep on the stoops of the palaces that he built?

Poor people, are you not miserable enough? Have your robust sons and your most beautiful daughters more sacrifices to offer? You have yet your life left, but the master cares more about it than you do yourself, for the more you are miserable the weaker and cheaper you will be. Oh! we are more civilized to-day than they were in the old times of holocausts; we appreciate the value of man, black or white, by what his muscles and his sweat can produce!

Must you rise up again and cry out a thousand times: "To live by working or die while fighting!" so that government and the burgesses or masters may

reduce you in larger numbers yet, because you will not be contented with your precarious position.

Must you have a renewal of the massacres of Guadalupe and St. Bartholomew—negroes to-day slaughtering the whites, to-morrow the whites slaughtering the negroes; Catholics and Protestants struggling and fighting against each other: in a word, oceans of blood, tears, moanings all over the world?

To-day it is the draft in America—the universal conscription, the universal massacre; not a single spot on the globe is exempt from it. And who shall stop all those sanguinary fools? Who shall stop your children and grand children from being the victims of Death on the battlefields, or choked in prisons, in hospitals, or in the workshops, while your masters and tyrants enjoy themselves?

Must you be enclosed like cattle, like negro slaves, pell-mell with women and children, and let the master sell you wholesale or retail, at his own will, or make you work bound in chains like convicts, or *free* like the serfs of Russia?

The people of France have always wished to conquer Liberty, but they have always failed—probably because the means employed were unworthy of Liberty—who may be a goddess seeking noble and valorous knights worthy of her!

In all countries of the world, when the people would conquer Liberty, they have always proceeded by violence, murder, devastation and conflagration—terrible but often just retaliations—but which only served to bring about more terrible disasters; for reaction, mastered for a moment, would again get hold of the power and strip the people of the few remnants of liberty they had enjoyed before the insurrection.

Besides, these brutal means are alike repugnant to humanity and reason; it is always brutal force wishing to reign and impose the idea. The idea should be clear,

palpable, comprehensible; in fine, it should be Truth itself; then the reign of *matter* will disappear like snow or ice exposed to the rays of the sun. Therefore, no more iron or lead for our personal defence; no more torches but to lead us in obscurity.

Without the absolute observation of these conditions, there will be no triumph!

Listen now to citizen Déjacque, and see by what terrible means he wishes to free the people:

“To work then! for we must not be sleeping in the expectation of the expiatory day. We must prepare it. Each day, women and *prolétaires*, and in the measure of our strength and of our convictions, it is in the household, in the workshop, at the corner of deserted streets, it is to-day, a every hour, at every instant that we must act, rise in insurrection and revolution

To work! and let him who is hungry and would eat;

He who is thirsty and would drink;

He who is naked and would be clothed;

He who is cold in body and soul and would be comforted by the fire of love;

He who wears on his hands and face the traces of homicide labor, and would work no more to fatten the idle;

He who feels himself dying through privations and would improve his precarious condition;

All those who suffer and would enjoy themselves;

In fine, let them who have palms and crowns of miseries rise! that their number and their rebellion may terrify the spectators, the commanders and the executioners of their martyrdom!

Rise up all!

And by speech and pen.

By dagger and musket,

By irony and imprecation,

By pillage and adultery,

By poisoning, and conflagration,

Let us make on the highways of principles and at the corners of individual rights—by insurrection or assassination—war to society! . . . war to civilization! . . . .

By adultery—that is to say, to cause, as much as possible, disorganization in the family;—that no one husband can say: “I am the father of this child!” and that, finding in marriage nothing but fatigue and disgust, an insufferable existence, he may be compelled, to get rid of it and himself ask for liberty of love and abandon his authority. That in everything good may grow out of evil, since the high-doers, by their resistance to progress, wish it so!

Let every revolutionist choose among those whom he can rely upon, one or two other *prolétaires* like himself; and let them all—by groupes of three or four, without being found together, so that the discovery of one group may not cause the arrest of the others—work for the de-

struction of the old society, and show to the privileged classes the peril in which they are—show them in such a manner as to make them embrace the common cause, in order to escape ruin and death.

For example, let each group proceed thus: out of three or four members of a group, if there is a house carpenter, let him take the impression of the door locks of the rich apartments wherein he is called to work; let him inspect all the issues, and question adroitly the servants in order to obtain all the informations necessary; and all these measures taken, let him inform the other members of the group—his accomplices if you like—and at a given moment let them penetrate at night into these rich houses, and stab or strangle the master or masters, break or open with false keys the furniture wherein they can find plated ware, jewels or money; let them carry off all they can, and set fire to the house before they leave it. But they should not immediately use their booty to improve their condition: it would be their loss; for a visible change in their appearance would signalize them to the police. Let them murder and rob to destroy, only let them hide under ground all the gold they may have laid their hands on, so that, if one or several of them should be suspected or discovered, this gold might be employed to escape. Let the group who can buy a clandestine printing office do it, and print every day bulletins proclaiming the aim and means of action of the terrible society, and inform the public that all the murders, robberies, etc., committed through the city and country are the work of the revolutionists, the new Jacques, and that this work of destruction shall continue so long as Equality shall not have dethroned Privilege.

In another group where there may be a confectioner let this workman do all he can to get employment in one of the largest confectionery establishments patronized by the rich; and on New-Year's day, for instance, (a day or two before), let him poison one or ten or twenty pans of sugar confectionery—as much as he can—so that the next day a hundred thousand aristocrats may have ceased to live; and let the secret society claim, through their clandestine press, the responsibility of these acts.

“Let the same deed be accomplished in the perfumers' shops. The fine wines should also be poisoned, as well as all kinds of cakes, ice creams, etc. In the country, let the rich proprietors' harvest be burnt as well as their houses and the churches. Let the same thing be done in the cities with regard to houses, churches, government buildings, etc.; that the sword of Damocles be constantly suspended over the heads of the privileged ones; that the serpents of terror, like those of Nemesis, whistle day and night at their ears and make them tremble over their gold; that their position become intolerable, and that, in the midst of such agonies, they fall on their knees and beg for pardon, and supplicate the poor workingman to grant them the right to live in exchange for their privileges, and the common happiness in exchange for the general unhappiness.”

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To the enemies of the liberty of the press we would ask what perturbation have those ideas created? Those

who have read the above proposition have judged it, and it has fallen to the ground without loss of life or limb. If the pamphlet from which we have quoted had been printed in France, author and printer would both have been fined and imprisoned. In this country it has not even gained for its author the right to inhabit the mad-houses of Charenton or Bedlam.

We have known the writer of the above ; he was a fool like Jesus and all those men who have dreamed of Liberty for the slave. Seeing the indifference of the people and the blindness of those who were governing them, he proposed — as he thought — a great remedy for the great evil.

These writings should not offend the partisans of Liberty. Not to “hide the light under the bushel” is a nonsense if we do not wish that each idea should be made public ; for where is “light ?” and who will distinguish what is true and what is not, if all the ideas are not publicly known ? We must be logical, since the secret societies who arm the assassin creat horrors. And moreover, must a writer, without a journal to plead his cause, be printer and publisher at the same time ? This is what we have to do.

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## CONCLUSION.

We said at the second page of this work : “ This book is not a woak of hatred or envy ; it all of love and pity for those who suffer, &c. ” And the people should know that they will find aid and enthusiasm among the rich if they see that the people are seriously disposed to use an honest means, without violence, to obtain their freedom. For the troubles and miseries of the rich are also great and terrible before he can attain wealth ; the struggles of thé mind and conscience are a great night-

mare for a man of sense, of reason, of education, and who knows what is just and what is not. But the institutions, the laws, the morals, are all to the advantage of the rich, and he profits by them; meanwhile he feels the injustice of his favors; and that gives us the hope that our means will have an echo, because it is without violence, without intimidation; it has nothing to dissimulate, nothing to hide, and should be put into execution with head up and in the full light of the sun.

The people build the houses, the palaces, the fortresses, the ships, the railroads, dig canals, weave the linen and other stuffs, make the clothing and everything else; extract the minerals and transform all the matters in a thousand manners; and as a reward for all their troubles and hardships, they are not only left in utter misery, but are looked upon with contempt by those whom they have made prosperous.

Since the workman possesses nothing and produces everything, he must be all. He is a slave — he must be free.

We will enumerate a few of the means which the people might use, and which, though not sanguinary, would not be the less terrible. They consist in every one breaking the chains which bind his liberty and his conscience: the soldier disobeying the orders of his chiefs; the workman asking every day for an increase of wages; the servant refusing to do certain kind of work; the wife becoming free and breaking the chains which bind her liberty and her heart; that he who is hungry and thirsty, who is naked and without shelter, would take, without regard for the laws of the holders (Proudhon says *thieves*), the food, clothing and shelter wherever he can find them, without care for the police — for the prisons would be insufficient to contain all the people claiming, not the right to labor, but the natural right to live!

To proclaim in a word that suicide is a cowardly act, begging disgraceful and robbing a natural right.

We have said that we would define Property, Religion, Marriage, Celibacy (forced or voluntary), Family, Government, Law, Armed Force, Salary, Commerce, everything we are taught to respect and honor, from the laws of men to the Commandments of God; we shall do so, if we have time and means.

From the 24th of February 1870, a new era will commence! The people need not coalise, use fire or steel, threats or intimidation; all they have to do is simply to fold their arms and work no more.

By this material fact only — which is better than all the speeches and the most horrible and sanguinary plots — the old society will be shaken in all its institutions.

See what will happen :

The soldiers listening no longer to the voice of their chiefs — no more battles, no more possible murders.

For want of men to harness and drive the horses, the means of circulation are stopped. No more workmen on the railroads, no more sailors for navigation, and consequently no more sea voyages possible.

The butchers, bakers, shoemakers, milkmen, gas fitters, mechanics, drivers, conductors, carpenters, blacksmiths, cooks, servants, composers and pressmen, &c., leaving off work suddenly, the rich cannot bake their bread, slaughter the cattle, cultivate the vegetables, prepare their meals, wash their linen, print the newspapers, &c. They will then be forced to open their eyes and acknowledge the almightiness of the workingman!

“ Ah! you have forced upon us your laws, ” will the people say — “ laws that were made against us; we have always worked for you : we wish now to work for ourselves; you have imposed upon us the observance of a day of rest in honor of God : we shall see how we may act about that and many other things when we are free. ”

Having such power — a power increasing every day more and more before the great date of the end of the miserable world — the people will be able to command and impose his will to the old society. Thus — to give an example — suppose a plot is discovered and the authors judged and condemned to death, the people say to Society: “ If you execute the sentence before the 24th of February, 1870, we decree that the shoemakers, for example, cease to work, or we will make the universal *strike*. ”

Before this terrible treat society would be compelled to suspend the execution and liberate the prisoners.

The people could do the same with regard to political prisoners. They would thus in their turn command like lords and even like tyrants — with this difference that such tyranny would be exercised to stop the flowing of tears and blood.

At a given moment the workingman could say to the speculating masters: “ We wish no longer to be paid in gold or paper currency, for you would soon cause the price of paper to rise and that of gold to fall, at your will; henceforth we wish to be paid in productions of the soil, such as grain, vegetables, cattle, poultry, metals, &c.; and if you do not accede to our demands, comply with our exigencies — our laws, if you like — we decree the “ *strike* ” of one or several corporations.

“ But how will those masses of working people live ? ” will the optimists ask.

We answer: In all countries there are uncultivated lands the proprietors of which would loan large portions of them, — we know of some who would even heartily give land without compensation. Tents could there be erected by the people, and with the provisions that would have been procured establish themselves. By hunting, fishing, the raising of cattle, the labor of the fields, without system old or new, they can help one

another. Later, when the Idea shall reign freely instead of the Matter, we can organise the new society.

Let us not hesitate to practise liberty, — for “the best way to learn how to swim is to jump into the water.”

A member of the French Academy, Ernest Renan, says in his *Life of Jesus* (which work has had the honor of an *auto-da-fé* in Rome and caused Saint Ernest to be driven out of Heaven) :

“Reflexion causes doubt to follow, and if the authors of the French Revolution, for example, could have been previously convinced by meditations sufficiently long, all would have attained old age without having done anything.”

We should be bound for one another, for liberty is like the tree, which is the emblem of it; if to-day you cut off one branch, to-morrow and the day after another under the pretext that this branch will injure the other, and so on — there will be left at the end nothing but the trunk of a tree. So it is with Solidarity: each member physically and morally feels the pain of the other members.

Very soon, when the Idea shall be spread over the world with the rapidity of lightning, the people may then say: “We are millions on the globe who have the same thought, and who will act in the same way on the Great Day.”

The people should recognize no chiefs present or to come. We have six years before us to prepare ourselves — to spread the Idea, discuss the questions without choosing any system, and prepare and organize themselves as if they were starting to colonize deserted countries, and procure everything necessary to this end such as cannons, balls and grapeshot, guns, bullets and small shot, agricultural implements and housebuilders’

tools; wheat and grains, tubercles, flowers grains and medicines; shrubs of all kinds, cattle, poultry, salt provisions, clothing, linen, boots and shoes; sell everything they cannot take with them and employ the money to buy tents, mattresses, horses and wagons to convey all the miserables, the infirm, the sick and maimed of the old society.

That is the task.

The people may then say to the valets and potentates of Europe : Concoct your schemes, attain the height of your desires, seize upon this fine Republic, lay your foot on its neck, put it in chain and impose upon it your "liberty" of the Press, your religious liberty, &c., as you are now doing in Mexico; do better, still, — no sham legality! — make *auto-da-fés* of all that is proud, free and hates you; in six years from this, the twenty-fourth of February, one thousand eight hundred and seventy, the people will be with the people, and you shall have neither soldiers, workmen, nor executioners to obey your sanguinary orders!

But the people should not compromise their deliverance by their impatience, or calling tumultuous meetings where the police might interfere. These principles should be actively but peacefully spread, and the idea of emancipation printed in as many languages possible; comfort those who suffer, heal the sick, encourage the depressed and the weak-minded, rekindle the spirit of the lukewarm; try by all pacific means to get out of prisons and houses of detention all the unhappy beings branded by the laws of men, and receive and treat them as unhappy brothers, as we would see it done unto us.

Right and Duty, Liberty, and each one for all and all for each one, should be the Code, the Gospel and the Bible of him who wishes the happiness of his fellow-creature; such should be our device, and we ought to show

the world that we know how to practise Liberty, Equality and Fraternity towards all.

The peoples of antiquity worked with the aid of three powers — *weight*, common to man and beast; — *muscultation*, common to both, and utilized to the utmost by man, either by the aid of tools or by the adjunction of certain species of animals; and lastly, the *wind*, the best of primitive conquests of man, that which shows most conclusively his inductive power and the predominance of his reflective faculties over the brutal instinct of conservation.

The middle-age discovers two more powers — the *expansion of gas* and the *terrestrial magnetism*. That make five powers. In modern times there are two more discoveries — the *elasticity of water steam* and *electric dynamic*.

Thus Humanity possess seven powers.

Then after the discovery of the *gratuitous motive power*, the *aerial navigation*, &c., the universal language shall follow; and see what revolutions shall fatally be accomplished!

And so shall we say, like Gay-Lussac before dying: "Could I but take a countermark, and, mere spectator of things, live through curiosity!"

That is the means which we propose to men of heart. Will it be responded to?

We hope and despair at the same time.

If this plan is not a good one, give us another. But, for the People's sake! do not go to sleep when the ship is running such perils, when wretchedness is so great!

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One last word. The war which is going on at this moment between the North and the South will be longer and more terrible than it is generally supposed. In

our opinion, the European powers will make common cause with the South : all those who are interested in the maintenance of Slavery and backward ideas will join the partisans of Slavery.

Time presses on—it is necessary that every man who can shoulder the musket should get into the ranks of the republican army ; that those who are in Europe, in the ranks of the Southern army or in those of foreign armies should desert and join us, or else the only spot of land wherein we can write or speak, freely will be invaded and annihilated by the enemies of Liberty.

The enemy has its partisans here, and its mercenaries are in Mexico! There are the greatest dangers!

The Republic is in peril! Citizens, be on the look out! Organize your battalions and do all that is possible to spread the Idea!

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