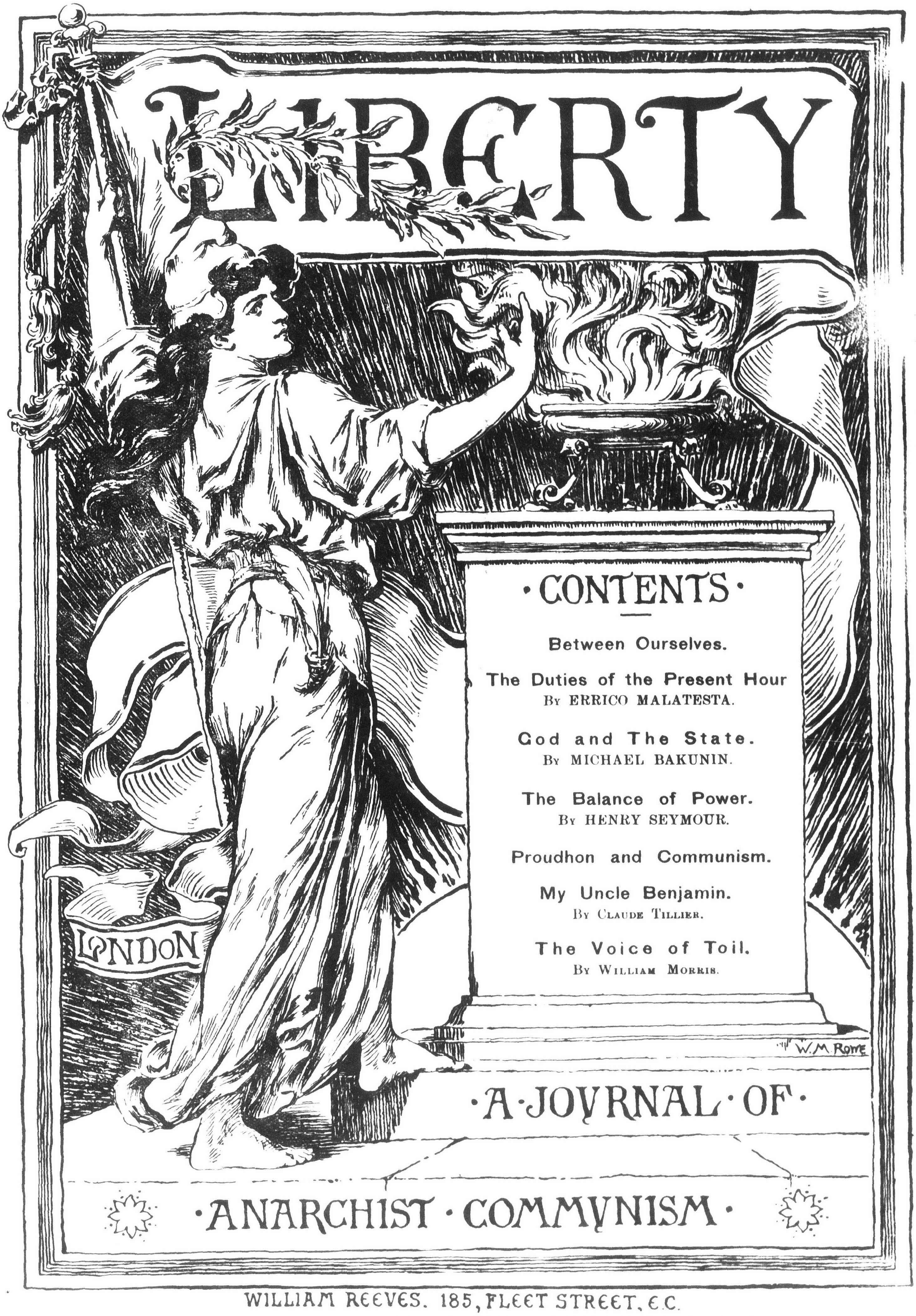
VOL. I. No. 8.] AUGUST, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LIBERTY



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· A · JOVRNAL · OF ·

· ANARCHIST · COMMVNISM ·

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GOD AND THE STATE.

EXTRACTS FROM UNEDITED MANUSCRIPTS OF MICHAEL BAKUNIN.

(TRANSLATED FOR "LIBERTY" BY "N.")

[Continued from No. 7.]

Revolt against the State is much easier because there is something in the very nature of the State which provokes revolt. The State is authority, force; ostentatious and infatuated force. The State does not ingratiate—does not try to convert; or, whenever it attempts to do so, does it with the worst possible grace; for it is not its nature to persuade, but to impose itself on men, and coerce them. However it may try to disguise its own character as the legal violater of human will, and the permanent negation of human freedom, yet even when commanding what is good it spoils it, precisely because commanding it. For every command provokes and incites to legitimate revolt for freedom; besides which, the moment it is commanded, good becomes evil from the standpoint of true morality—that is, of the morality which is not divine, but is based upon respect for human nature and its freedom. Freedom, morality, and the dignity of man consist precisely in this, that a man acts rightly, not because he is ordered to do so, but because he understands, wills, and prefers right conduct.

Society, on the other hand, does not impose itself formally, officially, authoritatively; but naturally. And for this very reason its influence on the individual is incomparably stronger than that of the State. It creates and forms all individuals born and developed in its bosom. It inoculates them slowly, from the day of their birth to their death, with its own physical, intellectual, and moral character. It becomes, so to speak, individualised in each of them.

The human individual is no universal and abstract being. On the contrary, from the moment he begins to develop in his mother's womb, he is already determined and particularised by countless causes and influences, physical, geographical, climatic, ethnographical, hygienic, and consequently also economic influences, which together constitute the character peculiar to his family, class, nation, and race. And since the inclinations and faculties of men depend on the sum of all these exterior or physical influences, it follows that everybody is born with a materially determined individual character. Owing, moreover, to the relatively superior organization of the human brain, every man when he is born is possessed in varying degrees—not of innate ideas and sentiments as the idealists pretend; but of the material and formal ability to feel, to think, to speak, and to will. He possesses merely the faculty for forming and developing ideas, without any actual content whatever. What first gives him this content? Society.

We need not here examine how the first notions and ideas in primitive society were formed; for the most part they were naturally very absurd. All that we can say with full certainty is that they were not at first severally and spontaneously created by the miraculously illuminated spirit of inspired individuals, but by the collective and generally imperceptible work of the spirit of all individuals who formed part of these societies; of which spirit the remarkable individuals—the men of genius—could never do more than give the fittest and most forcible expression. Men of genius have ever, like Voltaire, "picked up their good things wherever they found them." Thus the collective intellectual labour of primitive societies created the first ideas. These ideas were at the outset nothing but simple, and obviously very imperfect statements of natural and social facts, together with still less accurate conclusions drawn from these facts. This was the beginning of all human perceptions, imaginations, and thoughts. The content of these thoughts, far from having been created by a spontaneous act of the human spirit, was first given by the real world, external to man, as well as the world within him. The spirit of man—that is, the organic and entirely material activity and the way in which he performs the function of his brain, as brought about by the external and internal impressions transmitted to it through the nerves—only adds the formal work of comparing and combining these impressions of things into systems, which may be right or wrong. In this way ideas first originated. By the use of language these first ideas, or rather suppositions, were determined and fixed, through being transmitted from one human being to another; thus the individual suppositions of each person were met, controlled, modified, and completed by those of other persons; and being more or less consolidated into one system they ended by forming the common consciousness, the collective thought of society. These thoughts, transmitted by tradition from generation to generation, and always more or less developed by the intellectual labor of centuries, constitute the intellectual and moral patrimony of a society, a class, a nation.

Each new generation finds from the cradle a whole world of ideas, suppositions, and sentiments which it accepts as the heritage of past centuries. This world of ideas is not presented to the new-born infant under its ideal aspect as a system of notions and ideas, as a religion, a doctrine; a child would not be able to apprehend and understand it under this form; but it is imposed as a world of facts embodied and realised in all persons and things around him, and which he sees from the first day of his life. For human ideas, having been originally nothing but the products of realities, natural and social, in the sense of being the reflex or echo of such realities in the human brain, together with their ideal and more or less discriminate reproduction by this absolutely material organ of human thought, these ideas and notions, having become well established in the way described in the collective conscience of society, later acquire in their turn the power to act as causes, producing new facts, not merely natural but social. They end by slowly modifying and transforming the existence, habits, and institutions, in short all the social relations of men; and being incorporated in the most usual matters of everyday life, they become perceptible, palpable, for everybody, even for children. In this way each new generation is penetrated by them from infancy; and having grown to the age when the proper work of its own thought begins, accompanied of course by the application of fresh criticism, it finds within itself and in surrounding society, a whole world of established ideas and notions which are its starting point, furnishing in some way the raw material for its own intellectual and moral work. To this world of ideas belong those traditional and general forms of thought which metaphysicians, deceived by the insensible and imperceptible way in which they enter and are impressed on the brains of children from without, even before self-consciousness begins,—erroneously call "*innate ideas.*"

Of this kind are the general abstract ideas of deity and the soul; ideas in themselves altogether absurd, but which inevitably and determinately arose during the historic development of the human mind. The human spirit, arriving only slowly and after the lapse of many centuries at a rational and critical understanding of itself and its own proper manifestations, always starts from the absurd to arrive at the truth, and from slavery to conquer freedom. These ideas (of deity and the soul) have been sanctioned by universal ignorance, and by the stupidity of ages, as well as by the well considered interests of the privileged classes, to such a degree that even to-day it is impossible to speak in open and popular language against them without alienating a considerable part of the people, and risking being stoned by bourgeois hypocrisy.

Besides these quite abstract ideas, and always in close connection with them, the adult meets in society, and also within himself, and owing to the all-powerful influence of society on his own childhood, a number of other notions and ideas of a far more determined kind, touching more closely on real life and his own daily experience. Such notions are those on nature and man, on justice, the duties and rights of individuals and classes, on social conventions, on the family, property, and the State, besides many other notions on the relations existing between men. All these ideas which a child finds embodied in things and in men and which are impressed on its own mind by education and instruction before he has even arrived at self-consciousness, all these ideas he will find later on in life consecrated, explained, commented upon by those theories which express the universal conscience or the collective prejudice, and by all religious, political, and economic institutions of the society to which he belongs. And he will be so impregnated with them himself that, whether or not he is personally interested in their defence, he has become involuntarily, by all his material, intellectual and moral habits their accomplice.

We must not wonder, therefore, at the all powerful influence over the bulk of mankind, of these ideas which express the collective conscience of society, but on the contrary we should rather wonder at the fact that, in this mass, individuals are found who have the intelligence, will and courage to combat them. For the pressure of society on the individual is immense and there is no character nor intelligence which would be strong and powerful enough to pretend to be entirely safe from attacks of this equally despotical and irresistible influence.

Nothing proves the social character of men as this influence does. We might say that the collective conscience of a society, incarnated as well in the great public institutions as in all the details of its private life, and being the basis of all its theories, forms a kind of milieu, of an intellectual and moral atmosphere, obstructing but absolutely necessary to the existence of all its members. By it they are at the same time dominated, penetrated, and sustained, being bound together among themselves by customary *rapports* which are necessarily determined by this collective conscience itself and which insure to everybody security, and constitute for all, the supreme condition of the existence of the majority, banality, common-place routine.

The large majority of men, not only of the people but also of the privileged and educated classes (and the latter often in a larger degree even than than the people) only feel at ease and peace in their minds when, by their ideas and all their acts, they narrowly, blindly follow tradition and routine: "We must think and act like this, because our fathers did so formerly and everybody around us thinks and acts in the same way. Why should we therefore do otherwise?" These words express the philosophy, the conviction and the practice of ninety nine out of every hundred of mankind, taken at random in all classes of society. And, as I have already observed, there lies the greatest obstacle to progress and the more rapid emancipation of humanity.

To be continued.

The total amount of labour needed to provide for our wants will be as follows: Food, half an hour's labour daily; clothing, fifteen minutes' labour daily; houses, etc., half an hour's labour; that is (assuming every man did his share), a total of 1¼ hour's labour daily would suffice to supply us in abundance with all the comforts of life. The progress of invention and the increasing application of machinery are daily reducing even the amount of labour, so that the part which has now mainly to be played by man, is simply to superintend the machinery which does the work.—*William Hoyle.*

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

It is scarcely necessary to disclaim a too close sympathy with that startling phenomenon of civilization, the bomb-thrower; but we are blind indeed if we do not observe and take into account the immense revolution of ideas he is effecting in the administration of human affairs. We may condemn and denounce him, as we do without stint; he goes on heedlessly and unconcerned—the increasing frequency of his acts shows how powerless are established institutions to suppress him. He has come, not only to slay, but to stay.

The pulpit and the press have heaped coals of fire upon the heads of "these miscreants." The cry of "dastards" has been heard on all sides. Indeed, this is natural enough. Their motives have been largely hidden with the necessary secrecy of their operations. They have determined, however, to refute this charge of cowardice with becoming grace. One after another have yielded up their lives, the most priceless of their possessions, in order to add a proud dignity to their devotion. Indeed they have counted their very executions as so much "propaganda," and religiously refused to take the smallest advantage occasion has offered to clear themselves of guilt. They have believed themselves to be the avengers of wrong, and have died with a serenity as sublime as that which actuated the early Christians.

The bomb-thrower is essentially a *brave* man, a man of quick sympathies, and vigorous in action. He is the agent of a new terror mainly on account of the moral justification that stimulates him. We are all of us convinced, in our innermost hearts, that Society is responsible for his actual existence. He points with supreme scorn, as well he may, to a civilization which, in order to maintain itself, is obliged to have recourse to modern militarism. But still, two wrongs do not make one right: let us therefore cease to justify either, and condemn without partiality. It may be difficult to do so, inasmuch as the bomb-thrower invariably brings panic with his new manifestation of government, which clouds our moral vision, but it must be done. We readily enough perceive the evil of his act, but entirely overlook its unconscious ministry for good.

It is idle to suppose that the execution of the bomb-thrower will change the course of events. He may "halt for breathing space" and to reconnoitre the situation, and when Society fondly supposes him to be utterly dismayed, and relaxes its rigor in consequence, he will thunder forth again, and in the most unexpected place. The more he is executed, the wider the breach opens; and finally, a form of "possession" seizes him which maddens him to strike, more terrible often, because aimlessly, and without discretion. The act of Emile Henry was a consequence of the police repression which resulted from the act of Auguste Vaillant.

Gunpowder changed the old methods of war, and shifted the balance of power. Science has reduced to impotence the mere supremacy of numbers. The more modern concentrated explosives have supplanted the rifle and the sword. The very destructiveness of our modern warfare tends to deter statesmen from going to war. It would be impossible to anticipate the outcome of a contest between two great powers, if all the latest appliances of chemistry and mechanics were put into play. Thus every advance made in the manufacture of weapons of destruction has brought increased respect, in the long run, to those who have become possessed of such sources of strength. The individual Nihilist is more feared by the Czar than a whole army of serfs. The result is that the humblest citizen merits at least some consideration, and there is cultivated a disposition to remove those crushing burdens from the shoulders of the people, where despair is fast goading them on to insurrection.

The only thing that mankind ever did, or probably ever will, worship, is *power*. Even the devotees of God have always in mind the attribute of omnipotence. Majority-rule has no better moral apology than its power to execute its will. And so, when Science shall provide individuals with still more potent, still more terrible engines of destruction, it may come to pass that we shall pay some respect, if indeed, we do not lift our hats, to the bomb-thrower.

The century will not pass, in my opinion, without realizing man's long dream of traversing the air. Crookes has told of the potential energy of ether. Keely claims to have discovered the key to this energy, and to have surpassed all previous conceptions of æronautics. In his suspension of gravity, or manipulation and utilization of the polar flow, he has approached the realization of Lytton's suggestion of *vril* in the "Coming Race," in being able to draw unlimited energy from the atmosphere and put it to mechanical use without storage. Dewar doubts not that Keely may lift thousands of tons in the air. This new application of mechanical physics, this wider comprehension of correlative forces, is destined to supply a single individual with a greater grip of power than Jove ever wielded, when of old, he hurled down amongst men the thunderbolts of heaven.

Yes, this new balance of power is destined to achieve mighty results, before which established tyranny will pale. But all the devastation wrought by the new agencies will be as naught compared with the horrors inflicted upon the people by statesmen in the past. "Man dres't in a little brief authority" will no longer subdue his weaker fellow, and enslave and degrade him, when it is found to be so dangerous to do so. An era of fellowship will dawn at last. It is the monopoly of force which to-day engenders the social antagonisms. When there comes a more equal diffusion of power, the necessity of employing power will no longer exist, and Anarchy will be realized at last.

HENRY SEYMOUR.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Comrade Meunier has been sentenced to penal servitude for life. He was absolutely a stranger to the facts of which he was accused. The French police, unable to discover the authors of the explosions at the restaurant Véry and the Lobau barracks, charged all Anarchists which fell into their hands with these facts, and finally fixed these charges on Meunier, because a woman, with whom Meunier had quarrelled, told absurd stories about him. Notwithstanding that Meunier was able to prove, by six witnesses, an alibi, a jury was found in France to find him guilty!

We are opposed to all acts of blind (indiscriminate) violence; but it seems to us that the bourgeois, in condemning as they do, with or without proofs, every Anarchist, are the direct provocators of and principally responsible for acts like the attempts in the Liceo theatre and the Cafe Terminus.

We send to Meunier the expression of our sympathy. He has always been a decided upholder of the workers' cause, which is the cause of justice, freedom and happiness for all. The chairman of the assizes reproached him with continually urging on his fellow-workers to resist the oppression of the masters. For this the bourgeois hated him and the workers loved him and regret his absence.

We hope to see Meunier back among us. The bourgeois condemned him to perpetual imprisonment. But how long is the "perpetuality" of the capitalist organization going to last?

The latest information we have of our Comrade Meunier (Reuter's Agency) is that he has refused to sign an appeal, all who knew him expected nothing less. In private life he was gentle, and as sympathetic as a woman, but in propaganda, consistent and courageous.

MANCHESTER ANARCHIST DRAW. The winning numbers are: 314, 261, 284, 565, 359, 778, 521, 209, 724, 282, 526, 393. This draw was started in order to meet the heavy expenses incurred in the gallant fight for Free Speech waged by our comrades last winter. It has been very successful, though still leaving them a good deal in debt.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

"LIBERTY" is a journal of Anarchist-Communism; but articles on all phases of the Revolutionary movement will be freely admitted, provided they are worded in suitable language. No contributions should exceed one column in length. The writer over whose signature the article appears is alone responsible for the opinions expressed, and the Editor in all matters reserves to himself the fullest right to reject any article.

We would ask our contributors, to write plainly and on one side of the paper only.

All Communications should be addressed,—The Editor, Liberty, 7 Beadon Road, Hammersmith, W.

Subscription, 1s. 6d. per year, post free. Per quire of 27 copies, 1s. 7d. post free. The trade supplied by W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

To Correspondents.

C. STRAUGHAN and WINNIE FOSTER.—Received 2s. 6d. just in time for Meunier Defence Fund; thanks for postal order for paper and pamphlets.

T. H. BELL, Edinburgh.—Pamphlets sent as requested.

A. DESPRES, Liverpool.—Pamphlets, etc., forwarded; will send other papers. We are glad to find Liverpool Liberty Group so healthy.

LIBERTY,

LONDON, AUGUST, 1894.

Between Ourselves.

As we go to press our Comrades Cantwell and Quinn have been sentenced to six months' hard labor, convicted on evidence which even the *Daily Chronicle* admits to be of the flimsiest kind. All Socialists were excluded; every one wishing to enter the court being subjected to a close scrutiny, and refused admission at the discretion of the police.

They were remanded no less than five times and the charge was converted more than once. At first it was a charge of disorderly conduct, then it was incitement to murder the Royal Family. Finally our comrades were committed on *four* charges:—1, incitement to murder; 2, seditious libel (a new charge, by the way); 3, the publication of the leaflet "Why Vaillant threw the bomb" (which charge was a deliberate invention); and finally, a charge under the Explosives Act on the ground of a manuscript found at Sidmouth Mews, being a recipe for the composition of explosives.

At this juncture of the case an attempt was made on the part of the prosecution to implicate the whole of the *Commonweal* Group, by committing Quinn on the same charge. Mr. Farrelly however, very ably combated this point, pointing out that from the fact of Quinn being a member of the Group, it by no means followed that he had any knowledge of the existence of the manuscript in question. Quinn was therefore not committed under the Explosives Act but was finally committed on the other three charges.

We may safely conclude that this case has arisen out of existing prejudices and in consequence of previous events. The poster shown on Tower Hill contained nothing more seditious than may be read week by week in, say, *Reynolds'* for instance; but when similar or identical expressions are used by men known to profess Anarchist opinions a different impression is conveyed. This was well stated and exemplified by the prosecuting counsel while William Morris was in the witness box. When about to state the meaning of the four lines which constitute the alleged incitement the counsel interrupted with "It does not matter what the writer implies, the question is what the prisoners imply." In the same way detectives were allowed to speak of previous speeches made by the prisoners, while the defence was not permitted to introduce any evidence respecting their previous speeches.

Strange are the ways of "law." Jean Grave receives a sentence of two years' for a couple of lines contained in a book of 300 pages, the contention being that those lines epitomise the meaning of the book. The precisely opposite contention is alleged to over-rule in the present case, where four lines are held to mean something *other* than the poem from which they are taken means as a whole. Law's consistency is only to be found in one point—funk at the Anarchist Idea. The whole present charge consists, first and last, in prosecution of the Idea.

The most suspicious feature of this case is that the prosecuting counsel has said week after week: "We have not yet formulated our charge." Suddenly, then, this manuscript concerning explosives is brought forward. The thing is suggestive.

Comrade Kropotkin contributes a very able article on "Mutual Aid in the Mediæval City," the first of two papers, to the *Nineteenth Century*. The mediæval city, he points out, "was not simply a political organisation for the protection of certain political liberties; it was an attempt at organising, on a much grander scale than in a village community, a close union for mutual aid and support, for consumption and production, and for social life altogether, without imposing upon men the fetters of the State, but giving full liberty of expression to the creative genius of each separate group of individuals in art, crafts, science, commerce, and political organisation."

An English translation, by Ralph Derechef, of Felix Dubois' book, "The Anarchist Peril" is published by Fisher Unwin, London. This is the book of a journalist, and moreover, of a journalist of the *Figaro*; that means to say, it contains all that is necessary to get a big sale among the curious, but nothing showing any sincere desire for discovering the truth and making it known to the public. Drawings reproduced from the *Pere Peinard*, sensational phrases, picked out at hazard from the Anarchist press, and a little chronology of the exterior, dramatic incidents of the French Anarchist movement, form the main part of the book. There is no understanding found of the Anarchist ideas, their origin, evolution, and outcome.

To judge the book and its author it is sufficient to read what he says about Bakunin. This important personality, who will have had on the events of this century a much larger influence than we yet imagine, and who left in the spirit of those who knew him such a profound impression and deep affection, is to M. Dubois, a suspect person, perhaps a spy!

M. Dubois only knows, and in an entirely superficial way, the Anarchism in Paris of the last few years. He derives these manifestations of Anarchism which are all he is aware of, directly from Bakunin, whilst to the friends of Bakunin they appear rather to be the negation of the Bakunist tradition.

Bakunin meets with an equal want of proper understanding at the hands of Mr. Morrison Davidson, who, in the *Westminster Gazette* of July 12th, and the *Weekly Times* of July 28th, puts himself forward as a sort of historian of the Anarchist theories.

Referring to his statements in the former article we can shortly reply (contradicting his assertions) that Bakunin (who died in 1876, *not* in 1878) did *not* write the lines quoted from a "Revolutionary Catechism" which was *not* read at the trial of Netchajeff, which trial did *not* take place in 1871 (but early in 1873).

The facts about this "Revolutionary Catechism" are briefly these: at the trial of a number of students, etc., with whom Netchajeff, when in Russia, had associated, the document referred to was read from a copy *in cypher*; no proof was ever brought forward that Bakunin was the author of it; whilst it suited the purposes of unfair polemics congenial to Karl Marx to ascribe this and some other publications to Bakunin, it results with the greatest amount of probability, as well from internal evidence as from the oral testimony of men who have known at the time both Bakunin and Netchajeff, that the latter was the author of it, and documentary proof could be brought forward to show how strongly Bakunin disagreed with *some* of Netchajeff's chief ideas. Moreover, in a letter addressed to the *Journal de Geneve* (published on Sept. 25th, 1873) Bakunin, referring to these publications, said: "You attribute to me writings with the publication of which I have nothing to do." And, finally, there exist, in manuscript, two "Revolutionary Catechisms" by Bakunin, none of which has a line in common with that from which Mr. Morrison Davidson, repeating the old Marxist slanders, quotes.

To show further, how *history* is written by Mr. Morrison Davidson, he says (*Westminster Gazette*) that after "an abortive Anarchist rising" at Lyons in *1870* the declaration of the Lyons Anarchist prisoners from which he quotes a long extract was read in court. Now who of his readers will imagine, that this "rising" took place on Sept. 28th, *1870* during the Franco-German War (Bakunin took part in it) whilst the declaration was read at the trial of the Lyons and other Anarchists on Jan. 23rd, *1883*! It concludes with the words: "What scoundrels are we? We want bread for all, knowledge for all, work for all, and for every man independence and justice." (It was published as an English leaflet at the time and this may be one of the earliest English Anarchist publications.)

We think before establishing fanciful distinctions between "Christian" and "Materialist" Anarchism and similar nonsense, Mr. Morrison Davidson ought to inform himself on the very outlines of the history of Anarchist theories.

N.

THE DUTIES OF THE PRESENT HOUR.

By ERRICO MALATESTA.

Reaction is let loose upon us from all sides. The *bourgeoisie*, infuriated by the fear of losing her privileges, will use all means of repression to suppress not only the Anarchist and Socialist, but every progressive movement.

It is quite certain that they will not be able to prevent these outrages which served as the pretext of this present reaction; on the contrary, the measures which bar all other outlets to the active temper of some seem expressly calculated to provoke and multiply them.

But, unfortunately, it is not quite certain that they may not succeed in hampering our propaganda by rendering the circulation of our press very difficult, by imprisoning a great number of our comrades, and by leaving no other means of revolutionary activity open to us than secret meetings, which may be very useful for the actual execution of actions determined on, but which cannot make an idea enter into the mass of the proletariate.

We would be wrong to console ourselves with the old illusion that persecutions are *always* useful to the development of the ideas which are persecuted. This is wrong, as almost all generalisations are Persecutions may help or hinder the triumph of a cause, according to the relation existing between the power of persecution and the power of resistance of the persecuted; and past history contains examples of persecutions which stopped and destroyed a movement as well as of others which brought about a revolution.

Hence we must face, without weakness or illusion, the situation into which the *bourgeoisie* has placed us to-day and study the means to resist the storm and to derive from it the greatest possible profit for our cause.

There are comrades who expect the triumph of our ideas from the multiplication of acts of individual violence. Well, we may differ in our opinions on the moral value and the practical effect of individual acts in general, and of each act in particular, and there are in fact on this subject among Anarchists various divergent and even directly opposed currents of opinion; but one thing is certain, namely, that with a number of bombs and a number of blows of the knife, a society like bourgeois society cannot be overthrown, being based, as it is, on an enormous mass of private interests and prejudices, and sustained, more than it is by the force of arms, by the inertia of the masses and their habits of submission.

Other things are necessary to bring about a revolution, and specially the Anarchist revolution. It is necessary that the people be conscious of their rights and their strength; it is necessary that they be ready to fight and ready to take the conduct of their affairs into their own hands. It must be the constant preoccupation of the revolutionists, the point towards which all their activity must aim, to bring about this state of mind among the masses. The brilliant acts of a few individuals may help in this work, but cannot replace it; and in reality, they are only useful if they are the result of a collective movement of spirit of the masses and if being accomplished under such circumstances that the masses understand them, sympathise with, and profit by them.

Woe to us, woe to our cause if we remain in inactivity, waiting from time to time for men like Caserio and Vaillant, Pallas and Berkmann to sacrifice their lives for the cause and be admired for their bravery! Who expects the emancipation of mankind to come, not from the persistent and harmonious co-operation of all men of progress, but from the accidental or providencial happening of some acts of heroism, is not better advised than one who expects it from the intervention of an ingenious legislator or of a victorious general.

After all, in any case, but a very limited number of individuals do really commit acts of this kind. And the others? What are we doing, we, the great majority of Anarchists, who throw no bombs and kill no tyrants? Must we content ourselves with praising the dead and wait with equanimity of conscience for others to come forward to get killed? It is important that we should agree as to the line of conduct fitted for the bulk of Anarchists: which would not prevent individuals of exceptional energy and devotion bringing to the struggle their personal audacity and sacrifice.

What have we to do in the present situation?

Before all, in my opinion, we must as much as possible resist the laws; I might almost say we must ignore them.

The degree of freedom, as well as the degree of exploitation under which we live, is not at all, or only in a small measure, dependent upon the letter of the law: it depends before all upon the resistance offered to the laws. One can be relatively free, notwithstanding the existence of draconian laws, provided custom is opposed to the government making use of them; while, on the other side, in spite of all guarantees granted by laws, one may be at the mercy of all the violence of the police, if they feel, that they can, without being punished, make short work of the liberty of the citizens.

In Italy, the government used to dissolve, from time to time, such associations as they considered dangerous to the monarchical institutions. Protests, and cries of indignation were raised and, what is most important, the dissolved societies were forthwith reconstituted: and the government could not but let this pass, and its aims to suppress the right of association of its opponents were continually frustrated. After having several times used this method against the International Workingmen's Association (which, in Italy, was from the beginning Anarchist) and not succeeding in making it disappear, the government hit upon prosecuting its members as persons affiliated to an association of criminals. But it was impossible to prosecute all. From time to time arrests were made, sentences passed; the accused openly vindicated their ideas and the right to associate for their propagation; the sections of the International continued their work, and in the end, whilst a number of individuals suffered personally—and those who fight against the existing order of things must expect to suffer — the aims of the government were frustrated and the propaganda profited by it ever so much. But then Anarchists began to say that to form associations meant giving an opportunity for prosecution of associations of criminals to the government; they caused the dissolution of the existing association, combated all efforts to reorganise it . . . . and, in this way, voluntarily renounced the right of association. This did not, of course, prevent a single condemnation; on the contrary, at present Anarchists are accused of forming criminal associations if perchance they meet each other in a cafe—they may even not know one another—simply because they are Anarchists.

The results of the new laws which are being forged against us will depend to a large degree, upon our own attitude. If we offer energetic resistance, they will at once appear to public opinion as a shameless violation of all human right and will be condemned to speedy extinction or to remain a dead letter. If, on the contrary, we accommodate ourselves to them, they will rank with contemporary political customs, which will, later on, have the disastrous result of giving fresh importance to the struggle for political liberties (of speaking, writing, meeting, combining, and associating) and be the cause more or less of losing sight of the social question.

We are to be prevented from expressing our ideas: let us do so none the less and that more than ever. They want to proscribe the very name of Anarchist: let us shout aloud that we are Anarchists. The right of

association is to be denied us: let us associate as we can, and proclaim that we are associated, and mean to be. This kind of action, I am quite aware, is not without difficulty in the state things are in at present, and can only be pursued within the limits and in the way which commonsense will dictate to everybody according to the different circumstances they live under. But let us always remember that the oppression of governments has no other limits than the resistance offered to it.

Those Socialists who imagine to escape the reaction by severing their cause from that of the Anarchists, not only give proof of a narrowness of view which is incompatible with aims of radical reorganisation of the social system, but they betray stupidly their proper interest. If we should be crushed, their turn would come very soon.

But before all we must go among the people: this is the way of salvation for our cause.

Whilst our ideas oblige us to put all our hopes in the masses, because we do not believe in the possibility of imposing the good by force and we do not want to be commanded, we have despised and neglected all manifestations of popular life; we contented ourselves with simply preaching abstract theories or with acts of individual revolt, and we have become isolated. Hence the want of success of what I will call, the first period of the Anarchist movement. After more than twenty years of propaganda and struggle, after so much devotion and so many martyrs, we are to-day nearly strangers to the great popular commotions which agitate Europe and America, and we find ourselves in a situation which permits the governments to foster, without plainly appearing absurd, hopes to suppress us by some police measures.

Let us reconsider our position.

To-day, that which always ought to have been our duty, which was the logical outcome of our ideas, the condition which our conception of the revolution and reorganization of society imposes on us, namely, to live among the people and to win them over to our ideas by actively taking part in their struggles and sufferings, today this has become an absolute necessity imposed upon us by the situation which we have to live under. Our ordinary means of propaganda the press, meetings, groups of more or less convinced adherents of our ideas —at any rate for a certain time, will become more and more difficult to be used. It is only in working-men's associations, strikes, collective revolts where we can find a waste field for exercising our influence and propagating our ideas. But if we want to succeed, let us remember that people do not become Anarchists in a single day, by hearing some violent speeches, and let us above all avoid falling into the error common to many comrades, who refuse to associate with working men who are not already perfect Anarchists, whilst it is absolutely necessary to associate with them in order to make them become Anarchists.

The Movement in Manchester.

To the Editor of *Liberty*.

A deliberate attempt has been made here in Manchester by the "Watch-Committee" of the Manchester Corporation to suppress the "Right of Public Meeting." They have given instructions to the Chief Constable to suppress any meetings held by Anarchists, and acting upon instructions received, Chief Detective Cammmada suppressed the usual meeting held in Stevenson Sq. on Sunday afternoon, July 8th. The reason according to the Press (and we have none from any other source) being that the Anarchists have spoken approvingly of the assassination of President Carnot. The truth or falsehood of the above accusation seems to us to be beside the mark, the question at issue is, ought the suppression of any public meetings to be allowed on account of what one or two of the speakers may have said? If any one is guilty of an illegal act, let that person be prosecuted, but do not let us allow such a dangerous precedent as this to pass without protest. We appeal to all lovers of what is right for their assistance. I remain, Yours fraternally, ALFRED S ROUND, Sec. Manchester A.-C. G.

PROUDHON AND COMMUNISM.

The so-called Proudhonians like to tell us that in preaching Individualism and private appropriation they follow his teachings. This is what Proudhon wrote in his last work on Property, the "Theory of Property," published in 1866, after his death. After having developed in that work the ideas that, with the present development of State, private property is the only means of defending man's liberty against the State,—he wrote the following characteristic conclusion to his work (pp. 244-246). To private property he personally preferred Slavonic or Communal possession of land.

I have unfolded the considerations which render the idea of private property intelligible, rational, justifiable, without which it would be usurpatory and hateful. And yet, even on those terms, it contains something of that selfishness which is always antipathetic to me. My levelling reason, always against being governed, and an enemy to the rage and abuses of power, is prepared to allow proprietorship to be kept up as a shield and position of safety for the weak: but my heart will never be with it. As far as I am concerned, I feel no necessity for this concession either for the purpose of gaining my own bread, or to fulfil my civic duties, or for my own happiness. I have no need to meet it with others that I may aid their weakness and respect their rights. I have sufficient energy of conscience and intellectual force to suitably maintain all my relations with my neighbours, without it, and if the majority of my fellow citizens resembled me—what need would there be of that institution? Where would be the danger of tyranny? Where the danger of ruin by competition and free trade? Where would be the danger for the little man, the pupil, or the workman? Where would be the need of pride, ambition, and greed which cannot satisfy itself except by the immensity of appropration?

A small house, held on hire, the use of a garden would be amply sufficient for me: my occupation not being to cultivate the soil, the vine, or a meadow, I do not require a park or a large inheritance, and even if I were a husbandman and vine-dresser, Slavonic form of possession would satisfy me, *viz.*, the share falling to each head of a family in each commune. I cannot tolerate the insolence of the man who with his foot on land which he merely holds by a free concession, forbids us to pass over it, and prevents our gathering a flower in his field or to walk over a foot path.

When I see all these fences in the suburbs of Paris which take away a view of the country and the enjoyment of the soil from the poor pedestrian, my blood fairly boils. I ask myself whether such proprietorship which thus ties up each person within his own house is not rather expropriation and expulsion from the land. *Private Property!* I sometimes meet with these words written in large letters at the entrance to an open road and which resembles a sentinel forbidding you to advance any farther. I confess, my manly dignity fairly bristles up in disgust. Oh! I remain with regard to this on the standpoint of Christian religion, which recommends abnegation, preaches modesty, simplicity of mind, and poverty of heart. Away with the ancient patrician, unmerciful and covetous; away with the insolent baron, the greedy bourgeois, and the harsh peasant, *durus arator*. These people are odious to me! I can neither like them nor look at them. If I should ever find myself a proprietor I should be one of that kind whom God and men, especially the poor forgive!

Native-born Persons in 1,000 Inhabitants.

United Kingdom	996	Belgium	980
Germany	994	France	977
Italy	990	Switzerland	922
Holland	983	United States	866

It is manifest that our population is essentially our own, France having 6 times as many foreign settlers. *Mulhall*, 1887.

THE VOICE OF TOIL.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

I heard men saying, Leave hope and praying
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger mid toil and hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go-read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives.

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel
Forgetting that the world is fair;
Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish,
Where our mirth is crime, our love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

* * * * * *

I heard men saying, Leave tears and praying
The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,
When day breaks over dreams and sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me;
Hope is before us, the long years that bore us
Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

[The verse printed in italics above forms part of the charge upon which our comrades T. Cantwell and C. T. Quinn are committed for trial for inciting Henry Braden and others to murder the royal family!—Ed.]

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.

CHAPTER III.

After having recovered his breath and wiped his brow, for he was sweating, my worthy great-uncle, with emotion and wrath, took my grandfather aside, and said to him:

"Suppose we invite this brave man and this glorious poodle to breakfast with us at Manette's?"

"Hum! hum!" objected my grandfather.

"The devil!" replied Benjamin," one does not meet every day a poodle who has made an English captain prisoner, and every day political banquets are given to people who are not worth this honorable quadruped."

"But have you any money?" said my grandfather; "I have only a thirty-sou piece, which your sister gave me this morning because, I believe, it is imperfectly coined, and she urgently recommended me to bring her back at least half."

"For my part, I have not a sou, but I am Manette's physician, just as she from time to time is my tavernkeeper, and we give each other credit."

"Manette's physician only?"

"What's that to you?"

"Nothing; but I warn you that I will not stay more than an hour at Manette's."

So my uncle extended his invitation to the sergeant. The latter accepted without ceremony, and joyfully placed himself between my uncle and my grandfather, walking in what soldiers call lock-step.

They met a bull, which a peasant was driving to pasture. Offended undoubtedly by Benjamin's coat, he suddenly started for him. My uncle dodged his horns, and, as he had joints of steel, he cleared at a bound, with no more effort than if he had cut a caper, a broad ditch that separated the road from the fields. The bull, who was undoubtedly determined to make a slash in the red coat, tried to follow my uncle's example; but he fell into the middle of the ditch. "Good enough for you?" said Benjamin, "that's what you get by seeking a quarrel with people who are not dreaming of you." But the quadruped, as obstinate as a Russian mounting to an assault, was not discouraged by this failure; planting his hoofs in the half-thawed ground, he tried to climb the slope. My uncle, seeing that, drew his sword, and, while he was pricking the enemy's snout to the best of his ability, he called the peasant, and cried: "My good man, stop your beast; else I warn you that I will pass my sword through his body." But as he said the words he let his sword fall into the ditch. "Take off your coat, and throw it to him as quickly as you can," cried Machecourt. "Hide among the vines," said the peasant. "Sic him! sic him! Fontenoy," said the sergeant. The poodle leaped at the bull, and, as if he knew his enemy, bit him on the ham-string. The animal then turned his wrath against the dog; but, while he was making havoc with his horns, the peasant came up and succeeded in passing a noose around the bull's hind legs. This skilful manœuvre was perfectly successful, and put an end to the hostilities.

Benjamin returned to the road. He thought that Machecourt was going to laugh at him, but the latter was as pale as a sheet and trembled on his legs.

"Come, Machecourt, brace up," said my uncle; "else I shall have to bleed you. And you, my brave Fontenoy, you have made to-day a prettier fable than that of La Fontaine, entitled: 'The Dove and the Ant.' You see, gentlemen, a good deed is never lost. Generally the benefactor is obliged to give long credit to the beneficiary, but he, Fontenoy, had paid me in advance. Who the devil would have thought that I would ever be under obligations to a poodle?"

Moulot is hidden among a clump of willows and poplars on the left bank of the Beuvron river, at the foot of a big hill, up which runs the road to La Chapelle. A few houses of the village had already gone up by the side of the road, as white and as spick and span as peasant women when they go into a place frequented by society; among them was Manette's wine-shop. At sight of the frost-covered sign that hung from the attic window Benjamin began to sing with his stentorian voice:

"Amis, il faut faire une pause,
J'apercois l'ombre d'un bouchon."

On hearing this familiar voice, Manette ran blushing to the threshold of her door.

Manette was really a very pretty person, plump, chubby, and white, but perhaps a little too pink; her cheeks would have reminded you of a pool of milk, on the surface of which a few drops of wine were floating. "Gentleman," said Benjamin, "permit me first of all to kiss our pretty hostess, as an appetizer for the good breakfast which she is going to prepare for us directly."

"Indeed Monsieur Rathery!" exclaimed Manette, starting back, "you are not made for peasant women; go and kiss Mademoiselle Minxit."

"It seems," thought my uncle, "that the report of my marriage has already spread through the country. No one but M. Minxit can have spoken of it; hence he must be determined to have me for a son-in-law; so, if he should not receive my visit to-day, that would not be a reason for breaking off the negotiations."

"Manette," he added, "Mlle. Minxit is not in question here; have you any fish?"

"There are plenty of fish," said Manette, "in M. Minxit's fish pond."

"Again I ask you, Manette," said Benjamin, "have you any fish? Be careful what you answer."

"Well," said Manette, "my husband has gone fishing, and he will soon return."

"Soon does not meet our case; put on the gridiron as many slices of ham as it will hold, and make us an omelette of all the eggs in your hen-house."

The breakfast was soon ready. While the omelette was leaping in the frying-pan, the ham was broiling. Now, the omelette was almost as soon despatched as served. It takes a hen six months to lay twelve eggs, a woman a quarter of an hour to convert them into an omelette, and three men five minutes to absorb the omelette. "See," said Benjamin, "how much more rapid is decomposition than recomposition; countries covered with a numerous population grow poorer every day. Man is a greedy infant who makes his nurse grow thin; the ox does not restore to the fields all the grass that he takes from it; the ashes of the oak that we burn do not return as an oak to the forest; the zephyr does not carry back to the rose bush the leaves of the bouquet that the young girl scatters around her; the candle that burns in front of us does not fall back in waxen dew upon the earth; rivers continually despoil continents, and lose in the bosom of the sea the matter which they take from their banks; most of the mountains have no verdure left upon their big bald craniums; the Alps show us their bare and jagged bones; the interior of Africa is nothing but a lake of sand; Spain is a vast moor, and Italy a great charnelhouse where there remains only a bed of ashes. Wherever great people have passed, they have left sterility in their tracks. This earth, adorned with verdure and with flowers, is a consumptive whose cheeks are red, but whose life is condemned. A time will come when it will be nothing but an inert, dead, icy mass, a great sepulchral stone upon which God will write: 'Here lies the human race.' Meantime, gentlemen, let us profit by the blessings which the earth gives us, and, as she is a tolerably good mother, let us drink to her long life."

They came then to the ham. My grandfather ate from a sense of duty, because man must eat to maintain his health and must have blood in order to serve writs; Benjamin ate for amusement; but the sergeant ate like a man who sits down to table for no other purpose, and he did not utter a word.

At table Benjamin was famous; but his noble stomach was not

exempt from jealousy, a base passion which dims the most brilliant qualities.

He watched the sergeant with the vexed air of a man outdone, as Cæsar would have watched, from the height of the Capitol, Bonaparte winning the battle of Marengo. After having contemplated his man for some time in silence, he thought fit to address these words to him :

"Drinking and eating are two beings that resemble each other ; at first sight you would take them for own cousins. But drinking is as much above eating as the eagle who alights upon the mountain peak is above the raven who perches on the tree-top. Eating is a necessity of the stomach ; drinking is a neccessity of the soul. Eating is only a common workman, while drinking is an artist. Drinking inspires poets with pleasant ideas, philosophers with noble thoughts, musicians with melodious strains ; eating gives them only indigestion. Now, I flatter myself, sergeant, that I could drink quite as well as you ; I even think that I could drink better ; but, when it comes to eating, I am the merest novice b side you You could cope with Arthus in person ; I even think that on a turkey you could go him one wing better."

"You see," answered the sergeant, "I eat for yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow."

"Permit me then to serve you for the day after-to-morrow this las t slice of ham."

"Thank you very much," said the sergeant, "there is an end to everything."

"Well, the Creator who has made soldiers to pass suddenly from extreme abundance to extreme want has given to them, as to the camel, two stomachs ; their second stomach is their knapsack. Take this ham, which neither Machecourt nor I want, and put it in your knapsack."

"No," said the soldier, "I do not need to lay up provisions ; I always get food enough ; permit me to offer this ham to Fontenoy ; we are in the habit of sharing everything together, on days of feast as on days of fast."

"You have there, indeed, a dog who deserves to be well taken care of," said my uncle ; "will you sell him to me?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the sergeant, quickly placing his hand upon his poodle.

"Pardon me, worthy man, pardon me ; I am distressed at having offended you ; I spoke only in jest ; I know very well that to propose to a poor man to sell his dog is like proposing to a mother to sell her child."

"You will never make me believe," said my grandfather, "that one can love a dog as much as a child ; I, too, once had a poodle, a poodle that was well worth yours, sergeant,—be it said without offence to Fontenoy,—save that he has taken prisoner nothing but the tax-collector's wig. Well, one day, when I had lawyer Page to dinner, he ran off with a calf's head, and that very night I passed him under the mill-wheel."

"What you say proves nothing ; you have a wife and six children ; it is quite work enough for you to love all these people without forming a romantic affection for a poodle ; but I am talking of a poor devil isolated among men and with no relative but his dog. Put a man with a dog in a desert island, in another desert island put a woman with her child, and I will wager that in six month's time the man will love the dog, provided the dog is amiable, as well as the woman will love her child."

"I can conceive," answered my grandfather, "that a traveller may like a dog to keep him company, that an old woman that lives alone in her room may like a pug with which to babble all day long. But that a man should love a dog with real affection, that he should love him as a Christian, that is what I deny, that is what I deem impossible."

"And I tell you that under certain circumstances you would love even a rattlesnake ; the loving fibre in man cannot remain entirely inert. The human soul abhors a vacuum ; observe attentively the most hardened egoist, and at last you will find, like a little flower among the stones, an affection hidden under a fold of his soul.

"It is a general rule, to which there is no exception, that man must love something. The dragoon who has no mistress loves his horse ; the young girl who has no lover loves her bird ; the prisoner, who cannot in decency love his jailor, loves the spider that spins his web on the window of his cell, or the fly that comes down to him in a ray of sunlight. When we find nothing animate to absorb out affections, we love material objects,—a ring, a snuff-box, a tree, a flower ; the Dutchman feels a passion for his tulips, and the antiquary for his cameos."

Just then Manette's husband came in with a fat eel in his basket.

"Machecourt," said Benjamin, "it is noon,—that is to say, dinner-time ; suppose we make a dinner of this eel?"

"It is time to go," said Machecourt, "and we shall dine at M. Minxit's."

'And you, sergeant? Suppose we eat the eel?"

"For my part," said the sergeant, "I am in no hurry ; as I am not going anywhere in particular, I spend every night at home."

"Very well said! And the respectable poodle, what is his opinion on this point?"

The poodle looked at Benjamin and wagged his tail two or three times.

"Well, silence gives consent : so, Machecourt, there are three of us against you ; you must bow to the will of the majority. The majority, you see, my friend, is stronger than the rest of the world. Put ten philosophers on one side and eleven fools on the other, and the fools will carry the day."

"The eel is indeed a very fine one," said my grandfather, "and, if Manette has a little bacon, it will make an excellent matelote. But, the devil! what about my writ? That must be served."

"Mark this," said Benjamin ; "it will undoutedly be necessary for some one to lend me his arm to escort me back to Clamecy. If you shirk this pious duty, I will no longer own you as my brother-in-law."

Now as Marchecourt was very anxious to continue as Benjamin's brother-in-law, he semained.

To be continued.

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