



ARTHUR MOYSES

THE MASK OF ANARCHY

KROPOTKIN LIGHTHOUSE

 PUBLICATION
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 JIM HUGGON

THIRD EDITION

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The Mask of Anarchy

BY

Percy Bysshe Shelley



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In an edition of 500.



THE COVER by Arthur Moyse features a portrait of Viscount Castlereagh. The skeletal rider is wearing the uniform of the 15th Hussars, who made the Peterloo attack.

With many thanks to the artist for his excellent work.



extract The Mask of Anarchy
from facsimile of Wise ms.

As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the sea
And with great power it spoke to me
To walk in the vision of Poesy

Sawst Murder on the way —
He had a mask like Caribago's.
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Even downward-looked his chin

With grin fit, if well they might
Be in admirable flight
For only on the lips
He tipped them human hearts to cheer
Which from his wide cloak he drew

Next came Fraud she had on
Like bad Shalun, an enormous gown
His big teeth for he might well

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Turned to emblems as he fell
And the little children who
Knew his feet played to & fro
Shouting every tear a gem
Till their brain worked out by them
Clotted with the blood as with light
And the shadow of the night
Like Sidmouth ^{but they are crying}
In a crowd of dead boys

And many more Destruction's flag
In this ghastly masquerade
All equipped even to the eyes
Like Bishop Lingen's face of his

Last came Anarchy, he rode
On a white horse, splashed with
He was pale even to the lips
Like Death in the Apocalypse

And he wore a kingly crown
On his head a serpent's horn

Preface to the Second Edition

When the Manchester Yeomanry and 15th Hussars rode, sabres drawn, into the thousands of men, women and children packed into St. Peter's Fields on August 16, 1819, they could have created an English Revolution. The Massacre of Peterloo was just a more extreme example of government governing—a little too obviously—cruelly and mercilessly. In this case the local troops—for there was no police force, and thus no police violence—were only too eager to get at the radicals, as the Manchester Yeomanry was made up of townsmen—butchers and bakers; merchants and publicans; shopkeepers—who feared the arrogance and organization of these “common” people gathered *peaceably* together in their local unions and town or village communities. (The *Lees and Saddleworth Union* carried a pitch-black flag with “Love” lettered in white over two hands and heart.)

However, instead of a revolution, there was an even stronger reaction from the authorities, and although revolutionary groups existed both before Peterloo and, many more, after, they were fragmented with lack of political leadership sufficient to create a nationwide insurrection.

As E. P. Thompson writes in his tribute to “the poor stockinger, the Luddite Cropper, the ‘obsolete’ handloom weaver, the utopian artisan”—*The Making Of The English Working Class*—(Penguin):

“From 1815 until the Chartist years, the movement always appeared most vigorous, consistent and healthy at the base, and especially in such provincial centres as Barnsley and Halifax, Loughborough and Rochdale.

Its true heroes were the local booksellers and newsvendors, trade union organizers, secretaries and local speakers for the Hampden Clubs and Political Unions—men who did not expect to become honoured life-pensioners of the movement as a reward for imprisonment, and who, in many cases, were too obscure to do more than leave a few records of their activity in the local press or the Home Office papers.”

Because of Peterloo, Percy Bysshe Shelley wrote *The Mask Of Anarchy*, a poem which for so long has been almost ignored or left out of collections of his work. His intention was that it might act as any manifesto or declaration does—to strengthen the already knowledgeable people to act together, to overcome the difficulties—by reaching the public through one of the many radical newspapers of that time, only four years after Waterloo. In this case he sent it to Leigh Hunt, Editor of *The Examiner*, who, because of fines and imprisonment from articles already published, held back and not until Shelley was dead and the issue that less burning did he print it, in 1832!

This was an understandable thing to have done, but much more than just a pity, because Shelley's writings had already reached a radical public through Richard Carlile's pirated editions of the *Notes to Queen Mab*. These notes include direct statements on politics; sex; religion; vegetarianism and consumer

society. For example essays like *Even Love Is Sold; There Is No God; No Longer Now He Slays The Lamb That Looks Him In The Face; And Statesmen Boast Of Wealth!* (All of which need a publisher today?!)

To have had this powerful, simple and direct poem, *The Mask Of Anarchy*, circulating in such editions and such newspapers as *The Examiner*, *Black Dwarf* (the original *Black Dwarf* which could say of the various societies, unions and political clubs: "Those who condemn clubs either do not understand what they can accomplish, or they wish nothing to be done. . . . Let us look at and emulate the patient resolution of the Quakers. They have conquered without arms—without violence—without threats. They conquered by union"), *Political Register*, *Gorgon* (whose editor John Wade was author of the *Black Book* revealing corruption, nepotism and waste), *Medusa*, *Manchester Observer*, and *Republican*, to have had *The Mask of Anarchy* in any of these in 1819 would have been an inspiration to the movement for radical reform if not towards an English revolution. If only Shelley had sent it to Richard Carlile, the most fearless of the editors, who not only was responsible for the *Republican*; for reprinting Paine's writings and for reprinting parodies and satires like those of the Litany, Creed and Catechism; but was instrumental in gaining *the right to publish* any radical press! (Carlile continued to edit the *Republican* from jail and after his arrest his wife and sister printed and hawked it, followed by an army of some 150 volunteers who served a total of 200 years' imprisonment for their right to sell their newspaper!)

The Mask Of Anarchy is a ballad of nonviolent revolution. If you don't and won't read poetry, read this after reading E. P. Thompson's book and after reading about Shelley's life and work. It is a poem of its time which is just as relevant in attitude and action as when it was written.

DENNIS GOULD.

Reprinted (abridged) from *Freedom Anarchist Weekly* (11.4.70), 84B Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1.

Publisher's Note

The publisher would like to point out that, although Shelley was the son-in-law of William Godwin, now acknowledged to be one of the forefathers of the anarchist and libertarian movements; and though Shelley—as is obvious from this and many others of his poetical and other works—shared in no small degree Godwin's libertarian attitude; the use of the word "anarchy" in this poem is more akin to the modern "chaos", than to the modern "anarchy"—meaning absence of government or ruler—the word "anarchy" not being applied to the revolutionary idea until the time of Proudhon, later in the nineteenth century.

Indeed Shelley uses the word rather in the sense of "the forces of law and order when running riot". Despite this possible ambiguity the poem has much to say concerning libertarian ideas and attitudes.

The Mask of Anarchy

As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea,
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh—¹
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven blood-hounds followed him:

All were fat; and well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Lord Eldon,² an ermined gown;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

Clothed with the Bible, as with light,
And the shadows of the night,
Like Sidmouth,³ next, Hypocrisy
On a crocodile rode by.

And many more Destructions played
In this ghastly masquerade.
All disguised, even to the eyes,
Like Bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies.

Last came Anarchy: he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown;
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
On his brow this mark I saw—
'I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!'

With a pace stately and fast,
Over English land he passed,
Trampling to a mire of blood
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around
With their trampling shook the ground,
Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they
Rode through England proud and gay,
Drunk as with intoxication
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,
Passed the Pageant swift and free,
Tearing up, and trampling down;
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sicken
Hearing the tempestuous cry
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,
The hired murderers, who did sing
'Thou art God, and Law, and King.

'We have waited weak and lone
For thy coming, Mighty One!
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,
Give us glory, and blood, and gold.'

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,
To the earth their pale brows bowed;
Like a bad prayer not over loud,
Whispering—'Thou art Law and God.'—

Then all cried with one accord,
'Thou art King, and God, and Lord;
Anarchy to thee we bow,
Be thy name made holy now!'

And Anarchy, the Skeleton,
Bowed and grinned to every one,
As well as if his education
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the Palaces
Of our Kings were rightly his;
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,
And the gold-inwoven robe.

So he sent his slaves before
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,
And was proceeding with intent
To meet his pensioned Parliament

When one fled past, a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said:
But she looked more like Despair,
And she cried out in the air:

'My father Time is weak and gray
With waiting for a better day;
See how idiot-like he stands,
Fumbling with his palsied hands!

'He has had child after child,
And the dust of death is piled
Over every one but me—
Misery, oh, Misery!'

Then she lay down in the street,
Right before the horses feet,
Expecting, with a patient eye,
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

When between her and her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose,
Small at first, and weak, and frail
Like the vapour of a vale:

Till as clouds grow on the blast,
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,
And glare with lightnings as they fly,
And speak in thunder to the sky,

It grew—a Shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And upborne on wings whose grain
Was as the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,
A planet, like the Morning's, lay;
And those plumes its light rained through
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With step as soft as wind it passed
O'er the heads of men—so fast
That they knew the presence there,
And looked,—but all was empty air.

As flowers beneath May's footstep waken,
As stars from Night's loose hair are shaken,
As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

And the prostrate multitude
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien:

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth;
The Horse of Death tameless as wind
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind
To dust the murderers thronged behind

A rushing light of clouds and splendour,
A sense awakening and yet tender
Was heard and felt—and at its close
These words of joy and fear arose

As if their own indignant Earth
Which gave the sons of England birth
Had felt their blood upon her brow,
And shuddering with a mother's throe

Had turned every drop of blood
By which her face had been bedewed
To an accent unwithstood,—
As if her heart cried out aloud :

'Men of England, heirs of Glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty Mother,
Hopes of her, and one another;

'Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few.

'What is Freedom?—ye can tell
That which slavery is, too well—
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

' 'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell,

'So that ye for them are made
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade,
With or without your own will bent
To their defence and nourishment.

' 'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak,—
They are dying whilst I speak.

' 'Tis to hunger for such diet
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye;

' 'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from Toil a thousandfold
More than e'er its substance could
In the tyrannies of old.

'Paper coin—that forgery
Of the title-deeds, which ye
Hold to something of the worth
Of the inheritance of Earth.

' 'Tis to be a slave in soul
And to hold no strong control
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye.

'And at length when ye complain
With a murmur weak and vain
'Tis to see the Tyrant's crew
Ride over your wives and you—
Blood is on the grass like dew.

'Then it is to feel revenge
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Blood for blood—and wrong for wrong—
Do not thus when ye are strong.

'Birds find rest, in narrow nest
When weary of their winged quest;
Beasts find fare, in woody lair
When storm and snow are in the air.

'Horses, oxen, have a home,
When from daily toil they come;
Household dogs, when the wind roars,
Find a home within warm doors.

'Asses, swine, have litter spread
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one—
Thou, Oh, Englishman, hast none!

'This is Slavery—savage men,
Or wild beasts within a den
Would endure not as ye do—
But such ills they never knew.

'What art thou Freedom? O! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand—tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery:

'Thou art not, as imposters say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

'For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread
From his daily labour come
In a neat and happy home.

'Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude—
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see.

'To the rich thou art a check,
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake.

'Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold
As laws are in England—thou
Shield'st alike the high and low.

'Thou art Wisdom—Freemen never
Dream that God will damn for ever
All who think those things untrue
Of which Priests make such ado.

'Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be
As tyrants wasted them, when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

'What if English toil and blood
Was poured forth, even as a flood?
It availed, Oh, Liberty.
To dim, but not extinguish thee.

'Thou art Love—the rich have kissed
Thy feet, and like him following Christ,
Give their substance to the free
And through the rough world follow thee,

'Or turn their wealth to arms, and make
War for thy beloved sake
On wealth, and war, and fraud—whence they
Drew the power which is their prey.

'Science, Poetry, and Thought
Are thy lamps; they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
So serene, they curse it not.

'Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou—let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

'Let a great Assembly be
Of the fearless and the free
On some spot of English ground
Where the plains stretch wide around.

'Let the blue sky overhead,
The green earth on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be
Witness the solemnity.

'From the corners uttermost
Of the bounds of English coast;
From every hut, village, and town
Where those who live and suffer moan
For others' misery or their own,

'From the workhouse and the prison
Where pale as corpses newly risen,
Women, children, young and old
Groan for pain, and weep for cold—

'From the haunts of daily life
Where is waged the daily strife
With common wants and common cares
Which sows the human heart with tares—

'Lastly from the palaces
Where the murmur of distress
Echoes like the distant sound
Of a wind alive around

'Those prison halls of wealth and fashion,
Where some few feel such compassion
For those who groan, and toil, and wail
As must their brethren pale—

'Ye who suffer woes untold,
Or to feel, or to behold
Your lost country bought and sold
With a price of blood and gold—

'Let a vast assembly be,
And with great solemnity
Declare with measured words that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free—

'Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,
And wide as targes let them be,
With their shade to cover ye.

'Let the tyrants pour around
With a quick and startling sound,
Like the loosening of a sea,
Troops of armed emblazonry.

'Let the charged artillery drive
Till the dead air seems alive
With the clash of clanging wheels,
And the tramp of horses' heels.

'Let the fixèd bayonet
Gleam with sharp desire to wet
Its bright point in English blood
Looking keen as one for food.

'Let the horsemen's scimitars
Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars
Thirsting to eclipse their burning
In a sea of death and mourning.

'Stand ye calm and resolute,
Like a forest close and mute,
With folded arms and looks which are
Weapons of unvanquished war,

'And let Panic, who outspeeds
The career of armèd steeds
Pass, a disregarded shade
Through your phalanx undismayed.

'Let the laws of your own land,
Good or ill, between ye stand
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Arbiters of the dispute,

'The old laws of England—they
Whose reverend heads with age are gray,
Children of a wiser day;
And whose solemn voice must be
Thine own echo—Liberty!

'On those who first should violate
Such sacred heralds in their state
Rest the blood that must ensue,
And it will not rest on you.

'And if then the tyrants dare
Let them ride among you there,
Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew,—
What they like, that let them do.

'With folded arms and steady eyes,
And little fear, and less surprise,
Look upon them as they slay
Till their rage has died away.

'Then they will return with shame
To the place from which they came.
And the blood thus shed will speak
In hot blushes on their cheek.

'Every woman in the land
Will point at them as they stand—
They will hardly dare to greet
Their acquaintance in the street.

'And the bold, true warriors
Who have hugged Danger in wars
Will turn to those who would be free,
Ashamed of such base company.

'And that slaughter to the Nation
Shall steam up like inspiration,
Eloquent, oracular;
A volcano heard afar.

'And these words shall then become
Like Oppression's thundered doom
Ringing through each heart and brain,
Heard again—again—again—

'Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number—
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few.'



TEXTUAL NOTES

- 1 CASTLEREAGH: Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh (1769-1822), statesman whose regressive domestic policy was widely regarded as being responsible for the Peterloo massacre. Shelley expresses the popular hatred his name evoked.
- 2 ELDON: John Scott, Earl of Eldon (1751-1838), lawyer and statesman. As Lord Chancellor, Eldon dealt with wards in Chancery, and had already refused Shelley the right to bring up his own children Ianthe and Charles. Shelley combines his attack on Eldon's inhumanity with a reference to what "The Examiner" newspaper called his "lachrymose formality".
- 3 SIDMOUTH: Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth (1757-1844), politician; like Castlereagh, an extreme anti-reformist. His "Six Acts" passed after Peterloo, further restricted public assembly and public oratory.

[Textual notes taken from *Collins Albatross book of Longer Poems*, edited by Edwin Morgan. (Published 1963, repr. 1964.)]



HISTORICAL NOTE (I)

by Mary Shelley

Though Shelley's first eager desire to excite his countrymen to resist openly the oppressions existent during "the good old times" had faded with early youth, still his warmest sympathies were for the people. He was a republican and loved a democracy. He looked on all human beings as inheriting an equal right to possess the dearest privileges of our nature; the necessaries of life when fairly earned by labour, and intellectual instruction. His hatred of any despotism

that looked upon the people as not to be consulted, or protected from want and ignorance, was intense. He was residing near Leghorn, at Villa Valsovano, writing the *Cenci*, when the news of the Manchester massacre reached us; it roused in him violent emotions of indignation and compassion. The great truth that the many, if accordant and resolute, could control the few, as was shown some years after, made him long to teach his injured countrymen how to resist. Inspired by these feelings, he wrote "The Mask of Anarchy" which he sent to his friend Leigh Hunt, to be inserted in "The Examiner", of which he was then the editor.

"I did not insert it," Leigh Hunt writes in his valuable and interesting preface to this poem, when he printed it in 1832, "because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kindheartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse." Days of outrage have passed away, and with them the exasperation that would cause such an appeal to the many to be injurious. Without being aware of them, they at one time acted on his suggestions, and gained the day. But they rose when human life was respected by the Minister in power; such was not the case during the administration which excited Shelley's abhorrence.

The poem was written for the people, and is therefore in a more popular tone than usual: portions strike as abrupt and unpolished, but many stanzas are all his own. I heard him repeat, and admired, those beginning:—

"My Father Time is old and gray",

before I knew to what poem they were to belong. But the most touching passage is that which describes the blessed effects of liberty; it might make a patriot of any man whose heart was not wholly closed against his humbler fellow creatures.

NOTE II

From *Shelley's Poetical Works* (1908 edition—Ed. Thomas Hutchinson, M.A.)

Composed at the Villa Valsovano near Leghorn—or possibly later, during Shelley's sojourn at Florence—in the autumn of 1819, shortly after the Peterloo riot at Manchester, August 16; edited with a preface by Leigh Hunt, and published under the poet's name by Edward Moxon 1832 (Bradbury & Evans, printers). Two MSS are extant; a transcript by Mrs. Shelley with Shelley's autograph corrections, known as the "HUNT MS"; and an earlier draft, not quite complete, in the poet's handwriting, presented by Mrs. Shelley to (Sir) John Bowring in 1826 and now in the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Wise (the "Wise MS"). Mrs. Shelley's copy was sent to Leigh Hunt in 1819 with a view to its publication in "The Examiner"; hence the name "Hunt MS". A facsimile of the Wise MS was published by the Shelley Society in 1887. Sources of the text are 1) the Hunt MS; 2) the Wise MS; 3) the *editio princeps*, ed. Leigh Hunt 1832; 4) Mrs. Shelley's two editions (*Poetical Works*) of 1839. Of the two MSS, Mrs. Shelley's transcript is the later and more authoritative.

NOTE III

Excerpt from School of Non-violence—The Philosophy of Non-violence.

Summary of a course of five lectures given by:—Geoffrey Ashe

2. SHELLEY & OWEN: The Poetry and Practice of Direct Action.

“Gandhi and his followers quoted from ‘Prometheus Unbound’, and also from Shelley’s ‘Mask of Anarchy’, an exhortation to the workers of England written in 1819 after the Peterloo massacre. The last part of this poem* contains a startling anticipation of the more dramatic aspects of Satyagraha—the non-violence of the brave; unresisting martyrdom; conversion of the opponent through the moral force of suffering.”

*Stanzas 73—to the end.

NOTE IV

(from “Shelley”, by Edmund Blunden, Pub. Collins 1946, repr. 1948
Reader’s Union Edition)

Tyranny’s operations in England were among the things appearing to Shelley in the South (Italy), and while he was at work on his play the newspaper—he received the very useful one edited for continental readers by Galignani of Paris—suddenly announced these in a hateful and violent form. A meeting of reformists in Manchester on August 16th had been pronounced illegal, and in the end, to disperse the crowd, a cavalry charge was made and a number of English workpeople were killed and wounded. It was the action angrily called Peterloo, from its being held in St. Peter’s Field, and it looked to Shelley like the prelude to revolution, though he reasoned that this would not break out in full until a financial crisis occurred. He hoped that even at the distance of Leghorn his vision might be of value to his country in what might become a merciless civil war. There is the heat, the roar, the singleness of a march of immense forces in his “Mask of Anarchy”, the poem which he composed as a directive to the leaders of labour; and in sending it for publication to “The Examiner” he was well aware that in the North of England that journal was read with attention by groups of working men. Had Shelley ever decided to live in Yorkshire or Lancashire and talk with as well as write for his “Men of England” there, he would very probably have kindled an enthusiasm or led a movement which would have surprised the government.

To these working men he wished victory, and what they wished for themselves—a just return for their skill and labour; but he would have them fight their war with the wise self-control preached in the Sermon on the Mount. Passive resistance was the campaign he saw victorious, if all who were in serfdom would make common cause. His proud ballad makes most lays of labour sound like begging and snuffling. The Mask opens with a flaming light on the types of tyrants, and nobody can complain if Shelley took some personal satisfaction in giving Lord Eldon a place among them and in generalising the fate of Ianthe and Charles (Shelley’s children—publisher).

Having created a magnificent pageantry of the Anarchs riding with their skeleton commander through England to Westminster, Shelley turned to the other side—the slaves whose half-starved drudgery and enforced darkness of mind were the basis of the surfeiting and privilege of the upper orders.

It is not wonderful that John and Leigh Hunt, who between them spent several years in prison and many hundreds of pounds in the cause of reform, did not risk publishing this republican challenge at this stage in their paper; but when the Reform Bill had proved that public feeling had moved in the direction pointed out and prophesied by Shelley, Leigh Hunt at once published the manuscript with an eloquent preface. By that time Shelley had been dead ten years. Now that he has been dead over a century, "The Mask of Anarchy" makes perhaps a more urgent call on the intelligence and feelings of men than ever, for though the particulars of the war between insolent and implemented oppression and unambitious, sensitive lives must ever change, the doctrine of bloodless, revengeless resistance in which he believed is unalterably right, as it is angelically difficult.



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