

Freedom

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STIRRING TIMES.

THE last few weeks have been crowded with tragical events. The terrible explosion in Wales, which in a few moments destroyed the lives of three hundred and forty miners, and plunged into misery as many families; the murder of the President of the French Republic; and the bloody labor war in the United States, during which scores of workmen and their wives were shot down by the defenders of bourgeois "order": such have been the occurrences that have recently startled the world. While the moral atmosphere of Europe has been darkened by a black cloud of political persecution such as has not—except in Russia—disgraced modern times. In England we have seen its sinister reflection in the ridiculous prosecution of Cantwell and Quinn and the equally ridiculous Alien Bill of Lord Salisbury.

As usually happens, the Albion colliery explosion was due to the cupidity of the owners. The mine, worked day and night, had become unsafe. And as is so often the case, the old miners suspected it. On that very day, an old miner, as he was going to the pit, foresaw the accident. (*Daily News* correspondence.) But, of course, no engineer would risk his situation by ordering the sudden cessation from work whilst he could persuade himself that the danger was not imminent. The certain loss entailed by a stoppage seems more terrible than the possibility of the destruction of miners' lives, even *plus* the expenses of an accident.

Men and boys went down, only to return as so many lifeless bodies. A few telegrams of condolence were sent, and in twenty-four hours all was forgotten, the sympathies of the ruling classes being already elsewhere—with M. and Mme. Carnot.

As the French President was driving at Lyons, on June 24, with royal pomp in a State carriage, a young Italian, Caserio Santo, mortally wounded him with a dagger. The assassin acted on his own initiative alone, but the police depositions make it abundantly clear that he must have heard the assassination of Carnot continually discussed in workshops and cabarets. The number of the men, not even Socialists, already in prison for having approved the deed only confirms the statements of the police.

What then was Carnot to have originated a wide-spread opinion that sooner or later he would be assassinated? He was, in all points, the opposite of the first French President, Grévy. Grévy, a republican of the old school, maintained that no president is required in a republic, and did his best to prove it. He refused to play the part of little monarch. And of all the prerogatives of a French president, he stuck to one only: the right of pardon. He considered that capital punishment is a relic of barbarism, and did his best to cause it gradually to disappear from the habits of the country. For seven years no one was executed in France.

Carnot took, in every way, the opposite course. He meddled with politics as much as he could, always in favor of the Orléanists. He played the king; he did his best to revive kingly traditions; and of all the president's rights, he obstinately refused to make use of one—the right of commuting death sentences. The old Mosaic principle of "death for death, and wound for wound" is still respected in France. And when the court had condemned Vaillant to death for wounding only, there was a strong outburst of public opinion against this verdict. And, moreover, did not everyone in the French press feel that by what he had written and said against that sink of corruption, the chamber, he had helped to arm Vaillant's hand? Was not Vaillant's outrage a natural revolt of the popular conscience? A good half of the press spoke to Carnot to this effect.

And then came the passionate efforts of Vaillant's wife to save him; the touching story of his girl. They asked so little—merely his life and to follow him to the terrible island of New Caledonia, worse than any Siberia. This little might have made them happy. But this little was refused by Carnot, personally by him; and everyone knows the significant signs of sympathy in all classes of society which followed Vaillant's execution. In spite of the efforts of the police, his grave was continually covered with lovely flowers. No taking of names, no iron gratings could prevent the accumulation of wreaths, brought by rich and poor, until, one night, the defenders of "order" stole away the corpse and buried it in some secret corner.

Such things are danger signals to the rulers of any country; if, when they occur, the reins of government are merely drawn tighter, some more violent outburst is the inevitable result.

In the United States, the rising discontent of the working classes takes a different form. For years past the States have at intervals been convulsed by strikes more gigantic and violent than those of the western world; during the past year these strikes have been almost continuous.

The mining districts have been in more or less active revolt the whole winter, and the railway workers have been continually manifesting their impatience.

Finally, the whole life of the United States has been shaken for nearly a month by what at first threatened to be a civil war. The strike of the Pullman-car operatives was only the spark to the powder. With a wonderful unanimity, the railway workers on most of the great lines struck work, and at once took such energetic measures to prevent black-legs taking their places that the whole traffic was instantly paralysed. Passenger trains stood deserted in the wilds. No provisions reached the big cities, while hundreds of tons of meat were rotting in trains left in the prairies. It was a momentary foretaste of what will happen to society when the workers, in good earnest, unite to refuse to work except on their own terms.

As regards any practical immediate results to the wage-workers concerned, the great strike has been a dismal failure; but it is, nevertheless, an event of immeasurable importance in the labor movement. It has marked another step in the progress of the idea of a general strike. The general strike is the grand weapon whereby the Social Revolution will be won, and last month in America the great trade societies for the first time seriously considered whether they should take it up.

Further, the same signs of sympathy with the workers as were shown last year to the English miners by the great mass of the populace (always the chief sufferers by a strike) were exhibited this summer in the States. In California this sympathy extended to the militia, who shared their ammunition with the strikers instead of firing upon them. A most encouraging sign of the growth of a spirit of solidarity.

And truly the party of progress and freedom needs encouragement. When government after government is passing Anti-Anarchist Acts, and the Republic of the United States follows the example of the Republic of France and sets about taking measures of repression before only possible in the dominions of the Tsar; when United Italy returns to the worst traditions of the Austrian tyranny, and Spain to those of the Inquisition, and the Conservative ex-Premier of England proposes that this country shall follow suit,—thoughtful men begin to see that the modern world has boasted too soon of the attainment of a scientific spirit of tolerance and the conquest of freedom of opinion. An idea need only seriously threaten ruling interests, and the ancient spirit of persecution is awake again.

It is an honor to the *Daily Chronicle*, which certainly has no theoretical sympathy with Anarchism to open its eyes, that it is the first English paper to awake to the significance and danger of the thin edge of the wedge in England. It failed to realise the seriousness of the Meunier case, but it has severely criticised the exceptional legislation in France and elsewhere, and on the Cantwell and Quinn trial it writes (August 1) as follows:—

"The Treasury and the judge must, we imagine, feel that they have put themselves and the country in a ridiculous position. Here are these two men found guilty of endeavoring to compass a crime on a par with that of Santo. The trial is conducted with all the precautions that could be taken in the case of the most desperate and reckless criminals. Everyone seeking to enter the court was subjected to a close scrutiny and refused admission at the discretion of the police. . . . And yet, after all this, and when a British jury has found the men guilty, it goes forth to the civilised world that a sentence of six months' imprisonment has been inflicted for an abominable political crime. Such a sentence, we repeat, is ridiculous. As for the evidence produced, we cannot but conclude that it was of the flimsiest kind. Nobody made a note—certainly not a shorthand note—of what was said by the prisoners, and the witnesses for the prosecution, relying as they did on an unassisted memory, all recalled something different. . . . The seditious literature complained of was, as the judge himself admitted, mere coarse and vulgar stuff which might well be ignored. Rubbish of that kind is spouted and distributed every day in Hyde Park. If the courts are to be used for giving currency to what no one at present honors with the slightest attention, the sooner the musty old statutes about seditious libel are repealed the better in the public interest. But we must protest on public grounds against the methods adopted in this trial. The best way to make martyrs for Anarchism and to glorify its scatter-brained apostles is to deny them a fair and impartial hearing in the courts of law."

This is the old Radical standpoint, and if the English public have the sense to maintain it the Social Revolution may be brought about here without those terrible and bloody reprisals which the policy of continental governments has already inaugurated abroad.

The Cantwell and Quinn Case.

THE ACTUAL FACTS.

On June 29, the day before the opening of the new Bridge, some comrades of the Commonwealth Group thought that they might as well take advantage of the crowd of loafers and sightseers on Tower Hill to do a little propaganda, so several of them went down with a packet of "Songs for the Workers" to distribute. Cantwell was armed in addition with a big yellow poster, which he had prepared for the

occasion entirely on his own account, not even using the 'Weal' type to set it up. Its contents were the words: "Fellow workers, you have expended life and energy and skill in building this bridge; now come the royal vermin and rascally politicians, with pomp and splendour, to claim all the credit." (We quote Mr. Matthews's speech for the prosecution, not having the original document before us.) Then came a sentence likening the said politicians and royalties to "lazy swine" and a verse from William Morris's "Voice of Toil," describing how the workers are shorn like sheep by the sharp knife of capitalism. This bill Cantwell held up while he made a simple Socialist speech. Several of the audience persisted in shouting out catchy questions about Carnot and bombs, but Cantwell refused to enter on the subject of outrage, saying that there were fanatics in every party, and he had not come there to discuss their deeds, but to speak of the wrongs of the workers. After this, the noisy clique showed a resolute determination to break up the meeting, finally making a rush at Cantwell and at Quinn, who had succeeded him as speaker. Quinn slipped into a neighboring church, while Cantwell walked off down Gracechurch-street, surrounded by a yelling gang of roughs and followed by a crowd curious to see what would happen. Of course the local bobbies interfered, and, equally of course, instead of arresting the foul-mouthed roughs (one of them in the witness box confessed to calling Cantwell "a dirty dog") they took in charge the Anarchist and brought him up at the city police-court for disorderly conduct. Quinn, who came to the Guildhall Police-court to see fair play, was arrested there, and his worship refused bail for both as being dangerous characters "well known to the criminal investigation department." Thenceforward till their trial, a whole calendar month, Cantwell and Quinn were kept in gaol; remanded from week to week, whilst the Treasury slowly patched up a case against them, dropping the original charge and continually adding fresh counts till, finally, upon the trivial incidents above mentioned, they founded a prosecution for sedition, seditious libel and incitement to murder!

THE TRIAL.

On July 30, at the Old Bailey, before Justice Lawrence, our two comrades were prosecuted by Mr. Matthews and Mr. Muir on behalf of the Government of the United Kingdom. They were defended by Mr. Farrelly, who so cleverly won the Brall case. Both were charged with "seditiously printing and publishing a scandalous, malicious, and immoral libel, headed: 'Why Vaillant threw the bomb'; with intent to incite to crime and disturbance."

This charge was utterly false, the only pretext for it being that Cantwell had unluckily some copies in his pocket when arrested. The leaflet in question was written, printed and published by the Necessity Group, whose imprint stands at the bottom, and who have no connection at all with Cantwell or the Commonweal Group. It was easy to prove this, but his lordship insisted in his summing up on believing (without any evidence except that witnesses had seen the prisoners giving away some literature) that Cantwell had distributed this particular leaflet, and, therefore, concluded the learned judge, it did not matter where the thing was printed. (*Echo* report August 1.)

Cantwell was further charged with having "obtained and procured certain MS. for making and using divers powerful and dangerous explosives with intent to communicate the contents and counsel divers persons to use them contrary to the Explosives Act."

This charge also was false. It was founded on the MS. of some old lectures, long ago publicly delivered, but not by Cantwell or any member of the Commonweal Group. This MS. had been sent to the 'Weal' office to see if they would print it. They had no intention of doing so, and did not even know it was still there, but unluckily, when the office was raided, the police found it amongst some old papers.

They were both further charged at the Guildhall, but not the Old Bailey, with seditiously publishing a seditious libel (the placard). Quinn's guilt in this matter was limited to holding up the poster for a few minutes. Cantwell both published and spoke it right enough, and, according to the obsolete old law on which the prosecution was founded, the words are seditious. But then, to parody Sir William Harcourt: We are all seditious now. The sentiments of that bill may be heard in every spot where Radicals and Socialists are gathered together, from the House of Commons downwards, and its very language, unpolished as it is, may be matched daily in thousands of workshops, clubs and public houses throughout the country. Indeed by going to the pig-sty for epithets descriptive of the English royal family, Cantwell is merely following the example of Francis Adams, the third edition of whose poems has just been issued. It is only when an Englishman is an Anarchist that the Treasury ventures upon prosecuting him for sedition now-a-days. But any rope is sound enough to hang a dog with a bad name.

Finally, Cantwell and Quinn were charged with "soliciting, encouraging, and persuading Braden (the foul mouthed), Terry and others to murder certain members of the royal family and politicians" at the Tower Bridge opening.

This charge, which was utterly false, rested on the evidence of a policeman, who said he had heard very little of what passed and had no notes of what he did hear, and of Braden & Co., whose testimony, like that of the witnesses in a certain trial of greater celebrity, "agreed not together." This discrepancy was rather hard on the detectives, who were overheard by the clerk of the solicitor for the defence zealously coaching up their witnesses, outside the police-court, on July 20th in what they were to say.

The redoubtable Braden, in the police-court, July 16, refused his address, because he had "done things for the police which he did not wish mentioned." Another witness was Cave, who furnished reports of the prisoners' speeches to the *St. James's Gazette* and *Evening News & Post*, in which he made no mention of the incitements to murder or the bombs, which figured in his depositions before the court. On being asked, in cross examination, how this occurred, he replied that the evening papers do not care for sensational reports. (Of course we all know how reluctant these two papers particularly would be to admit any expressions likely to create a prejudice against Anarchists.) Had Cave kept his notes? further inquired Mr. Farrelly.—No, they were destroyed. A third witness was Hewlett, ex-dragoon, and caretaker for Irish landlords of farms from which tenants had been evicted; now out of work. And so on.

The conflicting testimony of these personages was opposed by the consistent evidence of five independent witnesses, who came forward voluntarily in answer to an appeal in the press, addressed to any of the audience on June 29, who had heard what the speakers really did say, to come into court and state the facts. These witnesses were E. G. Stride, clerk to an exchange broker; John Roche, a sailor, who complained that the crown witnesses had tried to intimidate him, and was told by the judge to seek redress from a magistrate, an unheard-of course in such a case; G. Banton, a commercial traveller; two members of the Social Democratic Federation, John Williams and J. Lewis; and S. Parkhouse, a cabman and ex-police constable, who had left the service because leave was refused to him to go and arrange matters for his relatives after the drowning of his sister-in-law on the "Princess Alice." All these witnesses agreed that the prisoners had said nothing about bombs, assassination or Carnot; these subjects were only introduced by persons in the crowd and turned aside by the prisoners. And the ex-policeman, being up to the tricks of the trade, suggested that the disturbance was caused by a small clique, and the crowd in general was not hostile to the speakers.

A number of witnesses also spoke for the general good character of both Cantwell and Quinn, including William Morris, J. C. Kenworthy, the Rev. Bruce Wallace and Cantwell's employer in the basket trade, at which he used to work.

None of these personal acquaintances had ever heard either of the prisoners advocate outrage, and some have heard them deprecate such a policy. During the examination, the Judge frequently and hotly intervened, invariably on the side of the prosecution; in fact, he acted as a third counsel on behalf of the Treasury. Specially he protested against the succession of witnesses to general character and opinion, summoned because in the police-court proceedings, July 20, the magistrate, Sir Joseph Savory, M.P., insisted on admitting, as "going to show the intention of the accused," the evidence of Detective-sergeant Walsh, about a speech of Quinn's on Tower Hill, Jan. 16. In cross examination, Walsh admitted that he had made no shorthand notes of this speech, had destroyed such notes as he had made, and had concocted his report with "the assistance of other officers."

The same detective made some interesting statements during his cross examination on July 30. He opined that the Commonweal and Necessity groups consist of the same persons.* He also "believed that the Freedom Group of Anarchists deprecate outrage." (*Echo* report, July 30.)

During the proceedings, Mr. Farrelly complained that the friends of the prisoners were being kept out of court, the judge declined to interfere, and Walsh stepped into the box and declared that the said friends were all "dangerous characters"; whereupon the whole jury rose trembling to their feet and the foreman implored his lordship that these awful persons might not be admitted. One of those excluded on this ridiculous pretext was a gentleman unknown to the prisoners, who came to look on out of curiosity, and forthwith went off and wrote an indignant protest in the *Westminster Gazette*. "The under sheriff refused my request, saying he wondered a member of the well-to-do classes should take interest in the case, and adding, 'Our object is to get such men out of the way as quickly as possible.'" (*Westminster Gazette*, July 30.) Indeed, it is easy to conduct a trial practically with closed doors when the court is, as the *Sun* puts it, "simply loaded with constables in private clothes." Every passage, as well as the court itself, was blocked with these gentry, who occupied their leisure in insulting and treading on the toes of any Anarchist they could spot among those waiting for admission.

Mr. Farrelly's line of defence was to explain the true political views of the accused, and the absurdity of prosecuting men to-day on the strength of an obsolete Sedition law, based on a servility to royal power which has now happily vanished.

The witnesses for the prosecution remained in the gallery during the whole of the proceedings, loudly applauding the judge when he interfered with the counsel's arguments and declined to hear evidence as to the prisoners' real opinions. The jury requested that the witnesses for the defence might only come into court one at a time, evidently thinking that the Rev. Bruce Wallace &c. carried bombs in their pockets, but this absurd demand was finally overruled.

When called upon to speak for himself, Cantwell stated that he had never advocated outrages. Quinn said the same, and pointed out how un-Christian the law was; he protested against a man being prevented from openly speaking out his honest convictions.

The judge summed up dead against the prisoners, the jury found them guilty on all counts—sedition, incitement to murder and the bomb leaflet, and they were sentenced to—*six months' imprisonment!*

So ended the first attempt in England to prosecute Anarchists for the expression of their opinions—in one of the absurdest judicial fiascos which ever made law courts ridiculous. The defenders of "law and order" are destroying the prestige of their fetish more effectually than could any words of ours. We can only hope that they may go on as they have begun.

RECEIVED BY THE DEFENCE COMMITTEE

Up to August 6

FOR PRISONERS' FOOD AND LEGAL EXPENSES:

Collections: By the Canning Town Group, £1; Elvin, 3s.; Gundersen, 9s. 6d.; Lapie, 5s.; Abraham, 7s.; Primmer, £1 10s. 1d.; Moore, 3s. 6d.; in Regent's Park, £1 1s. 10d.; Hyde Park, 9s. 0d.; Deptford Broadway, 6s.; Opposite Hoxton Church, 3s.

Donations: William Morris, £2; E. Carpenter, £1; Walter Crane, £1; Ernest Williams, 10s.; A. S. C., £1; Fauset Macdonald, £1 14s. 8d.; A. Henry, 10s.; L. S. Bevington, 5s.; Anon, £1 6s.; Rossetti, 17s.; L. & F. Hyde, 6s. 6d.; N. F. D., 3s. 6d.; Olsen, 1s. 6d.; Wright, 2s.; a friend, 10s.; R. Peddie, 1s.; "Willesden," 5s.; C. C. Davis, 1s.; E. Warner, 1s.; J. Golding, 5s.; Reece, 1s.; Blatt, 2s. 6d.; Fisch, 1s. 6d.; Roland, 2s. 6d.; Matthias, 3s.; H. Seymour, 1s.; A. R., 2d.; Belcher, 3d.; M. O., 5s.; and the following Groups: Deptford, 14s. 7d.; Portsmouth, 5s.; Wimbeldon S.D.F., 5s.; Aberdeen, 10s.; Norwich, 6s. 6d.; Leicester, 6s.; Liverpool, 10s.; Dundee, 6s.; *Torch*, £1; H. Cook, 2s.

Loans: Freedom Group, £1; 'Weal' Group, £1 10s. 6d.

As there appears to be a flaw in the indictment, it seems probable that, on appeal, our comrades may be at once liberated. The Defence Committee earnestly beg for further aid for this purpose.—J. PRESBERG, Sec.

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD.

By PETER KROPOTKINE.

CHAPTER VI.—DWELLINGS.

I.

Those who have watched at all closely the growth of certain ideas among the workers must have noticed that on one momentous question—the housing of the people, namely—a unanimous conclusion has been insensibly arrived at. It is a known fact that in the large towns of France, and in many of the smaller ones also, the workers are coming gradually to the conclusion that dwelling houses are in no sense the property of those whom the State recognises as their owners.

This idea has evolved naturally in the minds of the people, and nothing will ever convince them again that the "rights of property" ought to extend to houses.

The house was not built by its owner. It was erected, decorated and furnished by innumerable workers, in the timber yard, the brick field, and the workshop, toiling for dear life at a minimum wage.

The money spent by the owner was not the product of his own toil. It was amassed, like all other riches, by paying the workers two-thirds or only a half of what was their due.

* For the benefit of readers not acquainted with Anarchist organisation, we here state that each group is an entirely separate body, with its own policy, and the members of the Commonweal and Necessity groups are none of them the same.

Moreover—and it is here that the enormity of the whole proceeding becomes most glaring—the house owes its actual value to the profit which the owner can make out of it. Now, this profit results from the fact that his house is built in a town possessing bridges, quays and fine public buildings, and affording to its inhabitants a thousand comforts and conveniences unknown in villages; a town paved and lighted with gas, in regular communication with other towns, and itself a centre of industry, commerce, science and art; a town which the work of twenty or thirty generations has gone to render habitable, healthy and beautiful.

A house in certain parts of Paris may be valued at thousands of pounds sterling, not because thousands of pounds' worth of labor have been expended on that particular house, but because it is in Paris; because for centuries workmen, artists, thinkers and men of learning and letters have contributed to make Paris what it is to-day—a centre of industry, commerce, politics, art and science; because Paris has a past; because, thanks to literature, the names of its streets are household words in foreign countries as well as at home; because it is the fruit of eighteen centuries of toil, the work of fifty generations of the whole French nation.

Who then can appropriate to himself the tiniest plot of ground, or the meanest building, without committing a flagrant injustice? Who then has the right to sell to any bidder the smallest portion of the common heritage?

On that point, as we have said, the workers are agreed. The idea of free dwellings showed its existence very plainly during the siege of Paris, when the cry was for an abatement pure and simple of the terms demanded by the landlords. It appeared again during the Commune of 1871, when the Paris workmen expected the Communal Council to decide boldly on the abolition of rent. And when the New Revolution comes it will be the first question with which the poor will concern themselves.

Whether in time of Revolution or in time of peace, the worker must be housed somehow or other: he must have some sort of roof over his head. But, however tumble-down and squalid your dwelling may be, there is always a landlord who can evict you. True, during the Revolution he cannot find bailiffs and police-sergeants to throw your rags and chattels into the street, but who knows what the new government will do to-morrow? Who can say that it will not call in the aid of force again, and set the police pack upon you to hound you out of your hovels? We have seen the Commune proclaim the remission of rents due up to the 1st of April only! * After that rent had to be paid, though Paris was in a state of chaos and industry at a standstill, so that the revolutionist had absolutely nothing to depend on but his allowance of fifteen pence a day!

Now the worker must be made to see clearly that in refusing to pay rent to a landlord or owner he is not simply profiting by the disorganization of authority. He must understand that the abolition of rent is a recognised principle, sanctioned, so to speak, by popular assent; that to be housed rent-free is a right proclaimed aloud by the people.

Are we going to wait till this measure, which is in harmony with every honest man's sense of justice, is taken up by the few Socialists scattered among the middle-class elements, of which the provisional government will be composed? We should have to wait long—till the return of reaction, in fact!

That is why, refusing uniforms and badges—those outward signs of authority and servitude—and remaining people among the people, the earnest revolutionists will work side by side with the masses that the abolition of rent, the expropriation of houses, may become an accomplished fact. They will prepare the soil and encourage ideas to grow in this direction, and when the fruit of their labors is ripe the people will proceed to expropriate the houses without giving heed to the theories which will certainly be thrust in their way—theories about paying compensation to landlords, and suchlike ineptities.

On the day that the expropriation of houses takes place, on that day, the exploited workers will have realised that the new times have come, that they will no longer have to bear the yoke of the rich and powerful, that Equality has been proclaimed on the house-tops in very truth, that this revolution is a real fact, and not a theatrical make-believe, like too many others which went before.

II.

If the idea of expropriation be adopted by the people it will be carried into effect in spite of all the "unsurmountable" obstacles with which we are menaced.

Of course the good folk in new uniforms, seated in the official arm-chairs of the *Hôtel de Ville*, will be sure to busy themselves in heaping up obstacles. They will talk of giving compensation to the landlords, of preparing statistics, and drawing up long reports. Yes, they would be capable of drawing up reports long enough to outlast the hopes of the people, who, after waiting and starving in enforced idleness, and seeing nothing come of all these official researches, would lose heart and faith in the Revolution and abandon the field to the reactionaries. The new bureaucracy would end by making expropriation hateful in the eyes of all.

Here, indeed, is a rock which might shipwreck our hopes. But if the people turn a deaf ear to the specious arguments used to dazzle them and realise that new life needs new conditions, and if they under-

take the task themselves, then expropriation can be effected without any great difficulty.

"But how? How can expropriation be achieved?" you ask us. We are about to reply to that question, but with a reservation. We have no intention of tracing out the plans of expropriation in their smallest details. We know beforehand that all that any man, or group of men, could suggest to-day would be far surpassed by the reality when it comes. The human spirit will accomplish greater things, and accomplish them better and in a simpler way than any one could dictate beforehand. Thus we are content to indicate the methods by which expropriation *might* be accomplished without the intervention of government. We do not propose to go out of our way to answer those who declare that the thing is impossible. We confine ourselves to replying that we are not the upholders of any particular method of organisation. We are only concerned to demonstrate that expropriation *could* be effected by popular initiative, and *could not* be effected by any other means whatever.

It seems very likely that, as soon as expropriation is fairly started, groups of volunteers will spring up in every district, street, and block of houses, and undertake to enquire into the number of flats and houses which are empty and of those which are overcrowded, the unwholesome slums and the houses which are too spacious for their occupants, and might well be used to house those who are stifled in swarming tenements. In a few days, these volunteers would have drawn up complete lists for the street and the district, of all the flats, tenements, family mansions and villa residences, all the rooms and suites of rooms, healthy and unhealthy, small and large, fetid dens and homes of luxury.

Freely communicating with each other, these volunteers would soon have their statistics complete. False statistics can be manufactured in board rooms and offices, but true and exact statistics must begin with the individual, and mount up from the simple to the complex.

Then, without waiting for any one's leave, those citizens will probably go and find their comrades who were living in miserable garrets and hovels and will say to them simply: "It is a real Revolution this time, comrades, and no mistake about it. Come to such a place this evening; all the neighborhood will be there; we are going to re-distribute the dwelling houses. If you are tired of your slum-garret come and choose one of the flats of five rooms that are to be disposed of, and when you have once moved in you shall stay, never fear. The people are up in arms, and he who would venture to evict you will have to answer to them."

"But every one will want a fine house or a spacious flat!" we are told. No, you are mistaken. It is not the people's way to clamour for the moon. On the contrary, every time we have seen them set about repairing a wrong we have been struck by the good sense and instinct for justice which animate the masses. Have we ever known them demand the impossible? Have we ever seen the people of Paris fighting among themselves while waiting for their rations of bread or firewood during the two sieges? The patience and resignation which prevailed among them was constantly held up to admiration by the foreign Press correspondents, and yet these patient waiters knew full well that the last comers would have to pass the day without food or fire.

We do not deny that there are plenty of egoistic instincts in isolated individuals in our societies. We are quite aware of it. But we contend that the very way to revive and nourish these instincts would be to confine such questions as the housing of the people to any board or committee, in fact to the tender mercies of officialism in any shape or form. Then indeed all the evil passions spring up, and it becomes a case of who is the most influential person on the board. The least inequality causes wranglings and recriminations. If the smallest advantage is given to any one a tremendous hue and cry is raised—and not without reason!

But if the people themselves, organised by streets, districts and parishes, undertake to move the inhabitants of the slums into the half-empty dwellings of the middle classes, the trifling inconveniences, the little inequalities will be easily tided over. Rarely has appeal been made to the good instincts of the masses—only as a last resort, to save the sinking ship in times of revolution—but never has such an appeal been made in vain; the heroism, the self devotion, of the toiler has never failed to respond to it. And thus it will be in the coming Revolution,

But when all is said and done, some inequalities, some inevitable injustices will remain. There are individuals in our societies whom no great crisis can lift out of the deep ruts of egoism in which they are sunk. The question, however, is not whether there will be injustices or no, but rather how to limit the number of them.

Now all history, all the experience of the human race, and all social psychology, unite in showing that the best and fairest way is to trust the decision to those whom it concerns most nearly. It is they alone who can consider and allow for the hundred and one details which must necessarily be overlooked in any merely official redistribution.

THE VOLUNTARY STATE & VOLUNTARY TAXATION.

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[ADVT.]

* The decree of the 30th March: by this decree rents due up to the terms of October, 1870, and January and April, 1871, were annulled.

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OVER THE WATER.

"THIS is the substance of the declaration read by the interpreter of the assassin of M. Carnot, at yesterday's sitting of the Lyons Assize Court. This statement is in some sort the reproduction of Henry's, read on April 29 to the Seine jury. Like the author of the Café Terminus and Rue des Bons Enfants explosions, Caserio declares himself indifferent to any other verdict but his own, for he is amenable only to himself. He says that his crime is a legitimate act of vengeance for the persecutions directed against the Anarchists. Formerly he conformed to existing morality like other people; but the injustices and iniquities of life, its mortifications and its struggles, have opened his eyes to the truth. He was told that the way was open to intelligent and energetic men; he saw that success was attained only by the cynical, by those who know how to cringe. In the social institutions, which he was told were based upon equality and justice, he found only knavery and lies. Honor, duty, devotion, were words venerated only by the simple hearted, and served to cloak the most shameful baseness. His illusions vanished. Everywhere he met with the same pleasures amongst one set of people, the same sufferings amongst the other. Then he called himself an Anarchist, for he had the love of liberty, respect for individual initiative. He was one of those who desired to change the social order; to cause the religious and authoritarian morality, based on false notions, to disappear; to put an end to the principle of authority, which is but the ancient relic of faith in a supreme power. It is not God who has created men; it is men who, for their own interest, have created God. As for a jingo patriotism, it is a delusion. Such as he could feel no patriotism. Birds remain in their nests only because they find well-being there. He strove against the existing social organisation, and his hatred grew at the spectacle of a world where all is vile and ugly and equivocal; where everything fetters the free expansion of human passion, the flight of thought, the generosity of the heart. He wished to strike at one of the chiefs of the society he hated. He was pitiless, for he saw that neither would society have pity upon him. Having given death, he should know how suffer it. In conclusion, the assassin of M. Carnot said that nothing could destroy Anarchism. Anarchism is born of the womb of a rotting and disintegrating Society. It is a violent reaction against the established order. It represents the aspirations towards equality and freedom, which are battering down existing authority and will annihilate it. He declares that he 'offers' his head, but predicts that his death will but give new wings to the Anarchist movement."

—*L'Indépendance Belge*, Aug. 5, 1894.

The issue containing the above was seized and confiscated by the police at Lille, on the Franco-Belgian frontier. The Italian Government talk of prosecuting *La Tribuna*, the only other paper in Europe which has ventured to give the purport of Santo's defence. A full and fairly impartial account of his interrogation in court, on August 2nd, will be found in the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Chronicle*, *Standard*, and other dailies of August 3. Santo's attitude throughout was frank and bold. When asked questions about other Anarchists, he invariably replied simply: "I am not in the police." The jury disagreed about their verdict, but a majority found him guilty and he was condemned to death. He refuses to appeal, but his counsel, on his own account, is trying to soften the hard heart of Perier the reactionary. Before trial, Caserio Santo was abominably tortured in prison by a cruelly devised complexity of tight straps, fastened to the wall and so arranged as to perpetually cramp his whole body. The pretext: he might try to kill himself! But even this continuous torture could not wring from him the names of any comrades, and the police have, in consequence, been unable to construct an "Anarchist plot" for the removal of Carnot and are forced to accept the truth that Santo acted solely on his own initiative. Caserio Santo is the son of an Italian boatman. His life has been that of an honest, hard-working man; a good son and brother, who has never allowed his family's opposition to his principles to alienate his affection from them. In 1892 he was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, at Milan, for distributing Anarchist pamphlets among soldiers, and left Italy in '93 to escape his sentence and avoid the conscription. Latterly he worked in a bakery at Cette, in spite of a left arm devoured by lupus (tuberculosis of the skin). For 15 days' work he earned £1; for 4s. 2d. he bought a dagger, and with the rest travelled as far as he could towards Lyons; the last 20 miles he walked, and on entering the town straightway committed the deed he came to do.

Emile Leverdays, in his excellent book, "Les Assemblées Par-

lantes," has several fine passages on the madness to which parliamentary assemblies are liable at certain moments. Such a spectacle of insanity was afforded by the French Chamber in its discussion of the Anti-Anarchist law, passed by the Chamber July 26. This, certainly, is the most extraordinary of enactments. It embodies all the arbitrariness of the Russian police in the shape of a duly-voted constitutional law. All affairs concerning the Anarchists are handed over to the police-courts, which, in France, are credited with never acquitting anyone, and, in political matters, are the obedient servants of the Government. Moreover, the court has the right of prohibiting the publication of the proceedings. Each time sentence of imprisonment is pronounced, be it for written or verbal propaganda, or simply for private conversation approving Anarchist ideas or acts, the culprit will be transported to Cayenne for life—that is, for seven years: this being the average life of Europeans in that hotbed of fever. Articles in newspapers fall under this law; so also opinions expressed in private letters and conversations in private houses, reports by servants of what they have heard through keyholes being sufficient legal testimony!

On July 26, Meunier, who to the last maintained his innocence, was condemned to penal servitude for life. He refused to sign an appeal.

As we go to press the great trial of the thirty Anarchists (selected out of 366) for belonging to an "association of miscreants" is still proceeding; every day brings more sympathy for the Anarchists and disgust for the government. We hope to give a full account in our next issue.

*** Other countries held over for want of space. Thanks for MS. and papers on American events from Comrade Owen and others; too late for this month, will be used next.

"Outside London."

In the black night, along the mud-deep roads,
Amid the threatening boughs and ghastly streams,
Hark! sounds that gird the darknesses like goads,
Murmurs and rumours and reverberant dreams,
Tramplings, breaths, movements, and a little light—
The marching of the Army of the Night!

The stricken men, the mad brute-beasts are keeping
No more their places in the ditch or holes,
But rise and join us, and the women, weeping
Beside the roadways, rise like demon-souls.
Fill up the ranks! What shimmers there so bright?
The bayonets of the Army of the Night!

Fill up the ranks! We march in steadfast column,
In wavering lines yet forming more and more;
Men, women, children, sombre, silent, solemn,
Rank follows rank like billows to the shore,
Dawnwards we tramp, towards the day and light.
On, on and up, the Army of the Night!

FRANCIS ADAMS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE SPEECH SUPPRESSED IN MANCHESTER.

DEAR COMRADE.—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 meeting held by Anarchists, and, acting upon instructions received, Chief Detective Caminada suppressed the usual meeting held in Stevenson-square on Sunday afternoon, July 8th. The reason, according to the Press (and we have had none from any other source), being that the Anarchists have spoken approvingly of the assassination of President Carnot. The truth or falshood of the above accusation seems to us to be beside the mark; the question at issue is, ought public meetings to be suppressed on account of what one or two of the speakers may have said? If anyone 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 free speech for their assistance.—I remain

Yours truly,

ALPHEUS ROUND.

Sec. Manchester Anarchist Group.

92, Woodlack Buildings, Strangeways, Manchester.

Evolution at the XI. International Medical Congress, Rome.

At the triennial International Medical Congress, held in Rome this year, many important papers were read upon Evolution in its relation to disease: and more and more the medical world seems waking up to the fact that the profession of medicine and that of sociology are intimately connected. Medicine, at one time wholly curative, seeking only to alleviate suffering and to cure disease, has of late years given much attention to the prevention of disease by hygienic means; and gradually is absorbing the great truth of complete revolution in society as the only means for removing the first cause. Were it not for vested interests, and all the discomfort in external circumstances, following a declaration of truth and acting up to conviction, the medical profession as a whole would be found in the front advocating free use of social surgery in the light of true philosophic medicine.

Taking advantage of the opportunity of carrying the light to the head waters of modern medicine, Comrade Macdonald read a paper at Rome upon Evolution and Sociology, in answer to a question asked by

the committee of an International Congress of Evolutionists, held in Chicago last year, namely:—

Can the doctrine of Evolution in its sociological aspects offer wise suggestions for the solution of the grave social questions of our time?

If the Evolution of Malthus, Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley were accepted, if "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest" were taken as the one law of evolution of man from animals, then the outlook would indeed be dark: and nothing but perpetual struggle and competition could obtain in society. Lucretius might be pointed to as the only logical philosopher; he, who wrote a long poem to prove that life was not worth living, advised general suicide, and logically killed himself.

Darwin, accepting the narrow and fatally false conclusion of Malthus that population and food supply are at variance, that there is not enough for all, saw in "struggle for existence" a supposed key to the origin of species; and, finally polishing up the idea, gave us "Natural Selection"—a poetically true, but philosophically false, conception of the process of evolution. It is wrong to compare artificial selection, in breeding animals, with selection on the part of Nature. Nature is impassive and cannot select. Darwin's "Natural Selection" split into two fields the truth, or one half of the truth rather, of evolution—namely, *Natural Restriction* and *Natural Selection from the point of view of the Animal*. Darwin himself found the defect of his view in studying birds and higher mammals: he had to invent the idea of sexual selection. Had he only generalised from this, the complete idea would have stood out.

The principles of Evolution are, then, (1) Natural Selection of the animal; (2) Mutual Aid, as shown by Kropotkine, perhaps more usefully given as Natural Association; and (3) Natural Restriction.

From the first we derive our ideas of Anarchism—self preservation; from the second, our morality and economics—mutual assistance; and from the third, our ideas of revolt. Revolt says to tyranny and oppression, invasion and infringement of individual welfare: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" It is Natural Restriction consciously interpreted. Therefore the logical answer to the Chicago question is:—

1. Acknowledge the right of individual freedom, and mould your institutions to this idea.
2. Recognise the natural force of Voluntary Association.
3. Admit the right of revolt on the part of individuals: and rather than strive to hinder revolt strive to cultivate the idea of what might be called molecular revolt, so that the necessity of larger forms will die out.

As the individual gradually regains completeness; complete in selection (free), complete in association (communist), complete in courage (a rebel), ANARCHIST COMMUNISM stands out in all its glory—the logical conclusion to an all-round interpretation of the trend of Evolution.

F. M.

The Concentration of Capital.

A FATALIST SUPERSTITION.

I MUST beg my readers to pardon the following figures and my dry method of treatment. There is a deep-seated error in some of our Socialist arguments, and, I think, it may be well worth while to spend a few minutes in looking into the matter.

Every historical epoch, every political party, has been stained by some erroneous, and often mischievous, idea, which has been nevertheless at that time admitted by all the world as undoubted fact, and accepted by men of capacity and talent, as well as by the commonplace persons who merely swallow the opinions of their neighbors. And when it has happened that a false appreciation has been set forth and formulated in "scientific" or "philosophic" style its injurious domination has extended over generations.

Now we, Socialists, without distinction of party or school, all share in just such an error. I speak of the law of the concentration of capital, formulated by Marx, and repeated by Socialist writers or speakers the world over. Go into a Socialist meeting, take up the first Socialist publication you see, and you will hear or read that capital, according to the scientific law of its being, tends to concentrate in the hands of a smaller and smaller number of capitalists, that large fortunes are created at the expense of smaller fortunes, and that great capitals are increased by the extinction of little ones. This wide-spread formula lies at the root of the parliamentary tactics of State Socialists. From this point of view, the solution of the Social question, conceived by the great founders of modern Socialism as a complete regeneration of the individual, as well as of society, both economically and morally—becomes delightfully simple and easy. No need for an economic struggle day by day between exploiter and exploited; no need to begin here and now endeavoring to practise brotherly relations between man and man; nothing of the sort. It is enough that the workers should vote for members of parliament who call themselves Socialists, that the number of these M.P.'s should increase to the extent of a majority in the house, that they should decree State Collectivism or Communism, and all exploiters will peaceably submit to the decision of Parliament. The capitalists will have no choice but unresisting submission, for, according to the law of the concentration of capital, their numbers will be reduced to an infinitesimal proportion of the nation.

What a fine and easy prospect! Just think: without effort or suffering on our part, the inevitable law of the concentration of capital is

preparing for us a future of bliss. It is so attractive to face the frightful difficulties of a complicated problem through rose tinted spectacles, especially when we are soothed by the genuine conviction that modern science and philosophy have taught us the consoling truth. And this so-called "law," as set forth by Marx, is coated with all the appearance of philosophy and science.

"The capitalist mode of appropriation, the result of the capitalist mode of production, produces capitalist private property. This is the first negation of individual private property, as founded on the labor of the proprietor. But capitalist production begets, with the inexorability of a law of Nature, its own negation. It is the negation of negation. . . . This expropriation [of many capitalists by few] is accomplished by the action of the imminent laws of capitalist production itself, by the centralisation of capital. . . . Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital, who usurp and monopolise all advantages of this process of transformation, grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation." ("Capital," Vol. II., p. 788-9, English edition.)

Yes, poverty grows, but not among the middle classes, not among the small capitalists; rather among the workers, the producers.

It is thirty-five years since the publication of "Capital"; full fifty years have gone by since Marx formulated that law which must act "as the metamorphoses in nature." It is therefore highly probable that the law should be exemplified by at least some few economic phenomena. During this period production and exchange have received an unheard of impetus, private fortunes amounting to millions have been accumulated, colossal companies have developed their resources; according to the law the number of small capitalists ought to have diminished; at least, *no increase ought to have taken place in their numbers*. Let us see what English statistics have to say in this matter. I limit myself to England, because this country is famed, above all things, as a land of capitalist production; because Marx himself based all his dialectical speculations on the analysis of English economic life. The figures I quote are well known.

The national wealth of this country has increased since the beginning of the century as follows:—

ESTIMATED IN MILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING.

	1812.	1840.	1860.	1888.
Houses	255	280	350	414
Railways	—	21	348	865
Shipping	15	23	44	134
Merchandise	50	70	190	344
Furniture	130	370	580	1,212
	450	764	1,162	2,969

These figures very clearly indicate the true source whence great fortunes spring. Taking the sum total of wealth, without counting the value of houses, we see that the modest sum of £195,000,000 in 1812 is transformed in 1888 into £2,555,000,000; or, in other words, the national wealth in our days is 13.1 greater than in those of our grandfathers, and is possessed by 158,600 rich families, and 730,500 middle-class families, out of the 37,888,153 inhabitants of the United Kingdom. A like progress in the increase of wealth is to be observed in all civilised countries.

In France, according to the tables of Fournier de Flux and Yves Guyot, the estimated figures are:—

ESTIMATED IN MILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING.

	1826.	1840.	1873.	1888.
Houses	510	720	1,158	1,704
Railways	—	10	270	532
Rhipping	7	7	12	15
Merchandise	19	23	120	155
Furniture	255	360	675	852

For the better understanding of the method of distribution, we will consult the statistics of Probate, Legacy and Succession Duties according to the English official returns in the years 1886-89. It appears that there were at that time:—

Class.	No. of Households.	Average per death.	Aggregate in millions of pounds sterling.
Millionaires	700	£855,000	599
Very rich	9,650	£190,000	1,834
Rich	148,250	£26,500	3,928
Middle	730,500	£3,200	2,336
Struggling	2,008,000	£340	680
Poor	3,916,900	—	—

This is a summary of distribution in our own days. Let us see how the figures vary since 1845-50, when Marx's law was formulated.

In 1841-50	average per death	£99.
" 1861-70	" "	£160.
" 1871-80	" "	£210.
" 1881-85	" "	£235.

Counting the average of increase at £5 a year, it appears that in the present year each subject of her Majesty might dispose of about £280, or each working family of £1,540. And people would try to persuade us that the England of to-day would not be capable of realising comfort for all its children! But to return to our figures; according to the same official returns, there were in

1840	fortunes over £5,000	... 1,989.
1877	" "	... 4,478.
1840	" of from £100 to £5,000	17,936.
1877	" "	36,438.

From 1876, the increase of Probate, Legacy and Succession Duties and that of the Income tax took place as follows:—

In the years.	Probate &c.	Income tax.
1876-77	£5,860,781	£ 5,280,000
1880-81	6,657,393	10,650,000
1884-85	7,720,195	12,000,000
1888-89	6,557,886	12,700,000
1890-91	7,443,290	13,250,000
1892-93	9,637,872	13,925,000

It must not be forgotten that estates under £100 escape the Probate Court. As wealth increases there is nothing strange in the fact that the revenue of the State increases also. But what changes may be observed in the numbers of those from whom the duties and taxes are levied? Who are the spoilt children of our modern culture? It seems the middle classes as a whole.

In 1840 there were only 5.4 per cent. of the whole population who annually paid £20 and more as Income tax. In 1880 the proportion had risen to 14.5 per cent. Since 1850 the increase in the number of tax-payers earning more than £200 per annum only was:—

In the year.	Total No. assessed.	No. per 10,000 inhabitants.
1850	65,389	23
1860	85,530	30
1870	130,375	42
1880	210,430	63
1886	250,000	70

It will be seen that in thirty-six years the number of tax-payers with a yearly income above £200 has tripled. It remains to be seen if this increase has not been brought about for the benefit of the rich by the poverty of the petty capitalists. To avoid any pretext for objections, I will confine myself exclusively to the results of commerce and banking, as summed up by Schedule D of the Income Tax. Let us compare the figures for two different years, twenty years apart, so that the influence of the so-called law may be able to show itself. Let us take the numbers of tax-payers in 1868-69 and in 1889. One item only, that of 92,593, is not for 1869, but for 1875-76. Here are the tables:—

Income in £	Number of Tax-payers.		
	1868-69.	1889.	
From £150—200 ...	92,592	162,714	Increase 72 per cent.
300 ...	57,650	106,761	
400 ...	24,854	45,133	
500 ...	12,421	18,462	
	187,518	333,070	145,552
600 ...	9,528	11,964	Increase 29 per cent.
700 ...	5,485	7,423	
800 ...	3,410	4,671	
900 ...	3,059	3,961	
	21,482	28,019	6,537
1,000 ...	1,222	1,831	Increase 28 per cent.
2,000 ...	8,959	11,850	
3,000 ...	2,666	3,562	
4,000 ...	1,320	1,692	
	14,167	18,935	4,768
5,000—10,000 ...	1,360	1,859	Increase 28 per cent.
10,000—50,000 ...	740	969	
50,000 and over ...	52	79	
	2,152	2,907	655

The results of this table do not seem somehow to accord with our so-called law. Just the opposite.

The numbers neither of potentates of capital nor of smaller capitalists are diminished. The number of the latter increases far more rapidly than that of the potentates. Whilst the increase in the numbers of the rich is 28 per cent. that in the lower ranks of the middle class is 72 per cent. Whilst the preachers of inaction were soothing the people with the idea that the number of exploiters were gradually diminishing, those numbers have in reality tripled between 1840 and our own times. Where then has the action of this metaphysical German law of the exploitation of the greater number of capitalists by the smaller managed to hide itself? How does it happen that a law, acting with the absolute certainty of the metamorphoses of nature, shows itself in real life by results of exactly the opposite sort? Simply because no such law exists. We have been saddled with this absurdity by German metaphysics, the injurious influence of which, especially amongst Russians, have been as great in morals and in art as in Socialism, whither it was imported by Marx and Engels.

For forty years a more than Mahomedan neo-fatalism has been taught to the workers of the civilised world! Not only by ambitious pretenders like Guesde and the new German aristocrats known as "socialist" deputies, but by valuable and courageous men; men of genius like W. Morris, and of ability and education like H. M. Hyndman.

It is difficult to estimate the evil which this imaginary law has worked in modern Socialism. Thanks to it, Marx and Engels, in the "Communist Manifesto," laid down the dictum that the emancipation of the working classes must be brought about by a class war, this war being a political struggle. It underlies all Social Democratic tactics. Thanks to it, we are hampered by such absolute nonsense as that the social question is merely a matter of political reform. Finally, it gave the

aforsaid new German aristocracy the effrontery to present the following to the International Labor Congress at Zürich as a *Socialist* resolution:—

"The struggle against class domination and exploitation must be a political one, having the conquest of political power for its end."

This is totally false. The power of the ruling class is based on the wealth produced by the people, which is appropriated by the said classes. Consequently, to free themselves from this domination, the people must refuse to yield up the fruit of their toil to their masters. It is not by a political but by an economic struggle; not ballot boxes but by strikes; not by a decision of parliament but by a well-organised and triumphant general strike that the people can inaugurate a new era; the era of economic and social equality; of solidarity, enlightened, not by metaphysics, but by thorough and truly scientific instruction.

W. TCHERKAZOV.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COMMUNE.

By LOUISE MICHEL.

INTRODUCTION.

(Continued from "The Commonwealth" of June 9, 1894.)

What more terrible satire could there be on our lords and masters than those words of Faust to the good tyrant:—

"It is thy very goodness that I detest;
Thy goodness perpetuates the chain by gilding it,
And the Emperor obtains the favor of the empire.
Public cowardice is glad to discover
A pretext for licking the boots of thy power."

—VACQUERIE.

Yes, it is really a new day that is dawning. As was the case then, twenty years ago, so again it has remained long uncertain; but now no one can deny it, except those who have an interest in doing so; no one can mistake it but those who desire, one knows not why, to believe their misery eternal—that herd of resigned ones who pursue with their hatred the demolishers of the slaughter-house, and then hasten to submit their own throats to the butcher's knife.

Resigned people believed, right up to the 4th September, 1870, that the Empire would never come to an end. Deluded for twenty years by all the Imperial wiles, they wrought great works for the society of the Small Prince; works for which Paris still pays such heavy taxes, and still owes two million pounds; the burden being opportunely augmented in more recent days by the expense of extraditions and police—very costly things!

The horror which surrounded the Elysée on fête days, the legend of the First Empire, the famous seven million votes extorted twice over by corruption and by terror, the idiotic struggles about yielding to the enemy—disgraces all too heavy—constituted solid ramparts, on which human stupidity did wonders; nothing could equal the patience with which the masses nibbled at the baits thrown to them.

However, the rampart soon disclosed breaches; invisible at first, but widening soon sufficiently to allow revolt to pass through them. Oh, how long it seemed! "This is the end," we said at each new crime of the Empire; and yet the years rolled over the crimes, and over the attempts at deliverance, until the war. We felt it coming—the end—but we had expected it so long that the moment seemed uncertain; and meanwhile rebellion constantly increased.

We had imagined a different end for the Man of December. Often it was said, with the calm of a fixed resolution: "Harmodius,* the hour has come; thou canst strike down this man with tranquility."

And so it would have been, in the idea that with the removal of this barrier the whole human ocean would flow through; but those who so thought were unable to get at him, or all too late obtained the means of doing so. Certain it is that some who remembered having shed tears in childhood at seeing great oak trees marked for the axe could have accomplished this deed without blanching; for it would have saved the lives of millions.

When Louis Bonaparte set out for the war—his war and that of Bismarck and of Eugénie, for these had each their own reasons for desiring it—we felt that he was a lost man. Yet, ah, so many corpses! More than ever, we lived those lines of "Les Châtiments":—

"Sonne aujourd'hui le glas, bourdin de Notre Dame;
Sonne aujourd'hui le glas, et demain le tocsin."

And in truth, the big bell did sound the tocsin (alarm bell). But not so terribly as the huge bell now coming from Russia will fling alarm into the air at the approaching cataclysm. This prophetic gift, symbolic of the alliance of potentates, will thunder in full peal the alliance of peoples; and still more terrific for despots will be the loud tolling which shall begin the combat of despair. Possibly it will be loud enough to shake the mound where Varlin† ascended his Calvary.

* Harmodius and Aristogiton were Athenian nobles, executed for conspiring to slay Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens, and his brother Hipparchus. In after years they were honored by the Athenian Republic as martyrs and deliverers.

† Varlin and Malon were the two most prominent members of the I. W. M. A. in France. Varlin, a bookbinder by trade, was a man of heroic and devoted character, who gave a revolutionary tone to the movement. He was a commander of the federated guards who proclaimed the Commune, and was shot in the May massacre. His death has been surrounded by a halo of poetic legends.

Those of us who witnessed the dawn of 1871 know how to recognise the aurora of revolution. This time it is a stupendous centenary morning; the whole horizon is lit up. The survivors of the hecatomb, those who have received the heritage of the dead, now in thought unite those past days with the days approaching; once more the songs of revolt fill the air, as they did twenty years ago; and, dead or living, the spectres arise.

In '71 it was not the guns of the people which gathered the harvest; the butchers of Versailles slaughtered the herd. Who knows how it will go this time? One thing is certain: there will be no cessation of hostility again until deliverance be won.

The outward forms wherein the eternally young Idea clothes itself change like a garment; the means of combat also necessarily change. But the approach of revolution is like the approach of a tempest, and the signs are unmistakable; human beings are caught up into the influence which, so to speak, groups them and parts them; and action runs ahead of argument. Just as in a cyclone one feels alive in the strife of the elements, so does one live through the vicissitudes of revolution. Thus this work is no mere narrative of those days of twenty years ago; to recount them is to re-live them, to evoke their memories and mingle them with the present hour; as tales told on the eve of battle speak to those who will die to-morrow, and to those who will survive to continue the fight, tempering their hearts, as the furnace tempers the sword blade.

At the end of the Empire those who had escaped in December and in June* told us their terrible battle tales. We admired those of June who were already Communists. Yet we could not understand the narrowness of their Communism, confined within boundaries. That which we contemplated was a free Communism over the whole delivered world.

The idea grew and ramified. The limited Commune did well as a cradle, but would now be a tomb. We were right. The World's Commune will be free. The field of the supreme struggle extends in opposite directions, reaching from the scaffold of Orsini to the scaffold of Vaillant.

There were grim resemblances. When Pierre Bonaparte was assassinated in his own house, it had just been decided that executions should henceforth be performed inside the prisons; the most opposite places thus became, to use an expression of Rochefort's, "as like as two drops of blood."

The horrors of the Empire continually increased. The Emperor, perhaps believing himself worshipped, dreamed of coming victories which should secure for him a triumphant coronation. Yet, in order to keep a hold upon the army—yelling the Marsellaise and thinking only of the Republic—it was necessary to allow the song of rebellion to rise into the air. The older officers alone had any belief in a march from Paris to Berlin. These hoped that the war might at least serve to maintain their master in his position. But complaints and maledictions resounded on every hand, and even in the army there were some who said: "In this war the measure of cowardice, folly and treachery is filled to the brim; at some review the Empire will surely meet its end, and be changed into a Republic." It fell out otherwise. Under dreadful discipline, the army was yet destined to act in the days of May '71 as it had acted on the fateful 2nd December, 1851.

As now in Russia, so then in France, oppression had but one head. How was it that that head remained so long? Flourens said: "Only one being have I ever charged with my hate. Be cursed, oh Napoleon!"

Perhaps the resignation of the masses to yet further endurance caused a certain inertia, and checked events. But the assassination of Victor Noir† sent a thrill of rage through the people, as a bull pierced with darts will shake his hide. Freedom just brushed us with her wing; but once more nothing came of it.

Three hundred thousand assembled at his funeral. On the evening before, the Marsellaise sounded like a call to arms; and armed in fact the people came, thinking to restore the Republic now or never. The Imperial armament was formidable; barracks, prisons, public buildings, bristled with soldiery. Now-a-days we see a still more terrible display of force every year, when the crowd goes to commemorate the dead at Père Lachaise. But at that time nothing like it had yet been seen.

On the way to the grave, Delescluses (that fine old man who, later, knew so well how to die, offering himself to the bullets) feared a massacre, such as that from which he had dissuaded Rochefort at the *coup d'état*. Louis Noir, meanwhile, cried that he desired no bloody obsequies for his brother. Fate decided the upshot. For one moment the crowd swayed violently; waves of humanity seemed to press one upon another, leaving great spaces between; it was a struggle between the current that would bear the corpse toward the streets of Paris, and that which wished to follow it to Neuilly Cemetery. The latter bore it off.

Half the delegates of the Federal Chamber were on one side, half on the other. They had all gathered together without any preconcerted plan as to what to do; they had come at their own call, and followed their own personal feeling. Varlin said later that if the struggle had taken place on that day, the best soldiers of the revolution would have perished. Yet all must meet death somehow; and is it not safer to engage in combat at desperate moments? Better chances never really

come. The total number of those who die daily crushed by slavery and poverty much exceeds that of the victims of a revolt. Once more, with humbled heads, we returned to our position under "Badingue."*

It was as well perhaps that the Emperor plunged into the mire of Sedan, so as to bring the Empire to a final close. The man was regarded with horror, as representing the most abominable tyranny that had ever been seen; but he had duped people so long that, had he remained, he might have duped them yet again.

It is probable that the flatterers, through whose velvet paws the placards passed which were destined for "His Majesty Napoleon III.," did not let him see the insults addressed to him. Some of these were signed; as though in putting a real name to them the writer could throw them straight in his face. Others bore the name of a group, some significant title, as "La Marianne,"† "La Sociale," &c. Others again were signed with some symbolic pseudonym, such as "Harmodius" or "Brutus."

Yes; in our enthusiastic groups we adored the Republic, meaning always the republic of the whole human race, gradually opening up the road to endless progress; that true ideal of justice and of happiness which our ancestors called "The Beautiful"; The Beautiful for which the whole earth is waiting.

There was no animosity between the various groups of the Revolutionary army, since the obstacle was identical for all; but there were pronounced differences. Differences also of aim; some harking backward to convention, others leaving convention entirely behind. In times of revolution it is temperament which, more than anything else, draws individuals together; and often in the same group there were men still belonging (so far as ideas went) to the time of Etienne Marcel,‡ with others who were then already where we are to-day, or even beyond it! It was, however, a time for action, and disputes could not develop.

In the more moderate groups it was otherwise. Patience affords men unlimited time—to waste! They occupied themselves with interminable discussions. They were, for instance, still discussing the probable upshot of the war when defeat was already a fact; they were still discussing the 18th March when the Versailles army surprised them and took them prisoners with the rest. May be they profited by the lesson!

As for us, we were taken up with the future and cared little to look back on the road already traversed. Yet we might easily have been astonished had it been foretold that, twenty years and more after these events, the old turpitudes, which we had believed buried for ever, would reappear, under the name of the "New Movement." In vain does one grow accustomed to changes of view; there are some things which will ever remain amazing!

The hostilities waged against the Empire did not always employ the same weapons. We often laughed heartily, and the laughter was charged with terrible derision. There was a song by Rochefort, "La Badinguette," which made the friends of power red with fury, and which, later on, caused the gaolers to turn pale when, in the prison at Versailles, it was sung in chorus, like a lullaby at evening time, between the two smoky lamps, where the prisoners of the Commune, for a whole month,* slept in their clothes, on the bare boards, guarded by the gendarmes and soldiers of "order." The somewhat ribald tone of the song is just what it should be, to give a fit idea of the abandoned morals of the Empire.

To complete the grotesque and melancholy picture of the Court, we may mention the fact that, thanks to the indolence of the sovereign, the persons whose duty it was to read the missions addressed to him, armed themselves, whenever possible, with compromising papers: "This man or that said so and so"—and remained in favor because of holding these papers, or perhaps without really holding them after all. Such are among the effects of authority, which, in order to protect itself, is constantly obliged to menace the safety of others.

The dark cabinet continued to improve its methods. Among the secret papers found later at the Tuileries there were proofs of the incessant prying into private lives. Such had also been the case under previous reigns; there were masses of these secret documents, got together long before the Empire; each government continuing the work of its predecessor. The credentials of the ladies Montijo had been established in this manner from the days when they occupied the third floor of 10 rue St. Antonine down to more recent days. This may have signified little; but with regard to correspondence between individuals it was a more serious matter in those days of State prosecutions; for by this means materials were got together of so-called plots against the safety of the State; just as is the case to-day, with regard to the so-called "associations of malefactors." It is a true proverb, "The more it changes the more it is the same thing!" As long as Republics have their kings, as long as Empires have their despots, so long shall we find repeated the same "chastisements" that were experienced under Napoleon III.

Many hecatombs have decayed beneath the earth, many martyrs have poured forth their blood for justice, and still there is thunder in the heavens. Revolt will have to grow fiercer yet before the end be reached. We cited Vacquerie at the beginning of this chapter; a few words from his last book may here be added, as being well fitted to the present hour:—

"Since the good, the true, those free from cowardice, the virile souls, are driven away into the unknown, I too will follow them."

* A popular nickname for Napoleon III.

† A peasant secret society of olden time.

‡ Provost of the Merchants (Mayor) of Paris, killed in 1358, in an attempt to establish a democratic commune. See Perren's "Etienne Marcel."

* December 1851, when Napoleon III. established his Empire by the *coup d'état*, and June 1848, the fight for bread in the streets of Paris.

† Labor Reporter of the *Marseillaise*, the chief opposition paper, edited by Rochefort. Pierre Bonaparte, Napoleon's cousin, having insulted the International Working Men's Association by stating that it was willing to receive money from Napoleon, Noir went to his rooms to demand a retraction, and was there shot down and mortally wounded by P. Bonaparte.

THE PROPAGANDA.

REPORTS.

LONDON.

Regular meetings held at Regent's Park, Hyde Park, Hoxton Church. Audiences pay great attention to what is said. Speeches generally followed by questions and a good discussion.

Sunday, June 17, a meeting was held by two comrades, for the first time, at The Case, Willesden Green. This promises to be a good station.

June 24, J. Morrison Davidson lectured at the S.D.F., 337 Strand, on "The Communist Christ." In his interesting lecture he contended that "Christ was not alone a Communist, but an Anarchist Communist." In the discussion which followed, the Social Democrats claimed Christ as a Social Democrat, but could not make their point to the lecturer's satisfaction.—J. P.

Deptford.—Propaganda goes on here with increasing success. Our audiences are almost entirely with us. Irritated, no doubt, at this, certain local gospel grinders have started issuing leaflets against us. One of these is headed, "Anarchism at the Zoo." The writer's knowledge of Anarchism can be judged by his imaginary account of a revolt among the animals, who suddenly become Anarchists and show their Anarchism by forthwith electing a president and passing resolutions! Furthermore, *Justice* is actually quoted as an Anarchist journal. The writer also quotes from a piece of satirical poetry in the *Commonweal* headed "Dedicated to the S.D.F.," in which the Social Democrats are made to say as follows: "Those Tories are a crafty lot; Those Liberals liars all; Those Radicals do nought but plot, To cause the workers' fall: 'Tis we alone who show no blot, No sin can we recall; O! we are indeed without a spot, There's none like us at all." And this, the leaflet states, is "what our good friends, the Anarchists, think of themselves!"—Our comrades are very active in pushing the propaganda in their unions, in the workshop, and in the clubs. Three open-air meetings are held every week, and although we court opposition, we very seldom get any. Thursday evening meetings have been addressed entirely by local comrades. At one of these meetings, Comrade Forrester succeeded in enticing a godly young man on to the platform, who vouchsafed his opinion that the preaching of Atheism should be put a stop to by law. After enumerating the numerous institutions founded by Christians, such as hospitals, homes for "fallen women," coal and blanket societies, &c. (he forgot to mention the gin-palaces, brothels, lunatic asylums, &c., which these Christians both found and fill), he tauntingly asked what we Anarchists did in this direction. To which Comrade Forrester replied that what we wanted was justice and not charity. It was the like of such Christians as certain philanthropic capitalists, who by means of starvation wages drove thousands of young girls to a life of prostitution, and then established homes for their rescue!—W. H.

Canning Town.—Considering that we are a new group and made up of comrades who "left the S.D.F. to shirk their responsibilities," I think the work we have done during the past month something to be proud of. We have had a series of meetings. Leggatt has come here twice, Turner, Mowbray and Carter once each. Besides a lot of free distribution, we have sold from 4s. to 6s. worth of 'Weals, Anarchists, Freedoms and pamphlets each week, and made capital collections as follows: July 1st, 6s. 8d.; 8th, 6s. 8½d.; 15th, 1s. 10d.; 22nd, 16s. 3½d.; 29th, 4s. Out of these collections £1 1s. 0d. has been given to the Cantwell and Quinn Defence Fund. Besides, the group have given 5s. to the Meunier Defence Fund, 2s. 2d. for the printing of the "Appeal to Soldiers," and 2s. 6d. to *The Anarchist* Guarantee.—R. P.

Commonweal Group.—Owing to the arrest, June 29, of T. Cantwell, compositor of the 'Weal, and the seizure of its office by the police, the paper has necessarily been suspended. As Cantwell was living in the office, the police attempted to make out that the plant was his private property, and on this pretext remained in possession from July 1st till a day or two before the trial, July 30, seizing and opening all letters that came, no matter to whom addressed. But the paper having been registered in the names of certain proprietors, these were finally able to make good their claim, and the group are now again in their old quarters. They found type, pamphlets, leaflets, books, upset or scattered over the floor, and Etivant's speech, which was set ready for issue as a pamphlet, pied. Comrades who want literature for free distribution are invited to write up at once. It will be a week or two before the 'Weal can reappear.—J. P.

PROVINCES.

Leicester.—Our meetings here keep up well. Dr. Macdonald here one Wednesday. He addressed a good open-air meeting on "Anarchists' Plan of Campaign." Banham here one Sunday. We are having good meetings also at Coalville, a colliery village about 14 miles off. In the country villages the people are not so "backward" as they appear to be; to those they know and can trust they exhibit a spirit very different from that which they are generally credited with. When something comes to rouse them into action they will be found quite as advanced as the townsfolk, and more prompt to move.—A. G.

Leeds.—We have been holding meetings in Leeds since January. During the winter months, when the unemployed agitation was to the fore, our Comrade Murdock gave vigorous speeches in the Labor Church every afternoon, and in the Town Hall Square in the evenings. When these men were peaceable and orderly, of course, nothing was done for them; but directly they became a nuisance, by marching along the principal streets and entering swell restaurants demanding food, work was found for at least a good proportion of them. Every evening the unemployed marched to the residences of those Town Councillors who had voted against the resolution proposing work for men out of employment, and sang with great vigour that well-known hymn, "The Starving Poor of Old England."—Our meetings in the Market Place are growing in size every week, and we have often an audience of 2,000 people. Recently we have had some opposition from a hybrid organisation calling themselves the "Anti-Infidel League of Great Britain." These followers of the meek and lowly Jesus have started with the avowed intention of breaking up our meetings. They have not succeeded yet in their designs, and do not seem likely to, as the sympathies of the people are with us.—We are rather short of speakers, and have to rely a good deal on help from other groups. From Manchester we have had Barton and Stockton, and from Sheffield D. J. Nicoll, Tom May, and John Bingham, who gave splendid addresses. Our old comrade H. Samuels paid us a visit on Whit Sunday, and addressed three large meetings. The local speakers, Murdock, Solit, Drake and Simmons have all done good work in the cause. The literature, including Bakounine's "God and the State," also sells fairly well. Taking things altogether, we have every reason to be satisfied with the progress Anarchy is making down in Yorkshire.—W. H.

Sunderland.—We continue to hold meetings every Sunday evening at Wheat Sheaf; speaker, McCabe, who also addressed a fair audience at South Dock, July 8th, in the morning. A barrel-shaped bourgeois asked our comrade whether he worked for his hat." Getting a reply in the affirmative, he then enquired, "where do you work?" which raised such a storm of indignation that he beat a very hasty and undignified retreat. He, however, influenced one of the watermen to inform us that public meetings were not allowed there. As we would not desist, the under Dock-master was brought, which did not much matter, as our comrade had finished his speech. In the evening, Comrades McCabe and C. Cores

(who has been with us a few weeks) addressed a large audience at Wheat Sheaf. We had a friendly discussion with a trade unionist and a temperance advocate. The audience held together for nearly three hours.—J. J. B.

Brighton.—We have not been idle, although we had not a local speaker. June 24th, Miss Henry and Wright from London addressed a large and sympathetic audience. Comrade Henry spoke splendidly. We had little interruption and a good sale of literature.—June 25th, Comrade Wright and I went out with the Amalgamated Society of Tailors to Uckfield and Framfield, where we distributed literature and had discussions with the country workmen.—July 2nd, about a dozen comrades and sympathisers took the train to the Dyke, and from there we walked about 18 miles through towns, villages and fields, distributing literature and singing revolutionary songs. At 9 o'clock we took the train from Henfield back to Brighton, singing the Marseillaise or Carmagnole on every station. Comrade Wright has been very active during his stay here. He had continual discussions, and sometimes hot arguments, and has converted a great many to Anarchism.—J. H.

Aberdeen.—We came out this year for the first time in celebrating Labor Day all by ourselves, on May 6. In former years we used to join hands with our friends the Democrats, but apparently they do not think it safe to have anything to do with us now, so respectable has Social Democracy become. They used to consider us a decent set with a grand ideal; now Anarchism is "a dangerous doctrine," and they arranged the demonstration with the Labor Party, Labor Church and Trades Council, leaving us out. So we sent for Burgoyne from Inverness to help, and all went to work with a will to get out posters and organise a demonstration of our own in favor of Solidarity among the Workers and a General Strike. It was a grand success; Burgoyne, G. Frazer and Duncan spoke and held an enthusiastic crowd till the end. For some weeks Duncan and Frazer have been speaking among the laborers at the Harbour, who wanted help in organising their union. Result not known yet. Any way, our ideas were spread. Comrade A. Frazer has returned from Dundee. He is our best literature seller, and the sale has gone up every week since he came. We also have Shepherd back from Glasgow, a better speaker than ever. We have Monday open-air meetings now, at the Broad Hill, as well as the usual Sunday ones. We have been getting several new members lately and are arranging educational debates at our indoor meetings. There was great excitement in the town at the Carnot affair. At our meeting the Sunday after Comrades Duncan and Shepherd pointed out, as they have always done in the case of outrages, that violence is not Anarchism, but that violence was the natural outcome of the treatment which the continental workers receive at the hands of the brutal governments, and that if it were not for the right of free speech about wrongs and grievances we should have the like here; the people listened very attentively and so did the Head Constable, who stood by all the time. Good sale of literature, and 9s. collected for C. C. Davis.—J. McF.

Edinburgh.—Anarchism going ahead here first rate during the last two months. John Smith and Tom Bell have kept pegging away. Westwater made his debut lately and Anthony Smith lends a useful hand now and again. Our request for question and discussion leads invariably to a piping hot debate. We flatter ourselves we do our share towards making it hot (for our opponents). Some most intelligent questions, however, are often asked—a Meadows crowd is generally a pretty intelligent one, and we seem to get the pick of them always (and generally most of the others besides). We have had some valuable help from Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Levinson delivered two capital lectures one Sunday to big crowds; Dr. Macdonald came through on the 24th, and his two lectures have unmistakably made a permanent impression in the Meadows.—Last week we had a little boom in Anarchy. Picnic Saturday afternoon; indoor lecture (Dr. Macdonald) Saturday night; two lectures (Duncan, Aberdeen) Sunday; indoor lecture (Duncan) on Tuesday night. The Doctor's lecture on "Evolution and Anarchism" was really splendid. The discussion fell flat because there was absolutely no opposition, and the few strangers who spoke declared their acceptance of the Doctor's views. His two visits here will not soon be forgotten. Duncan's eloquence on Sunday night drew the largest crowd ever seen on the Meadows; and he himself declared it the finest audience he ever spoke to.—We have held two good meetings every Sunday, except on the two occasions when we gave way, out of courtesy, to old comrades from Glasgow speaking for the Social Democrats. They have not yet repaid that courtesy, but perhaps they will by-and-by (especially if they get no bigger meetings than they got, for instance, when Duncan was speaking). We are beginning to think the Revolution not far off in Edinburgh now—in fact, it is said that some of our fellows are actually afraid to leave for the Trade Holidays, lest it should take place before they get back.—T. H. B.

Great Yarmouth.—Although we have sent no report for some time, our comrades still help the cause by discussions and chats in their own quiet sort of way among their mates and neighbors. Many that come to supply themselves with their mental food from Comrade Headley's variety always pick up a useful hint at his store. Comrade Saunders has done good work among the agricultural laborers. On Sunday evening, July 15th, W. Wess, who has been staying here, addressed a large meeting on the Hall Quay. Audience very attentive and sympathetic, and a number of questions and fair opposition dealt with at the end. When our comrade got off the stool, a goody-goody man, with Bible in hand, and a big-sized gentleman, said to be a rich architect, began to pass personal remarks the latter suggesting that the speaker gets £3 a week for his talking and that he ought to be put into the water; but when, after Headley had his say, the gentleman saw that the few rough boys present seemed more willing to apply his advice to a chimney-potted barrel-of-champagne than to an Anarchist, he felt very uncomfortable and bundled quickly off.—Sunday evening, July 22, after Wess paid a surprise-visit to Norwich comrades and addressed a fairly good meeting there in the afternoon, with no questions or opposition, but a brisk sale of literature, he opened the meeting on Hall Quay. This time already several comrades turned up, and after 20 minutes' speaking got a good audience and some opposition, to start with, which was replied to by Comrades Saunders and Barker. The latter gave a very eloquent and interesting address, lasting about an hour and a half. Big crowd and a lot of sympathy. These meetings have already touched the ire of some one who wrote anonymously to the *Eastern Daily Press*, calling the Anarchists "apostles of murder and mutilation" and proposing that they should "not be allowed to contaminate the Quay by their presence." However, the editor of that paper was fair enough to insert (July 27) a slashing reply from A. W. Barker.—W.

Manchester.—The following is the result of The Manchester Anarchists' Prize Draw:—Winning Nos.: 341, 261, 264, 565, 359, 778, 521, 209, 724, 282, 526, and 393.—W. Houghton.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Open-air meetings, addressed by Anarchist speakers, are held on Sundays, at Hyde Park, Regent's Park, Victoria Park, and Hoxton Church, at 11 a.m.; Hyde Park at 3.30 p.m.; Hyde Park and corner of Wood Green-road, Tottenham at 7 p.m.

Deptford.—Open-air meetings are held on Deptford Broadway: Sundays, at 11.30 a.m. and at 8 p.m.; Thursdays, at 8 p.m.

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