Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. I. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882. Whole No. 27.

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Read Liberty's splendid offer of premiums to new subscribers in another column.

" Leaves of Grass " is now sold openly by nearly all the Boston booksellers. We have won our victory, and the " guardians of Massachusetts morality " have ignominiously retreated. This is well; but much trouble would have been saved, if the cowardly Osgoods had only stood up in their shoes, instead of surrendering without a struggle.

The woman suffragists of Boston met at Mrs. Fenno Tudor's a few days ago, and voted, despite the recent declaration of the Democratic party in favor of woman suffrage, that it would be time enough to endorse that party when it had done substantial work for the reform in question. Ingratitude, thy name is woman!

Literature is about to be enriched by an unexpected treasure. Proudhon's family lately discovered among the manuscripts of that celebrated publicist a posthumous work, entitled, " Cæsarism and History." It is already in press, and will doubtless be before the public in a very short time. The eagerness with which the people of Continental Europe buy and read the works of Proudhon is highly creditable to them, and it will not be our fault if, before many years, the English speaking-peoples do not have a chance to similarly honor themselves. Neither France nor the whole world can cherish too carefully every word that was written by him whom the next century will probably rank as the foremost man of this.

General Ben Butler has the reputation of possessing a large amount of cheek, but he is by no means the cheekiest of the candidates for governor between whom Massachusetts voters are to choose this fall. The palm in that respect is unquestionably borne off by the most honest and estimable of them all, Charles Almy, of New Bedford, the candidate of the Prohibitory party, who, with an unapproachable sublimity of inconsistency, declares, in a letter accepting the nomination of a party which proposes to decide what men shall and shall not drink, that " the minimum of organized government and the maximum of self-government is to be encouraged." This is virtually a proposition to encourage men to govern themselves by prohibiting them from doing so, and is a fine specimen of the humors of politics.

The Providence " Journal " gave the last number of Liberty a half-column of attention, for which we are its debtor. Among other comments, it said, after quoting some of our criticisms of the State: " We do not think that the Rhode Island ' reformers ' are quite educated up to this standard." How this may be we do not know. The " Journal " ought to be better posted than ourselves concerning the educational status of Rhode Island reformers. But this we can say,—that, after Massachusetts, Rhode Island is the banner state on our subscription list, and that no other city in the Union takes as many copies of Liberty as Providence itself. We are rapidly developing Anarchists in Little Rhody's bosom, and creating a constituency of very lively neighbors for the arrogant thieves who rule her through the columns of the " Journal."

A mission is in progress at St. Mary's Catholic Church in this city under the conduct of Fathers Hamilton and Lancake. " During the past week," says a Boston newspaper, " the fathers have labored with the young men of the parish, and the week for the young unmarried women commenced last evening." We know little about revivals, but strongly incline to the opinion that the week which " commenced last evening " will prove the more fruitful of the two.

The Liberal League is spending a tremendous amount of intellectual energy in an effort to induce the people to date their letters and papers and documents E. M. 82 instead of A. D. 1882. " Where now," asks Carlyle, " are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and, like Firepillars, guide onward those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valor; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare? Where are they? — Preserving their Game!" Where now, asks Liberty, are the Paines and Jeffersons of our still-glowing, still-expanding America; who, when their fellows have become too wretched and down-trodden, will enlist to lift the yokes of poverty and tyranny from the neck of Industry; equipped, not with the bullet, or even with the ballot, but with reason and earnestness and printers' ink and peaceful rebellion and non-compliances? Where are they? — Changing the Calendar!

Time brings queer changes. The Democratic party, heretofore supposed to be the bitterest foe of woman suffrage, has embodied it in its platform in Massachusetts, and even declared unequivocally in favor of woman's equality with man in the broadest sense. If the Democratic party ever gives woman the ballot, it will be the most unselfish deed ever done by a political organization, for it will amount to nothing less than suicide. Immediately woman gets the right to vote, she will use it to thwart and overturn every principle that a follower of Jefferson is supposed to believe in. She will vote for prohibition against free rum, for protection against free trade, for a State religion against free thought, for Comstockism against a free press, for indissoluble marriage against free love, and for greenbackism against free money; in short, she will do nearly everything that is outrageous and tyrannical and absurd. For, even to a greater extent than the men, she believes that all wrongs can be set right by statute. It will be a cold day for Liberty when woman takes the reins of power. Not that Liberty is entirely without friends among the ladies. In the ranks of Liberty's champions there are not a few genuine Amazons, who may be depended upon in all emergencies. But, generally speaking, the feminine mind seems to have no conception of freedom or human rights, and believes thoroughly in fiat morality. What does this teach us? Simply that, while woman should be denied no real right, she should be entrusted with no arbitrary power. Give woman equality with man, by all means; but do it by taking power from man, not by giving it to woman.

PREMIUMS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Liberty makes the following offers to new subscribers only, and in so doing affords them an opportunity of purchasing a considerable library of standard literature at rates *at least five times lower* than could be obtained through the ordinary channels of the book trade:—

To each new subscriber sending us

FIFTY CENTS,

the regular subscription price of the paper, we will send Liberty for one year and a copy of the first volume of John Ruskin's Letters to Workmen and Laborers, entitled, " Fors Clavigera."

To each new subscriber sending us

ONE DOLLAR,

we will send Liberty for one year and a copy of each of the following works:—

Christmas Stories: A Christmas Carol, The Chimes, The Cricket on the Hearth, The Battle of Life, The Haunted Man. By CHARLES DICKENS. With 16 full-page illustrations by Frederick Barnard. Complete in two volumes, 8vo, manila.

Fors Clavigera: Letters to Workmen and Laborers. By JOHN RUSKIN. In two volumes, 4to, manila.

Sartor Resartus: The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Octavo, manila.

To each new subscriber sending us

ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF,

we will send Liberty for one year, and, in addition to the works above mentioned, a copy of each of the following:—

Idyls of the King. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Arranged in the order designed by the author. 4to, manila.

Light of Asia; or, The Great Renunciation. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism, as told in verse by an Indian Buddhist. By EDWIN ARNOLD. 4to, manila.

Macaulay's Essays: Milton, Dryden, Bunyan, History, Samuel Johnson (two essays), Athenian Orators, and Robert Montgomery's Poems. By T. B. MACAULAY. 4to, manila.

To each new subscriber sending us

TWO DOLLARS,

we will send Liberty for one year, all the works above mentioned, and a copy of each of the following:—

Lothair. By B. DISRAELI. Complete in two volumes. Octavo, manila.

Memories of My Exile. By LOUIS KOSSUTH. Translated from the original Hungarian by Ferencz Jausz. Complete in two volumes. 4to, manila.

To cap the climax, to each new subscriber sending

THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF,

we will send Liberty for one year, all the works already mentioned, and a full set of the

Popular History of England: A History of Society and Government from the Earliest Period to Our Own Times. By CHARLES KNIGHT. Complete in EIGHT volumes. 4to, manila.

Thus we offer, besides an annual subscription to this paper, *a library of twenty standard volumes for $3.50.* And these books, remember, are not issued in trashy form, but printed from good type, on clear white paper, and bound in fine postal-card manila,—books as durable as the average workingman can afford to own until the doctrines of Liberty shall be realized, after which he *alone* will be able to dress his favorite authors in gilt leaves and morocco covers.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies, Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 14, 1882.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Bound Volumes of Liberty.

We have for sale three handsomely-bound copies of the first volume of Liberty. As the number who desire them is large, we have determined, not as a matter of equity, but as a means of voluntary taxation of those best able to give us a helping hand, to award the volumes to the three persons sending in the highest bids for them prior to the next issue of the paper. At that time the successful bidders will be notified, and, on receipt of the sums offered, the books will be forwarded.

Liberty the Mother of Order.

It is gratifying to be informed, as we have been, by many of our patrons now renewing their subscriptions that they have already come to see plainly what we are driving at and are more and more deeply interested to follow us.

When our little sheet was first sent out to do battle for reform we naturally expected to be immediately confronted by such superficial objections as these: "You are subversive of law and order;" "your system invites complete social chaos;" "you destroy without offering anything upon which to build anew;" "you offer nothing in the place of government;" "you are all sail and no compass," *etc.* Of course no keen student of social science could descend to such unscientific objections, but a little reform sheet like Liberty has not chiefly to deal with trained students of sociology, but with the average citizen of a "practical" world.

Not a few of our readers, however, are already beginning to see that so far from being subversive of law and order are we that our mission is really to establish law and order in the place of the prevailing social chaos which goes by that name. There is no such frivolous catch-word in the air to-day to gull the weak and unwary as this canting whine of "law and order." Law! yes: but what law? The law of nature as developed out of a rational analysis of social forces and based upon the sovereignty of the individual, or some law manufactured for designing ends before we were born and without our consent? Is law a thing to be enacted by rogues in caucus, and executed by force upon the unwilling, or is law a principle of nature, — a thing that *is*, and that cannot be *made*. As brave old Lysander Spooner says, it is absurd to talk about "making" laws. Laws *are*, and the only right of a human being is to search after them and obey them for himself, leaving others to do the same, or contrarywise, at their own cost.

And order, too, — all reverence for order! But *whose* order? Is it the order of nature, meaning the harmony begotten of a true knowledge of social forces and their healthy coördination in practical life, or is it the order concocted by ward politicians within walls reeking with bribery and open-handed corruption in the interest of social slave-masters? Order means nothing until you institute a correct philosophical standard of order. The thing now called order does not even protect life; witness the pauper rate in Great Britain, and all the murderous results of capital's sway over labor. If the prevailing order *does* protect property, it simply protects robbery; it does not protect honest possession of the fruits of labor by those who create it, but rather despoils producers of what they produce, which is virtually the whole scheme of property.

Now, so far from not offering anything in the place of what is now falsely called government, we have something very tangible to offer, — something very rational, practical, and easy of application. We offer coöperation. We offer reciprocity. We offer associative combination. We offer non-compulsive organization. We offer every possible method of voluntary social union by which men and women may act together for the furtherance of well-being. In short, we offer voluntary scientific socialism in the place of the present compulsory unscientific organization which characterizes the State and all its ramifications.

Is not this government in its only rational sense? If this be chaos, then there is no natural law. If men and women can be governed under arbitrary compulsion, and cannot be governed under the very law of their own being, then the universe is a failure, and a type of reformer above the level of the Czar of Russia and John Kelly has little left to live for.

There are three prevailing social drifts now at work. The first is the State, or the present order of political government, whose synonym is usurpation. The second is socialism, — that phase of it now manifest in the Social Democracy of Europe and which is only a modification of the State. The third is revolutionary socialism, and to that phase Liberty is allied. The revolutionary socialist, like the ordinary socialist, believes in the substitution of integral organization for the old political organization, with *this* distinction (and it is an irreconcilable one), — namely, that the old order must not be remodeled, but utterly overthrown and discarded, and that in all subsequent social coöperation no manner of organization or combination whatsoever shall be binding upon any individual without his consent. Revolutionary socialism denies the right of a majority to coerce a minority. It insists upon the absolute sovereignty of every individual. Its synonym is Liberty

But it has a system as rational, just, and potent as nature. It aims at true law and order. It is *con*structive at every point where it is *de*structive. It is the very antipode of chaos. It is an indefatigable builder. Follow us patiently, friends, and our light wll begin to reveal to you the chaos existing in the high and holy places where you have been falsely educated to believe in a quack God, bogus government, unlawful law, and masked disorder.

"Dooty."

The New York papers report that the policemen in charge of Central Park look upon the ragged urchins who frequent that public ground as "suspicious characters," and in numerous instances have proceeded to "club them out," while other children, well dressed, are left to romp at pleasure. And, when these guardians of the public good have been remonstrated with, they have either resented with indignation the "impudent interference of a mere civilian," or have protested that they were "only doing their dooty."

'Tis but a sample of the solemn farce being daily enacted throughout the so-called civilized world.

All the tyrants, great and small, are "only doing their dooty."

And what is remarkable in it all is that so many otherwise intelligent people are resting under the delusion that the preservation of needful order depends on their adhesion to this old tyrannizing system. Half asleep, they indulge in the dream that they are "only doing *their* dooty."

We are, however, convinced that the great mass of them are, at the present time, not without a suspicion, at least, that something is radically wrong. They are striking out in many directions, hoping, as we suppose, to hit the evil in the eye.

For instance, there is just now in this country a great outcry against "boss rule." Everybody appears to be down on it. The Conklings and the Camerons are being swept away in the name of the outraged people who are clamorous for their freedom They will not be dictated to. They want freedom of opinion and freedom of action. All of which is very commendable. The spirit of it is excellent.

But the question is, Will it go far enough and strike deep enough? Will it cover over and take in all the bosses? Will it plough up the old soil and sow new seed? Does it mean to be thorough? Will it establish freedom in reality, or will it only dally along, suppressing these comparatively inoffensive party bosses, while the vast system of governmental bossing is to run on indefinitely?

We realize the slow pace at which the world moves, and so are not sanguine that this incipient rebellion against the tyrannous rule of "bosses" will ripen into an immediate and fruitful harvest. But, as we have said, the spirit of it is good, and it affords us the opportunity to meet these freedom-shrieking rebels on their own ground, where we shall strive to show them that, if they mean to steadily maintain it, they must conquer more. As it is, they have only run out for a little skirmish. The great battle is still impending.

Therefore, to the enemies of "boss rule" we say: What else have we everywhere established from president down to policeman? If it be not "boss rule," what is it? When you come seriously to ponder this question, we declare to you that you will see that our entire governmental system is a system of irresponsible bossing. Sometimes this boss is one individual, and sometimes many. It is whoever or whatever is in power. Now it is the Republican party that is bossing us. When we get to the point beyond which endurance is impossible, what shall we do? Why, change bosses,—if we are able. For a Republican we shall try a Democrat; and so, swinging back and forth, get matters eased up as much as we can.

But always a "boss," who, under the specious but effective plea, of doing his "dooty," is entitled to defy and drive us like so many dumb sheep, fit only to be fleeced. What a scandalous intimation of power was that indulged in by the judge in the Star Route cases, when he said to the jury that he might yet decide to shut them up on bread and water, and so force them into a verdict. A jury thus assailed, had its members been in any degree alive to their rights as freemen, would have instantly declined further service. Such a threat should only have been scorned and defied. But no; the judge could claim that he, under the common law, was "only doing his dooty." And it was the traditional "dooty" of the jury ignobly to submit.

What is the remedy?

The remedy is for the people to refuse as individuals to delegate a power which cannot at once be confronted by every individual interested, and revoked. There is, in one sense, plenty of bossing to be done in this world, but not against the will or desire of any the humblest person. Personal government is the only true government, but the difference between a free people, so governed, and a slave people governed, is that the government instituted by the former proceeds only by the constant consent of all interested, while the latter is carried on in the name, either of one absolute monarch, or, as we of America say, in the name of "the majority," whether those who are governed consent or not. We have an idea in this country that the majority can do Liberty no wrong. Laws a king might proclaim in the interest of tyranny become, we seem to think, *not* tyrannical if they are only enacted in due process of our majority legislation. The thing done does not so much signify with us. We pin our salvation to a *form of doing* Our "ballot stuffing" Carlyle roared at throws a sanctity over every kind of iniquity. We lose sight of the crime enacted, seeing only that it was ground out by our Republican formula, and that there is a party in the country strong enough to enforce it. Carlyle was far nearer right when he lustily called for the "Able-man," — the man with sense enough always to know what is the right thing to do, and bent only on honestly doing it, let the people give thanks or howl.

Here are three conceptions:

1. The right thing without regard to method.

2. The method at all hazard without regard to the thing done.

3. The method and the thing done inseparably connected.

The first may summarize the doctrine of the Carlyle school; the second is our Republican dogma; the third is the gospel of Liberty.

As to the first, while we unhesitatingly declare it to be infinitely better than the second, it is simply a question as to whether it is to the advantage of the people to have their work done for them irrespective of their wish or consent, or to have it done by their free consent and earnest desire. Waiving here the question of right, we simply raise the test of advantage. We ask, is it better for the people to have the right thing done by despotism or by freedom? And our response simply is that it must certainly be best for the people to have exercise in the doing of the right thing for themselves. This must be true, if growth, self-reliance, and individual capacity are alone attainable through individual experience and culture.

Therefore, Liberty holds steadfastly to the *method* of *freedom*. The right thing, in fact, can only be done by that method. Whatever despotism does has a false foundation. In the end it fails for want of support. It has no basis in the character of the people. It has not grown out of them, is not a part of them; they do not understand or appreciate it. It fails, and must one day give place to what the people freely build. Not that freedom makes no mistakes. No one affirms this. But the mistakes of freedom are its education and its discipline. By its mistakes, as by its successes, the people grow in strength and improve in capable action.

Hence Liberty stands not for result alone, as this is impossible. The true result is obtainable only by the true method.

The idiotic delusion to which this country is for the time being wedded,—that of sticking to the formula of majority rule, let the result be what it may — is the most ignoble thing done in freedom's name that the sun shines upon. For it places Right, Justice, Individual or Personal Freedom in the background. Under its sway the most devilish things are not only possible, but can be bolstered up and made respectable. When they become "the law," we enshrine them in a sacred circle within which no one may set foot but at his peril.

Shift and explain the facts as you may, the most conspicuous fact of all remains,—namely, that the whole system is an arbitrary one, founded not in free choice, but relying on force, which good and honest citizens for the most part support only because they have an inherited instinct that they are thereby doing their duty. They will say: "Certainly, we are for liberty. But, then, society needs some safeguards, and the worst government is better than no government." It is their duty, therefore, to maintain the government, whatever that government may be.

Now, we suggest to all such persons that, if they are seriously in love with Liberty, it is wholly wrong in them to contribute their influence and their means to perpetuate organizations whose very inception is a blow aimed directly at the suppression of Liberty. Society—that is, the individuals composing society—must, indeed, have "safeguards." But the very first step of your despotic organization is to tear down all natural safeguards and place the individual wholly at the mercy of some instituted "boss." In Republican America, as in Autocratic Russia, that is the inevitable first step in what is called governmental organization. It is to establish a machine rule; and although, gentlemen, you may profess to play that machine in behalf of Liberty and good order, you can not give to it one solitary motion without defying Liberty and rendering *good* order impossible.

Grant, if you please, that the running of such a machine has in past times been a necessity; grant, even, that for some time yet for various causes it will necessarily be kept in motion: we are not discussing that point. But, we are talking to you who have advanced far enough into the light of Liberty to see that the "machine" in politics and "boss rule" are Liberty's enemies, to you who would earnestly do somewhat to deliver the country from all manner of oppressions. What ought *you* to do to be consistent with your aspirations?

Shall we answer for you? Then, we will say: *Leave the organization of despotism, and turn to the organization of freedom.*

Liberty asks you to see your *duty* in that direction.

Give no more support to bosses, low or high, who are "only doing their dooty" when they invade every personal right a free people may claim.

Under the old system the people surrender all rights, their whole freedom, into the hands of governmental officials, and receive all they get in return that bears the semblance of freedom as something *granted* to them. We know well enough and do not dispute that in modern times and in this country much is "granted." But what is "granted" may also be *withheld*, if the ruling "boss" has the disposition and the power. And much *is* withheld, even here, as it is. Every individual may be said to have a certain length of rope, but he is fastened thereto; and, when the "boss" requires either his person or his property, he is hauled in, and must surrender both,—and that not because he is a criminal charged with an offence, but because the "powers that be," to whom he is in "dooty" bound to submit, have so willed it.

But under the new system, under the organizations freedom shall invent and maintain, nothing is surrendered, all rights are reserved, and Liberty to maintain itself does not invade itself. A society so constructed, acting not under the rule of force, but stimulated by the intelligent appreciation by all its members of their common interests, furnishes the only example of *good* order, *true* prosperity, and *enduring* peace which it is possible to conceive.

In its realm will be found no officials ignorantly and inhumanly "doing their dooty." "Dooty" will become duty, and duty be transfigured into Love.

"Unhappy Ireland."

We might as well speak plainly and say that the Irish Land League, of once glorious promise, has degenerated into a miserable, humiliating farce, and what there is left of it is not worth holding a second-class Irish wake over. We regret exceedingly to say this, for at one time, while the mammoth no-rent strike was in full blast, Ireland seemed destined to score a victory in modern social methods which would have revolutionized reform and struck with sure death landlordism and politics at one blow.

The cause of Ireland's lamentable defeat may be plainly traced to a few cowardly nuisances who have figured as "leaders." The first of these is God, Patrick Ford's man, who as usual has gone over to the heaviest battalions and left the poor Irish to wrestle on in the toils of the landlords and that army of blood-sucking priests who, although the Irish do not like to be told of it, are the bottom enemies of Ireland.

The second nuisance, not divine but human, is Charles Stewart Parnell, the distinguished parliamentarian of Kilmainham-compact notoriety. A more contemptible piece of political small ware never sold out a confiding nation of poor, outraged, man-worshipping dupes.

The third nuisance is Michael Davitt. This once brave Alaric of the cause, who sent terror to the oppressor by declaring all rent to be an immoral tax, proves to be made of such soft stuff that all his moral and mental stamina can be wiped out between the good cloth and respectability of Parnell and the infantile sophistry of Henry George.

There are many more nuisances on the stage of this melancholy Irish farce, but the point which we wish to get at is that there is little hope for Ireland until her people become so far enlightened that they can keep God and the priests out of reform, and learn to stop the man-worship of leaders. God is a politician who invariably goes back on the people, and the priests are fat vultures who live on the success of the State and all it portends for despotism.

When the Irish people get so far emancipated that they will stop rushing servilely with their pennies, now as Parnell men, now as Davitt men, and learn to be independent, self-reliant individuals, no such righteous move as the mighty no-rent resolve can be successfully misguided to its ruin by individual corruption, cowardice, or stupidity.

A Religion of Hypocrisy and Barbarism.

From the Archbishop of York's letter to the Bishops of his diocese.

Anarchy in Egypt meant danger to that wide Empire which we have received as a trust, and which we may not abandon; and our war against anarchy was an inevitable war. Through God's great goodness the struggle of a few hours has scattered the rebels, has made order and freedom possible in Egypt, has rescued that country from the impending loss of next year's crops, and has so prevented its ruin. Mourning as we do those who have fallen for their country, we are thankful that the skilful dispositions of our commander have saved many lives, and have preserved a great city from irreparable ravages. For these mercies, as for many others vouchsafed to us by the Most High, we owe Him thanks and praise. At the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury I invite you to direct that next Sunday shall be observed as a day of thanksgiving in all churches and chapels in our diocese.

From the cable despatches to the daily newspapers.

The Cairo correspondent of the Cologne Gazette declares that the Egyptian wounded were murdered by the British in the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir, long after all resistance had ceased.

A letter from a non-commissioned officer of the 42d regiment, published in the London Times, says the orders were to spare none of the enemy, and to bayonet every one of them, as they would shoot the soldiers treacherously if the latter passed them.

Law and Authority.

IV.

[Translated from "Le Révolté."]

If we consider the millions of laws that govern humanity, we see at once that they may be subdivided into three great categories: protection of property, protection of persons, protection of the government. And, in analyzing these three categories, we arrive, in regard to each of them, at this logical and necessary conclusion: *Uselessness and perniciousness of the Law.*

As for the protection of property, socialists know what that is. The laws on property are not made to guarantee to the individual or to society the enjoyment of the products of their labor. They are made, on the contrary, to strip the producer of a portion of what he produces and to assure to a few the portion thus stripped from the producers or from the entire society. When the law establishes the right of Mr. So-and-so to a house, for example, it establishes his right, not to a cottage which he has built himself, or to a house which he has erected with the aid of a few friends; no one would have disputed this right if such had been the case. The law, on the contrary, establishes his right to a house which *is not* the product of his labor, first, because he has had it built by others to whom he has not paid the full value of their labor, and, second, because the house represents a social value which he could not have produced himself: the law establishes his right to a portion of that which belongs to everybody and to nobody in particular. The same house, built in the interior of Siberia, would not have the value that it has in a great city, and the latter value results, as we know, from the labor of fifty generations who built the city, adorned it, provided it with water and gas, fine streets, universities, theatres and warehouses, and railroads and highways radiating from it in all directions. In recognizing, then, the right of Mr. So-and-so to a house in Paris, London, Rouen, &c., the law appropriates to him — unjustly — a certain portion of the products of the labor of entire humanity. And it is just because this appropriation is a crying injustice (all other forms of property have the same character) that a whole arsenal of laws and a whole army of soldiers, policemen, and judges are necessary to maintain it against common sense and the sentiment of justice inherent in humanity.

Well, half of our laws — the civil codes of every country — have no other object than that of maintaining this appropriation, this monopoly, for the benefit of a few against entire

humanity. Three-fourths of the cases passed upon by the courts are only quarrels arising between monopolists, — two robbers disputing over their plunder. And no small portion of our criminal laws have also the same object, their purpose being to keep the laborer subordinate to the employer in order to secure to the latter the exploitation of the former.

As for guaranteeing to the producer the products of his labor, there is not a law which undertakes it. That is a matter so simple and so natural, so much a part of the customs and habits of humanity, that the Law has not even considered it. Open brigandage, with weapons in hand, belongs no longer to our century; no laborer in these days ever disputes with another over the product of his labor; if there is any misunderstanding between them, they settle it without recourse to the Law, by addressing themselves to a third party; and the only man who now demands of another a certain portion of his product is the proprietor, who deducts in advance the lion's share. As for humanity in general, it universally respects the right of each to what he produces, not needing special laws to compel it to such a course.

All these laws upon property, which fill huge volumes of codes and are the delight of the lawyers, having, as we have seen, no other object than that of protecting the unjust appropriation of the products of the labor of humanity by certain monopolists, there is no excuse for their existence, and the revolutionary socialists are fully determined to wipe them out on the day of the Revolution. And we can, indeed, with entire justice, make a complete *auto-da-fé* of *all* the laws in relation to the so-called "rights of property," of all property titles, of all the archives, — in short, of everything referring to this institution soon to be considered as a humiliating stain upon the history of humanity equally with the slavery and servitude of centuries gone by.

What we have just said of the laws concerning property fully applies to this second category of laws, — the laws serving to maintain the government, or constitutional laws.

Here again is a whole arsenal of laws, decrees, ordinances, opinions, &c., serving to protect the various forms of representative government (by delegation or by usurpation) under which human societies still struggle. We know very well (the Anarchists have often enough demonstrated it in their incessant criticisms of the various forms of government) that the mission of *all* governments, monarchical, constitutional, and republican, is to protect and to maintain by force the privileges of the possessing classes, — aristocracy, priesthood, and *bourgeoisie*. A good third of our laws, — the "fundamental" laws, laws on taxation, on custom-houses, on the organization of ministries and their departments, on the army, the police, the church, &c. (and there are tens of thousands in every country) — have no other object than to maintain, rehabilitate, and develop the governmental machine, which serves in its turn almost exclusively to protect the privileges of the possessing classes. Analyze all these laws, observe their action day by day, and you will perceive that there is not a single one worthy of preservation, beginning with those which deliver the communes, bound hand and foot, to the parish-priest, the big *bourgeois* of the locality, and the sub-prefect, and ending with this famous constitution (the nineteenth or twentieth since 1789), which gives us a Chamber of idiots and petty speculators preparing the way for the dictatorship of the adventurer, Gambetta, if not for the government of a crowned cabbage-head.

In short, regarding all these laws there can be no doubt. Not only the Anarchists, but even the more or less revolutionary of the *bourgeois*, agree in this, — that the only use that can be made of all the laws concerning the organization of government is to make a bonfire of them.

There remains the third category of laws, the most important, since to it attaches the greatest number of prejudices, — the laws concerning the protection of persons, the punishment and prevention of "crimes." In fact, this category is the most important, because whatever consideration the Law may enjoy is due to the belief that laws of this sort are absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of security in our societies. These are the laws which are developed from the nucleus of customs useful to human societies and taken advantage of by the rulers to sanctify their sway. The authority of the chiefs of tribes, of the wealthy families in the communes, and of the king was based upon the judicial functions which they exercised; and even to the present day, whenever the necessity of government is spoken of, its function as supreme judge is tacitly understood to be referred to. "Without government men would cut each other's throats," says the village philosopher. "The final purpose of every government is to give twelve honest jurors to every accused person," said Burke.

Well, in spite of all the prejudices existing in this matter, it is high time for the Anarchists to declare boldly that this category of laws is as useless and pernicious as the preceding ones.

In the first place, as for the so-called "crimes," assaults upon persons, it is known that two-thirds and often even three-fourths of all these "crimes" are inspired by the desire to get possession of the wealth belonging to some one. This immense category of so-called "crimes and offences" will disappear on the day when private property shall cease to exist. "But," we shall be told, "there will always be brutes to assail the lives of citizens, to deal a knife-thrust in every quarrel, to avenge the slightest offence by a murder, if there are no laws to restrain them and no punishments to withhold them." That is the refrain sung to us as soon as we call in question society's right to punish.

Nevertheless, as to that, there is today one thing well established: The severity of punishments does not diminish the number of "crimes." In fact, hang, quarter, if you will, the assassins, the number of assassinations will not diminish by a single one. On the contrary, abolish the death penalty, and there will not be a single assassination the more; there will be even fewer. Statistics establish this. But let the harvest be good, let bread be cheap, let the weather be fine, and the number of assassinations will immediately diminish; statistics again prove that the number of crimes increases and diminishes with the price of provisions and the severity of the season. Not that all assassinations are prompted by hunger. Not at all; but, when the harvest is good and provisions are easily obtainable, men, gayer, less wretched than usual, do not give way to the darker passions and feel no desire to plunge a knife into the heart of one of their fellows from trivial motives.

Further, it is known also that the fear of punishment has never deterred a single assassin. He who goes forth to kill his neighbor from vengeance or from poverty does not reason overmuch about the consequences; and never assassin who had not the firm conviction that he would escape prosecution. There are a thousand other reasons besides, which we might adduce here,—our space is limited,—but let each one reason on this subject for himself, let him analyze crimes and penalties, their motives and consequences, and, if he knows how to reason uninfluenced by preconceived ideas, he will necessarily reach this conclusion:

Saying nothing of a society in which man will receive a higher education, in which the development of all his faculties and the possibility of enjoying them will secure him so many pleasures that he will not care to lose them by a murder,—saying nothing of the society of the future, even in our present society, even with these sad products of the misery which we see today in the pot-houses of the large cities, on the day when *no punishment* shall be inflicted upon assassins the number of assassinations will not increase by a single one; and it is highly probable that, on the contrary, it will diminish by all those cases now due to second offenders who have been brutalized in prisons.

We are continually told of the benefits of the law and the beneficent effects of penalties. But have those who tell us these things ever tried to strike a balance between these benefits which they attribute to Law and to penalties, and the degrading effect of these penalties on humanity? Let them only calculate the sum total of bad passions awakened in humanity by the atrocious punishments formerly inflicted in our streets. Who, then, nursed and developed the instincts of cruelty in man (instincts unknown even to the monkeys, man having become the most cruel animal on earth), if not the king, the judge, and the priest, armed with the law, who made him tear flesh into shreds, pour burning pitch into wounds, dislocate limbs, crush bones, and saw men in two to maintain their authority? Let them only estimate the torrent of depravity shed into human society by informers, favored by judges and rewarded with the ringing coins of government, under pretext of aiding in the discovery of crimes. Let them go into prison and there study what man becomes when deprived of liberty, shut up with other depraved wretches who imbue each other with all the corruption and all the vices which ooze from the prisons of today, and let them only remember that, the more we reform these institutions, the more detestable they are, all our modern and model penitentiaries being a hundred times more abominable than the dungeons of the Middle Ages. Let them consider, finally, what corruption, what depravity of mind is maintained in humanity by this idea of *obedience* (the essence of the law), of chastisement, of authority having the right to chastise and to judge regardless of our conscience and the esteem of our friends, of an executioner, of a jailer, of a common informer,—in short, of all these attributes of Law and Authority. Let them consider all this, and they will certainly agree with us when we say that the Law inflicting penalties is an abomination which ought to cease to exist.

Moreover, non-policed and, consequently, less depraved peoples have clearly understood that he who is called a "criminal" is simply an unfortunate,—not to be flogged, chained, or put to death on the scaffold or in prison, but to be comforted by the most fraternal cares, by treatment as an equal, by association with honest people. And in the next revolution we hope to hear this cry go forth:

Burn the guillotines; tear down the prisons; banish the judge, the policeman, the informer,—as unclean a crew as the earth ever held; treat as a brother him who has been driven by passion to do evil to his neighbor; above all, take away from the great criminals, those ignoble products of the idleness of the *bourgeoisie*, the possibility of arraying their vices in seductive garb, — and be sure that our society will then be signalized by very few crimes. That which maintains crime (beside idleness) is Law and Authority: the law on property, the law on government, the law on penalties and offences, and the authority which assumes to make these laws and apply them.

No more laws, no more judges! Liberty, Equality, and the practice of Solidarity form the only effective barrier which we can oppose to crime.

Just the Size of It.

"Le Révolté," referring to the theory of land nationalization advocated by John Stuart Mill and now championed by Hyndman, George, and Wallace, truly says:

The idea of the nationalization of the soil is only a compromise between private property and socialism. The soil is to be proclaimed national property (reimbursing the landlords, say the authors of the idea,—without reimbursing them, say the workingmen). The State, which is to be manager, is to rent it to such as desire to cultivate it themselves, and this rent is to replace taxation. This, then, would be an introduction of the same system that exists in certain portions of the English Indies (which does not prevent the cultivators of the soil from dying of hunger by millions), or else in Siberia, where also the land belongs to the State and is rented to the communes, which nevertheless are ruined by taxes and officials. The idea itself is not worth much. But what interests us is the fact that this idea of dispossession of the landlords is approved by large numbers of people, even in the ranks of the *bourgeoisie* and the well-to-do classes generally. Its progress may almost be said to be visible to the eye.

SUPPLEMENT.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

HENRY GEORGE EXAMINED.*

Should Land be Nationalized or Individualized?

BY J. K. INGALLS.

Editor Irish World:—However interesting for the moment may be the questions as to whether Messrs. Parnell and Davitt are acting in unity, and as to whether Mr. George has captured the latter gentleman, a far graver question must ultimately present itself in connection with the disposition and final control of the land. Among the advocates of the "new departure" I have observed but one who has seemed to apprehend the exact issue,—viz., your correspondent, "W. M. C." "Phillip," indeed, apprehends that the solution must have a more individualistic application than is necessarily embraced in the term "nationalization of the land," but, until he fully develops his ideas, I will suspend judgment on them.

Now, potentially, there can be no difference between monopoly under lease and monopoly under freehold, as we shall see on careful investigation. But let us first ascertain what this phrase really means. Does it mean land for the whole people? Then who would want to rent or let? Does it mean ownership by the government or State? If so, it is not the solution, but only the stating, of the land problem. At the outset this is the theory of all governments.

When William of Normandy defeated Harold, he, as head of the State, assumed control of the land and parcelled it out to his bandit lieutenants and favorites. The English monarchs did the same in Ireland.

In ancient Rome the nation claimed the domain; but after a few hundred years it was all in the hands of a few patricians and military chieftains. The land in these United States, at the adoption of the Constitution, was mainly *national domain*. Less than a hundred years sufficed to place it in the hands of speculators, favored corporations, and domestic and foreign landlords. Less than one-quarter is now held by the government, and but a small proportion by actual cultivators, and even one-half of that is mortgaged to money-lenders beyond all hope of redemption.

I shall be told that it is not intended to allow private property in land at all, and that hence no monopolistic accumulation could arise. Well, then, there can be no public property in land; or, if so called or held, it must be with this sweeping limitation,—that the public, State, or government can never transfer it to private control. What I wish to indicate here is that no step whatsoever towards securing the individual people in their "rights of soil" can be taken without "limitation of the principle of property" in its application to the land.

But I shall be told also that for the individual to lease his land from the State or government will obviate all danger that any person will be excluded from cultivating the soil who honestly seeks to do so. This would be satisfactory if it were proposed, as "W. M. C." proposes, to limit lease-holds so that all could have opportunity.

Without such limitation lettings would have to be made at auction; and it would be no more difficult for the millionaire to bid off all the leases of a section, township, or county than to buy up all the fees simple. Indeed, it would be far easier, for it would require him to invest none of his capital in land, as now. To nationalize the land in any such sense as that would help no poor man to a piece of land, but would only subject labor to dependence on a speculating and adventurer class instead of an hereditary landlord, and upon the favors of a partisan *bossism* instead of a foreign government.

We should have our "seventy-thousand-acre farms" run by "produce kings," aided by machinery and "transient help" in seed time and harvest, resulting in the ultimate exhaustion of the soil and the reduction of labor to the tramp state. Our stock-jobbing system would be mercilessly applied here, and the condition of the poor, by lack of opportunity for self-employment, would be rendered constantly worse and worse instead of being improved.

I do not mean in any degree to intimate that Mr. Davitt or Mr. George contemplates any such results, but this is the logical outcome to any plan of occupancy which does not positively assure the individual right to enter upon and cultivate the land necessary to his sustenance, and that without accounting to landlord or government official. I am gratified that the "Irish World" has not committed itself to any plan which does not effectually realize this aim.

"Rent," according to Mr. Davitt, "is an immoral tax," and, according to Mr. George, is "the price of monopoly," and, whether paid to a single or to a collective landlord, is unchanged in its nature.

In view of the brave and noble work which Mr. George has done and is still doing for the cause of land reform, it pains me to say that he does not seem to have appreciated his own words, much less comprehended the clear-cut definition of Mr. Davitt, and, as to the twin blasphemy of usury, not to have apprehended it at all. Even as late as March 10, 1882, he speaks of the increase of rent with the growth of society as "a most beautiful evidence of creative design."

In so late a number of the "Irish World" as July 8th, in the report of his Dublin lecture, after reiterating that the present agitation "means land for the whole people—every man, woman, and child, rich and poor," a "solution which gives to every man that which he fairly earns," he gives utterance to such inconsistent economic twaddle as this, saying it is "Michael Davitt's plan:" "To solve the land question and the labor question it is merely necessary [not to nationalize the land] to take for the benefit of the *whole people* those fruits coming from the land *which are not due to the exertions of labor or use of capital of those who are engaged in using it*." Doubtless, Mr. George would be unable to find even in Ireland an instance where, the landlord being a judge, anything more than these fruits were taken as rent. The only difference between this plan, which Mr. George was careful to state was *not* "Mr. Davitt's particularly" (I should hope not), and current landlordism is that in one instance those fruits go to a class, and in the other to the whole people; in other words, to the ruling political party or administration. He does not stop to consider that this circumstance would in no sense change the *immoral nature* of the tax, however it might mitigate its public impolicy. As to the portion of fruits which are to go to the use of capital employed in cultivating the land, it would be hopeless to find any farmer or operator in any field of industry to admit that more was now received than was their due. Political economists do not admit any such thing, and we look through "Progress and Poverty." in vain to find any such intimation from Mr. George.

That he aims at the same general result as other land reformers, I have no shadow of doubt; but his premises as to the use of capital and its reproductive power, together with his theory of rent—that it is the result of something produced by the land without labor,—is wholly unsupported by any known facts; and his plan of taxing back what is wrongfully wrung from labor under this false pretence can but prove delusive. If successful as a tax, it would to that extent prove useless as a measure of equity. If successful, as he conceives, in giving every one a foothold on God's footstool, it would cease to yield any revenue whatever, and thus prove self-destructive, for no one not deprived of land by law or force would pay rent to government or landlord.

The farther discussion of the question I have put in the form of

DIALOGUE.

JONATHAN—Good morning, George. I am glad you have called. I am becoming deeply interested in the land question. To me it seems of importance to other countries as well as to Ireland, and that we cannot fully sympathize with the movement there until we understand it as a problem of world-wide application.

GEORGE—You cannot be interested in a question of deeper importance, and you are right in thinking it a subject of universal concern. The monopoly of the land in every country lies at the foundation of class domination and of the poverty and industrial subjection which prevail widely even in this land of civil and political freedom. Private property in land, whether under inheritance or commercial traffic, necessarily ends, sooner or later, in its absorption into the hands of a small and privileged class, while the majority of the cultivators, and, indeed, all workers, will be reduced to the condition of tenants, wage-workers, and tramps.

J.—That is also my thought, although as to private property in land I am not certain it could not be so defined and guarded as to make it operate in favor of equal opportunity and equal security. For instance, here I own forty acres. This would interfere with no one's opportunity if some were not allowed to buy up hundreds and thousands of acres, not for the purpose of cultivating or occupying, but to hold them against the poor and homeless, in order that they may tax the toil applied in their cultivation and prevent those who need from going upon them and making homes.

G.—I see you have not studied this land question in all its phases. Private property means property, and, if you attempt to guard or control it, it ceases to be such. I think nationalization of the land the only practical solution of the question, and that can be most readily effected by taxing back the value of the land—*i. e.*, the rent which it will bring—for the benefit of the whole people.

J.—The nationalization of the land in a comprehensive sense is a thing generally admitted, I think. No one disputes that the land of any country belongs to the whole people of that country. The only question is, how can the principle be applied to protect the individual in his natural right of access to his normal environment so as not to invalidate the right of "eminent domain," which is exercised more or less widely and wisely by the governments of all countries, and which by the genius of our laws is supposed to reside in the whole people? The *whole people cannot be evicted*. It is only by allowing the *individual* to be evicted and debarred from his natural inheritance that society can be endangered by land monopoly. Society has, therefore, an undoubted right to prohibit the occupancy by any person of such extent of the common inheritance as would crowd or exclude the weakest member from his foothold on the soil.

Whether the occupant holds his house as property, contributing his share of the public burden in the form of a tax, or as a tenant and contributing under the form of rent, would seem to matter little so long as the large occupancy of the richer and stronger did not imperil the opportunity of the poor and weak. By the late mention of a book I have not yet read, I judge that Mr. Wallace alone among English land reformers recognizes the necessity of *limitation of occupancy under leasehold*, and advocates features of *fixity* which will secure permanent holding and the inviolability of home to the family. As to letting rent go on, as under the landlord system, and then taxing it all back for the benefit of the whole people, I am unable to see how that plan can be made to harmonize with any democratic idea or fail to become a most dangerous experiment for any government to attempt. Industry at most should be taxed only for the reasonable necessities of government, and only after such necessity has risen and honest estimates made. To levy taxes for the accumulation of an indefinite sum, for which expenditures have to be found, is to create a fund inviting corruption and peculation and the betrayal of public trusts. No experience which any people in any time have had would justify it, and it could not logically be sanctioned by anyone but the advocate of the nationalizing of industry as well as of the land, and of wholesale governmental co-operation, which would make the government the employer of all labor and the determiner of all wages. I do not understand you to advocate this.

G.—Oh, no. However I may agree in the abstract with what you say, I cannot avoid seeing that it is private property in land which is the foundation of the evil. Abolish this by making the nation the owner, and, of course, no such thing as monopoly could exist. You must admit that to equally distribute the land among the people would be impossible, even if desirable, which it is not. Many want no land, but all are entitled to their share of what it produces, minus the amount justly due the cultivator, and minus the part rightfully due the capitalist, who has furnished or advanced means to furnish the stock and general plant employed in cultivating the land.

J.—And the cost of collecting and disbursing the same among the whole body of claimants?

G.—Yes; but that is unavoidable, and might be considered as compensated by relief from all other forms of taxation. I was going to add that rent is an economical fruit not the result of labor, but in addition to it, which the holder of land who cultivates it himself receives over and above the compensation of his labor just as truly as the idle landlord.

J.—Is rent at the same time, then, "an immoral tax," as Mr. Davitt asserts?

G.—Yes, when paid to landlords, but if paid to the government, and by that applied to the public welfare, each member of the community gets his just share of the natural produce of the land. Rent, economical rent at least, arises wholly from the different fertility of special soils, as explained by Ricardo and other political economists.

J.—I am not unaware of that, or of the use Malthus and other writers have made of this theory to satisfy the laborer that eviction and starvation are in the order of Providence and not the results of unjust and barbarous laws of tenure. That under any system of freedom of the land there would be a choice of locations and of qualities of the soil there can be no doubt; that parties would be willing to pay something for such choice there can be as little; but that such transactions would degenerate into fixed rents, without landlords, is hardly conceivable,—not certainly while as at present there is abundance of land of good quality to produce all that is necessary for the public consumption. The inhuman mockery of this plausible theory is all too apparent when we reflect that much of the best land even in Ireland is now untilled, while tenants are being evicted from the poorest because they will not pay a rent at a rate almost, if not quite, as high as the best land would command. Take away the writ of ejectment from the landlord, with which he is now clothed, and the constabulary and military which enable him to enforce it, and all the rent he would be able to collect from choice of place or preference of soils would not distress or seriously wrong any. Ownership under such limitation as would always leave land open to occupation, even of a poor quality, would remove distressful poverty far from the door of the industrious and frugal. The few who are lazy and improvident also would improve their condition as opportunities increased and as chances of doing better by idle scheming than by honest work decreased.

* The introductory portion of this article, preceding the dialogue, appeared originally in the "Irish World." The remainder was offered to the editor of that paper, but rejected by him.—EDITOR LIBERTY.

G.— It seems to me you treat the rent theory with too little consideration. It is very clear to me that rent only represents the difference between the productiveness of the best lands and that which is not sufficiently productive to yield rent. If the cultivator owns the land himself, this production in excess of that of poorer land which is cultivated is a gratuity to him which comes from Nature, and not from his toil, since he has toiled no harder than the man who has produced the smaller yield; and the only way to equalize the award of industry is to tax away this excess and give it to the public. The theory is itself so plain and generally accepted that I wonder you have the courage to dispute it. Mr. Mill denominates it the "*pons asinorum.*"

J.—I am aware of it, but was always in a little doubt as to his application of the term. It might be that he meant such a bridge that all asses coming near would be sure to go over. It is not so much the theory as the use which is made of it that I deprecate. That there is difference in soils and in the desirableness of situations is true enough, but that such difference constitutes the entire rental is too absurd for serious discussion. For, then, if all soils were equally fertile, and all situations equally desirable, no rent could be obtained, however the land might be monopolized. This reminds me of the thesis of the metaphysician, that, if an ass was placed equi-distant between two equally-attractive bundles of hay, he would die of starvation without being able to decide between the two. And, theoretically, this is all sound; practically, it is nonsense. In truth, rent arises from exactly the opposite direction to that here assumed. The amount any land will yield above the bare necessities of the cultivator becomes the measure of rent under land monopoly. And to apply the scheme of taxing back land values or rent for the public good means, if it means anything, the taxing of productive labor, all above a bare subsistence, and dividing it among all, whether workers or otherwise. The inequality which would arise from the working of lands of unequal fertility is greatly over-estimated, and it seems to me could be remedied by much easier and more natural methods. With a rational system of limited occupancy the restriction would embrace the consideration of superior fertility, and with more land of an inferior quality, with more varied crops and careful tillage, all serious inequalities would be overcome. There are also many compensations not discernible on the bare statement. The man with easier tillage and more productive soil will be able, doubtless, to obtain the same price for his grain or fruits as the man with poorer soil and shorter crops. He will leave somewhat more to exchange, and will with the excess purchase luxuries. This, while it may stimulate other industries, will not increase the cost of any necessaries to the neighbor. Another principle will also come in to render these inequalities less serious, if they could be regarded as serious at all. The principle of serving first the first comer would render all such inequality of little account. Only as population increased and progress in production advanced would the less desirable places come into requisition. The older and feeble would be in possession of the more productive, while the young and strong would attack the more unfriendly situation. The rent theory goes always upon the notion that the best land will keep producing bountifully year after year and generation after generation. This is folly. Land, however fertile when first taken up or when it first comes into the possession of the cultivator, will soon work down to a condition where it will do no more than is done for it. Its productiveness will then depend on what is done in the way of returning the elements of fertility and proper culture. The original difference of most cultivatable land will soon disappear under an equitable system of apportionment and intelligent use.

G.—Well, I came to read you a lecture on this subject, but you have read me one. I have never heard the "rent theory" attacked in this way before. If rent means only the different degrees of productiveness of different soils, there seems force in your suggestion that then no rent could be collected if all lands were equally desirable. But it is quite apparent that landlordism could not stand on any such position as that. I shall have to modify the statement by saying that under private ownership of the soil monopoly is enabled to exact the difference between the production of the best land and of such land as would be worked for its entire product without rent.

J.—Well, do you not see that you proceed in the wrong direction in drawing your conclusions? It comes really to an issue upon the question as to the "*natural* rate of wages." Adam Smith asserts that to be the entire labor product. Ricardo, the author of the "Theory of Rent," consistent with his theory, makes *bare subsistence the natural rate.* If this is true, as it must be, or the theory of rent be abandoned, then rent begins at this end and not at the excess end of the industrial problem, and does not absolutely require that any but the poorest lands be cultivated to produce a rent, if such lands will yield anything besides a bare subsistence to the cultivator.

Whether this theory would work if left to the operation of natural laws is another question, which it will be time enough to examine when our class laws are repealed and equal opportunities are enjoyed.

It would be very easy to show that commodities have a price only because there is a difference in their quality, etc. For instance, the price of potatoes is only the difference between the size and quality of those most desired and those which are so small and of so poor a quality that they can be had for nothing. But an economist who should attempt to incorporate such a circumstance into a basic economic principle, or seek to tax back the whole value thus found for the public use, would simply stultify himself.

Your mistake arises in supposing that there is such a thing as wealth produced without labor. With equal access to the earth and its natural and spontaneous productions, *the labor of gathering is all there is of production, and all that one man can justly exchange with another is the service he has rendered in such gathering.* And that, in the absence of monopoly, is all that can have price. How one who stands aloof and does nothing towards this gathering can claim a portion of the wages of the gatherer is not consistent with any conceivable system of equity. Only upon repaying the service rendered is he entitled to any interest in the thing harvested, and then he receives under an equitable exchange the same proportion according to his service as the man who gathered.

In this way the right of soil is essentially vindicated. The artisan, artist, teacher, *littérateur*, and follower of any trade or profession is protected, for each requires and usually consumes quite as much of the earth's products as the cultivator, and that, too, *without rendering disproportionate service.* Why, then, should the cultivator be taxed to benefit the others? Under free land or effective limitation of its ownership it would be optional with anyone of another calling who felt he was unfairly treated to plant and gather the fruits of the earth himself. All this would require no complicated scheme of taxation, no cumbersome official machinery, but simply a repeal of the class laws of tenure and the extension of the principle of limitation found so salutary in all other matters of civil rule.

G.— In view of all you have said, I still think that rent arises, to an extent, at least, from a "gratuity of Nature," and does belong properly to the whole people, and I see no better method than to tax away this gratuity from the landlord for the benefit of all.

J.— Without arguing that point farther, it really appears to me that to estimate that as a gratuity which is acknowledged to be "the price of monopoly," is illogical in the last degree. If Nature has gratuities, it is for those who gather them. With equal opportunity, if any refuse or neglect to gather them (not infants or disabled), they have no equitable or moral claim upon that which others have gathered; for, by rendering a reciprocal service in that which they prefer to do, they can secure what they need. Whether any such thing as economic rent exists at all can only be determined in the absence of monopoly. That rents are greatly above any possible bid for choice, and wholly separate therefrom, is seen by the fact that, where highest, premiums are often paid on leaseholds. Taxation on a basis so indefinite, so wholly dependent on monopoly and the limit of endurance which the poor will sustain, is as devoid of economic judgment as of democratic simplicity.

G.— But an end must be put to the oppression of landlordism, and, as the land cannot be divided in such a way that all shall share its benefits, I know of no other way to make the thing equitable. The tendency of productive industry to consolidate itself in the hands of large corporations must necessarily extend to the cultivation of the land, where it is seen that a few large enterprises can be carried on much more successfully than many small ones. To divide up the land into small holdings would be detrimental to production, as is held by many writers.

J.— But many writers of eminence take an opposite view, citing France, Belgium, Switzerland, &c. But, though the issue is at least evenly contested, I do not propose to make a point of that. Even if wholly as you say, in its mere relation to production, it would not be conclusive. There are other and broader questions than that of large production. The maintenance of the fertility of the soil and the development and improvement of the individuals of the race are aims to which minor economies should be sacrificed, if need be.

G.— You will admit that the "division of labor" has exerted a powerful influence in that direction!

J.—Certainly; but you must also admit that, carried to the extremes which are exhibited in our large manufacturing establishments, it tends to reduce the worker to a mere appendage of a machine, and can have only one effect,— the deterioration of all manliness and the destruction of all self-respect. The pointing of a pin, as a continual employment for twelve or fourteen hours a day, can end only by reducing the man to an automaton. Large production of pins can well be sacrificed to a greater diversity of employment for the individual, and the development of a higher manhood; if not in the interest of simple political economy, at least in the higher interest of social economy.

G.— My plan embraces the idea of "giving to every man that which he fairly earns," and to capital what is "due for its use;" but that which goes as rent to the land I would have divided equally among all, since it belongs to all. Interest on money and profits derived from commodities in process of exchange and distribution are different in their nature from rent, and are realized "after labor has been duly rewarded."

J.— I am aware that economists seek to draw this distinction; but it is wholly technical. The union of capital with labor is no more complete than that of the land with labor. No essential difference can be shown between rent, interest, and profits.

Rent is the interest upon the money for which the hired land would exchange. Interest is the rent of the land which the money would purchase. It can make no possible difference to the farmer whether the sum he pays is paid as rent or as interest on the purchase money of his farm. Both the rent and interest may be loaded with expenses, taxes, repairs, &c., but stripped of all these, they are identical in this: *they are a tax upon the production of those who work for the benefit of those who do no work.* Profits are also loaded with costs of superintendence, expenses, &c. Stripped of "dues for service," however, they are identical with rent and interest,— an "immoral tax" on the productions of industry.

G.— But you forget that I assume that rent arises not from the labor, but independent of it, as taught by all political economists. And it is to tax that back for the benefit of all that I am contending. The question of interest and profits is held to be different from rent; but your way of putting it is novel. Yet it seems to me these are both right, and would work no great evil but for a monopoly of the land.

J.—But these, in common with rent, take so much from the annual production of labor, without any return whatsoever, when stripped of the extraneous portions with which they are usually connected. I think I have satisfactorily shown that rent arises in no such way as claimed, but wholly as "a monopoly price;" that wealth has no such power of increase as is claimed in justification of interest or usury; that trade has no power to multiply wealth, and that commerce can only add to the wealth of society by performing specific service in its production where and when needed for consumption, and that, when such service is fairly rewarded, nothing remains for profits but an immoral tax.

G.—But surely you do not propose to control interest and profits as well as rent? That would involve a degree of governmental supervision which I am sure would be repugnant to the spirit of any free people.

J.—Doubtless; but the dilemma is yours, not mine. I was just going to say that, waiving my objections to the "rent theory," admitting the power of wealth to increase of itself without labor, and of commodities in process of exchange to multiply on the hands of the holders,—though each proposition is vastly absurd,—the conclusion is unavoidable that interest on money and profits on trade are equally gratuities arising in Nature, to which all are equally entitled as well as to the economic rent arising from the land. How you can logically refuse to tax back the money and trade values, if any such naturally exist, as well as the land values is a matter of great wonder to me.

G.—But I see no other method of redressing the great wrong of land monopoly, and, that evil obviated, it seems to me that the other evils would remedy themselves, if they are evils.

J.—That is also my belief. In your plan, however, I see no certainty of remedying the basic evil. To do away with land monopoly only one course is open,— abolish it, as chattel slavery was abolished. Repeal all laws giving titles to land and make occupation the only valid tenure. This would do away with all discussion as to the nature of property in it. Production is the only thing which can be taxed. Improvements should be exempt, while coercive taxation remains. *The "No-Rent" manifesto is the true gospel of Land Reform,* and becomes realized as soon as the legal process for collection and for ejectment is taken away, and the constable and soldier are withdrawn from enforcing such laws. Only courage and moral purpose in the people are necessary to abolish this great evil; schemes and plans to circumvent it, by indirect means, will prove vain.

G.—But the difficulty still remains. Equal distribution is impossible. Besides, some want much land, others little, and still others none at all. "Nationalization might be changed to Townshipization,"* and so the local government, whatever its form, have control. The large holders would then share, under the system of taxation, with those who held little or none. Each would rent of all, and so the values be equally distributed.

J.—I am very glad to hear you say this. It is one step more in the right direction. This would approach nearly to the township or village community, once the general system of land tenure in Europe. A step or two more will place you on solid ground. The familization and individualization of the land follow as a logical sequence from your admission.

G.—But you do not notice my point that many individuals do not want land at all.

J.—I was about to say that it is untrue. Every individual needs a place to live and work in. Thus far the wants of all are nearly equal. We are "tenants in common," upon the bosom of mother Earth, and no one has any just claim against another for obtaining that which with equal opportunity he declines to appropriate. His refusal to occupy proves that he estimates his advantage greater not to occupy, and that all assumed advantage to the occupier is quite if not more than compensated through reciprocal exchange.

There exists no reason why any one should *hire a home* which does not apply with greater force to the reasons why he should own it. Even a single room can be owned, since it can be hired. Requiring to change his residence, one would experience no more difficulty in finding a purchaser than would the landlord (nation or township) in finding a tenant for it. *Any disposition of the land which does not embrace the private ownership of home* and the normal environment of the individual will not be the final one. Under that, even the changeful and migratory would find no serious inconvenience, while the many would enjoy, in its security and stability, a permanent reliance, and, in its healthful stimulus, the noblest incentives to beautify and adorn the limited portion falling to their control.

* See Henry George in "Irish World" for August 26.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 2. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882.** **Whole No. 28.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

P. J. McGuire's paper, "The Carpenter," has been removed from New York, and will hereafter be published at 613 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

Society may do what it pleases, and the individual may do what he pleases if society pleases to let him, say the State Socialists. Liberty says that the individual may do what he pleases, and society may do what it pleases if the individuals comprising the society please to let it. Between these two positions there can be neither peace nor compromise.

It is becoming the fashion to malign the Jews. The articles and caricatures now current picturing the faults and vices of the Hebrew character and neglecting its many virtues strongly remind us of the indictments of the Chinese. In fact, these race-hatreds are all alike. They belong on the same low level, and originate in the same spirit of devilish jealousy and sanctimonious pharisaism.

Walt Whitman is an economist as well as a poet,—one of the right and radical sort, too. Liberty entirely agrees with him in the following: "The profits of protection go altogether to a few score select persons who, by favors of Congress, State Legislatures, the banks, and other special advantages, are forming a vulgar aristocracy full as bad as anything in the British or European castes, of blood, or the dynasties there of the past. As Sismondi pointed out, the true prosperity of a nation is not in the great wealth of a special class, but is only to be really attained in having the bulk of the people provided with houses or land in fee simple. This may not be the best show, but it is the best reality."

The Rochester "Sunday Morning Mail," referring to Henry Appleton ("Honorius" of the "Irish World"), says that he is "one of the best educated and clearest writers upon the social questions of the day. He is cool, deliberating, and convincing. He is a fitting companion for Henry Carey Baird and the great Parnell His reputation is destined to become a household word." Coming from such a source, this intended compliment is a rather doubtful one. A paper which holds up the writings of Henry Carey Baird and Parnell as standards of lucidity does not know what clear thought is. Mr. Appleton is a far clearer thinker and more vigorous writer than either of them; and the "Mail," in reducing him to their level, does him an injury which Liberty promptly resents in his behalf.

Mr. Van Patten, editor of the "Bulletin of the Social Labor Movement" and champion of extreme State Socialism, has been analyzing Liberty in his paper. "Liberty," he says, "is a natural right, against which constraint can exercise no legitimate power." But he thinks that this right terminates where the liberty of others begins. From this he concludes that "personal Liberty must always be subordinate to the collective liberty." Let us carry this peculiar argument a little farther. If "personal Liberty must *always* be subordinate to the collective liberty," it may *always* be legitimately constrained, and hence the termination of this "natural right," which Mr. Van Patten starts by defining as one which can *never* be legitimately constrained, must be simultaneous with its beginning. Well may Liberty exclaim: "If so soon I was to be done for, I wonder what I was begun for."

"At a certain manufactory in this city," says the Fall River correspondent of the Providence "Journal," "where there are a number of young ladies employed, it was determined on their part to present their employer with an album and a large family Bible as a testimonial of their regard for him. The money was collected and the articles purchased. On the appointed afternoon the girls collected at the office of their employer, and, in a neat speech, presented him with their offering. The recipient accepted the gifts, and thanked the givers in a few choice words. After conversing some time, the overseer glanced at the clock, and said: 'Girls, I think you had better go back to your work now; you have lost three-quarters of an hour already.' The girls were taken aback, and, feeling much disconcerted, went back to their work, but great was their surprise and chagrin when the next pay-day came round to find that the overseer had 'docked' every one of them for the time lost in making the presentation." Served them right! Factory operatives who know no better than to use the little that is left of their earnings after the bulk of them have been stolen, in buying presents for the thieves, deserve to have insult added to injury.

General Butler, who is now running for the governorship of Massachusetts on the Democratic ticket, is a unique figure in American politics, personally embodying, like all politicians, much that is bad, but also, unlike them, representing much that is good. As Anarchists we naturally take little interest in the result of his canvass, but, as far as we have any hopes at all, they are for his success. The entrance of such a bull into the State china-shop would undoubtedly cause the destruction of a great deal of rotten ware. How far the smashing would be guided by any intelligent and consistent ideas concerning government may be judged by General Butler's recent speech at Springfield. Arguing against the reckless expenditure of the people's money in the building of needlessly elegant public works, he cited a gate-house at Lake Cochituate, costing several thousand dollars, which stops and lets out much less water than a gate-house owned by the general himself, costing only one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and truly said that the administrators of the people's affairs should conduct them in the same manner that a private citizen conducts his own affairs. Later in the same speech, discussing the eight-hour system, he said that no private manufacturer could introduce it, for the reason that his competitors would continue to work their operatives ten hours and thereby undersell him in the market. But the government, argued General Butler (who a few minutes before had been insisting that public business should be done on business principles), ought to introduce it into its own works. As if the loss of the people is not as great when their money is spent in employing extra labor in the navy-yards as it is when the same money is spent in employing extra labor to build gate-houses! In fact, the loss is greater in the case of the navy-yards, for the people get no more ships for their money than before, while in the other case they at least get a handsomer gate-house.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 28, 1882.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

The First Political Platform.

Whereas, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, and am steering thee to the land of Canaan, where there is milk and honey, and every man shall have forty acres and a mule; and

Whereas, I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and opposed to competition in the deity business, insisting upon a monopoly of admiration and worship; and

Whereas, I visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and thus get square with the whole family; and

Whereas, in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, including sin and sorrow, and loafed the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and made the saloons close up; therefore be it

Resolved, that thou shalt have no other gods before me, inasmuch as I am the great and only original, and all others are base imitations.

Resolved, that Jehovah vieweth with alarm the constant encroachments of stone gods, wooden gods, mud gods, and little tin gods on wheels upon the prerogatives and perquisites of the big boss God, and therefore declareth that thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.

Resolved, that thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for too much familiarity breedeth contempt, and the Lord will endeavor to make it sultry for him who waxeth too fresh.

Resolved, that the Sabbath-day shall be remembered and kept holy and devoted exclusively to the giving of taffy to Jehovah, who is a vain God and pointeth with pride to his record on the labor question, which lieth in the first chapter of Genesis. As the Lord made everything in a six-day's go-as-you-please race with nothing, thou shalt do no work on the seventh day.

Resolved, that the time-honored principles of eternal justice which were recognized by men before the Lord thy God was invented be reaffirmed and included in this platform for the sake of appearances and to give countenance to the preceding resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, that thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother.

Resolved, that thou shalt not kill; provided, however, that the Lord may suspend this commandment when he deems it advisable to have Philistines, and people who disbelieve in him as the only original God, slaughtered for his eternal glory.

Resolved, that thou shalt not commit adultery.

Resolved, that thou shalt not steal; but, for the sake of harmony, the Lord declareth that plundering the Amalekite is not stealing.

Resolved, that thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Resolved, that thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's.

Resolved, that the foregoing platform and resolutions be lithographed and published by Secretary Moses under the title of "Ten Commandments."

Liberals and Liberty.

The spectacle afforded by that incongruous group of mortals known as "Liberal lecturers" is one which invites some very serious comments in the light of Liberty. Our affiliations are naturally with these would-be reformers; and it is in no spirit of malice that we call attention to a few points touching that now vague and much-abused term, "Liberal."

The Latin root of Liberal is the same as that of Liberty. To be a Liberal is, etymologically, to be a preacher and practiser of Liberty. But, practically, the so-called Liberal is simply an ally, paid or unpaid, of some clique or other, laboring under the shallow delusion that, because he has put on the mantle of what the world calls infidelity, he is necessarily broader and bigger-brained than the benighted Orthodox. He is a sectarian, and does not know it; indeed, he is not unfrequently the meanest kind of bigot. There are men sailing under the banners of Atheism and Free Religion whom no respect for Liberty would prevent from burning an Orthodox believer at the stake to-day, if that old pastime had not gone out of fashion; while the churches are almost as largely sprinkled with organically-constituted Liberals as are the halls of infidelity.

To be a Liberal, in any sense that can effect true reform, is to be a man or woman who loves Liberty understandingly. And, to love Liberty understandingly, the man or woman must have a rational philosophy. The bulk of our Liberal lecturers are semi-uniformed moral carpers. They go about preaching temperance, righteousness, and moral judgments to come; but they know no scientific principles by which to define these terms. They tell us to be just and true, and pure, but they have no rational standard of justice, truth, and purity. They leave the potency of their terms to whatever vague conceptions and prejudices may happen to possess the minds of their hearers, and, unfortunately, the lingering bias, even in the minds of the most liberal audiences, is on the side of the old, diseased standard of morality, begotten of morbid fanaticism and repression.

The most contemptible clique of moral "softs" now in the arena of Liberalism is that of the falsely-named "Free-Religionists." The Free-Religious culturist stands in his or her pulpit, dressed in sainted garb, and between every few periods interjects some solemn appeal to the audience to lead lives of *purity*. "Purity" seems to be the main seasoning of Free-Religious decretals. But have these people any scientific standard of purity? Do they enter into any rational examination of purity, based upon the entire constitution of man? Is purity synonymous with the normal, healthy activity of the whole range of human functions, or does it mean repression, starvation, stultification, and chronic asphyxia?

No, it is purity,—purity and nothing more. Purity may mean all things to all men and women, but with the Free-Religious high priest it is enough that it is purity. With the simon-pure, pseudo-ecclesiastical, Free-Religious dogmatist it really means something akin to moral dyspepsia, or perhaps might be more properly likened to the chaste icicle that weepeth under the eaves of a tomb.

So with the terms justice, truth, virtue, and the term morality itself. Our Liberal friends fail to define these expressions, and for the simple reason that they cannot. They have no rational starting-point from which to develop the true theory of human relations. Justice is what some authority has defined it to be, ratified by public opinion. Truth, paradoxically speaking, is a vague fiction. Virtue is the dogmatic fiat of popularized asceticism, whose dictum is total abstinence; and morality is majority-rule, meddling despotically with everybody's business.

Now, we earnestly invite all these Liberal wanderers, at present intellectually lost in the woods, to come into the folds of Liberty. Here they will find a distinct rational philosophy that settles the significance of all their vague terms. For we have a starting-point that is unassailable,—the absolute sovereignty of every individual. Upon this rock we build, and all our social structure in morals and equity is securely braced by the cost-principle. Those who inhabit it always know where they stand and how to treat all questions of social conduct. Their philosophy and method cannot fail to be Liberal, being the very science of Liberty itself. Those already on the anxious seat would do well to come forward at once. The burden of Liberty is light, its yoke is easy to bear, and priceless are its blessings.

That "Unearned Increment."

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR,—Under the scheme of Henry George land is to be put up in parcels and rented to the highest bidder by the elected auctioneer of the Socialistic State. Suppose, now, that a given parcel, apparently unfit for anything but ordinary tillage, is bid off by an ordinary farmer at a low rental. It contains a patch of woodland. Some fine day an ingenious mechanic, who has long been experimenting in different kinds of woods and their adaptability to special mechanical inventions, strolls over this patch, and, discovering a peculiarity in the wood, cuts off a piece and takes it home. After various experiments, he discovers that it can be applied to the manufacture of an article of great utility to society and profit to himself. Accordingly, when the parcel of land is put up, the next year he overbids all other comers, takes it, erects a shop upon it, puts his invention into the market, and in a few months discovers that the next year he will be able to realize $1,000 profit, all of which is the result of years of skill, study, and expense.

Now, in George's scheme, the "unearned increment" resulting from the natural wealth residing in the wood belongs to the State; the $1,000 must be taxed out of the skilful tenant, and his years of study and expense in adapting the natural wealth to the service of society avail him nothing. All that is not literally labor must be confiscated. Whatever results from skill, study, and indefatigable purpose in adapting natural wealth to its best uses is contraband. Under this scheme whoever makes natural wealth available, thus increasing the rental value of land, must be victimized to the extent that he has benefited society.

I have no unkind feelings towards Mr. George, who, I am willing to assume, is conscientious, but must avow that a more ridiculous and outrageous piece of imbecility never possessed a distorted brain. The "unearned increment" in all this crazy bosh is the astonishing credulity of many a blind follower, who, when he finally comes to examine such sophistry seriously, will be amazed that it could ever have carried off his head. DEADWOOD.

October 19, 1882.

Liberty has given abundant evidence that it looks upon Henry George's theories with no friendly eye, but desires, nevertheless, to pronounce the above criticism of them not at all a valid one. Our correspondent makes it somewhat awkward for us to show why it is invalid by so confusing natural wealth with wealth resulting from his inventor's efforts that it is difficult to tell whether he regards the thousand dollars as payment for the former or the latter. Let us suppose, however, that he means five hundred dollars of it as payment for the "natural wealth residing in the wood" and five hundred dollars as a reward for the inventor's "study and expense." In that case the inventor is clearly entitled to the latter five hundred, having earned it by his labor, and no State has any rightful authority to tax it away from him; but it is equally clear that neither the inventor nor the State is entitled in equity to the former five hundred, because neither had anything whatever to do with the creation of the wealth which it is supposed to represent.

Our correspondent and Mr. George commit substantially the same error in regarding natural wealth as property, the only difference being that the author of "Progress and Poverty" gives to the State exclusively the function of proprietorship, while "Deadwood" ascribes it to the individual. *Natural wealth is not property at all*, and neither the State nor the individual can set a price upon it without violating the first principle of commercial justice that cost is the equitable limit of price.

But "Deadwood" must not answer us that we wish to enforce by law any standard of price. We expressly disclaim any such desire. *Our first faith is always in Liberty and its power to settle all social problems without recourse to restriction.* We decline in advance to print any statement charging us, either directly or by implication, with favoring anything

less than absolute free trade in the broadest sense of the term.

Perhaps we ought, further, to protest against "Deadwood's" assumption that the work of the inventor is less literally labor than that of the manual workman.

The Condemned of Moscow.

We translate from "L'Intransigeant" the following editorial, written by Henri Rochefort *à propos* of the report that the czar of Russia had gone to Moscow to be crowned:

At the not very remote period when people were so simple as to imagine, in looking upon a sovereign, that he was the State, the coronation of an emperor presented all the characteristics of a national festival. The fountains ran with wine, which the passers-by drank without thinking that it was bought with their own taxes. The faithful subjects, prostrate as their master passed, craved the honor of touching with respectful hand the train of his mantle.

Today the coronation of a monarch resembles the execution of a prisoner condemned to death. One who reads with a little care the despatches which come to us from Russia regarding the disagreeable duty to the performance of which the czar Alexander III. has resigned himself may imagine himself assisting in the funeral preparations for the beheading of Menesclou, the murderer.

The patient (we mean the czar) has tried all methods of postponing the fatal moment. Now his wife fell sick; again he did not feel very well himself. At last the Eminent Graybeards of the Third Section have made him understand that in Russia a czar who has not been solemnly crowned at Moscow can exercise no serious authority over the nation. He is no more than an emperor *in partibus*, something like those bishops who cannot visit their dioceses, situated at the ends of the world without running the risk of being eaten by the cannibals over whom they are supposed to hold spiritual kingdom.

In vain did Alexander III., very much frightened, draw up various appeals for mercy, till, the other day, his prime minister came to tell him that his petition had been definitively denied; that, consequently, he must make up his mind to start. Only, the police, fearing some attempt at the capture of the prisoner, have taken precautions which have had no parallel since the death of Louis XVI.

We quote literally the telegrams which reach us:

ST. PETERSBURG, September 19. — The emperor started this evening at eight o'clock for Moscow, where, in all probability, the coronation will take place.

Until the arrival of the czar in that city the use of the telegraph and travel by rail are forbidden the public along the Moscow line.

The line is guarded by thirty thousand men.

Second telegram:

Posts of soldiers are stationed on the embankments, and both sides of the railway are constantly patrolled.

Third telegram:

MOSCOW, September 20. — The emperor and empress, with the princes their children and the grand-dukes George-Alexis and Paul-Serge, arrived here at noon today, accompanied by the prince of Montenegro.

The city was occupied by the military. On the arrival of the royal train numerous detachments of troops kept the crowd far away from the streets through which the czar was to pass.

Do you see this emperor requiring closed doors for the ceremony of his coronation, as they do for the trial of a prisoner accused of committing an outrage against public decency! Ordinarily, when a king visits a city of his realm, it is to measure the joy which his presence excites. The son of Alexander II., who fears other explosions than those of enthusiasm, is perfectly willing to appear in public on condition that there shall be no one in the streets. At that rate, the day when he shall enter the cathedral of Moscow to be definitively consecrated, like the kings of France in the cathedral of Rheims, the basilica, evacuated by superior orders, will be absolutely deserted. That will be what might be called a cellular coronation. Under such conditions it would have been more logical to choose, for its consummation, not a church, but a cellar.

To complete the festivities the emperor and empress, on their arrival at Moscow, immediately repaired to the chapel of *Our Lady of Siberia*. The object of their visit was indeed admirably chosen. It is almost as if, on the day of his advent to the presidency of the Republic, Mac-Mahon had gone to pay his devotions at the chapel of Our Lady of New Caledonia.

But the czar, who sees himself so irremissibly condemned that he goes to chapel, must entertain at this hour strange reflections regarding the instability of human power. He whose grandfather was not only the sovereign but the pope of Russia addresses himself today to the metropolitan of Moscow as Lebiez and Barré addressed themselves to the Abbé Crozes to try to soften the horrors of the last punishment.

This picture of the anguish of a potentate scarcely daring to take possession of the crown is the best reward that the revolutionists have yet received for their sacrifices and their perils. To make the life of kings so intolerable as to disgust them with their royalty,—that perhaps is the best method yet discovered of founding republics.

Proof, for the rest, that the authorities of Moscow intend to treat their condemned criminals in the future with a certain degree of humanity may be found in this further despatch transmitted by the Havas agency:

"The day of the coronation is kept absolutely secret."

It is clear that, still as in the case of Menesclou, they do not wish to augment the torments of this sufferer by informing him of the exact hour of supreme expiation. Only a few minutes before delivering him to the executioner will they come to warn him that he has no hope left save in the divine mercy. They will serve him a bounteous breakfast, after which the executioner will proceed to the final toilet; then the funeral procession will take up its line of march, and in the evening the newspapers will thus conclude their account of the event:

"To avoid any pretext for a riot the prefect of police had decided that the coronation should take place within the walls of the prison, before the judges, assisted by a clerk charged with taking down the confessions of the condemned. The emperor manifested no weakness and with firm tread ascended the steps of the throne.

"At six o'clock human justice was satisfied."

Property in Land.

A series of Sunday debates is now in progress at Investigator Hall in this city upon the question of the right of ownership in the soil. On September 17 the discussion was opened by J. W. Stillman, who, after the usual preliminaries, spoke as follows:

Before determining whether man has property in land, it seems to me that we ought to determine what is property itself. Now, if I were called upon to give a definition of the word "property," I would say that it is a right to the absolute and exclusive use of the thing possessed, with power to destroy it or to dispose of it, either by gift or by sale. According to this definition, you will at once perceive that there are very few objects or things which a man can be said to own exclusively or absolutely. A man speaks of *his* children; but are they his absolute property? They are the products of nature. He has not the right to sell them into slavery, or to take their lives. He has a limited jurisdiction over them, but he has not absolute property in them.

Again, does a man own himself? He certainly does not create himself. It is true that he has exclusive use of his own faculties and powers; all that is so from the necessity of the case; but can he rightfully destroy himself? There are some who maintain that a man has a right to commit suicide; there are others who dispute it, and that, today, is a debatable question. But has a man a right to sell himself into slavery,—to become the absolute property of another person? I question it. So, when you consider the question, What does man really own? in what things does a man have absolute property? — we at once discover that it is very difficult to determine that a man has property in anything whatsoever.

Well, now, it has been said here repeatedly in this discussion that labor is the source of wealth and the source of power. But can man by labor produce that which did not before exist? Man by his labor simply changes and transforms existing matter, — nothing more and nothing less. Can I by simply changing or transforming a material substance make that substance my property?

It has been said here that improvements in land necessarily lead to property in land. Let us consider that proposition for a moment. If it be true, those who maintain it must show exactly how much improvement in land creates property in it. Suppose that I enclose an acre of the earth's surface. Half of that acre I improve, change, or modify; the other half I leave in its natural condition. It is enclosed; you might call it mine; but, according to the logic of these gentlemen, all I really own is the part I have improved, and the fact that I have enclosed another portion of the earth's surface and called it mine does not make it mine. Until it can be shown exactly how much improvement in the land is necessary to constitute property in it, I think those who maintain that proposition will fail absolutely to prove it.

Again, if the doctrine of property in land is true, it seems to me that the doctrine of human slavery must also be true. If I have a right to use one portion of nature and call it mine, why not another portion? Man is nothing but matter, — organized matter, it is true; but, if I have a right to appropriate inorganic matter to my own use, why not organic matter? If I have the right to use and call my own, mineral substances, why not animal substances? Certainly the right to property does not depend upon the nature of the substance; hence I say that, if the doctrine of property in land is true, why not the doctrine of human slavery and every other form of oppression?

Again, the doctrine of property in land necessarily leads to slavery, because, if I own a portion of the earth's surface, I have a right to keep off that portion of the earth's surface every other human being; and whoever dares to put his foot on it is a trespasser; and in course of time it may be that a strong few may ultimately take possession of the whole earth. All those who do not have the power to take possession of an equal portion becomes trespassers. Their liberty and their very existence depend upon the will of the landholder. Hear Mr. George on that point:

Place one hundred men on an island from which there is no escape, and whether you make one of these men the absolute owner of the other ninety-nine, or the absolute owner of the soil of the island, will make no difference either to him or to them. In the one case, as in the other, the one will be the absolute master of the ninety-nine, his power extending even to life and death, for simply to refuse them permission to live upon the island would be to force them into the sea. — *Progress and Poverty*, p. 312.

Again; it has been said in this discussion that occupation, prior occupation, is a title to land. If so; what title have you to the land which you now occupy in the city of Boston and state of Massachusetts? All this land was formerly occupied by the North American Indians. They were the prior occupants; and, according to your own doctrine, you are trespassers upon their rights. If anybody owns anything, it is that mythological being known as God Almighty, whom we don't believe in in this hall, — not many of us, at least. If man had the power to produce something out of nothing, he might own land; but, until man has such power, he cannot own anything. I may qualify that statement, perhaps, by saying that the only thing which a man may own is a new thought, a new idea, a new invention, and that is immaterial; so, consequently, I cannot see how anything that is material can become property, unless, as I said before, man has the power to produce something out of nothing.

Let me read one paragraph from Proudhon's book, entitled, "What is Property?" (pp. 52–53):

If property is a natural, absolute, imprescriptible, and inalienable right, why, in all ages, has there been so much speculation as to its origin? — for this is one of its distinguishing characteristics. The origin of a natural right! Good God! Who ever inquired into the origin of the rights of liberty, security, or equality? They exist by the same right that we exist; they are born with us, they live and die with us. With property it is very different, indeed. By law, property can exist without a proprietor, like a quality without a subject. It exists for the human being who as yet is not, and for the octogenarian who is no more. And yet, in spite of these wonderful prerogatives which savor of the eternal and the infinite, they have never found the origin of property; the doctors still disagree. On one point only are they in harmony; namely, that the validity of the right of property depends upon the authenticity of its origin. But this harmony is their condemnation. Why have they acknowledged the right before settling the question of origin?

It seems to me that, if what I have said be true, society must be entirely revolutionized. Rent must be abolished; for rent, according to this doctrine, can be nothing more nor less than robbery! Why should I pay others for occupying that which I have a perfect right to occupy myself? Why should I reward a robber, if he is a robber, by continually paying him tribute? It seems to me, therefore, that there can be no such thing as absolute equality among men until the doctrine of property in land is entirely destroyed.

Max's Substitute for Statute Law.

Again we quote from the court-room conversations of Philosopher "Max" (reported in the Boston "Globe"), who, the more familiar he becomes with the workings of the law, becomes more pronounced in his adhesion to Anarchism:

"Truly the law is a wonderful invention for protecting society and the individual members thereof from the depredations of the wicked," quoth Max, leaning upon the sill of the court-room window, where a breath of free air could be obtained, and watching the busy throng of expressmen in the square. "I suppose you can tell me, Counsellor, the end and aim of all criminal legislation, and the real functions of a criminal court?"

"I should say," replied the Counsellor, "that laws are made to restrain people from doing that which may injure others in person or property, to preserve the morals of the community from the licentiousness that would otherwise run riot, and, in short, to compel everybody to follow a line of conduct consistent with the best state of society. The courts are necessary to enforce obedience to the law by punishing all who violate its commands or do what it prohibits. Fear of the law undoubtedly deters many from doing the mischief which their depraved natures would delight in."

"Then, if you were not afraid of the physical force which the law can employ, you would perhaps knock me down and take my pocket-book for your own use."

"By no means. That would be an outrage which I would not think of committing. It would be a violation of what I recognize to be your natural rights; but there are persons who would not respect those rights, and they must be restrained. Just imagine what a riot of robbery, violence, and murder would be in the world in the absence of the restraining power of the law."

"Of course you and I are better than the rest of the crowd and would do right anyway, simply because it is right; but I can imagine all these men in the square below, who are now engaged in peacefully earning their living, deserting their teams at the first intimation of the abolition of statute law, and proceeding to loot the town. It is very fortunate for you and me that we are under the protection of the law, and it is very sad to reflect that other people are not as honest and conscientious as we are. Clearly, this is a weary, wicked world when left to its own devices, and I am quite lost in wonder that there should be even two of us in this vast multitude of natural-born scoundrels called humanity who are not secretly enamored of

crime for its own sake. Can you tell me, Counsellor, by what mysterious means the principles of truth and justice found even such lodgment in the world as our two minds afford?"

"Oh, of course, I don't mean that all of us would cut each other's throats if we had our way; but you know there must be some restraint upon the vicious and dangerous classes. If it were not for the wholesome influences of law and the Christian religion, we should have anarchy."

"A very reasonable conclusion," interjected Max.

"But to have justice we must have law and the authority to enforce obedience to the rules of justice. The law is the wisdom of ages boiled down and applied to the regulation of society."

"I think you confound law and justice, and understate the functions of courts. Theoretically, the courts punish those who endanger the peace and good order of society, but practically they serve to perpetuate the superstitions upon which the authority of law is founded, and thus maintain its power. There is much technical humbug about so-called justice. Men are often punished, not for injuring others, nor for doing that which a correct conscience declares to be wrong, but for failing to comply with some petty, imbecile form of law. A curious illustration has been afforded today. A gentleman assisted a friend in doing what the judge declared he had a perfect right to do, and that was merely going away from a depot in a carriage with his betrothed. The mother of the young lady attempted to force her company upon the couple, which the judge decided she had no legal right to do, and the young man had a legal right to prevent her from entering the carriage. The first gentleman assisted his friend by holding the elder lady as she was about to forcibly enter the carriage, and was arrested for assault and battery. The judge gravely ruled that he would have been within the law had his friend specifically requested him to hold the mother, but, in the absence of such specific request, he was not within the law, and had no right to put his hand upon the lady. Therefore he was guilty of a crime, and was sentenced to pay a fine. That was the law, as laid down and enforced by a court. The gentleman was not punished for interfering with the rights of another, but for assisting in the preservation of another's rights without having first obtained the technical sanction of the law so to do. The conviction and sentence were merely steps taken to maintain the authority of that superstition of the reason, statute law. I suppose the safety of society, the eternal principle of justice, and the sacred rights of individuals demanded that the concentrated wisdom of the ages should punish the gentleman on technical grounds."

"Of course individuals must sometimes suffer in order to maintain a general principle, but that is to be expected. The law cannot make distinctions in favor of individuals."

"Certainly not. It cannot and it does not. Individual rights and freedom are wholly inconsistent with the spirit of authoritative legislation."

"Very well. Then what are you driving at? What can you suggest as a substitute for statute law and courts with authority?"

"NOTHING!"

Political Economy Boiled Down.

[Exchange.]

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and, by writing a poem on it, make it worth $5,000. That's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet, and make it worth $5,000,000. That's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and "twenty dollars." That's money. The mechanic can take the material worth $5, and make it into a watch worth $100. That's skill. The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents, and sell it to you for $1. That's business. A lady can purchase a very comfortable bonnet for $10, but prefers to pay $100. That's foolishness. The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for $1. That's labor.

Different Ways of Wooing Liberty.

It is very pretty, writes Henry Maret, the brilliant and witty journalist who edits the Paris "Radical," to talk of the hour of progress. I think, for my part, that that hour strikes when we ask the clock to strike it. And, as soon as a question is raised, it should be solved in the most liberal sense. Such is my politics, clear and definite. It is easily understood. Less easily understood is the politics of the people who call themselves Liberals and who steadily vote against Liberty, pretending that the masses who demand it are unworthy to have it. Such people make Liberty a singular sweetheart. When she opens her arms to them, they recoil like Joseph, for fear of that Potiphar called the State. These chilly lovers are simply impotent. We, who desire to possess the beautiful creature, send Potiphar to the devil, not desiring to pass our existence at the knees of our darling.

THE MODERN HIGHWAYMAN.

The ancient highwayman was stout and brave,
And robbed the lonely traveller of his pelf;
The modern highwayman's a sneaking knave,
Who tries to steal the great highway itself.

WHITMAN'S MUSIC AND THE LUTE.

LINES TO WALT WHITMAN.

Being a Plea Against the Good Gray Poet's Lawless Paces.

[SAM WARD IN NEW YORK "WORLD."]

Wherefore scorn the tuneful measure
Like a lout?
Drowning Art's melodious pleasure
In a shout?

As the Mœnads corybantic
Used to wound
Beauty's eyelids, in their frantic
Reckless round?

Must not every Muse deny him
For a churl,
Who will hut-ward haste to hie him
From the whirl

Of the rhythmic cadence, speeding
On the dance,
Lads and lassies gayly leading
In its trance?

'Tis not *cornu mirum's* blaring,
Saturnine,
All their senses is ensnaring!
But — the Nine!

Gliding feet and ringlets straying
Touch and kiss;
Wavy swaying to such playing
Is such bliss!

Vulcan's hammer clangs and clashes
With a glow,
But its splendors fall in ashes
At each blow!

Gracefully his shafts Apollo
Flings abroad;
Ecstasy and glory follow
The Sun-God!

Him — the old Eternal Warder,
The most High,
Set, with Time and Rhyme, to order
Earth and Sky!

LINES TO SAM WARD.

Being a Plea Against the Lascivious Playing of a Lute.

[BYRNE'S DRAMATIC TIMES.]

Therefore, chant the Lydian measures,
Mi, sol, fa.
Man the monkey always treasures,
La di da.

Rare enough the rash intruding
Of the few.
Swarms the graceful hoop-de-dooden,
Doo-den-do.

Not so played the ancient player
On the strings;
Neither David nor Isaiah
That way sings.

When the soul had songs of passion
To the Lord,
Whimpering was not the fashion —
"No!" he roared.

With the wrongs upreared gigantic
Of the race,
Not indeed were strophes bacchantic
Then his pace.

Silent heat Apollo reigneth
All undoing,
With his thunder-crash obtaineth
Our renewing.

Every inch the lowly maketh
Is a fight.
Every shout of victory shaketh
Men aright.

Every song that won the nations,
Clarion rang.
Every song that outraged patience,
Chamberers sang.

When the heart its longing chaunteth
On the rack,
Is the one thing that it wanteth
Bric-a-brac?

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 3. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.** **Whole No. 29.**

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The truest and most important thing said by General Butler during his recent campaign for the governorship was this: "You hear about men making money; they get it away from each other. It is all produced from the soil at first." This is a simple, plain, and forcible way of saying that interest, rent, and profit are dishonest abstractions from the pockets of labor.

Liberty scarcely gets a fair show in the "North American Review" discussion concerning the suppression of obscene literature between Anthony Comstock, aided by a clergyman, on the one hand, and O. B. Frothingham on the other. Two against one, and that one half in sympathy with the enemy, is not a condition of a square fight. Either James Parton or Elizur Wright would have been a much more acceptable and effective champion of Liberty. Why was not one of them invited to enter the lists?

The Boston "Advertiser," referring to the statement made in a recent cable despatch that the French Anarchists have correspondents in Boston and Montevideo, says that "the boast of the revolutionists that they have a correspondent in Boston is empty. Any fool in any part of the world can exchange vaporings with some one in Boston." When one considers that in this instance the "fools" are such men as Prince Kropotkine, a prominent contributor to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the English reviews, and Elisée Reclus, perhaps the foremost geographer of the world, the "Advertiser's" statement is seen to be characteristically ridiculous, and arouses the query whether any ass in the "Advertiser" office can show his — well, his posterior in the editorial column. So indecent an exposure seems explicable on no other hypothesis.

For the following interesting and instructive item we are indebted to the London "Truth": "M. Elisée Reclus, the illustrious author of the 'Géographie Universelle,' has inaugurated free marriage, and united his two daughters 'freely' to two young men of their choice. This adverb 'freely' means that M Reclus has dispensed not only with the religious ceremony of marriage, but also with the civil marriage in presence of the mayor. He simply invited his friends and relatives to a banquet at the Grand Hôtel, over which he presided, *more avorum*, and there and then, literally *entre les poires et le fromage*, or, as we should say, 'across the walnuts and the wine,' he declared the union of his two girls with their respective sweethearts" This very sensible conduct is said to have made a "painful impression" upon M. Reclus's scientific friends in England. Charity prompts the hope that these pure souls may find an early opportunity of ascension and thus be saved the utter agony sure to be inflicted upon them, if they live a few years longer, in consequence of the growing inclination to follow M. Reclus's wise example.

Liberty takes the greatest satisfaction in calling attention to a pamphlet lately received, entitled "Liberty and Morality," and written by W. S. Bell. We warmly greet it as one of the many evidences now accumulating on every hand that our work is telling, that we are having an influence on the public mind, and that we are educating the teachers. It is written to show the tyranny of compulsory moral standards and the futility of expecting morality to thrive except as increasing Liberty prevails; and although the word Anarchy is not (we believe) to be found in it, scarcely a page but contains an epigrammatic sentence which might fitly serve as a motto for this or any other Anarchistic journal. Throughout it is eloquent, discriminating, and profound, and indicative of a degree of ability for which we have never given its author credit. He originally delivered it as a lecture before the Watkins Freethinkers' Convention, and proposes to repeat it frequently during an approaching lecture tour in the West. We bespeak for him and his thought a hearty welcome. He may be addressed at "18 East Springfield Street, Boston, Mass."

Another outrage on the freedom of the press has been committed by Anthony Comstock. About a fortnight ago he visited Princeton, and arrested E. H. Heywood, editor of the "Word," who has been once before his victim. Mr. Heywood was brought to Boston and placed in Charles Street jail, where he remained over two nights and was then bailed out by his brother, S. R. Heywood, of Worcester, who apparently has "experienced a change of heart." It is not definitely known what all the charges to be preferred against Mr. Heywood are, but he is undoubtedly to be complained of for circulating a printed slip containing the two "objectionable" poems from "Leaves of Grass" and for advertising an article known as the Comstock syringe for the prevention of conception. In both these acts Mr. Heywood only did what he had a perfect right to do against the whole world, and it is the duty of every earnest Liberal to come to his aid in his hour of trial. In this connection we must express our indignation at the cowardly conduct of D. M. Bennett, editor of the "Truth-Seeker," who prates about Mr. Heywood's taste and methods. We do not approve of Mr. Heywood's taste and methods, but neither did we of Mr. Bennett's when we did our little best a few years ago to save him from Comstock's clutches. It is not a question of taste, but of Liberty, and no man who fails to see this and act accordingly can ever fairly call himself a Liberal again. Mr. Heywood's preliminary examination will come off in the United States court-house November 16, and we hope that every friend of Liberty will attend to give the prisoner countenance Now, a few plain words to Mr. Heywood himself. He is very likely, in our opinion, to be cleared on the "Leaves of Grass" charge, but in regard to the syringe his position seems to us very "ticklish." The statute which forbids the advertising of syringes, etc., is so definite as to admit of no important difference of interpretation, and Mr. Heywood has but one hope worth trusting to of escaping its enforcement upon him. That hope lies in his ability to convince some member of the jury that he has the right, regardless of the court's instructions, to judge, not only the facts, but the law *and the justice of the law*. If Mr. Heywood is shrewd, he will employ no lawyer except in an advisory capacity, but will bring his own well-known powers of oratory and argument directly to bear upon the jury in nailing and clinching that point. Otherwise, it is to be feared that his fate will be a hard one.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

For a Spy's Enlightenment.

Anthony Comstock:

DESPICABLE SIR,—I am informed by Mr. E. H. Heywood that, in a letter which you recently addressed to him over the false signature of "J. A. Mattock" in accordance with your usual dishonest practice, you asked these questions: "What is Mr. Tucker's address and his first name? Was it Franklin or Francis, could you give me his address."

I do not know whether Mr. Heywood has accommodated you with the desired information; therefore permit me, lest he has not done so, to impart to you the knowledge of which you are in search, though knowing full well that, hypocrite that you are, you ask for what you already know and have known for some years past, your sole purpose in so asking having been to mislead Mr. Heywood into the belief that he was dealing with an honest inquirer instead of with a sneak and a spy.

My name and address you will find appended to this letter. Anything bearing that address will pretty surely reach me. Any commands of a business nature (I decline all other correspondence with you) so received in response to advertisements of mine I shall take pains to fulfil with my usual faithfulness, whether purporting to issue from Anthony Comstock or one of the numerous individuals whose names he has befouled by falsely assuming. I recommend you, however, to use your own name hereafter, and thus make no blacker the disgraceful record of what would be your shame were you not shameless.

Accept, sir, the earnest assurance of my profoundest contempt. BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Box 3366, BOSTON, MASS., November 11, 1882.

American Czardom Unmasked.

The government of the United States is the most absolute despotism on the face of the earth. The rag upon which is emblazoned the stars and stripes is a painted fraud. The robber bird is alone truthful among our national symbols.

"Fanaticism!" cries some conceited American Fourth-of-July philosopher; and doubtless, when he reads such a shocking indictment, a suppressed longing that Anthony Comstock may yet be able to reach such Anarchistic miscreants in his pious raid upon blasphemy and infidelity seizes him.

But let us reason a little together! What would naturally be the most absolute despotism among governments? Would it not be that government from whose dictum, as expressed under its forms, there was the least possibility of appeal?

"And is this the United States?" cries the indignant patriot, fresh from the gush of the Sunday school and the drippings of the political rostrum.

Yes, it *is* the United States above every other government on the face of the earth. There is an element in our institutions more strongly and sacredly fortified against appeal than are all the pompous assumptions of the czar of Russia and the other crowned despots of Europe, and this element is an ever active, universal, and tireless one. It is the so-called "will of the majority."

The czar, being one with God by divine right, is of course a majority. But, thanks to the righteous activity of the Nihilists, there is a possibility of effective appeal in Russia, and it is only a question of time when the head of that majority will be either cut off or blown off. In that case there is tolerable cause to hope that another majority-head of that stamp will not dare to show itself. If it does, then the Nihilists are prepared to reecho the words of America's psychological-bomb executioner, George Francis Train:—"We'll go you six, ten, or a dozen czars better!"

The czardom once exterminated, the absolute despotism peculiar to Russia is abolished. The empire once overthrown in Germany, the peculiar majority despotism which Bismarck has so long wielded is no more. In all these monarchical countries lovers of justice see a sure way of successful appeal ahead of them, and they are improving it with a rapidity that haunts their crowned oppressors day and night.

But what show of appeal is there from the American species of despotism? If it were a single head, it could not stay on long. If it were any moderate number of heads upon whom the whole responsibility could be distinctly fixed, those heads would probably be taken off. The fact is that the root of majority despotism in this country is a superstition found in almost everybody's head, and which could not be exterminated even if millions of heads were taken off. On grounds of utility as well as humanity, then, the American Anarchist must trouble no man's head any farther than to get the superstition out and get something better in.

"The will of the majority!" So says the czar too; simply supplementing it by the modest clause, "and *I* am the majority." "The will of the majority!" So says Bismarck; only adding the significant condition, "and the emperor, myself, and the army are the majority."

But when the American says, "The will of the majority!" he means in his shallow conceit a tremendously big thing. The progressive Russian and German, seeing what a majority means under their systems, do not believe in it, and are determined to throw it off their necks. The average American, however, finds in a majority something very sacred, very respectable, and beyond appeal. "The majority have ye ever with you," might well be written on the dome of the Capitol as a fitting satire on our national superficiality. Yes, with us, and *against* us too.

This "will of the majority" is the very despot itself which, in the United States above any other country, cannot be reached. In the first place there is no possibility under our system, or any other system, of ever finding out what is the will of the majority, and in the second place, even if it were possible to find out the will of the majority, that majority; in assuming to be sovereign over the minority, or even over one single individual without his consent, is on exactly the same plane as the czar,—in fact, is simply the czar transformed. From the Russian despot there is, as the world recognizes with more or less satisfaction, a sure way of appeal. From the American despot there is no immediate way of appeal. One majority succeeds another, making our despotism rotary, but the despot is always there, and the American is the exceptional political dupe among the nations to affirm that *his* despot is sacred, immutable, and beyond appeal.

The legitimate effect of this abject servility to majority rule is that a people stultified by it naturally lie down and submit to the most iniquitous assaults upon individual Liberty without a protest, if it doth only appear that it was the "will of the majority." In this respect Americans are the greatest cowards on the face of the earth. Herbert Spencer, the eminent sociologist, has discovered by contact with us what he had already scientifically anticipated,—that Americans are shamelessly indifferent to small encroachments upon their individual rights. In a late interview he remarked that we were steadily going the way of the Italian republics of the middle ages, in which, "while there was growing up a great commercial activity, a development of the arts which made them the envy of Europe, and a building of princely mansions which still continue to be the admiration of travellers, their people were gradually losing their liberty."

In no other country in the world could so palpable a hypocrite as Anthony Comstock invade the personal Liberty of citizens with boasting impunity. Some of Herbert Spencer's strictures on American indifference look very much as though a knowledge of Comstock's infamous doings was in his mind when he spoke.

When the czar and Bismarck invade Liberty of the press, they do it with directness, and with some show of dignity and honor. Comstock compounds with crime, decoys his victims, openly publishes his determination to suppress "infidelity and blasphemy," and yet the American people will see a man go to prison, for publishing his opinions on sociology, with the greatest unconcern, because Comstock derives his authority from an act of Congress, and Congress means "the will of the majority."

A mighty educational work is ahead of true reformers. It may take a long while before that work will begin to effect serious headway against American political superstition; but, if Liberty can only successfully initiate the work, demonstrate its necessity, and see it recognized as the basis of all other social reform, its mission will be looked back upon as invaluable.

Who are the Terrorists in France?

France is in a turmoil. The industrial deeps are beginning to boil again, and the outcome it is impossible to foresee. Nor is it easy to account for all that has recently happened or locate the responsibilities therefor. The newspapers attribute all to the terrible Anarchists, but how far they have really had a finger in the present revolutionary pie is as yet a matter of considerable uncertainty. Certain it is, however, that the French authorities desire for some reason to lay the burden on Anarchistic shoulders, and it is by no means improbable that Gambetta, through his tools, the ministers now in power, has taken advantage of a local disturbance in the mining districts to foment dissension, further outrage the oppressed, create consternation and indignation by arbitrary arrests, place whole districts substantially under martial law, and thus, if possible, precipitate a revolution and prepare the way for the dictatorship which this renegade radical has so long coveted.

Let us briefly review the recent disturbances. The trouble began last August in the little village of Monceau-les-Mines, situated in the mining districts and inhabited principally by miners. The condition of the industrial population in that locality and the oppression under which they labor afford a singularly striking illustration of the mutual support and countenance in tyranny extended to each other by capital and the church, both under the protection of the State. A definite alliance appears to have been formed there between the mining companies on the one hand and the Catholic church on the other for the purpose of keeping the workmen in abject submission, extorting from them their earnings, and dividing the spoils. The miners grew gradually restless under the religious *régime* enforced upon them whereby they were not only prevented from acting according to their own beliefs but even compelled to participate in Catholic rites, and they first manifested their discontent by tearing down crosses which the religious societies had illegally erected at various street-corners. Finally, so it is said, on the night of the fifteenth of August a small band of them burst into the chapel of Bois-Duverne and broke some of the windows and altar paraphernalia. Meanwhile another band went to a convent-school near by and smashed a few window-panes, singing revolutionary songs and uttering threats. Both bands then procured arms and returned to the chapel, where they made a bonfire of the altar ornaments, after which they marched to the woods, carrying a red flag, and dispersed, a few of them temporarily arresting and threatening a priest on the road. In consequence of these events twenty-three arrests were made by the authorities on charges of pillage, devastation, and massacre, and it was pretended that the prisoners were members of a secret society known as the "Black Band,"—a society whose existence is doubtful, but whose description is not unlike those given of the

much-maligned "Mollie Maguires" of Pennsylvania Before going further with the story we may profitably read Henri Rochefort's explanation of the causes of this revolt of the miners:

The mining company in that region is entirely at the disposal of the priests, and the priests are at the disposal of the company. The priests from their pulpits eulogize the employers, who in turn require of the laborers a strict fulfilment of their religious duties. Such a confusion of masters results from this illicit association that the unfortunate miners are as dependent on the church, which forces them to receive the sacrament, as on the company, which pays them.

When the wife of one of these slaves neglects a prayer, or when one of his children fails in the catechism, immediately the priest complains of the head of the family to the employer, who pitilessly discharges him. Thus is he forced, under penalty of dying of hunger with his whole family, to bend his neck under the clerical yoke. It is not money or your life, but the mass or your life.

When this abominable system of blackmailing became intolerable, the miners lost patience. The report was circulated then that a priest had been arrested by bands traversing the woods, and that his rectory had narrowly escaped destruction by repeated explosions of dynamite cartridges; and the public, whom they tell only that which they wish them to know, asked in stupefied tones what rascally provocations had succeeded in pushing formerly peaceable workmen to such misdeeds. The matter is easily explained: the miners of Montceau arrested their priest because they formally accuse him of having driven from the mine and the tile-kiln in less than a year more than forty of their number, who now have neither food nor shelter.

And why are they and their children hungry and cold? Because they refused to kneel at the grating of the confessional. Such is the respect shown for liberty of conscience under the free-thinking republic! And so true is it that no other cause is assignable for the agitation of Montcean-les-Mines that a neighboring priest, having had the good sense to confine himself to the functions of his ministry without trying to exercise any material or moral pressure upon the workingmen of the village, did not find it necessary to repel the slightest attack from them.

On the eighteenth of October, after the prisoners had been in custody for two months, they were placed on trial at Chalon. Some fifty witnesses were examined, but the testimony against them was so ridiculously weak that it soon became evident that none of them could be convicted of anything more serious than the creation of a noisy disturbance in the streets at night. We should like to give many samples of the evidence offered, but must content ourselves with reproducing "L'Intransigeant's" report of the examination of Chagot, the manager of the mines:

Chagot knows what has happened only by hearsay. To believe his story, the condition of his workmen is exceptional. The proof, he says, is that I have received from the miners of St. Etienne a note in which their demands are formulated, and I noticed that my workmen enjoyed much more comfort than that asked for by their colleagues of St. Etienne.

He explains the system of pensions which he has organized. He does not see what further his workmen can ask. They are more fortunate than any other miners. He says that three or four years ago, *à propos* of his pension fund, there was talk of the organization of workingmen's societies. In his opinion his workmen are in better circumstances, thanks to his system, than if the communistic theories preached to them were realized.

He then tells of the destruction of the crosses, which, he drones out, did no harm to any one. This declaration is received with shouts of laughter. To a question of the court M. Chagot, perceptibly confused, replies, "Yes, *monseigneur*." The poor man fancies himself at the palace of his bishop.

The clerical pressure which I have brought to bear, adds the pious Chagot, has been offered as an excuse for these outbreaks. Like everybody else, I have religious sentiments; but never have I obliged my workmen, *whom I consider as my children*, to go to mass.

M. Chagot admits, nevertheless, having prevented anti-religious manifestations, which, he says, are anti-social. Never will he authorize anti-religious manifestations; if any appear, he will treat them rigorously.

M. Chagot concludes by enumerating, with a seriousness worthy of a better cause, the pretended advantages which the laborers under his orders enjoy. According to his account, they are more comfortably situated than the stockholders.

M. Laguerre, counsel for the defence, asks the witness *if he considers the presence of one of his workmen at a civil burial as an anti-religious manifestation, and if, in case of such an event, he would discharge the workman.*

YES! replies Chagot.

Well might Rochefort exclaim in view of this astounding confession:

We still need to abolish the Inquisition. It has lost nothing of its terrible power. Within a hundred leagues of Paris, three kilometres from Chalon-sur-Saône, it still reigns supreme, as in the days of Philip IV. Only, the Duke of Alva has become the manager of a mining company under the name of Chagot and is protected in his executions and *auto-da-fés* by gendarmes and troops of the line, which the government is base enough to put at his disposition.

As the case of the government against the prisoners grew weaker, new developments occurred. Threatening letters were sent to the jury, dynamite bombs were exploded in a restaurant at Lyons, and warnings were received by occupants of public buildings that the buildings were to be blown up. The government then instituted the policy of indiscriminate arrest. Revolutionary journals were seized, Anarchistic agitators were arrested, witnesses for the defence in the cases on trial were put in prison, troops were stationed throughout the district, and men were taken into custody for having in their possession letters from Kropotkine, Reclus, and others. Everything possible was done to give a terroristic aspect to affairs, and the radical press of France openly charge that the letters, bombs, warnings, arrests, and all were parts of a government plot to induce the belief that a fair trial of the arrested miners was impossible under such circumstances, and on that ground suspend the trial until the next court session three months later, thereby securing in advance of a verdict a slong an imprisonment as possible, knowing that an immediate verdict would probably set the prisoners free at once. The plot succeeded, and on the twenty-fourth of October the suspension was announced by the court, thus condemning presumably innocent men to a needless preventive detention of ninety days, while their dependent families are starving in their homes. Such manifest injustice has brought about a strong revulsion of feeling in many quarters, an instance of which may be seen in the following words written by a man of moderate views to "L'Intransigeant:" "After the first newspaper accounts I would have condemned the accused to two years' imprisonment; after the indictment was preferred I would have condemned them to three months; after the testimony of M. Chagot I would have acquitted them; since the latest arrests I demand the indictment of the ministry."

Such is the true story of the troubles in France. We have told it at considerable length to show how slight is the basis for the violent denunciations of the French Anarchists which have been going the rounds of the American press.

Our Creed and a Creed Not Ours.

The Providence "Journal" is really frightened at the growing influence of Liberty, and continues to frequently and frantically warn its readers against our dangerous doctrines. We would not mind this, if the "Journal" would only fairly state these doctrines. But it persistently misstates and distorts them. In a recent editorial we find these remarkable words:

A society, small in numbers and weak in character and in influence, but active and aggressive, holds its frequent meetings, and is struggling to extend its power in the interest of communism in Rhode Island; and its orators boldly declare that the goods of life belong equally to the industrious and the idle, to the virtuous and the vicious; that capital, which is but the saved accumulation of labor, is the foe of labor; that all laws in restraint of the natural inclinations and propensities of any portion of the people, are usurpation; in their own terse expression, that "interest is extortion, wages is crime, rent is robbery, property is plunder." A paper, published in Boston, openly advocating these doctrines, without subterfuge, or the pretence of concealment, but with a boldness which, at least, is creditable, styling them, as they are, the doctrines of "*anarchy*," boasts that its circulation is larger in Providence than in any other city in New England. At meetings of the Equal Rights Association, these doctrines have been declared, mainly by imported orators, but, in some instances, by those at home, and have been received with a degree of applause which manifests the growing approbation of the listeners.

We are informed by one of our Providence readers that no such society as the "Journal" describes meets or exists in that city, and that so far this statement of the "Journal" is a "wilful lie." Liberty does not profess to know whether the "Journal" lies or not; but, as we have once admitted in these columns that the "Journal" ought to be better posted than ourselves concerning the educational status of Rhode Island reformers, it is no more than fair to allow now that Rhode Island reformers ought to be better posted than ourselves concerning the moral status of the "Journal."

But let that pass. We are chiefly interested here in the queer hodge-podge of doctrines attributed to us. Liberty is written in intelligible English, and it would seem that any honest newspaper, after reading it as long and carefully as the "Journal" has been reading it, ought to know what it is in favor of and what it is against. Will the "Journal" now pay strict attention to a "terse" statement of what we do and do not believe about the matters mentioned?

Instead of working in the "interest of communism," we hate communism above all other evils, and are fighting it with all our strength, whether it be the communism of Jay Gould and the Providence "Journal," which aims to indirectly oppress the many by the few, or the communism of Karl Marx, which aims to directly oppress the few by the many. We believe, with Proudhon, that communism is the religion of poverty and slavery; at bottom it is the majority principle itself, and Liberty lives to do it battle.

Instead of declaring that "the goods of life belong equally to the industrious and the idle, to the virtuous and the vicious," our crying grievance and complaint has been and is that the goods of life are almost exclusively in the hands and control of the idle and the vicious, and that the industrious and virtuous are cheated and plundered and starved.

We do believe that capital, while it remains in the hands of idleness, is "the foe of labor," but we also believe that, when it shall be restored to the hands of labor, which created it, it will prove labor's most potent friend.

We do believe that all statute laws are "usurpation," but we also believe that all real laws are eternal and beyond the power of men to manufacture, and that these, when men do not foolishly attempt to thwart them by so-called laws of their own making, are amply sufficient, not to "restrain," but to harmonize the "natural inclinations and propensities," not of "any portion of," but of *all* the people.

We do believe that "interest is extortion," that "rent is robbery," and that "property," *so far as it is a creature of privilege and not of labor*, "is plunder;" but we do not believe, and never have said, that "wages is crime." This last doctrine has been repeatedly attributed to us by the "Journal" without any shadow of justification. It fortunately happens that Liberty has had in type for many months, waiting for room in its crowded columns, a short statement of what we believe about wages. The "Journal" may find it in the present issue under the head of "Buffeted Labor," and may be able to gather therefrom that we believe most unequivocally in the wages system.

Is the "Journal" fair enough to print this creed of ours in our own words? Or will it continue to misrepresent us? In the latter case, we shall find consolation in the fact that each fresh assault which it makes upon us is followed by a batch of new subscriptions from Providence, generally accompanied by these or similar remarks: "Whatever the 'Journal' maligns is always worthy of patronage, and its abuse is an infallible patent of esteem for decent people."

The Modern Charles Stuart.

If the cablegrams rightly inform us, Charles Stuart Parnell, the distinguished Irish traitor, has supplemented his parliamentarian projects by securing writs of eviction for three of his tenants, and that, too, on suits for arrears of rent.

This act, outrageous as it is, is in perfect keeping with the instincts of a political trader who stands by the State as against the march of ideas. The Parnells from the first (Anna possibly excepted), have been a sorry investment for the afflicted Irish people. The members of the family have ever whined over

their individual sacrifices. "My son Charles" has manifestly on many occasions been a more tear-worthy object than outraged Ireland. "My brother Charles" would spurn to advocate such communistic doctrines as that rent is morally forfeited in equity. The Parnell family have steadily been a more important institution in their own eyes than the great human family. If the Parnells would only go home to their estates and stay there, thus reinstating the family among the other respectable landlord families of the world, it would be well for Ireland.

Buffeted Labor.

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR, — Away back in Great Britain, the land *par excellence* of tyrants and slaves, I was a rebel to all in power, — kings, landlords, capitalists; and to-day, here among the mountains of New Mexico, I mean to be as uncompromising as ever to authority, and am determined to do my best to help all who want to level old society and build up a new civilization on a scientific basis. I know there are many who say that the present state of affairs is all right, although the people are not contented anywhere in any of the so-called civilized countries of the world. Even here, in this boasted republic the useful people are being buffeted about at the merey of the idle and useless; the workers who have built up all the wealth of the nation have not anywhere a secure home; they own nothing, while the capitalist owns everything. The great mass of the toilers do not know yet the way out of their insecure wage slavery. Liberty will show them. They think that it is quite right that they should be driven to struggle for existence, at the mercy of the capitalists, from Minnesota to Texas and from Massachusetts to California. They do not yet know that they should not be driven to seek labor over a continent, but that it should come to them like a heaven-sent-blessing.

Yours for Anarchy,

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN.

BLOSSBURG, RATON, NEW MEXICO.

[Our friend should beware of that senseless and mischievous phrase, "wage slavery." There is no such thing. A man's true wages are fixed and paid by nature, and consist of what he produces or its equivalent. No man is a slave because he gets his wages, though many men are slaves because they do not get their wages. As far as freedom is concerned, there is no difference between the man who produces for unknown parties on problematical terms, working with his own tools at his own risk, and the man who produces for known parties on specified terms, working with their tools at their risk. Both of these are wage systems, and there is no other system. Where there is monopoly, both are slave systems; where there is no monopoly, neither is a slave system. The one condition essential to the rightfulness of both is the absence of the usurer, whose sole function is to secrete for his own benefit a portion of the laborer's wages. It is the fundamental maxim of radical political economy, as Proudhon so often insists, that the laborer's wages shall repurchase his product, and it is the fundamental crime of conservative political economy that the usurer — that is, the monopolist — is privileged to keep back a percentage of that product. Usury slavery, then, — not wage slavery, — is the land of bondage out of which Liberty, Labor's Moses, is destined to guide the children of Industry. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Tchernichevski.

For fifteen years Tchernichevski, the author of the celebrated novel "What to do" and one of the most remarkable of Russian socialistic writers, has been interned in a little town of Siberia. A Russian review published in Geneva contains an interesting communication relative to the illustrious victim of proscription, for whose liberation liberal Russia has so long pleaded in vain:

Though the Russian patriot Tchernichevski is not dead, as has been more than once reported, he is dead to society. He still lives in the remotest portion of Siberia, that icy country which has witnessed the death of so many illustrious condemned.

Tchernichevski is interned at Kolimsk; he is alone, separated by the gigantic barriers of snow and ice of Yakoutsk from everybody that can understand him.

The little town to which he is consigned counts but a few hundred inhabitants; the literary society of the vicinity is composed of two or three officials.

As there are no available lodgings in the place, the exile lives in a single room in the guard-house, where he can be most conveniently subjected to a very rigorous surveillance. During the day he is allowed to walk the streets, but must present himself every evening before his guardians.

The labors of science which might distract and occupy his mind are almost impossible, for he has no books; he is forbidden to read newspapers or literary publications.

One day he tried to send an article to a Russian journal, but the governor confiscated the package.

Tchernichevski, nevertheless, writes occasionally, but tears up and burns all his productions. There is something mysterious about this method of procedure. The poor exile has a little garden which he cultivates himself; he gives it much attention, and carefully watches the growth of his plants; he has drained the soil of his garden, which is marshy. He lives by the products which he raises and eats only vegetables; he lives so plainly that in the entire year he does not expend the sum of one hundred and twenty roubles allowed him by the Russian government; his savings are deposited with the police commissioner.

The health of the exile is bad; he has grown old and bent In the little town where he is interned the people revere him and consider him as a saint, — not, of course, because of his literary genius or scientific knowledge, of which these poor people have probably never heard; but the wisdom, goodness, and charity of this man, whose life is absolutely pure and who bears his burden with such touching resignation, inspire in all a sentiment of the profoundest pity.

Social Sponges.

If three, four, or five men, writes Rufus Hatch in the New York "Hour," can accumulate a hundred million dollars a year each by selling something that cost nothing, the public will get tired of it, and, remembering how Mr. Vanderbilt launches his anathemas against them, they will be likely to rise up and assert their power. Not one of these men is a producer in the sense that implies progress, or the increase of the public wealth. They think, or say, they are "developing" that wealth, while, as a matter of fact, they are only absorbing it, just as great sponges soak up water. With these men, it seems, the only thing to do is to build a railway or parallel another one, mortgage it for twice what the road cost, issue stock two or three times too large in amount, and feed the "lambs" in Wall Street with it. If the building of this line disturbs any of the conditions which favor some man's enrichment and monopoly-power, all he has to do is to get his sons to buy it up. Paper car-wheels have been a success for several years past, and cars run very well on them; but trying to run a railway *altogether on paper* is trying to do too much.

Our Patronage Done For.

To the Editor of Liberty, — This is to notify you that I do not intend to renew the subscription to Liberty. so this will close its patronage.

Yours &c.,

GEORGE HOWE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. October 29, 1882.

[This settles it. Mr. Howe decides that Liberty's supplies must be stopped, and of course they will be. Curiously, the same mail that brought us Mr. Howe's discontinuance brought also one renewal and three new subscribers. Really, what an enormous conceit this man Howe must have! — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

"Those Filthy Chinese."

How many Americans would have the self-reliance to act after the manner of the Chinese whose doings are thus reported by the Virginia City "Chronicle"?

A gang of Chinamen have for the past few days been at work laying a sewer from a wash-house close to the court-house on B street across to Taylor street, to connect with the main sewer there. This unusual sight has caused many to suppose that the county commissioners are employing Chinese labor upon the streets. This is a mistake. The Chinamen are laying the sewer for their own convenience, not having been able to get it done at public expense. The job will cost the wash-house Mongolians over $100.

The Crisis in France.

[New York "Hour."]

The end is now at hand. There is going to be a determined tussle between the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariat*. The masses are roused, and the preliminary struggle will be seen in the Chambers. Will some leader emerge from it dominant, victorious? It may be a prince. It may be Gambetta. If it is Gambetta, his dictatorship may be short. There is a spirit abroad in France which is ominous of assassination.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 4. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.** **Whole No. 30.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

A postmaster in Colorado, who subscribed to Liberty almost at the start, has been dismissed from his position in consequence of avowing himself an Anarchist.

One of Liberty's readers in the West, who, we believe, has long been a supporter of the "Truth Seeker," writes as follows: "D. M. Bennett has committed the same wrong concerning Heywood's arrest that B. F. Underwood committed concerning Bennett's imprisonment. But let it be said to Mr. Bennett's credit that he took back in another number of his paper what he said in the previous one."

Another "bitter fling," Mr. Bennett!

A circular recently distributed at a meeting of Germans in Faneuil Hall shows what the principle of prohibition will end in if adopted. Emanating from an impertinent society in Cambridge, which we never heard of before, calling itself the "Society for the Reform of the Social Habits of Foreigners," it seriously proposed the enactment of laws prohibiting the sale, manufacture, importation, and storage of Limburger cheese and sour-crout on æsthetic and sanitary grounds, claiming that these substances are decomposed matter eaten only by persons of depraved taste. Well, it is gratifying to know that some of the world's fools are logical, at least.

Rev. Dr. F. M. Ellis, pastor of one of the largest Baptist churches in Boston, recently returned from a trip to Europe. The ocean so impressed him that he devoted his first sermon after his arrival to "the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." And this is what he said: "The ocean is wonderful in itself. Its saltness alone is wonderful to think of. How came the ocean salt? Science has tried to explain it, but the explanation is not satisfactory. God made the ocean salt, and that is how it came to be salt." Parsons are wonderful in themselves. Their freshness alone is wonderful to think of. How came the parsons fresh? Science has never tried to explain it, because parsons are not subjects of scientific interest. Presumably God made the parsons fresh, and that is how they came to be fresh.

The following item, sent to the London "Daily News" by its Naples correspondent, is interesting to all Anarchists and instructive to all who are not: "A workmen's meeting, called by the Agrarian Committee, was held last Sunday in Intra, to decide upon the manner of accomplishing the planting of 8,000 young trees on the mountains of Premeno. It was a happy thought to dedicate this plantation, which will in future do its part in preventing the disasters that so often occur in one of the most beautiful Italian provinces, to Garibaldi. The operation of planting is to commence next Sunday, and will be carried on by the operatives on every holiday." And yet Republicans and universal suffragists hold that there is no disposition on the part of the people to voluntarily perform their public duties, that to perform such good works as the above we must have State Boards of Forestry and other clumsy commissions, and that the whole machinery of the State must be kept in motion to prevent the entire population from shirking. When Anarchy shall prevail, such spontaneous coöperation to increase the public welfare as is now instanced by the Italian laborers will become the order of the day, and the only *pariah* of the coming social state will be the man who fails to do his part therein.

The examination of E. H. Heywood on the charges preferred against him by Comstock did not occur November 16, but November 23, a postponement to the latter date having been effected. The results thereof will be announced in our next issue. Mr. Heywood has engaged J. F. Pickering, who defended him on his former trial, as senior counsel, and John Storer Cobb as junior counsel. These gentlemen say that they intend to press the right of the jury to judge of the justice of the law; but, as Mr. Pickering failed to do this in the previous case (though such a course was urged upon him), we are not very confident that he will show a bolder front on this occasion. Mr. Heywood seems to have decided to let his lawyer make the final argument instead of summing up the case himself. In our judgment he is thus making his conviction sure. Though Judges Nelson and Lowell, before one of whom the case will probably be tried, are exceptionally fair men, — very different in that respect from the bigoted Judge Clark, who presided at the previous trial, — it is doubtful if either of them would allow a member of the bar to question in open court the right of the judge to dictate the law to the jury, while the widest latitude would have to be allowed a prisoner speaking in his own defence. This reluctance of Mr. Heywood to improve his only opportunity to escape is creating a reluctance among the friends of Liberty to come to his aid pecuniarily, few caring to see their money spent uselessly.

Referring to Mr. Heywood's arrest, we said in our last number: "In this connection we must express our indignation at the cowardly conduct of D. M. Bennett, editor of the 'Truth Seeker,' who prates about Mr. Heywood's taste and methods. We do not approve of Mr. Heywood's taste and methods, but neither did we of Mr. Bennett's, when we did our little best a few years ago to save him from Comstock's clutches." Quoting this under the heading, "A Bitter Fling," Mr. Bennett answers: "Probably our 'cowardly conduct' consists in disliking Mr. Heywood's taste and methods the same as Mr. Tucker does himself. If we are guilty of cowardly conduct because we disapprove of Mr. Heywood's taste and methods, how is it with himself? Is he not cowardly at all? Or is it also our 'prating' that makes our conduct cowardly?" Mr. Bennett knows very well that the context of our paragraph showed that we spoke of disapproval of Mr. Heywood's taste only as an additional reason for defending his right to exercise it, and spoke of it incidentally at that, while Mr. Bennett made it the burden of his remarks upon the arrest, saying it as if to make amends for doing so outrageous a thing as supporting a man whose liberties were threatened. The tone pervading his article was so half-hearted and apologetic as to tend to injure Mr. Heywood rather than to help him, and that we are not alone in our "bitter fling" is shown by the rebuking letters which Mr. Bennett's supporters are sending him.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Reform It Altogether!

It is amusing to hear the politicians prate of "reform." Interrogate them, and they will tell you that this reform they have so much at heart lies in the direction of a strict and stern regard for *political honesty*. The State is to be redeemed. Its affairs are to be put on a sound business basis. Economy is to be fostered. Official integrity is to be required and observed alike in highest and lowest positions. One rule alone shall serve for all appointments: Is he able? is he honest? And *that* shall save the country.

Now, it is admitted that, *if* the "offices" which make up the State establishment were all in the hands of honest and capable men, things would be vastly different from what they at present are, — very much improved, if you please. We have seen, for example, men, exceptional men, who had, so to speak, a *genius* for *integrity*, whom no high station could tempt or unman. One purpose animated them: not a *new* purpose, one assumed for the occasion from "a sense of duty," but one inseparable from character. Turn to what business they would, they behaved in the simple, straightforward, *honest* fashion of men on whom it was incumbent to affect nothing, not even *virtue*. Loving truth, allied to justice, suppressing all prejudice of personal opinion, they sought only to divide the right and the wrong, with full knowledge of facts, by the rule of common sense. The office added no cubit to their stature. They magnified their office. They reduced *the office* to zero. It became as nothing; they stood in its place, it being simply their natures so to speak and so to do: 'twas the natural office of character, whose

> action wore such reverence sweet
> As hid all measure of the feat.

In a single word, they were incapable of abusing their power.

"Precisely," exclaims our nimble civil-service reformer, "precisely; and 'tis our mission to see that only such men are selected for office and entrusted with power. That is the *reform* we inaugurate."

As we said, *if* only such men were assigned to official duties, — men who could not help voicing the natural laws of justice, — what you call your State affairs would be vastly improved. But it is that very *if* which is the stumbling-block over which your idol of the State is destined to break its neck.

The first reason the projected "reform" can not be carried out is that the kind of men referred to are not in market for the State's service. Though their number were legion, you would be no better off. They would not serve the "bad State." Why? Because they, by the sheer decree of character, would, *must* refuse to enter into either the form or the substance of despotic authority. They will decline the office which bribes them with power over their fellowmen. They will reject the State, — the symbol of Force. Official robes they may wear, but only those woven in the free choice of all whom they serve. This is a summons consonant with that due respect for others which freedom enjoins, and with self-respect. The summons of the State is different Its voice is: "Take power — I will back you — over liberty, life, and property. All is in your (my) keeping. As you (I) will it, so it shall be, dissent the (free) individual never so emphatically. My motto is that of Richelieu: first, 'use all means to persuade; failing of that, to *crush*.'" To what a service does this invitation invite? Custom hath dulled the edge of thought and feeling, and made this seem a proper thing even to numbers who in office would scorn to rely on the State's forceful backing, as in such cases as we have instanced. But it is Liberty's mission to help enable such men to see that it is a custom more to be "honored in the breach than in the observance." We hope to bring home to all such well-disposed men a realization of the true character of the State, to which they by force of habit still lend the benefit of their much wisdom and nobility of character. We intend that they and all shall come to see the State as it is with its mask torn off. We intend, as far as we are able, to make all hear the State's true confession of its wilful, despotic nature. And we are not alone. Many co-laborers are in the field. Besides, the State itself is tell-tale. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," is the nigh worn-out quotation, but serviceable still. The State — the Republican State no less than the Monarchical — is fast attaining that condition of madness which portends destruction. To thousands of fair-minded men it is its own worst accuser. They are "disgusted with politics." They will not enter the senate; only third and fourth-rate men will join in the presidential race. The best men everywhere are "out of politics," and for a good reason. If they have not elaborately formulated it, it is there in their natures, and the time is not far distant when the whole reason of their instinctive aversion to the "bad State" will be manifest to themselves and the world.

And so, gentlemen of the State's Reform Party, apace with your "reform," outstripping it, goes this more real reform which cries, "Do not reform it *indifferently*, but *altogether*." You are checkmated by a vaster, more sweeping, more sincere reform than you have dreamed of. You demand "honesty and ability" in office? You will find neither at your service. Honesty will not go with you to the wedding of Liberty to Tyranny. And ability — true ability — is not divorced from honesty. The twain go together as one flesh.

Give over, therefore, your puny, false "reform," and, like stalwart men and brave, cheer for the reform that liberates.

We have advanced to you only our "first reason" why your "reform" is a foolish and mistaken one, but that will here suffice. It is quite enough of itself for all practical purposes. Attend well to it, and, as Emerson sang, so shall you:

> Live for friendship, live for love,
> For truth's and harmony's behoof;
> The State may follow as it can,
> As Olympus follows Jove.

Those Three Awful Isms.

As the tidings of the death warrant of the old *régime* of the State begin to be sounded more and more ominously in various parts of the world, a singular confusion of ideas in the popular mind is no more than might be expected. The terms "communism," "socialism," and "anarchy" are indiscriminately thrust upon the public mind as though they all meant one thing. The impression sought to be conveyed by that professional falsifier and sensationalist, the newspaper press, is that chaos threatens to be let loose; and, making due allowance for the ignorance of the sensation-catering scribes on great contemporary issues outside of vulgar politics, it is still plain that the main purpose of their drivel is to get up a scare. To this end such terms are most serviceable as are most easily caught up by popular prejudice, and it is supposed that, no matter how unscientifically they are jumbled together, the ordinary reader is too ignorant and uncultivated to notice it. It is enough that a sensation is worked up on him.

"Communism" is the chief handle for the newspapers and pulpits. The "communist" is represented as an idle, thriftless, lazy, vicious fellow, who basks all day in the sun, cursing all manner of useful and industrious people, until his paunch asks for more food and whiskey, when he sallies forth and demands that somebody who has borne the heat and burden of the day shall divide the fruits of his labor with him. Seeing that industrious men who keep the world alive and moving do not willingly submit to this, the "communist" is represented as a social element who proposes to get up an agitation among other loafers of his own ilk, and, aided by threats of dynamite and assassination, compel society to divide its honest savings with his tribe.

That the very cream of editorial and clerical respectability in educated New England should persistently thrust this view of communism before their readers and hearers affords striking evidence of the utter rottenness of the professional conscience which hires itself out to public opinion. As we have repeatedly said, Liberty's philosophy is utterly opposed to communism, but we hope never to be so lost to decency as to intimate that communism, as defined in sociology, ever anywhere contemplated the lying picture that is currently held up to the public. The very God whom these professional hypocrites profess to worship was an outspoken communist, if his accredited Word is to be believed. Communism is the prevailing system of land tenure in Russia and some other countries to-day. We make bold to differ with God, his agent, the Czar, and all other disciples of communism as to the soundness of their system, but are not mean enough to accuse any of them of fostering the system for the benefit of loafers and idlers. Were the Czar intent on devoting the soil of Russia to the fattening of loafers and idlers, he would long ago have introduced the British system of land tenure, which is especially adapted to that purpose.

Socialism is a somewhat vague term, which, when generalized, may mean any manner of organized system intended to effect better social conditions. The nature and purposes of specific drifts of socialism may be found in numerous works upon that subject, or in the cyclopædias. But here again the hypocritical hirelings of press and pulpit are constantly fulminating the assertion that socialism means a sweeping levelling of things, so that all may share alike, — the idle and vicious along with the industrious and virtuous. With every phase of socialism that allies itself to the State, or in any way recognizes the State, Liberty is squarely at war, but no socialist of any description ever proposed to saddle the drones and loafers upon the industrious and thrifty. It is the exclusive province of theology and orthodox political economy to do this.

And now, O Anarchism! — the giant scare of all! Behold, the conquering Anarchist comes, loaded with dynamite from top to toe. His nostrils breathe fire, and hideous are his glaring eyes of nitro-glycerine. Compared with him the communist is a harmless babe. This monster wants blood and chaos, and his savage, deadly hand is at every man's throat.

Such is the ghastly demon that is now being portrayed by the hireling professional cowards of press and pulpit. And yet, as a system, Anarchism has in itself less of aggression and violence than all the others. It does not propose to set up a rival despotism by force at the side of the old ones. It simply asks to be left to peacefully attend to its own business. The Anarchist says: "While communism and socialism propose to set up by force a rival and antagonistic machine, I have no machine, and am the enemy of all machines. All I want is my Liberty at my own cost; but, humanity having been strangled in the womb of progress for centuries, the time is ripe when he or that which stands denying Liberty must go under, — not in sanguinary vindictiveness, but in pure self-defence. Thou, O Despotism, art the aggressor, — not I!"

The venal press and the hypocritical pulpit orators may whine and fret, but this new voice of Liberty crying out of the wilderness of despotism will not be silenced. It has come to stay, and the sooner society's leaders make up their minds to lend an ear to its protest and make their houses in order, the

easier the advent of the coming reign of peace, justice, fraternity, and good will to men. Anarchism favors peace, but knows no peace without Liberty.

Political Ethics.

One of the most interesting problems of the day (politically speaking) is whether the Democratic party can behave itself long enough after coming into power to keep the Republican thief out of the pantry till hunger drives him permanently into the woods.

Of course it is understood by both parties that politics stands merely for the science of theft. The "great moral issue" is upon the monopoly of theft by a single party for an indefinite period. Believing as we do that the law of justice obtains with equal force, whether among thieves or saints, our sympathies naturally gravitate to the Democratic side of the ethical point involved (if a point can be said to have two sides). If we err here, we shall be obliged to retreat to the more unassailable position that both parties are simply the two arms of one thieving body, the State; each alternately resting and diving down into the people's pockets. Until the people see this, their pockets will go empty. But, when they do see it, the State will be swept away unhesitatingly and perhaps vindictively, no matter what goes with it. Will the thieves take warning in time?

Land Limitation and Taxation.

The following article recently appeared in the "Irish World."

Editor Irish World:—People, I see, are holding different ideas regarding the phrase, "the nationalization of the land." Some retain the idea of State property in land and discard the idea of individual property in land. Now, it is very plain to see that, if the individual has no just right to property in land, the State does not justly have that right either, for the right of the State is based upon the right of the individual, as I have before shown in an article in the "Irish World," entitled, "Unjust Taxation."

The State has no inherent right. All its rights, duties powers, and functions are delegated to it by the people; but the people possess these rights by nature. They inhere in the individual.

When we have proved that private property in land is unjust, that fact settles the point, viz., that public property in land is also unjust.

If the State has a just right to sell land, rent land, or buy land, that power was delegated to it by the people, in whom all political power inheres naturally, and denying a power to exist in the individual or in the people that is admitted to exist in the State, is ample proof that the State has usurped a power that is unjust.

"The Land for the People" means the land for those who wish to use it without being the servant to or the master of any other person or persons; to use without paying rent to or exacting rent from other persons.

This means that by some way we are to limit man's use of the soil to his needs, and thus prevent a monopoly of more land than is needed for industrial use.

No one yet, to my mind, has solved the whole of this problem, but there are several able exponents in land reform that have done very much in the direction of a solution.

"Land Limitation" solves one part of the problem, and in the minds of many it solves the whole problem. But it seems to me that this alone is inadequate. I find those who hold to land limitation do not object to private property so much as to monopoly of land, not seeming to perceive the fact that private property in land leads to monopoly.

Limitation cannot justly extend to any species of property. Man must be free to surround himself with the means to advance to a higher condition; "a pursuit of happiness" has especial reference to this But land limitation is not property limitation. The right to restrict man to the amount of land necessary for productive use is a power that man can justly delegate to the State, because it is in the very nature of man, for man is bounded in his natural rights by the sphere that bounds others' rights.

The soil is a natural element, in which man has a natural right to use as his neighbour does; but the right of property in land has been sustained by the State, so that a man's sphere may reach out and cover the land occupied by a whole people

This right to invade another's sphere does not inhere in man, but is often assumed, and even delegated to the State, as at the present time in reference to the use of the land; hence the necessity to discover our natural rights, and those which cannot be carried out or defended by the individual alone must be delegated to the State, and focalized there, where he can draw from a fountain of power commensurate with his necessities for protection.

Man does not surrender a right by conferring a power to the State; he simply helps create a power for the protection of his natural rights by joining, co-operating, with others for a similar purpose.

"Limitation," then, is a part of the solution of the question of "The Land for the People," because it is in the very nature of things.

Land tax must also take a part in the solution of this great problem of "The Land for the People." No other tax can be made to fall equitably upon the people.

All productive industry is based on the land. No person can surround himself with the means of happiness without occupying the land, and hence if the land alone is taxed, no person engaged in productive industry can escape paying his just contribution to the State.

It may be asked, Who would escape taxation? I answer, The sick, the insane, indolent, and those who lived on charity. Would the State lose much tax by this class that it does not lose now? I venture to say that the idle rich escape more taxation on property hid away, and exempted by unjust laws, and by false swearing, than would take to support all the insane and the beggars of this whole country.

What tax some people escape by hiding, bribing, and false swearing, comes out of other people that do not hide, bribe, nor perjure themselves. Our present tax system is a monstrous system, requiring an army of tax-gatherers and assessors, who could not, if they would, enforce the law. Although the law requires them to stick their nose into everybody's business, it can't be equitably enforced. Land as a basis of tax would dispense with two-thirds of this army to assess and collect tax, and could be made to fall equitably, because the land could be found and properly assessed to those who occupied it; and this arrangement would prevent all fraud on the part of the occupants of the land.

J. Wood Porter.

Morris, Illinois.

An article critically commenting on, but mainly approving of, the foregoing, was sent to the "Irish World" some time ago by one of its ablest contributors, Mr. J. K. Ingalls. Though put in type, it has not yet appeared, and the writer has extended to Liberty the privilege of its first production, of which we gratefully avail ourselves. Can it be that the "Irish World" is determined to admit to its spacious columns no further adverse criticism of the lunacies of George and Davitt? Is the great Light-Spreader afraid of the Light?

Editor Irish World: — Permit me to convey to Mr. J. Wood Porter my sincere thanks for his clear and conclusive statement in regard to the necessity of limiting "man's use of the soil to his needs, and thus prevent monopoly," and also in respect to the basis of all State or Governmental right depending upon the rights of the individual people.

It seems to me that his positions are unanswerable, and I do not propose to make plainer what he has so clearly shown, that "if private property in land is unjust, public property in land is also unjust." I am sure he will pardon me for pointing out in a friendly way what to me seem mistakes of detail, into which he would probably not have fallen if he had followed throughout the tendency of his original thought, instead of taking for granted the propositions of accepted writers.

I want to say first, however, in regard to a matter of fact that for more than forty years I have been familiar, and, indeed, to an extent identified, with the land limitation movement, but have never seen an advocate of the doctrine who avowed that "it solves the whole problem." They have usually held only that it was a fundamental step necessary to any solution whatever of the monopoly problem, as Mr. Porter also clearly shows.

Matters of taxation, social order, etc., are subsequent, and may be employed to complete the movement as wisdom suggests. Provision to sustain government and the social guarantees and to carry out the principles of limitation follow as a matter of necessity. There is no call to antagonize these things with "land limitation."

I think the statement that "limitation cannot extend to any species of property" is made without sufficient reflection. The abolition of chattel slavery was effected by a limitation of property in living things, placing all human beings except one's self beyond that limit. It could never have been abolished by any other process.

We greatly need to disabuse ourselves of all that nonsense about *absolute property*. There is no such thing. We have no such property even in our bones and tissues. They are constantly changed, and the matter of which they are composed is hourly passing beyond our grasp into a "state of Nature" again. Property in our clothes does not give us the right to put them on and lay them aside at pleasure without reference to the immunities we owe to others. We cannot ring our bell or blow our horn to the annoyance of our neighbor; we cannot lawfully maltreat our beast of burden, burn our house, or sell decayed meat or vegetables, notwithstanding we have paid ou money for them, and they are our property, and we will be protected in the possession of them and in the use of them within certain limits.

There is no respectable civil code in which the limitations of the right of private property are not co-extensive with its guarantees. And there is no reason why property in land should not be limited to actual occupancy and improvement. If, as Mr. Porter so forcibly shows, leases were held instead of title-deeds, without limitation, the abominations of monopoly would go on just the same, for leases can be trafficked in as well as deeds.

There can be no objection to nationalization of the land, with limitation, because that would give the individual access to what is his natural environment, and to all opportunities for self-employment and self-culture.

To my mind, however, Mr. George's suggestion of the "townshipization of the land" is far better, as that would give the control to the local government and bring it nearer to the people. Another step, familization, or rather individualization, would be complete; for, when the land was possessedby everyone, it would be thoroughly nationalized. In saying this, I have no feeling averse to Socialism; but true Socialism must be voluntary — not coerced. Even in the most complete system of society we can conceive the individual must still have rights and property. He must appropriate food to sustain his life. He must wear clothes which are his. He must have his private and exclusive apartment, and must have the right to be in some place on God's earth from which he cannot be evicted by landlord or society.

I fully accord with my friend on the proposition to tax production from the land immediately rather than to tax back rents or have any Government rents. I trust he will more fully develop this idea hereafter. While coercive taxation remains, it were better to have all taxation levied as he suggests than to follow the exhaustive, indirect, and subtle methods now employed, which encourage bribery, false swearing, and all forms of corruption, as he points out.

But we must not forget that nothing but *productive labor* can be taxed. Land cannot. It can be confiscated and the occupant evicted, but that is not taxation. Property or capital cannot be taxed except by most special and arbitrary assessments, which really are not taxation, but confiscation.

It is true that the author of "Progress and Poverty" discourses learnedly of taxing "lands which are uncultivated" and men who are idlers, but these things are known only in the study of the *littérateur*. Mr. Davitt even talks of taking the burdens of taxation from the shoulders of labor and placing them on property. Nothing of the kind is possible. The landlord finds no difficulty in shifting the tax from his shoulders to those of his tenant. The tenant even of a store of a $100,000 annual rental finds no difficulty in shifting the whole rent, tax and all, to the shoulders of his customers, and they find as little in shifting it to theirs, and so on, until at last it gets down to the laborers, who produce the wealth from the soil.

There nature detects the counterfeit claim, refuses to honor it, and the burden crushes labor to the ground. Taxation, wherever and *on* whatever laid, reaches here at last, though it may be somewhat reduced by the broad shoulders of labor along the line employed in various callings. On labor, productive labor alone, it all finally falls, and by no possibility can it be made to fall anywhere else. The sooner the workers of the nation and of the world understand this, the sooner they will organize to remedy the gross imposition under which they now suffer.

J. K. Ingalls.

New York, October 12, 1882.

Gambetta's Huge Scare.

Liberty, which, in its last issue, was the first paper in this country to tell the real truth about the troubles in France, was glad to find its statements corroborated and almost literally reiterated a day or two later by Theodore Child, the New York "Sun's" intelligent Paris correspondent, who wrote as follows:

In arresting Gautier, Crié, and the other "anarchists," the government committed a gross violation of liberty, and had recourse to the preventive means in vogue during the empire, but which are inadmissible under a republic. There is no reason to believe that the riots of Montceau-les-Mines are due to any other immediate cause than the aggressive bigotry and religious tyranny of the Chagot family, the great local family; there is no reason to believe that an anarchist plot existed or was in course of formation now any more than at any time during the last eighteen months; there is, on the contrary, every reason to believe that this grand revolutionary conspiracy is a fiction invented by an effete cabinet in order to gain prestige. As it is, the cabinet has simply covered itself with ridicule and shame by resuscitating an imaginary spectre for the sake of laying it by a public display of imaginary energy. Furthermore, seeing that nothing could be proved against the miners of Montceau-les-Mines, and that the trial was about to end in nothing at all, the government has caused the case to be adjourned till next session, some three months, during which time the miners will be kept in prison, and their wives and children left to starve. It is the unanimous opinion of the press that this decision is regrettable, stupid, and the condemnation of the Duclerc cabinet. Meanwhile arrests are still being made at Amiens, Saint Etienne, and Lyons, and practical jokers are taking advantage of the panic of the *bourgeois* to spread broadcast anonymous letters, incendiary proclamations, and grotesque posters.

Have We Advanced?

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have just read your leader of the 11th inst., and I feel like the Scotchman's owl.

You never heard that story? Well, I will relate it.

Sandy (a sailor) promised Jenny to bring her home a parrot from the East Indies.

Base man, he forgot his pledge; so, passing through Aberdeen market, he bought an owl for her instead.

When Jenny received it, she said: "Sandy, that's not one of the pretty painted green and yellow birds I expected."

Sandy replied: "We'el, Jenny, he's no vera handsome, but look at his e'en: there's a power of thought in him!"

That's my case; there was a power of thought in me when I read your article.

I am a naturalized citizen; you are native and to the manor born; yet I love the paper government of the United States, as I find it in our great State documents.

I honor my civil and religious liberties, as I find them in the Constitution, and wish they would come out of it, and go to work.

What a beautiful thought it is that "We, the people of the United States," ordained that supreme Code of Laws.

There's no poll tax about that, no property qualifications, both of which Governor-elect Butler very justly lately condemned in Rhode Island.

I doubt that many of the upper ten thousand in Boston wish "his candlestick was removed."

Then there are my religious liberties in the Constitution,—they also appear to be fixtures in that instrument.

What are they?

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or forbidding the free exercise thereof."

Now, come on with your Sunday laws, and your Bibles in the schools—let our supreme law sleep—

> Like to an o'ergrown lion in a cave
> That goes not out for prey!

But, if our country doesn't heed our laws, other nations do.

The doctrines of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution underlaid the great French Revolution, and have compelled the introduction of universal male suffrage in several great nations in Europe.

The simple statement of man's right to religious liberty as found in the Constitution, though it be a dead letter here, has broken open the doors of the British House of Commons, and let in the Quaker, the Catholic, and the Jew. It will yet force a way for the freethinker.

For these reasons I consider myself "a child of promise;" and, though I have not received its benefits yet, I hold our American Government to be better than an absolute despotism, that proposes nothing for the good of the people.

I remain yours respectfully,

ROBERT W. HUME.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., November 11, 1882.

[Yes, the American government is an advance on the old despotisms, but only on condition that we abandon it for a position further on. Protestantism similarly is an advance on Catholicism, but not so unless we step from it into the full light of Free Thought. The boy who, wishing to cross a brook, steps upon a stepping-stone, advances, but his advance is worse than a retreat if he fails to follow it up till he reaches the opposite bank. The Republican and the Protestant are in the position of the boy standing in the middle of the stream, fondly imagining and triumphantly proclaiming that he has crossed it. But the solid ground of Free Thought and Anarchy are in front of them, and, if they do not see it, the current will sweep them away. Mr. Hume, like many others, one foot on Free Thought and the other on Republicanism, is straddling ungracefully, and, unless he quickly assumes a more dignified and consistent attitude, he is likely to take a ducking with the rest. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

A Tragedy of Terrors.

[Boston "Globe"]

"Here and there amid the fallacies and ineffectualities of the law, a glimmer of something akin to the truth may be detected," quoth Max to the Counsellor, as he sat at the desk making pencil marks upon the cover of a volume of the Public Statutes in an apparently abstracted manner.

"You don't say so!" replied the Counsellor, with the least tinge of irony in his tone. "I am quite surprised to hear it, as I have supposed that you were dissatisfied with the whole arrangement of society and government, and could see no good in any law. So there is a glimmer of sense occasionally discernible in the rules and regulations of civilized society. This is indeed a relief."

"Yes, now and then; for if there were no truth, no suggestion of justice in law, it could not have endured all these weary years. There is just enough of the salt of truth in it to keep it from becoming altogether putrid and too offensive to be tolerated by the least sensitive human nose. If the laws were as unjust in application as in the principle at the root of all legislation, if the administration of them were palpably wicked, how long, think you, before legislatures and statutes would be abolished? The law, in a dim, half-intentional way to be sure, recognizes the fact that work is the only salvation for man on earth, and that no man who does not work can be trusted to deal justly with his fellows. Dimly, not clearly and fully, I say, does the law perceive this great truth, and get itself enacted in accord therewith. You may have noted that during the French revolution a man came clamoring to the national assembly for 'the arrestment of knaves and dastards' as the one remedial measure for all the ills of French society. Well, it is all this world needs for the abolishing of poverty, misery, and sin. Accomplish the arrestment of knaves and dastards by whatever means you can, and you may turn your court houses into schools and your prisons into mills for the grinding of other grist than the souls and bodies of men. Carlyle demanded only this and nothing more. The law, perceiving with much obscuration that work is the prime necessity and condition precedent of social safety and order, aims to make it inconvenient for certain persons to be idle and disorderly, and frequently arrests them. The idle man is dangerous, but there is always possibility of good in the man who works, and the better he works the truer man he will be. It is in that arraignment of persons for being idle and disorderly that the light of truth flickers faintly through the fogs of criminal legislation as a beacon afar off. The idle and disorderly person is arrested and compelled to devote himself for a space of time to productive labor and cease his disorder. If government could only see and make men feel the whole truth, do its own work and cease from its own disorder, there would be a result or two worth noting."

The pencil slowly and half-mechanically traced lines upon the cover of the Public Statutes, and the Counsellor tied knots in his watch-chain and said: "Then it is a good law that discourages idleness and disorder among the dangerous classes, and I don't see why you qualify your approbation by saying the perception of the saving nature of work is dim in the minds of law-makers or only partially recognized by government. Is it not the constant endeavor of government to arrest all the knaves and dastards?"

"Unhappily I answer, No! The idle and disorderly are more numerous than the law recognizes them to be, and more dangerous, more criminal to any true social order than the poor devils who now and then manage to get themselves arrested and classified as law-breakers. The real knaves and dastards are not the men who do no work and live no other man knows how—or, knowing how, declares to be dishonest and dangerous ways—but those who do no useful thing on God's green earth and live in luxury upon the produce of other men's work, the blood and sweat of toiling fellow-creatures. There is no public workhouse, no pauper prison for the monopolist of land, the usurer, the idle dastards who shirk the duty of producing what they consume. Where can you find me a house of correction in which is securely confined and prevented from doing damage a disorderly manipulator of corners in grain, a manufacturer who creates disorder and distress by robbing workmen of their honest wages? Government has not yet discovered, nor will the government by quackocracy ever discover, how to effect the arrestment of knaves and dastards. The law has a faint perception of the truth, but it does not reach and punish the real idle and disorderly, the actually dangerous classes." And when the Counsellor picked up the Public Statutes, he found that the apparently aimless pencil point had traced dimly upon the cover, "A Tragedy of Terrors."

M. Reclus and His Daughters.

The union of the two daughters of Elisée Reclus to the lovers of their choice, regardless of the sanction of Church or State, has given rise to a stormy discussion in Europe, and resulted in the publication of the following letter from M. Reclus to Lucien-Victor Meunier:

MONSIEUR,—I am bound to thank you for the words of sympathy which you have spoken regarding the marriage of my daughters, and which very largely compensate for the outrages so contemptible in their source. The approbation of an honest man makes me happy.

Having done nothing to justify the press in making a purely private act its prey, I have not seen fit to contradict the fantastic tale which called forth all this discussion. But I am bound to tell you personally that I have used no paternal authority in "marrying" my daughters. It has never entered my head that the sacrament of religion and the majesty of the law should have parental authority for their successor. In the fullness of their liberty the young people have chosen, and they asked me to speak only because they saw in me the best and closest of their friends. On them alone fall the responsibility and honor of their acts. This good word for them I am bound to say.

You predict that this example will be followed; I am sure of it, for they are right in seeking the sanction of their conduct, not in the articles of the penal or civil code, but in their conscience. They have done what they thought they ought to do, and forthwith are rewarded by the sympathy of men of heart. As for the insults of the unclean, these also are a reward.

Be so kind, my dear sir, as to accept my respectful salutations.

ELISEE RECLUS.

PARIS, October 25, 1882.

Liberty and Free Love.

A recent editorial in "L'Intransigeant," written by Maurice Talmeyr, ends as follows:

The vice of marriage, as of so many institutions, is its root in the principle of authority, at an epoch and in an era, when authority is gradually disappearing and will inevitably disappear altogether. Divorce destroys marriage, but it destroys it only by cutting into it, as the parliamentary *régime* cuts into monarchy. It is a sort of constitutional matrimonial *régime*, with a prospect and possibility of a change of administration. Through all trials, all violence, all reactions, all stupidities, all faults, and all public crimes, we march on to Liberty. And in marching on to Liberty, we march on to free love.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 5. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882. Whole No. 31.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Joseph Cook recently told a congregation of Chicagoans that Chicago thought well of itself and the world thought well of Chicago, but the question to consider was what God thought of it. Perhaps Joseph, as God's *fidus Achates*, will kindly inform us just what God's opinion is concerning Chicago.

One of the numerous sections of New York's new penal code relating to the observance of Sunday and kindred subjects makes it a misdemeanor to force any one by threats or violence to profess or practise any particular form of religious belief. That is to say, this section makes it a misdemeanor to enforce any of the other sections, for the others threaten to inflict penalties on all who do not observe Sunday as the Christian Church commands.

John Most, formerly editor of the London "Freiheit," whose term of imprisonment in England recently expired, will soon arrive at New York, where he will be warmly welcomed The socialistic societies will give him a reception in the Germania Assembly Rooms, 291 Bowery, on the evening of December 17, and the following evening, in Cooper Institute, he will for the first time address an American audience. Later he will speak in other cities.

Mr. Heywood declines to conduct his own case in court on the ground that he "will not, cannot plead or even ask for freedom or life before these savage usurpations miscalled courts of justice" Bosh, Mr. Heywood! To take this ground, after engaging lawyers to plead for you, is not only inconsistent, but silly. What you ask through a lawyer selected and appointed by yourself, you ask yourself, and this nothing can disguise. Either allow no defence at all, or else defend yourself.

New York's penal code makes attempted suicide a felony, punishable by fine and imprisonment This is the crowning absurdity and tyranny of law. If a man has no control over his own life, what earthly rights do remain to him? Government, with its laws against the use of contrivances to prevent conception, says his coming into the world shall not be avoided, and, after oppressing him until life becomes irksome and without hope, declares that he shall not resign, but must continue to be oppressed until he can depart in a regular, peaceable, and law-abiding manner by starvation or the authorized rope.

Liberty is dead, cremated, and buried. Mr. George Howe of Providence, R. I., officiated as executioner, fireman, and undertaker. Its readers will remember his announcement, in a note stopping his subscription, of the "close of its patronage." It now appears that, not satisfied with thus administering our deathblow, he burned a copy of the paper, carried the ashes on a shovel into his back-yard, dug a grave five feet deep, and buried them with appropriate ceremonies. Whether the latter included the pronouncing of an anathema we are not informed. All this because Mr. Howe is a Roman Catholic, and Liberty, finding his church despotic, plainly says so.

The examination of E. H. Heywood before United States Commissioner Hallett was held November 23, and resulted in the holding of the accused in $1,000 to await the action of the grand jury, Elizur Wright giving bonds for his appearance at the December term of the court. The prosecution, or rather Mr Comstock, — practically the same thing, for Mr. Comstock appeared to run the government counsel and the court itself, — presented no evidence except that bearing on the syringe charge, dropping "Cupid's Yokes" and the selections from 'Leaves of Grass," though these are likely to be included in the indictment The examination was a sham throughout, it being evident that the commissioner had fully made up his mind in advance, and only listened to the evidence and the argument to save appearances. This was borne out by a remark which the editor of Liberty accidentally overheard Blodgett, the government lawyer, drop after the proceedings. Said he (in substance): "I don't often have a chance to talk before the commissioner, but I expected to do some talking today. The commissioner, however, rendered his decision without waiting to hear from me, I must admit that the entire proceedings appeared to be of an *ex parte* character." It seems to us that the defence made some serious mistakes, — among them, moving to quash the complaints because of informalities, thus preventing these informalities from creeping into the indictment with fatal effect, and, second, Mr. Pickering's cross-examination of Comstock and subsequent argument in a tone which might have had some effect upon a jury, but which could only prejudice a judge. At the close an exciting incident occurred. Mr. Heywood, being called upon to go through the forms incident to the bailing process, declined to take any part in an assault upon himself. The commissioner became angry at this, committed the prisoner, and abruptly left the court-room. By request of Mr. Heywood's counsel, however, he again entered, and asked Mr. Heywood if he was ready to give bonds. The latter replied that he would give his word that he would appear in court when wanted. The commissioner made another exit, more sudden than the first. Mr. Heywood was at this point removed in charge of an officer. But his friends and counsel finally inducing him to change his course, the commissioner's presence was again secured and the requisite forms gone through, all the functionaries of the court-room swelling with pride at this triumph of law and order. Liberty honors Mr. Heywood's protest, but thinks he should not have made it unless prepared to sternly adhere to it. He damaged himself by succumbing Elizur Wright, his bondsman, was more successful, but probably because of his high reputation Being asked to hold up his right hand, Mr. Wright said: "This ceremony is to me an entirely meaningless one, and, although I am ready to perform it if the court insists, it will have no more effect upon me than if I were to say, 'So help me the multiplication table.'" The commissioner viewed him with a puzzled countenance, but finally managed to ask the government if it would waive the oath in Mr. Wright's case, and, having received an affirmative answer, warned the brave old gentleman, with a show of sternness, that he was acting under the pains and penalties of perjury. Mr. Wright did not seem awestricken in the least, but answered the questions put to him with entire composure. And now for the trial itself!

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER 9, 1882.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

To Our Subscribers.

For various reasons, personal to its editor, Liberty is to take a brief vacation, and will not appear again until January 20, 1883. It regrets even so short a separation from its readers, and earnestly begs their indulgence therefor. Let none of them, however, attribute it to lessening prosperity. The paper is stronger today than it ever was, has more subscribers than it ever had, and is progressing as satisfactorily as so outspoken a journal could be expected to. We are simply "letting go to get a better hold." Meanwhile, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all!

Anarchism and Consent.

The Declaration of Independence is probably the most "communistic" document that ever obtained celebrity among good "law-and-order" people on both continents. It contains numerous internal evidences to show that, were Thomas Jefferson living to-day, he would be a pronounced Anarchist. It is no wonder that Sir Henry Maine quotes its reputation among aristocratic circles of its day as a chimera of generalities imbibed by Jefferson through familiar contact with French atheists.

The above-named document declares that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." It therefore follows that, when any individual is governed by a government without his or her consent, that government is exercising unjust powers, and is a usurpation. And yet, in the government subsequently instituted under the Constitution one-half of the people (the women) were denied representation at the onset, while, under the ban of slavery and other constitutional bars, the number permitted to express consent or dissent was in the aggregate cut down to less than one-tenth of the whole people. To what a ridiculous farce do Jefferson's glittering generalities reduce themselves at the first touch of common sense!

It was never seriously contemplated by the founders of this government that it should be a government of consent. The framers of the Constitution could not have even meant that the will of a majority should stand as consent, for they disfranchised a majority of the people to start with. Allowing that the majority principle stood with them for consent, they must have had plainly in view a *majority of the minority*, which involves a stroke of *reductio ad absurdum* for the vaunted majority-rule idea, not very comforting to Fourth of July patriots.

Force is the essence of all positive governmental institutions. Under any conceivable interpretation of Jefferson's talk about the consent of the governed, every existing government is outlawed beyond recovery, and the "just powers" vanish into thin air.

The only pretext on which the defender of political government can make existing usurpations float upon consent is to assert that going to the polls and voting, bearing arms, paying taxes, serving on juries, etc., are presumptive evidences that those who do so consent to the institutions under which they live. As well might it be argued that, in accepting the offer of a highwayman to toss one's last penny to see whether the robber should take it or leave it, the victim thereby consents to the highwayman's occupation. As the only alternative against extortion, a man may go to the polls and vote against the proposed levy of a corrupt ring of political jobbers, recognizing the ballot-box only on grounds of expediency, as a sinking man might hug a filthy pile in the dock. An Anarchist may pay taxes to escape going to jail, or sit in a jury-box to save a friend, in accordance with his rating of the costs of given offences against his principles.

But, behind all these accidents of fate, the Anarchist puts this bottom question to government and its defenders: *By what right am I thrust into the alternative of recognizing the machinery of the State as the only chance left me of rescuing my life, liberty, and possessions from invasion?* To argue the right of consent in response to this question is utterly ridiculous. To argue the right of might is to use the argument of a professional robber. How will the defender of the State answer it, then?

The State is a pure usurpation. The individual is coerced for his own good, — somebody outside of himself being set up as authoritative judge of what is for his own good. He is thus put in the same moral dock as were the victims of the Inquisition. This scheme will continue to work finely for the oppressor until the political victim turns around and applies the same argument to the inquisitor. The Anarchist, however, proposes to coerce the agents of the State no further for their own good than to see to it that they step down and out, go home and mind their own business, and leave Liberty, consent, and natural selection to crystallize society into an organization that shall conform to natural law. If the inquisitors refuse to go home peaceably, and among the accidents of the war for Liberty some of them consequently get hurt "for their own good," they, as Christians, can do no more than enter it upon the profit-and-loss account of an All-Wise Providence.

"Crimes Against Religious Liberty."

Italian rag-pickers, searching barrels in the street, arrested in the name of Christian charity for desecrating the holy Sabbath; newsboys and bootblacks overawed by pious policemen and prevented from earning the few cents upon which they depend for food; elevated railroads, horse cars, and churches running on full time, and the monopolists and parsons making money for the glory of God, — a few of the phenomena attendant upon the enforcing of the new penal code of New York last Sunday. Sabbath vigilance committee, aided by church committees, succeeded in inducing the police to interfere with everybody's business and compel citizens to "conform to their wishes," and Rev. Howard Crosby was "well pleased with the result." To this reverend follower of the meek and lowly Jesus it was pleasant to see the streets clear of the "unsightly apple and peanut stands," and while he stood in the pulpit and lauded the Almighty for his many blessings conferred, including a large salary showered down from heaven upon the said reverend follower, with much holy uprolling of his ecclesiastical eyes he thanked David Dudley Field, God, and the police that the vulgar rabble could not disturb the meditations and prayers of the anointed with the noise and clamor of mere worldly bread-winning. A young Christian indulged in religious ecstacy because the Jew clothing stores, which had been a great source of annoyance to him on his way to church, were closed.

These outrages are properly classified in the code under the heading: "Crimes against religious liberty." The whole code is one colossal crime against Liberty, committed by and for the benefit of members of one of the most dangerous families that ever encumbered this planet.

In the persons of the Field brothers are bodied forth the most flagrant abuses and the most despicable features of our no-system of society. Cyrus W. Field is a typical monopolist and labor-thief. Henry M. Field is a false teacher, spreading, not light, but mental darkness and superstition from the pulpit and the religious press. For the greater profit and glory of these and such as these, David Dudley Field contrives attorneyisms, full of vicious devices and cunning atrocities, in the shape of a penal code and laws compelling conformity to their wishes; and, if any man protests that the paper constitution of the United States is violated by this contrivance, Stephen J. Field sits upon the bench of the supreme court, vested with authority to sustain the code by speciosities and learned unveracities of the law. The whole force and authority of the Church and the State combine to further the schemes of these men and crush out what little of Liberty remains to the people. "The public be damned!" is the keynote of all this miserable business, and, if the people of New York submit to this crowning infamy of American quack government, they will get themselves damned with sufficient speed. There is need for the arrestment of knaves and dastards, — the gods and the Fields, — and the public shall either speedily arrest them or swiftly be damned. These idle have also become disorderly. They should cease disorder, and betake themselves to honest industry, or be abolished. Either that, or Liberty must disappear; destroyed it cannot be, for it is a truth, and only a lie cannot exist forever, be very sure. If the untruths, the penal codes and attorneyisms, be not throttled, they may outlive some generations, however, — a fact which New York may not unprofitably consider.

Constructive Immorality.

The following editorial from "L'Intransigeant," written by Alphonse Humbert *à propos* of the recent arrests of Anarchists and Socialists in France, not only is a keen and powerful argumentative protest against the general theory of constructive crime, but is especially in point here and now, when E. H. Heywood and others are in danger of imprisonment for publicly teaching doctrines which Anthony Comstock and a handful of priests are pleased to consider immoral:

About 1841 or 1842 — I cannot fix the date exactly, but it was in England and at the time of the terrible industrial crisis which followed the introduction of machinery — a Chartist editor expressed the opinion in his journal that the cause of the evil from which the laborers suffered lay in the excessive concentration of population, and, that, in consequence, it was necessary to "burn London." And he urged the workingmen to set about the task at once. He was summoned before a court. The judge discharged him with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Why!" said he, "if it is his opinion!"

Such is the law in countries of liberty. The liberty to think and consequently to speak and write is entire, unlimited, indivisible, and absolute, or it is nothing. An opinion, an idea, though revolting to every conscience and to all common sense, though a hundred times odious and detestable, though destructive of all that men are well-nigh unanimous in respecting, can never constitute an offence. The right to punish begins only with the fact. This is the doctrine — not radical, simply just and human — which M. Victor Cousin, an orthodox, college-bred, and conservative philosopher, formulated in these terms before the court of peers at about the same period, indignant at the scandalous charge of "moral complicity" in the Dupoty case:

Prove to me direct complicity, show me facts establishing actual participation in the crime, and I will be severe. *But I cannot condemn a man for his opinions, however detestable they may be.*

Since that time we have travelled far and done much. We have accomplished three or four revolutions, overturned, repealed, and constructed an enormous number of laws, constitutions, and governments, swept away two monarchies, and we are now in our second republic. It has lasted twelve years. But, in the matter of liberalism, we are still very far behind the English judge and M. Cousin. "Moral complicity," that monstrous legal infamy invented by the doctrinaires of the Restoration and revived, in the face of the indignant outcry of all Europe, by Attorney-General Hébert, — "moral complicity" has remained in our codes. It still sullies them, and is about to be invoked against journalists and orators, as in the days of the state of siege and military tribunals.

Emile Gautier* is prosecuted — I pass in silence the stupid charge of affiliation with the International — for provocation, through the press, to the crimes of pillage, incendiarism, *etc.*, the provocation having been followed by results.

Jules Guesde, Paul Lafargue, and Bazin,† our friends of "L'Egalité," are charged with provocation, from the platform, to I know not what other crimes, the provocation, in this instance, not having been followed by results.

In both cases stupidity vies with baseness.

What has Gautier said? They do not even know whether he is the author of the articles complained of. I admit that

* One of the most prominent Anarchists in Paris.
† Three leading French Socialists of the Karl Marx school.

he is. He has said, I admit further, that it is the right of the poor to sweep down upon capital and take by main force tools and workshops and lands and houses and the wealth contained in them, and that, to achieve this legitimate conquest, every weapon is good, — sword and fire and dynamite.

I allow all this to the judges. He has said the whole of it. And I ask the judges with what they are meddling when they intervene. Pure theory, words carried by the wind. The law touches only realities. Where are they?

Elsewhere? At Montceau-les-Mines? Other men have acted under the influence of these fatal counsels? How do you know? Have you looked into their consciences? You may prove, perhaps, the facts which it pleases you to so readily call crimes, — the judges have not yet passed upon them; but I defy you, whatever happens, whatever proofs you may have in your hands, whatever revelation the trial may bring forth, — I defy you to establish that these men would not have acted if Gautier had not written. But that is what you must prove; you have bound yourselves to do so by taking judicial action against the journalist; else words no longer have meaning, every coincidence is transformable into a correlation at the will of a judge, your justice is nothing more than a complex form of absolutism, and your law simply a trap.

It will be answered: We go far in reasoning thus. We go much farther in reasoning otherwise.

I believe, for my part, that, even under the *régime* of universal suffrage, a resort to force remains the highest right of oppressed peoples. I believe it and I say it. At three years from the Sixteenth of May you will not dare, perhaps, to prosecute me.

But who knows? Tomorrow, in six months, in a year, in two years, — for your law has another remarkable side: "provocation," considered as an excuse or mitigating circumstance, cannot be invoked in behalf of the person provoked unless he has acted instantaneously under the immediate influence of the provocation; on the contrary, no lapse of time protects the provoker or relieves him of responsibility, — at any time, then, insurgents may rush into the streets, erect barricades, fight, and be beaten. I shall not know them; perhaps I shall blame their action, and condemn it in my conscience. Moreover, there may be nothing in common between them and me. They may not know of my existence and never have read my writings. They may not know how to read. It matters not. I have provoked. I have a share in the crime and the penalty, — the same share as theirs. And you would condemn me! It is madness; it is baseness. But it is the law.

As for those who participated in the conference at Montluçon, their case is quite different. They have spoken, but no one has acted. Guilty just the same. We have just seen, in the case of Gautier, that one may be an accomplice in an offence or a crime which he has neither known of nor foreseen. M. Devès is preparing to show us, in the cases of Guesde, Lafargue, and Bazin, that one may be responsible for a deed that has not been done, and that there may be complicity where there is neither crime nor offence nor any infraction whatever. Still it is the law.

These pretty things have been in the code since 1819. The Republic has left them there. It seems to me that this would be a good time, in view of this double prosecution, to clean the page stained seven years ago with the blood of Maroteau. A hint to our legislators. A hint to you especially, my dear Maret, who have just taken, regarding the Montceau-les-Mines affair, so useful and honorable an initiative by introducing your bill concerning provisional liberty.

If So, Why?

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR, — In the Truth Seeker of November 18, Mr. Bennett, in replying to John S. Cobb, says, speaking of the circulation of certain of Walt Whitman's poems, that he does not believe in circulating that which is "impure and offensive to the usual sense of decency." Deference to the "usual sense of decency" of mankind should have been strong enough to deter Mr. Bennett from circulating "Cupid's Yokes" after his arrest at Watkins; for nothing is more certain than that that pamphlet outrages the "usual sense of decency" of most Christians and of thousands of half-educated Liberals. Mr. Bennett never stops to consult the "usual sense of decency" of Christian people when he is about to throw upon the world a new iconoclastic book, which can have no other effect upon this "usual sense" than to throw it into convulsions of horror and disgust. Mr. Bennett should not forget that this sentiment — the "usual sense of decency" of the human race — is relative, not absolute.

Again: Mr. Bennett imported from England, bound, and circulated a work, "The Elements of Social Science," possessing all the offensive features of "Cupid's Yokes," and others peculiarly its own. In so doing, Mr. Bennett outraged the "usual sense of decency" of every conservative person into whose hands the book fell. But he performed a most meritorious action in introducing this work to American readers, though it would be "indecent, distasteful, or offensive to ninety-nine people in a hundred."

But the "Truth Seeker" editor reveals the cause of his bitter opposition to Walt Whitman's interdicted poems, when he says that sexual matters are "low and indecent." He makes no exceptions in his sweeping denunciation. He does not in the least qualify his scorn of those duties and functions of life which "should be performed in secret." Educated in a theology which holds as inherently vile the body, and especially the sex nature, perhaps it is not a matter of surprise that he has not escaped wholly from its blighting influence. To a man who regards as "low and indecent" the organs and acts necessary to the reproduction of human life it is as useless to talk of the essential purity and cleanliness of Whitman's poems as to "argue with a man who has renounced the use of his reason." Reading Mr. Bennett's diatribe against Whitman and Heywood, it would not be hard to imagine that one was perusing a screed written by some puritan fanatic against the deadly wickedness of "fleshly appetites" and "carnal vanities."

Upon whom has Mr. Heywood "forced" the selections from "Leaves of Grass?" Has not Mr. Bennett "forced" his tracts and leaflets upon people who abhorred their sentiments and held in utter loathing their "bad taste?" Mr. Bennett had a perfect right to select the "obscene" passages from the Bible and print them in a book "for his own use," but he had "no right to make himself offensive by forcing it upon others." This is the gentleman's own logic. According to the moral code he has just formulated he had no more right to publish "The Holy Bible Abridged" than Mr. Heywood had to issue the slips to which he (Bennett) so strenuously objects. His act was just as much in "bad taste" as Mr. Heywood's. If he is sincere in his professions, the next number of the "Truth Seeker" will contain an announcement of the withdrawal from circulation of "The Holy Bible Abridged."

In his reply to Mr. A. H. Wood, Mr. Bennett says: "Mr. Heywood seems to insist on circulating that which to us seems indelicate, improper, and indecent. We are not in favor of circulating such matter, and merely exercise the right to say so." Yet Mr. Bennett claims that certain portions of the Bible are "indelicate, improper, and indecent," and, so claiming and *because* of that asserted fact, he has selected, printed, and published some of these "indecent" passages in book and pamphlet form, and has circulated these books and pamphlets through the mails and otherwise. He says that he is not in favor of circulating "indelicate, improper, and indecent" literature, and yet he takes especial pains to disseminate that which he strenuously insists is the very quintessence of indelicacy and indecency. If Mr. Bennett is opposed on principle to the circulation of such matter, why does he not take out of the market "Holy Bible Abridged" and "Last Letter from Ludlow Street Jail?" And if he does not do so, what are we to infer?

One more quotation from Mr. Bennett: "We cannot think there is any valuable principle involved in such circulation, or that any special good can accrue from it." The same principle is involved that was involved in the circulation of "Cupid's Yokes," for maintaining which Mr. Bennett endured a term of imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary.

The *right of publication* is the question under discussion and the principle involved. Does Mr. Bennett believe that there should be State restriction of this right? If so, why?

Yours for Liberty,

NORWAY, IOWA. E. C. WALKER.

"Max" Looks Into the Poverty Question.

[Boston "Globe."]

"The approach of winter, with its Pandora's box of discomforts and plagues for the poor," quoth Max, "makes itself manifest through the medium of the criminal courts, which are accurate barometers of the lower strata of the social atmosphere. Food, fuel, and clothing begin to swell the expense accounts, and the problem of living assumes a more formidable aspect. Wages do not rise, however, and work is not more easily obtained. The curse of labor — for labor is a curse when by various complicated and cunning contrivances the laborer is compelled to support a horde of useless idlers, and is deprived of his natural right to consume what he produces — weighs heavily upon all who have not learned how to legally rob their fellowmen, and most heavily upon those who are at the bottom of the social structure. It is useless to preach of the dignity of labor and the blessings of destitution to the man or woman whose muscles are tired, and whose gastric juices are instigating a bread riot and fomenting all manner of internal disturbances. There is no dignity in social slavery, no beatitude in an empty stomach, and all the sophistry and cant ever mouthed or written cannot persuade the least ambitious man that it is a privilege to be poor while others roll in plenty. Poverty is not a virtue; neither is it a mere misfortune. Poverty is a crime. It is a violation of the right which the fact of existence confers upon every human being, — the right to gratify all his desires at his own costs which of course includes the right not to be taxed for the gratification of any other person's desires. It is the gross violation and subtle subversion of this right by the contrivances of the iniquitous combination known as civilized society which constitutes the crime of poverty. Poverty is the essence of almost all the crimes known to the law; but, by divers ingenious devices, the punishment or cost of this essential crime is made to fall upon the victim instead of upon those who are justly responsible."

"Your theory may be all right," rejoined the Counsellor, "but what is the use of putting these ideas into the heads of the unthinking classes! It only produces a vague discontent which ignorance may make dangerous. In short, it gives encouragement to the dangerous classes."

"If the monopolist, the exploiter of men, the civilized cannibal can derive any encouragement from the statement of these facts — not theories, mind you — they are welcome to make the most of it. Discontent under oppression is a healthy sign, and ought to be fostered. It does not indicate necessarily a clear understanding of the situation or its cause, but the drift of discontent is always knowledgeward, and with more or less eddying back and forth and catching here and there in dilatory whirlpools it will reach the ultimate fact, the great ocean of truth, wherein all real knowledge must be."

"But what is your application of these facts, as you call them?" interrupted the Counsellor. "I know, of course, that the number of arrests for offences against property is larger than in the warm weather, but what has that to do with labor? It occurs to me that the idle and criminal elements are concentrated in the large cities, being driven in by the inconveniences of winter wanderings through the country, and that the increase of crime is due to the aggression of criminals."

"I grant you that the idlers and the real criminals do flock to the city when the leaves begin to fall," rejoined Max, with a quiet smile. "The watering places usually close up at this time of year, and the beach landlord gazes thoughtfully seaward from his deserted veranda, and abstractedly toys with a lucifer match in his vest pocket. Also the bucolic tramp hies him hitherward, when November winds rustle the hayseed out of his hair and whistle drearily through the crevices of his coat, and institutes a search for shelter and free lunch. But the increase of offenders brought into court is not composed of either class, although the tramp, who is merely a rude imitator of the society idler, does find his way here when the problem of living becomes uncomfortably difficult of solution. It is the accumulation of burdens upon the backs of those who support the whole social system that causes the increase of crime. Poverty becomes more distressful, and, in the effort to avoid some portion of the evil, the rights of property are violated. But whatever may be the radical cause of all this, I intended merely to comment on the phenomena of larceny as observable in this court. You will notice that, when cold weather sets in, overcoats will be in greater demand than straw hats among thieves, which would indicate to some minds that the element of want has a place somewhere in the ethics of larceny. As an apt illustration, take these cases disposed of today: Henry Fullem stole a twenty-two-dollar overcoat, and was given three months in jail. Thomas Hart stole a blanket, and was fined fifteen dollars and costs. Jessie McGregor, being unfortunately fitted out with digestive organs which have not always sufficient employment to keep them from manifesting a spirit of insubordination, stole five pounds of beef, and was ordered by the law to pay a dollar a pound for it and then go without it. Peter Kinsley appropriated a ham, but as he could not show that he had any other excuse than being out of work, and was not hungry enough to eat the ham raw, he was fined three dollars and costs. There is nothing peculiar about any of these cases. They are simply significant to one who takes an interest in the great problem of labor and its reward."

Too Much of a Fool to Do Good.

[Cincinnati "Commercial."]

The eradication of bad is the only principle of good which Mr. Comstock recognizes. He is, consequently, but a poor philanthropist. We have said that his principle is negative in application; he proposes to stamp out vice in order that virtue may prevail, rather than, by some direct means of doing good, to advance the cause of virtue. He will never succeed, for he is too much of a fool, and too shallow in intellect, ever to bestow any benefit on society.

An Error of Omission Rectified.

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR, — In your last issue's notice of the case of the United States *vs.* Heywood, you make an omission to which I am sure that your attention has only to be called to ensure its rectification. In designating Mr. Heywood's counsel you leave out the name of Mr. George W. Searle. As an act of justice to that gentleman, who, in connection with this case, is doing valiant and efficient service in the cause of Liberty, I ask you to insert this correction. Faithfully yours,

JOHN STORER COBB.

[Liberty offers sincere apology to Mr. Searle, and is obliged to Mr. Cobb for the correction of its error, which is thus explained. Neither Mr. Cobb nor Mr. Heywood having mentioned any other counsel to us than Messrs. Pickering and Cobb, we were not aware that Mr. Searle had been retained until we entered the court-room on the day of the examination, at which hour Liberty had already gone to press. Perhaps we can best make amends to Mr. Searle, who is not only an earnest radical, but one of the ablest members of the Massachusetts bar, by declaring our wish that Mr. Heywood would make him senior counsel in the case, instead of employing him in a subordinate capacity. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

THE SONG OF THE "LOWER CLASSES."

We plough and sow, we're so very, very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain
And the vale with the fragrant hay;
Our place we know,—we're so very, very low,—
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go, we're so very, very low,
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines;
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the brow of a despot shines,
And whene'er he lacks, upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay;
We're far too low to veto the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low,—mere rabble, we know,—
But at our plastic power,
The world at the lordlings' feet will glow
Into palace and church and tower;
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door;
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride;
And what we get and what we give
We know, and we know our share;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of the poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king;
We're low, we're low, our place we know,
We're only the rank and file;
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

ERNEST JONES.

Good News, If True.

We should like to believe in the advent of such a Democratic party as the following extract from an editorial in the Louisville "Courier-Journal" heralds. But the wish is absurd. The Democratic party, like all political parties, once it obtains power, will be only too ready to centralize it, no matter what Jefferson taught. But, considering principles alone and apart from the instruments of their realization, the "Courier-Journal's" is a true prophecy and as Anarchistic as need be. Liberty asks nothing more than is contained in these brave words:

True Democracy has faith in the people, and it is therefore the inveterate enemy of unnecessary or experimental legislation. Legislation is an evil, and the less of it we have the better. The people are neither infants nor imbeciles; they may safely be allowed to choose good or evil; they do not need to be kept forever in leading strings. The curse of the nation has been over-legislation,—a desire on the part of a few narrow-minded and bigoted men to force the people to live up to their own standard of right and wrong in morals and in commerce. Fortunately we have passed beyond that stage of development when the State tries to force the people to conform to the religious ideas and practices of a peculiar set, or even of the apostles themselves. [Where, and how long since?—EDITOR LIBERTY.] We have abandoned force in religion, but we still cling to it in other matters. We would force men to stop drinking, to buy certain styles of goods, to place their money in certain banks, to abandon certain industries and follow others. We tax them to encourage them; we make them surrender a part of their crops to subsidize others, who else would have to change their occupations or improve their methods. We find men who claim to be intelligent, and especially the friends of the people, insisting on extending the power of government to savings banks, to the telegraph, to railroads, and Henry George demands that the government also "resume" possession of all landed property. These are the dreams and unsubstantial visions of men whose ideas have been warped by the practices of the generation when anti-Democratic practices prevailed in congress. What the people now need is a real Democratic party; a party not afraid of its principles or platforms; a party which realizes that taxation in any form is an evil, and a burden to be so fitted to the shoulders of the people as to bear as lightly as possible on all classes; a party which looks on debt as a curse instead of a blessing, which would not coerce the people even to their own good. This is the new Democracy, and yet it is the Democracy of the fathers of the republic. Noninterference with the habits, practices, ideas, opinions, or prejudices of the people, under the pretence of stimulating trade, protecting labor, building up manufactures, lessening temptation, caring for the savings of the people, or facilitating the interchange of merchandise or intelligence,—these are the principles of this age, the real principles of the Democratic party, and to these the government must return. In "Edwin Drood," Mr. Honeythunder is the professional philanthropist, who would organize societies to bless people who preferred not to be blessed, and all his speeches bore this refrain: "Curse your souls and bodies, come up, and be blessed." The Republican party is a party of Honeythunders: it would bless the people with American iron even at the risk of general bankruptcy; it would force the railroads to use American rails at an additional expense of from five to ten thousand dollars a mile; it would subsidize steamships, cut canals, create savings banks, and at last, in obedience to the demands of the extremists, absorb the lands and the railroads, and use them only for the purpose of blessing a people too weak and stupid to care for itself.

Fortunately, it is understood in all circles that a re-action has come; that the tendency to parentalism and centralization is checked, and that these benevolent projects must be abandoned. The government is to be strictly confined to its legitimate province, and the people are to be left free to pursue, after their own fashion, their desires.

Cost of Executing Freemen's Wills.

The following alarming statistics of election day in New York city, given by Annie Wakeman, a New York correspondent of the Chicago "News," should convince all that the ballot is an expensive master:

There are 688 election polls, to each of which are appointed six polling officers and two policemen, together with four federal officials, making an army of about 8,200 officials, at an expense of about $40,000! There are at least six wooden boxes for bills, banners, and ticket men at each place, making about 4,000 boxes that cost, delivered there, $12,000, and these are manned by about twenty peddlers of tickets and watchers, making another army of 13,000, at a cost of about $50,000. The money expended for printing throughout all the districts on all sides will amount to $50,000. Vote-buying and the like will foot up another $50,000, which will bring the total of the day's election expenses, including rent of polling places, at $60,000, to a round sum of $225,000. The preparations for all this had previously cost at least that sum. "So over $500,000 has been spent in this 'snow-flaking for a freeman's will,'" I said to myself as I rolled off on my rounds.

Ruskin's "Conservatism."

[London "Truth."]

Some of the disputants who have lately been writing to the papers about "the politics of intellect" have claimed Mr. Ruskin as a Conservative. The following "epitome of opinion," gathered haphazard from "Fors Clavigera," will show that, if Mr. Ruskin is a friend of the Tories, they should devoutly wish to be saved from him. Lord Beaconsfield's policy on the Eastern Question, Mr. Ruskin considered, was "to the everlasting shame of England." Rent is denounced as "the fatallest form of the God-forbidden guilt of usury;" and when asked his opinion about the Irish Land League, he said that its purpose—that Ireland should belong to the people of Ireland—was "ultimately a quite inevitable condition of things;" and that the only principle which could close the agitation was that "each man should possess the ground he could use, and no more."

A Luminous Distinction.

[New York "Graphic."]

The London "Spectator," in commenting upon the late Mr. Darwin's letter, recently published in the "Pall Mall Gazette," in which he says, "I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made," observes, in its usual wrong-headed way, that Mr. Darwin "does deny revelation." So far as the letter spoken of is concerned, Mr. Darwin does not deny revelation. He does not say, "I believe that no revelation was ever made,' but "I do not believe that any revelation was ever made.' To refuse to assert that a thing is so is by no means the same as to assert that it is not so.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 6. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883. Whole No. 32.

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Professor Huxley says that " extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, like strangled snakes beside that of Hercules."

Just as the last issue of Liberty was going to press, the sad news came of the death of D. M. Bennett, the old editor of the " Truth-Seeker." It was then too late to take from our columns Mr. Walker's article written in criticism of Mr. Bennett's conduct toward the Heywood prosecution, or even to insert an explanatory note. No one can regret more than its author and ourselves its publication at such an hour. We freely criticised Mr. Bennett living, when he could defend himself; but we would be the last to intentionally attack the memory and wound the friends of one essentially so brave and true. His death was a great loss to the Liberal cause, and Liberty mourns it with the rest.

Dr. F. H. Hamilton, in presenting a modest claim of we forget how many thousand dollars for his services in attending Garfield, said to the controller of the treasury: " My intention is only to indicate to you what I would regard as the minimum compensation for similar services in the case of a private citizen who was pecuniarily responsible and who would not be embarrassed by such a payment." And yet Josiah Warren was laughed at as silly because he said that our commercial practice of making value the measure of price would justify the man who should save a man of wealth from drowning in extorting from him his whole fortune in return therefor. Dr. Hamilton's remark is a virtual confession of Mr. Warren's charge that modern commerce is nothing more than " civilized cannibalism."

Such Liberals as still hug the delusion that Gambetta was their friend should read the following from the London " Pall Mall Gazette " before gushing further over his memory. The " Pall Mall " is a moderately Liberal journal, but prone to eschew that intensity of utterance to which men engaged in vigorous battle for great ideas generally give vent; nevertheless, read in their full meaning and between the lines, its statements bear out the truth of almost all that Liberty more bluntly says in another column. " There are two great tendencies at present within the [French] Republican party. One sets towards decentralization, local self-government of all sorts, the removability of the judges, and above all the separation of Church and State. The opposite tendency is towards authority, centralization, a Concordat, an active foreign policy — towards, in short, a maintenance of the old tradition of France. *Of the latter school the great representative was Gambetta.* He has stood for governmental ideas against democratic ideas. Though far too sagacious a man to be other than a convinced partisan of the Republic for France, he has always been very susceptible of the force of French tradition. He thought of himself as the Mazarin or Richelieu of a new time. It was a very mistaken identity, for Gambetta, unlike either Mazarin or Richelieu, was impulsive, violently imaginative, much the creature of ideals, and constitutionally indifferent to details. He resembled them, his enemies would say, in his lack of moral sense. However that may have been, Gambetta was undoubtedly filled by a sense of the necessity of government. He insisted on the *scrutin de liste* because that only, as he thought, would produce a majority that would follow its leaders. There are some who think that the present majority, if it had been more patiently handled a year ago, would have been gradually consolidated. Gambetta, as we have said, was mastered by the necessities of government; but it can hardly be said that he had shown, or perhaps had an opportunity of showing, that he could himself govern. He was emphatically *bon garçon*, but he showed no capacity for separating the sheep from the goats among his companions. The first condition of success was that he should have attracted a sufficient number of able and upright men to his banners. This he never did, nor seriously tried to do."

We are glad to announce a more favorable outlook for Mr. E. H. Heywood. His trial has been postponed till the March term of the United States District Court, and he will defend his own case. Fate has been kind in forcing him to this course, which we have all along urged upon him. Mr. J. F. Pickering, the senior counsel, who never inspired in us much confidence in his ability, tact, or earnestness, happily deserted his client, and Mr. George W. Searle, junior counsel, felt it his professional duty to retire with Mr. Pickering, who had brought him into the case. Mr. J. Storer Cobb, third in order, did not feel competent to conduct the case alone, and so withdrew, promising, however, to give Mr. Heywood all the assistance possible in an advisory capacity. This left the accused without counsel on the very eve of trial, which was to have occurred last month. When the case was called in court, Mr. Heywood very reasonably asked for a continuance until March, in order that he might have time to prepare himself for the discharge of the momentous duty thus suddenly devolving upon him. Judge Nelson granted his request, paying no heed to the government's insinuation that the whole thing was a put-up job to secure delay, further than to require an affidavit from Mr. Heywood to the effect that he was in no way responsible for the turn affairs had taken. In support of his motion for a continuance, Mr. Heywood made a little speech, exactly adapted to the occasion, which, in our judgment, could scarcely have been improved. It was brief, calm, courteous, dignified, and at the same time manly, forcible, tremendously earnest. It went just far enough in denunciation of the character of the prosecution to have the effect of a firm protest rather than an abusive tirade. It impressed the court, the spectators, and doubtless the government itself, and fully vindicated the wisdom of the policy which Liberty was the first to urge. We congratulate Mr. Heywood upon his first victory, in the belief that, if he devotes the coming months to careful preparation, and shows the same ability and preserves the same demeanor during the trial itself, he will make conviction impossible. We shall not believe, until the facts establish it, that twelve men can be drawn by lot from the citizens of Massachusetts of whom not one will be found with justice enough in his composition to secure a man whose moral superiority is thus made patent in the possession of his Liberty.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 20, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

Notice to Subscribers.

For several months to come Liberty will appear at intervals of four weeks, instead of two; but fortnightly publication will be resumed as soon as possible. All subscriptions will be extended accordingly, and no one will fail to receive the full number of issues to which he is entitled.

Another Tyrant Fallen.

Not this time a Czar of Russia by the hand of a Sophie Perovskaya, but Léon Gambetta by the hand of Madame Léonie Léon; not a frank, outspoken, unmistakable tyrant by the hand of a woman representing the people he had oppressed, but a cunning, two-faced, plausible tyrant by the hand of a woman representing in her own betrayal the people he had betrayed. It is a fitting ending to the life of one of the most dangerous characters of Europe, over whose disappearance Liberty, not in a spirit of triumphant revenge, but simply voicing a sincere desire for the public welfare, can only rejoice. And yet journals and public men the world over — professed radicals among the rest — vie with each other in doing homage to the memory of this self-seeking political adventurer!

Only ignorance can explain this senseless adulation coming from well-meaning lips. For who is this man whose praises they are sounding? Would that we had space to answer fully, to put before our readers a detailed history of the shameless career of Léon Gambetta!

Let no one think that we underrate either his abilities or the value of the services which on one or two occasions ambition, and ambition only, has led him to render. He was a wonderful man in many ways — in some respects a giant. Immense energy, surpassing eloquence, and great ability of a certain order, — these were his in abundant measure; but truth, sincerity, devotion, fidelity, the highest courage, and depth of mind, — of these there was none in him. He did many good things, but always with a selfish end. His defence of "Le Réveil" in 1868 when that paper was prosecuted for opening a subscription toward a monument fund in honor of Baudin, his conduct while a member of the government of national defense in 1870, and his memorable struggle with and triumph over the reactionary MacMahon in 1877 deserve to be counted as great and valuable deeds well done; but the light of subsequent events has shown so clearly that good and bad were all one to him so long as Léon Gambetta's ends were served that no credit can fairly be given him from a moral standpoint even for such of his acts as intrinsically were praiseworthy.

His game was this: to win the confidence of the people by his eloquence and fair promises of devotion to their rights; to float into power on the wave of popularity thus acquired; once in power, to break every promise he had made; to watch every chance to strengthen his position; to oppose every measure looking toward Liberty; and by these means finally to become, if not nominally, at least virtually, dictator of France. And all but the last move he successfully accomplished. In 1869 he went before the citizens of Belleville, the stronghold of Parisian radicalism, and in a powerful discourse elaborated a complete and absolutely unequivocal programme of principles, accurately representing the advanced opinions of his auditors, and, not satisfied with declaring his adhesion thereto, solemnly subscribed to it in the form of an oath. Elected overwhelmingly, he straightway went into the Chamber of Deputies, and in a parliamentary career of fourteen years managed to combat nearly every one of the principles and measures which he had sworn to support. One of these principles was the separation of church and State; yet, though a pretended free-thinker, he never lost an opportunity of defending the taxes levied in support of the church, and was the recognized leader of the State-church party in the Chamber. Another plank in the Belleville platform was amnesty for the exiled communists; yet he voted steadily against amnesty — that is, for the continued exile of the immediate relatives of his constituents in his "beloved Belleville,"— until 1880, when, Belleville having declared its indignation by electing Trinquet, one of the exiles, to the municipal council of Paris over Gambetta's candidate, Rabagny, he dared not offend it further in that direction, and so summoned his parliamentary followers to the support of the amnesty bill. In 1869, at Belleville, he took his stand on a squarely socialistic platform, and on July 14, 1872, at a banquet, he uttered the sentence which has since become famous: "There is no social question." He overturned and recreated ministries at his will, and at last was compelled, though not yet ready, to take the reins of government himself. Then the real incapacity of the man for actual guidance became apparent. The "Grand Ministry" was short-lived. Gambetta brought forward a bill providing for the election of a Congress to revise the Constitution, but confining its revising powers solely to the question of substituting the *scrutin de liste* for the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Clemenceau asked him what the government would do in case this Congress, elected by the people, should decide to revise the Constitution in other points than those indicated by the Government. Then the man who, in 1877, had said to MacMahon, "When France shall have uttered her sovereign voice, you will either have to submit or resign," uttered the following threat of a *coup d'Etat*: "*We will use the right that governments have against insurrectionary forces.*" The people took alarm, and Gambetta fell. But he continued his machinations, and till the time that his forsaken mistress shot him he was occupied in schemes for plunging his country into troubles by which he might profit.

Is such a man entitled to praise and honor? Should not his memory rather go down in French history side by side withthe murderer Thiers's, — perhaps not as bloody, but more contemptible?

Well did Henri Rochefort say the other day, when rebuked by Edmond About for making light of Gambetta's death:—

"What! we have had before us a barrier which arrested the progress of our ideas, our aspirations, and our propagandism; for several years we have been doing our utmost to remove it; and now, when we see it definitively demolished, you would have us shed tears that it cannot again be placed in our path and continue to bar it! Only crocodiles have such emotions."

Liberty's Aims and Material.

The student of Liberty must constantly endeavor to disassociate his imagination from sanguinary dramas of assassination and revolt. These constitute the accidents of the struggle, which are no outcome of Liberty's philosophy, and for which despotism, not she, is alone responsible. Liberty is the foundation-stone of a system of scientific treatment as to human relations and adjustments, and has primarily nothing to do with enthroned potentates and other executives of the State. Its teachings are applicable to every situation and relation in life, and it is an eminent truism that Liberty, like charity, begins at home.

The home is the beginning of the State; it is the State in miniature. The enthroned monarch is here the male lord of creation. The government is, however, a mixed system of monarchism, constitutionalism, and communism. Under the old Roman law the father was absolute over the wife as well as the children, — having even the power of life and death over the latter; but under the modern changes of governmental administration the status of the wife, although less servile, is quite undefined. The connubial pair are supposed to merge into each other, and hence the children are subjects of a joint government of the parents. The functions of neither being defined, this joint government is generally out of joint, and the merging arrangement becomes a farce in practice, except to the extent that the lucky wife whose matrimonial traps have taken in a good keeper succeeds in merging extensively into the pockets of her nightly companion in legalized "unchastity."

Communism, when properly organized, is a system, — a false system, as we believe, but a system. The communism of family life, however, is not even a system, but a degrading and demoralizing chaos. Neither parents nor children have any defined rights. They all govern each other, though nobody learns how to govern himself or herself. In attempting to govern the children jointly the merged parental pair merge daily and hourly into a quarrel. In the dilemma the daughters step in to govern the old folks until the gathering complications compel some big brother to step in and govern the crowd. In daily life the big brothers are supposed to supervise the associations of the inexperienced sisters; the big sisters look after the little sisters; and thus the members of our first and last families are severally charged with the sacred duty of governing each other.

This is the blessed institution among us known as the family, which learned reviewers tell us is the precious basis of the State, and must not be tampered with by unholy hands. And yet we challenge any one to refute the statement that the family is nothing more than an unordered and chaotic *pot pourri*, having not even the merits of systematized communism. Strife, bickerings, envy, stealth, and mutual disgust naturally breed in such an institution, and no intelligent social observer need be reminded of the shameful scenes that daily befoul the family nest in all quarters, among high and low alike.

But it was not the especial purpose of this article to attack the family relation. The matter is only touched upon incidentally to indicate to the disciple of Liberty that despotism lurks everywhere, and that there is plenty of work on hand at every door. He who already has faith enough in Liberty to practice with it experimentally may begin with his wife, children, brother, sister, sweetheart, or friend, and without doubt he will soon find a job on his hands so large that no time will be left to him in one mortal life to make a pilgrimage to St. Petersburg with a bomb in search of the czar. Perhaps, if the experimenter in Liberty should begin with himself, it would take him so long to understand the heights and depths of all that is involved in its adjustments that he might not be able to get far into his neighbor. The whole subject of INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY, as balanced by the COST PRINCIPLE, is one of almost infinite richness in thought and attainable benefits. The most convenient season for studying it experimentally is *now*, and the student need not even go outside of himself to find plenty of good material to work upon.

Liberty welcomes a stanch ally in the West. The "Kansas Liberal," always a good paper, is now made doubly so by the addition of E. C. Walker to its editorial staff. It is a thorough-going advocate of absolute individual sovereignty, and matains its attitude within striking ability. Read the advertisement in another column, and send your subscription.

"Man," the organ of the Liberal League, is making rapid strides in influence and excellence. It is fast overtaking Liberty.

The Arrest of Kropotkine.

From "L'Intransigeant" and "Le Révolté" we glean the following details of the French government's outrageous arrest of Pierre Kropotkine:

On Friday, December 15, Madame Kropotkine, wishing to go from Thonon to Geneva to consult a doctor in behalf of her brother who was a victim of lung disease, made arrangement to take the train leaving a few minutes after four o'clock, and was already in one of the railway carriages, when the district attorney, accompanied by a few policemen, invited her to step out again to be searched. Madame Kropotkine asking him for what reasons this search was demanded, he replied that she was accused of transmitting her husband's correspondence with Anarchists living in Geneva, that the orders given by the examining magistrate at Lyons were explicit, and that she would have to follow him in order that they might be carried out. In vain did she explain why she was going to Geneva, and that her business in that city was of vital importance, involving, if not the salvation of her brother's life, at least its preservation for as long a time as possible; in vain did she hand over the little basket which she carried to the attorney with the request that he inspect it at once that she might not miss the train; he only replied with the order, several times repeated, to follow him in the name of the law.

She was then led into one of the rooms in the depot, while Kropotkine, who had accompanied her to the train and had witnessed the whole scene, was kept in sight by a few policemen in the waiting-room. It took an hour and a half to find in Thonon a woman willing to undertake the contemptible task of searching her; and even then, in the absence of any one else to execute the *explicit orders* of M. Rigot, the examining magistrate at Lyons, it was the police commissioner's wife who, at the bidding of her husband, had to begin the exploration of Madame Kropotkine's person. The *explicit orders* of this rascal having been executed, and his wife having brought him, as the results of a *half-hour's* search, the compromising papers destined for the Geneva Anarchists, — consisting of two numbers of the Russian journal called the "Golos," two books (one French and the other Russian), a memorandum-book, and a wallet, — the attorney then declared to Kropotkine that they were going to search his dwelling. Kropotkine observing that such a search probably had already been made in his absence, the official rejoined:

"Do you think, Mr. Prince, that we would ever consent to violate your domicile in your absence?"

Nevertheless, on reaching his house, accompanied by the attorney and his subordinates, Kropotkine saw that the police had been there; everything had been upturned, downturned, and ransacked. Although Kropotkine had warned the officers that there was a dying man in the house, his brother-in-law, a young man of twenty-one, confined to his bed with tuberculosis, whose death the slightest emotion might precipitate, the commissioner rushed brusquely into the chamber, compelled the sick man to rise, and made a minute examination of every nook and corner of the apartment. For an hour they kept the unfortunate man, shaking with fever, from all communication with the rest of the household, who had been put in the kitchen. Finally, overcome by intense suffering, he fell back upon the foot of his bed like an inert mass. A little later, when his sister arrived to relieve him and bestow upon him the necessary cares, the officers did not leave her alone with the sick man, but remained continually in the chamber, so provoking him in his agony that, collecting what remnants of strength were left him, he seized an alarm-clock, which lay upon a table at his bedside, to throw it at the heads of the officers who poked their noses through his doorway. Exhausted by this effort, his weak arm fell, and he sank into the arms of Madame Kropotkine.

All this was going on on the ground-floor, while the attorney and a number of others were searching Kropotkine's study on the floor above. But though they searched a long time, they evidently did not find what they expected. They seized, nevertheless, some unfinished manuscripts, among them the preface of a work on Anarchy. Then they found some English letters concerning Kropotkine's scientific and literary labors for English publications. But these letters, as well as those of his wife (in Russian), they did not touch. Next they seized two letters — one from Geneva, the other from Paris — of absolutely no importance.

But the *pièce de résistance*, the pearl of their discoveries, was two other letters: one from London, in which the writer claimed to be the bearer of hundreds of thousands of francs for Kropotkine, which he would deliver to the Russian revolutionist if the latter would meet him in London; the other, of a similar nature, from a man in Switzerland. On both of them Kropotkine had written: "The work of international police-spies." Of such letters Kropotkine receives dozens every month. Further than this the plunderers got no booty, and departed at a late hour.

The excitement proved fatal to the unfortunate consumptive, who expired a few days later in the arms of his sister and his brother-in-law. The day after his death, while Kropotkine was caring for his suffering and distracted wife, and while a doctor whom he had called was at her bedside, the house was surrounded by the police, and the commissioner, girt with his scarf, presented himself upon the ground-floor, in a room adjoining that where lay the corpse, and asked for Kropotkine. The latter having been called, the commissioner read to him a warrant for his arrest issued by the examining magistrate at Lyons, and told him at the close that he might have a few hours in which to prepare for his departure. Kropotkine, then opening the door of the next room, showed him the body of his brother-in-law, and, telling him that his wife had had a fainting-fit and that a new and sudden emotion might endanger her life, asked a delay of two days in which to assure himself of his wife's health and break to her the news of his arrest less brutally, the house in the meantime to be guarded by the police. The commissioner and his men, who, old soldiers of the Empire, were by no means tender-hearted, recoiled at the picture that confronted them, and, perceiving, in spite of their thick skins, the utter ignominy of an arrest made at such a time, did not wish to take upon themselves the responsibility of such an act. The commissioner therefore ordered one of his men to report the situation to the district attorney with Kropotkine's request, the latter giving his word of honor to appear two days later before the examining magistrate at Lyons, or, if his word should not be accepted, then in the custody of the police. The doctor entering at this moment, the commissioner took occasion to ask him if what Kropotkine had said concerning the health of his wife was correct, and the doctor confirmed Kropotkine.

After a wait of *fifteen minutes* the officer returned with the attorney's answer. The latter, he said, had *telegraphed to Lyons* the request of Kropotkine and had just *received the reply*. The magistrate allowed Kropotkine a few hours in which to prepare for his departure, and ordered that he be taken at five o'clock to the prison in Thonon there to spend the night, that he be permitted on the following morning to attend the burial of his brother-in-law guarded by four officers, and that immediately afterwards he be sent to Lyons. In view of this answer, Kropotkine, after telling the commissioner that it was not alone to be able to attend his brother-in-law's funeral that he had asked for a delay, but to assure himself concerning his wife and give her the care which her condition called for, declared that he was ready to go at once.

The inhabitants of Thonon exhibited much sympathy for him at his departure. On his arrival at Lyons he was committed to the St. Paul prison on two charges: first, of having been connected with an association between Frenchmen and foreigners, whose object is social upheaval and whose methods are assassination and pillage; second, of having been the chief instigator and organizer of this association in France, and especially of having visited Lyons to foment revolt in secret meetings.

Of the ridiculous allegations upon which these charges are based the following are fair specimens: (1) that Kropotkine, replying to a young man of St. Etienne who had urged him to start the revolution, said the time was not yet ripe; (2) that he wrote to a committee of workingmen, who had invited him to attend a private reunion, that he could not give his presence at any but a public meeting; (3) that he wrote to the "Droit Social" declining to become a contributor to that journal; (4) that he corrected the proofs of a pamphlet on Nihilism, the author of which had requested him to point out whatever material errors he might discover. And yet, held upon such trifles as these, the French magistracy declined to accept for him the proffered bail of no less a person than the eminent radical and millionaire member of the British house of commons, Joseph Cowen of Newcastle.

At Rochefort's request Georges Laguerre, the lawyer who recently defended the miners of Montceau with great ability, bravery, and eloquence, consented to take charge of Kropotkine's case, but Kropotkine, on receiving the offer, declined it in the following letter:

My dear Rochefort:

I thank you earnestly for your kind remembrance and your friendship, and I beg you to warmly thank the friends who remember me. Of what consequence are governmental prosecutions, if they gain us the sympathy of those whom we esteem?

Extend my best thanks also to M. Laguerre for his kind offer. I shall engage no counsel, but defend myself. Most of my comrades will do the same.

What is the use, indeed, of a defence based on legal grounds when the material facts on which the prosecution is based are *null?* The charge amounts simply to constructive treason, a prosecution of a class.

Accept a hearty handshake and my good wishes.

PIERRE KROPOTKINE.

In consequence of his arrest, his wife underwent a severe nervous crisis, which created no little anxiety among her friends. Fortunately she came out of it safely.

The event caused much discussion in the newspapers, and the Gambettist organs insinuated that Elisée Reclus was avoiding France in order to escape the fate of his fellow-worker in the revolutionary movement. Thereupon M. Reclus wrote the following letter:

Monsieur Rigot, Examining Magistrate at Lyons:

SIR, — I read in the Lyons "Republican" of December 23 that, "according to the warrant," the two chiefs and organizers of the "revolutionary Anarchists" are Elisée Reclus and Prince Kropotkine, and that I do not share my friend's imprisonment for the sole reason that French justice cannot go beyond the frontier to arrest me.

You know, however, that it would have been very easy to arrest me, since I have just passed more than two months in France. Nor are you ignorant that I returned to Thonon to attend the burial of Ananieff the day after Kropotkine's arrest, and that I pronounced a few words over his grave. The officers who were stationed immediately behind me and who repeated my name had only to invite me to follow them.

But whether I reside in France or in Switzerland matters little. If you desire to institute proceedings against me, I will hasten to respond to your personal invitation.

Name the place, the day, and the hour.

At the appointed time I will knock at the door of the prison designated.

Accept, sir, my civilities.

ELISÉE RECLUS.

It is needless to say that this letter was not heeded. The trial of Kropotkine, Emile Gautier, and a number of other Anarchists began at Lyons on the 8th instant, — not before a jury, but before a tribunal of three judges, — with what result is not yet known. Liberty will keep its readers informed concerning the sequence of this shameful affair.

In this issue we can only give the following encouraging news sent by cable to the New York "Sun:"

The French Socialists have enjoyed a great triumph in the trial of Prince Kropotkine and his fifty-two brother Anarchists at Lyons. If the trial had been designed as an elaborate scheme for the propagation of Socialism, the result could not have afforded more satisfaction to its projectors. The whole affair was practically controlled by Prince Kropotkine. He was cool, courteous, and self-possessed, and in his replies to the president of the tribunal showed his entire mastery over his judges. The ability which he disclosed was extraordinary, and the exasperation of the court was complete. All of the prisoners took a firm stand, gave their testimony sometimes with unconcealed sarcasm, and betrayed no apprehension of the result. So far the trial is a failure. Not one has been identified with the International, which was the immediate intention, while all have boldly avowed their political beliefs and practices.

No Pardon Desired.

The executive committee of a revolutionary society in Rome, convened in special session to consider Victor Hugo's appeal to the emperor of Austria to spare the life of Oberdanks the bomb-thrower, who has since been executed, passed the following resolution:

The committee, having taken cognizance of Victor Hugo's letter asking the emperor of Austria to pardon William Oberdank, condemned to death;

Interpreting the sentiments of the Italian party of action, which never compromises, and the invincible pride of the condemned hero;

While rendering homage to the heart of the great poet and to the Italian students who called upon him, does not unite in the petition for pardon sent to the oppressor of Trente and Trieste, because such a course diminishes and profanes Oberdank's sacrifice, and it rejects especially the statement of Victor Hugo that the Austrian emperor, by signing the pardon, would become *grand*.

Despotism can know neither true grandeur nor true generosity, because it is guided only by interest and restrained only by fear.

Whether the Austrian emperor shoots or condemns to slow death in the galleys our valorous friend, he will never be grand; he will ever remain in the conscience of the people as the oppressor of our brothers, cursed by all Italian mothers.

A Warning to the Blind.

[Henry Maret in "Le Radical."]

We have reached an epoch when it is highly imprudent for the governing and well-to-do classes to deny social questions and ignore the wretched, from whom they have taken away heaven and to whom they refuse the earth. All such partial outbreaks as the Montceau-les-Mines troubles are not very disquieting in themselves, but they are precursory signals. The great earthquakes which engulf cities are generally preceded by slight upheavals and lugubrious rumblings. It will not do to exclaim tranquilly: "Bah! we will end the matter with a few gendarmes." There will come a day when the gendarmes will be lacking and when misery will raise everywhere its immense black flag.

Who does not see the necessity of giving light and happiness to the obscure and the suffering is himself a blind man and to be pitied. We may laugh at conventions which end in nothing; we may despise certain ridiculous theories and the envious persons who live by them; but there is one thing permanent, which we cannot laugh at or despise: the suffering of the poor. The laborer wishes his part of the Revolution; he means to take his place at the grand banquet; the guests must sit closer and give him a seat among them if they wish to finish in peace the repast they have begun. [Rather, should they not retire from the table? Who besides the laborer is entitled to a plate? — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

And that is just, and what is just eventually becomes actual. It is not possible that one portion of humanity will forever labor to enrich another portion and that the same sun shall not shine for all. And since you can no longer promise him a paradise in which you no longer believe, do not be surprised when the poor man rises and says to you:

"Brother, where is the share of our inheritance which you have stolen from me and which I did not sell while in my mother's womb?"

COME INTO THE ALLEY, MAC!

Written at the time of the attempted enforcement of the Sunday laws in New York's new penal code.

Come into the alley, Mac,
For the Sathurday noight has gone;
Come into the alley, Mac,
Oi 'd discoorse wid yeself alone;
For the roundsman shure will not come back,
And the sergeant 's bloind as a shtone.

The throuble will soon begin
Wid the new Sunday law, d' ye see,
And we 'll have our hands full wid runnin 'em in
And consthruin' the Code lagally;
So Oi 'd have ye attind till the wag av me chin,
And poshted an law ye will be.

All noight was Oi kept awake
By a chap wid a big bassoon,
And Oi foind by the Code it 'll be lagal to make
An exhample av that gossoon,
On the charge av wilfully thryin to break
The Sabbath all up wid his chune.

By the selfsame section, av ye hear a dhrum
Wid a funeral gang on Broadway,
Arresht the corpse, Mac, the son-av-a-gun,
For not dyin some other day.
And shnake in thim Dutchmen, ivery wan, —
It' s no roight, has a band, to play
And sorely disthract wid haythenish fun
Thim payple as wants to pray.

Oi 'd advoise ye to slug and take to the jug
That naygur down on yer bate,
Av ye catch him shavin'; ye 've a roight to lug
Anny barber tru the sthrate
For breaking the Sabbath wid a lather-mug.
It 's a croime now to be nate.

Thim bootblacks too, we have thim foine,
And the Arabs as sells the "Sun;"
For the Code sez naythur av thim shall shoine
On Sunday for annywan.
Such deshperate villains do be in our loine,
And Oi 'm antishipathin some fun.

It 's a jooty, d 'ye see, to squelch the news
What thim rashcally papers do print;
And anny mon wid black on his shoes
Is on worldly vanity bint
An' divil a bit betther nor Chatham-sthrate Jews,
Who won't kape Sunday or Lint.

And by the same token, there 's orthers given
Reshspecthin' the measures to take
Wid Moses an' Aaron, who niver count sivin
From the proper front ind av the wake,
But shplit all their show av geithin' to hivin,
Giving the Code the cowld shake.
We 'll have thim pulled in by half pasht elivin
For the law and the goshpel's sake.

But, Mac, av ye think to remain on the foorce,
Kape in wid the boss av the ward.
Thin sellin' av rum there 's mony things worse,
And a wink 's as good as a nod
To wan av "the foinest," the same 's a bloind horse;
So ye 'll govern yerself in accord
Wid the charity clause in the Code, av coorse,
The consthruin' av which is broad.

There' s more Oi'd call till yer moind
Consarnin' thim Sunday laws,
But it 's dhry Oi 'm getthin', Oi foind,
Wid exshpoundin' the why an' because,
And Oi' m thinkin' it 's toime to be takin' some koind
Av a dhrink to moisthen me jaws;
Which being necessithy, Codes don't boind
You and me to shplit laygal sthraws.

MAX.

The Prisons of Siberia.

The following letter, containing accurate and detailed information concerning the atrocious treatment inflicted upon the political prisoners of Alexander III., was received from Siberia during the closing week of 1882 by the Russian refugees at Geneva:

On the first of May, at two o'clock in the morning, two consecutive shots were heard near the political prison of Nigni-Kara. The sentinels had fired at a man who was escaping from a workshop located just beyond the grounds. Soon afterward a special visit was made at the prison, and the keepers established the escape of nine prisoners: Michkine, Ilroustchow, Bolomiesow, Voinarolsky, Lestcheuko, Jurkowsky, Dikowsky, Ilrjanowsky, and Minakow.

This escape so disturbed the authorities at St. Petersburg that they threatened to recall the governor, Iglichewitch, unless the fugitives should be recaptured. A few days before, on the twentieth of April, Iglichewitch and Galkine-Vrajsky had inspected the prison and found it in good order. To mitigate their responsibility these two functionaries conceived the ingenious idea of fomenting a revolt among the prisoners. On the fourth of May the manager, Potolew, ordered that the heads of the political prisoners be shaved. The prisoners replied that the instruction of the ministry exempted them from this process, that only the ministry could rescind the instruction, and that consequently they refused to submit to Potolew's order. This decided stand of the prisoners led the authorities to reflect, and on the sixth of May they officially notified the condemned that no violence would be done them and that they might be tranquil. Five days passed without incident, and the prisoners began to breathe again.

On the eleventh of May, at three o'clock in the morning, six hundred Cossacks, under the command of Iglichewitch, Roudenko, and Potolew, authorized by Galkine, surrounded the prison, occupied all the passages and courts, and rushed upon the sleeping prisoners. They proceeded first to a general visit, summoned the prisoners to dress themselves, and obliged them to go out in five groups. The Cossacks then invaded the prison and took the prisoners' effects; their chiefs set the example by appropriating articles of value. They took everything, even photographs. Twenty-six prisoners were sent to Oust-Kara, and as many more to Vechnia-Kara and to the prison of l'Amour. The Cossacks, urged by their leaders, insulted and struck the unfortunates. When the latter, worn out with suffering, made a show of resisting the bad treatment, the order was given to break the heads of all who should utter a word of protest. They tied their hands behind their backs, and thus our unhappy comrades were marched to Oust-Kara.

At the moment when the prisoners remaining at Nigni-Kara were beginning to dine, Potolew and Roudenko appeared with the Cossacks. The prisoner Orlow demanded an explanation of what had happened. "Silence!" was the only answer that he obtained. Orlow insisted. The Cossacks rushed upon him, struck him with the butts of their guns, and then took him off to put him in the dungeon. During the excitement Potolew struck some blows and ordered the Cossacks to do likewise. Orlow's companions received similar usage. When at last this scene of savagery ceased, Potolew shouted gleefully: "That is how we make visits!"

The cruel wretches then passed into the next room. The prisoner Bobohow was seated when the inspectors entered. "Take him by the hair!" yelled Roudenko; and Bobohow, dragged by the hair, received a shower of blows. Filled with indignation, the prisoners Starinkewitch and Jastrawsky seized boards and threw them at Roudenko, who unfortunately was not hit by them. This attempt at resistance was followed by a frightful scene of violence. The Cossacks set to beating the prisoners with such zeal that the stock of one of their guns broke. Of all the prisoners Starinkewitch suffered the most.

After which the unfortunate prisoners were submitted to a whole series of persecutions. Their books, tea, and tobacco were taken away; they were restricted to ordinary prison fare — spoiled bread and soup made from tainted fish. Not content with that, the authorities confined them in twos and threes in narrow cells, prohibited them from going out even to take the air, took away their beds, refused them their own linen, and deprived them of light. The women were treated in the same way, and the sick had neither care nor medicine. Vlastopoulo went mad!

A few weeks went by without any modification in their condition, when Holtongrine, major of the gendarmes, arrived. Holtongrine told the prisoners that they were accused of receiving stolen goods, and that the authorities had taken away all their things as compensation for the twenty-three thousand roubles which the search for the fugitives had cost. "I will make them die of hunger!" said Holtongrine, speaking of the political prisoners.

At present this is the situation at Kara. The prison is divided into small compartments. Each compartment contains six or seven men all shaven and in irons; some are handcuffed, notably Popro, Berousnik, and Fomitchew. All are expressly forbidden to go out, and are deprived of books, journals, ink, and paper. The prisoners are formally prohibited from writing to their relatives and friends. Twice a day they receive an official visit. The authorities are disposed to send back the women who have voluntarily followed the political prisoners. Among the latter there are twenty-two who have finished their sentences, but Holtongrine says: "Russia has its term, and we have ours." We are no longer allowed to work in the shops, or to care for the sick, who are numerous. The women are treated like the men, with the single difference that they can spend their money, which they do in buying tea and tobacco for the prisoners. Several of the women are sick: Bronchkowska, Kowalska, Kobenkina, Lechern, and Levenson. Among the men the following are very seriously ill: Fihanow, Jurkowsky, Dikowsky, Bogdonowitch, Starinkewitch, and Jounow. Starinkewitch and Jastrawsky are under sentence for resisting the authorities. Pont-Kara has vowed an implacable hatred for Holtongrine, Roudenko, Iglichewitch, Galkine-Vrajsky, and Potolew. Kochnitzeff, Weimar, Michdatlow, and Frostchausky are well. Preobrajensky is thin an feeble. Ziplow has received one hundred blows of a musket in the hands of Anoutchine; while they were being struck, Holtongrine continually encouraged the wretch with these words: "Strike! Strike hard! These rascals must be killed!" Those most compromised in the resistance provoked by the authorities are Bogomolsky, Kovalsca, Chedrine, Ivanow, Volochenko, Popow, Ratzinsky, Kobilensky, and Gachisch. They have all been taken, with irons on their feet, to the fort of Novogui-orguivsky. The fugitives have been recaptured and fastened to the walls. Lechern has been hanged. Bronchkowska swallowed dissolved matches, but the authorities saved him.

All these facts are irrefutable. What could be added to the terrible list?

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 7. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.** **Whole No. 33.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

The Trial of the Anarchists at Lyons.

In accordance with our promise to keep our readers informed concerning the trial of Kropotkine and his fifty-one fellow Anarchists at Lyons, we present the following condensed report of the judicial (?) proceedings:

The trial began on Monday, January 8, before three judges, the offense of affiliation with the International Association with which the prisoners were charged not being one of those which juries pass upon. The prisoners were interrogated successively by the presiding magistrate, who first addressed himself to Bordat, a light-haired young man of twenty-seven. Bordat, who answered with firmness, dignity, and precision, admitted that he belonged to the Lyonese Revolutionary Federation, that he was one of the editors of the "Droit Social," that he had attended the Geneva Congress in his individual capacity, and that he was there put on a committee with Elisée Reclus to draw up an Anarchistic manifesto.

The Court.—Did you not declare at a conference on September 9, 1882, that the Anarchists recognized no authority, not even revolutionary authority? Have you not said that the miners of Montceau did well in blowing up crosses and churches?

Bordat.—These statements are inaccurate. But the acts at Monteau were legitimate because the *bourgeoisie* provoked them. I approve what is called propagandism by acts only when there is provocation on the part of the *bourgeoisie*.

District Attorney.—What do you mean by those words, "provocation on the part of the *bourgeoisie*"?

Bordat.—I mean such things as were done at Monteau, where they compelled workingmen to abstain from expressing their political and religious opinions.

The Court.—But where was the provocation for the acts committed at Lyons?

Bordat.—I decline all responsibility for them and condemn them.

The Court.—Is not your programme the abolition of authority?

Bordat.—Yes.

The Court.—And the abolition of property?

Bordat.—Not exactly. I desire, on the contrary, the extension of property, its universalization. I would not take from one to give to another. I am an enemy of the State as well as of God.

The Court.—You pretend, I believe, that the Lyonese Federation was affiliated with no association?

Bordat.—Yes. I am not in favor of secret associations, and the International can be nothing else.

In the examination of Emile Gautier, one of the most active of the Anarchists, the prisoner admitted that he had taken part in the formation of groups.

The Court.—Your programme includes the abolition of property and of the State?

Gautier.—Exactly so.

The Court.—You have advocated revolution?

Gautier.—I am of those who think that the social transformation of which we dream and from which justice must result cannot be accomplished without revolution. That is a fact which I establish, history in hand. I consider the acts at Monteau as precursory signals of revolution. When one sees such cracking in the social structure, its downfall is near. Just as the revolution of '93 was preceded by three hundred minor riots, so the social revolution will be preceded by numerous disturbances. Never does the thunderbolt leap from a cloudless sky. We belong to an international party, as we have a right to do, but not to an established association.

The Court.—Do you admit that you have held relations with Elisée Reclus?

Gautier.—Yes, and I regret but one thing, that they were not more frequent.

The next notable feature occurred in the examination of Tressaud, a Marseilles youth of twenty-two.

The Court.—Your aim, you say, is to overturn republican government and universal suffrage?

Tressaud.—I never said so; I have spoken only of the present government.

The Court.—We are under a republican government.

Tressaud.—No, sir.

The Court.—The tribunal is not of your opinion.

Tressaud.—That is to be regretted.

The Court.—Did you not tell the examining magistrate that you were in favor of the abolition of property and of the family?

Tressaud.—Yes. I do not wish the labor of all to benefit only one or a few privileged persons.

The Court.—What means do you intend to use for the realization of your projects?

Tressaud.—Peaceful means, if possible; violent means, if necessary.

The Court.—You are an Anarchist?

Tressaud.—Yes, but not an Internationalist, and it is for affiliation with the International that I am here.

On Tuesday Pierre Kropotkine was called to the bar.

The Court.—Have you not been, since 1879, the supporter and principal editor of the "Révolté"?

Kropotkine.—I need not reply to such a question, for I do not see why French magistrates ask me what happens in the office of a journal published at Geneva. Moreover, if the government had deemed it so dangerous, it could have prohibited its entrance into France, which it has not done.

The Court.—Proofs were found at your house showing that you were the principal editor.

Kropotkine.—Once more, sir, I do not hide the fact that I have been editor of the "Révolté," but I ask what that has to do with the facts which led to my arrest.

The Court.—Have you not made speeches urging workingmen to take possession of property and with a view to induce them to overthrow the government which extended to you a generous hospitality?

Kropotkine.—I have always propagated Anarchistic doctrines to the best of my ability.

The Court.—Did you not take part in the London Congress as the delegate of the "Révolté"?

Kropotkine.—That did not happen in France. I was the delegate of a Swiss journal to a meeting held in England. I do not see how that concerns a French tribunal.

The judge then read from the "Révolté" reports of Kropotkine's speeches at the London Congress, and asked the prisoner if they were correct.

Kropotkine.—Yes, I spoke thus, and have never denied it, but I repeat that the presiding judge of a French tribunal has nothing to do with speeches made at London by the delegate of a Swiss journal.

The judge then read the resolutions adopted at the Congress.

Kropotkine.—I ask the court not to confuse my speeches with resolutions concerning the diffusion of chemical knowledge. At the Congress there were many young people who desired to study chemistry. I opposed this as impractical, although I believe that all the sciences are necessary to the people who desire a better social state; but I considered that a course of study, to end in such a result, must be broad and not inclusive of chemistry alone. I think that, when a party, like the Nihilists of Russia, finds itself in a position where it must either disappear, subside, or answer violence with violence,—I think, I say, that it has no cause to hesitate, and must necessarily use violence. This idea is so just and so humane that you yourselves, gentlemen, in France, applauded Vera Zassoulitch for firing at the oppressive magistrate, General Trépow.

Here the court and the district attorney interrupted with protests.

Kropotkine.—I beg you to remember that, as magistrates, it is your duty to respect the decision of a jury and bow before the verdict which it pronounced. Now, the jury acquitted Vera Zassoulitch.

The Court.—Were you not expelled from Switzerland on account of the London Congress?

Kropotkine.—The Federal Council expelled me at the demand of the Russian government, because I had protested by posters, put up by permission of the police, against the hanging of Sophy Perovskaya and her five friends,—a punishment so horrible that the correspondent of the London "Times" declared that he had never witnessed so hideous a spectacle, even in Asia Minor, where he had seen many frightful executions. That is why I was expelled, as everybody knows.

The court then asked Kropotkine about his journeys to Lyons and Vienna before he went to London. Kropotkine answered that everybody knew the objects of his visits from the band of spies that followed at his heels. The court, not being able to digest the word "spy," came to the defence of the police agents, saying that Kropotkine's expression was insulting to them.

Kropotkine (resuming).—A foreigner, moreover, is considered an outlaw, especially if the foreigner be a Russian exiled by his government which exercises so powerful an influence over France,—I beg pardon, over Switzerland. I did not conceal my intentions, and the letters announcing my journeys were written for no other purpose than to call together as many friends as possible. I have always preached Anarchistic doctrines wherever I have gone.

The Court.—What! you urged the overthrow of the government? That was a bad way of showing gratitude for hospitality.

Kropotkine.—I make a great difference between the nation and the government.

The Court.—You went to Saint Etienne?

Kropotkine—I am really astonished at being asked this question and not what I went to Lyons for, since my arrest was in consequence of the events that occurred in this city.

The Court (confused).—What did you go to Lyons for?

Kropotkine.—To talk about Anarchy in a *café* to a meeting of two hundred persons.

The examination ended by Kropotkine's denial that he belonged to the International Association.

Two sensations followed: the first created by the fainting of Madame Kropotkine, who soon recovered, however, and insisted upon remaining in court; the second by Bordat, who suddenly rose and, in the name of four comrades and himself, said: "We have just been insulted by an officer, a captain decorated with the Legion of Honor. This gentleman has just said to us, 'I fixed your friends of the Commune, and, if I had you, I would fix you as I did them.'" [This officer was afterwards imprisoned by his superior for thirty days.]

On the following day, January 10, Pejot was examined. Being asked if he had said certain things, he answered: "I should like to know whether I am on trial for affiliation with the International or for an offence of speech."

The Court.—When have you gone to Geneva?

Pejot.—Whenever I needed to go there.

The Court.—Did Elisée Reclus call upon you?

Pejot.—That is my affair.

Pinoy, in his examination, admitted that at a public meeting he had thrown a glass of water in the face of a journalist who had not the courage of his opinions.

The Court.—Were you not once condemned for vagrancy?

Pinoy (with great energy).—Yes, and society's condemnation is found precisely in the fact that a young and strong workingman may find himself obliged to steal or beg in order to live, while a multitude of idlers die of indigestion over their gold.

The Court.—Did you not strike Officer Marton?

Pinoy.—That does not regard the International.

Next came Nicolas Didelin.

The Court.—You are accused of having urged the conscripts to strike. Why did you refuse to do your twenty-eight days' military service?

Didelin.—I consent to tell you, although I do not understand why you ask me about facts which have not the slightest relation to the International. I refuse to do my twenty-eight days because there are religious devotees who are exempted from it; because I wish no more standing armies; because I would like to see war disappear; because the soldiers who shot the people in 1871—

The Court (interrupting).—You are excusing insurrection. The men upon whom the army fired in 1871 wished to overthrow the government of the Republic.

Didelin.—The men of 1871 had sustained a terrible siege, and wished, on the contrary, to found the Republic.

The Court (continuing to interrupt).—I see that there are

(Continued on third page.)

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Blind as well as Brutal.

Liberty bitterly regrets the necessity of giving up nearly the whole of the present issue to so sad a subject as the cruel fate of Kropotkine and his comrades. But there is no other paper in the world to lay before English readers the record of this infamy, and our duty is plain. The trial of the Anarchists at Lyons should and shall go down in history as one of the most notable illustrations, not only of the brutality, but of the blindness, of oppression, and it should not be of less interest to Americans because it occurred in France. Anarchy knows no frontiers; it is a gospel of human brotherhood that spans oceans. We beg every person who sees this paper to read carefully the proceedings which we report. Their outcome will prove of moment to the world. Anarchists in jail means the people in revolution; and unless they are speedily liberated, not a tenth of the decade allowed by Kropotkine will elapse before the dawn of the social day of judgment. Kropotkine, Gautier, and the rest have stood at the bar of Capital and Tyranny and received sentence most harsh. The verdict must be reversed, or Capital and Tyranny will soon be arraigned at the bar of outraged Labor and Liberty, and the revenge of the people upon their plunderers and jailers will be terrible, swift, and sure. Already they are awakening. Indignation meetings are being held throughout France and even in lethargic England; the workmen of Paris are demanding the confiscation of the property of the Rothschilds as a first step in expropriation; and a flame is rapidly spreading beside which that kindled by the manifesto of Jerome was but a fitful flicker.

Let our readers note, too, the manly bearing and uncompromising words of the accused. One would suppose that the judges were on trial before the prisoners at the bar (as indeed they were). But the result was a foregone conclusion. The judges, relics of the empire, were appointed for just such work, and they were bound to do it. But their verdict was not the climax of the infamy. That was attained only when Kropotkine, sick and delirious from the strain upon his mind, was removed to a hospital room, and the Russian ambassador to France, by permission of the ministry which Gambetta created, was *admitted to his bedside with two stenographers to take down his ravings*. And America is silent! So far as we know, but one paper in the country, the Boston "Globe," has been heard in protest.

Imagine an analogous situation. Suppose John Devoy, the Irish revolutionist, for instance, to be lodged in jail in this country for a political offence, and the victim of a high fever as the result. Would not the country be too hot to hold the administration which should admit the British ambassador at Washington to his sick-room, with two stenographers to record his incoherent mutterings as evidence to be used against him and his allies in British courts? Yet the treatment of Kropotkine is no different from this.

A word, in closing, to the Anarchists themselves, in condemnation of their advocacy of communism. Communism is anti-Anarchistic, and the perfection of authority. We shall not shrink from the policy of expropriation, if capital forces its adoption by the people; but, the old barriers once down, any attempt to re-establish privilege, in behalf of no matter how large a class, will be a violation of Liberty that cannot be tolerated. Any communistic attempt to interfere with the *freedom of individual production and exchange* will result in still another revolution. Advocacy of such a course is a departure from the Anarchy that Proudhon taught, a departure from the Anarchy that Liberty teaches, a departure that leads straight to Karl Marx's ground. We warn our friends to beware of it. The manifesto of the accused at Lyons speaks of equality as "a corollary, or, rather, a primary condition of Liberty." It makes all the difference which. Equality as a primary condition of Liberty must be imposed equality, and imposed equality, the child of Authority, can give birth in turn to nothing but Authority. Or, to use the words with which Proudhon closes his terrific attack on communism, *Whoever, to organize labor, appeals to power and to capital, lies, because the organization of labor means the downfall of capital and power.*

Our "Strange" Governor.

The "Commonwealth" was sorely distressed because Governor Butler had interfered with the "discipline" of the Concord prison. In its opinion, "the people" would surely have something to say of so strange a proceeding. What had the governor done? Why, he had directed that the prisoners — each of them — should have an opportunity to write him a letter, and seal it, so that the warden should not know its contents! Eighty or more of such sealed missives soon came into the governor's hands. Strange proceeding, indeed! So unlike any other governor! His illustrious predecessors had gone bodily, staff officers and all, and visited the warden on appointed days, and seen and heard prisoners only in the warden's sacred presence. And they always came away convinced that said warden was doing his "whole duty." Of course! What was the warden going to do? Give their excellencies a chance to discover the truth? Not if the warden knew himself, and most wardens think they do. What was going on in the minds of the caged and dumb prisoners not even their eyes dared reveal. Their side of the story was hidden away as in a sealed book. Therein lies the difference. A Governor Long could go to Concord, and the wily warden could keep the thoughts of the convicts sealed from his gaze. But Governor Butler is a "strange" man, and he ordered that their thoughts should be sealed from the warden's view. And this is the crime of the governor which has disturbed the dull "Commonwealth." Yes, and the people will have much to say about it, we doubt not. Probably Judge or Senator Hoar will look from his high place frigidly, and deem the deed another slice of "Butler's impertinence." And the cool "Advertiser" will solemnly render its frigid opinion as to how all cool and frigid people will view the scene of prison convicts in free and untrammelled correspondence with the governor of the commonwealth. And we shall not be surprised if Joseph Cook, ere this is in type, shall have made a "prelude" out of the astonishing and utterly demoralizing data.

But, for all that all the frigids can say, the plain and humane sense of the plain people will take the governor's side. The congregation at Lexington to which Emerson once preached was made up, as one of their number testified, of plain people, who could not understand other preachers. And we have often wondered if the plain people of Massachusetts could understand the other governors; for it seemed so difficult to conceive of a man having the power and not the will to sift the vast, accumulating testimony of ill, not to say savage, treatment administered to the prisoners of the State's prison. No one of them has heretofore even attempted to do it; for every one has willingly been the dupe of the warden.

But here comes a governor who has not the fear of men before his eyes, and cares little, we judge, for institutions, if, in his judgment, they need breaking up. This virtue he certainly has. We wish he had others we could name; but "his shortcoming shall not blind us to that which he hath." His effort to get at the "true inwardness" of the doomed men within these prison walls is one of the notable signs of the day. It is not the mere freak of Governor Benjamin F. Butler. He but echoes a public opinion that is steadily increasing in volume, and gaining boldness and definiteness with every passing year. The governor's action in this present case is but a slight indication of the "strange" things that are to come. What it emphasizes is a determination to guard with a new vigilance the liberties of all the people; even the "condemned," who are supposed to have no rights which anybody is bound to respect, are to feel the effects of the rays spreading everywhere from the rising sun of Liberty.

Assuming that the majority of the people have a right to manufacture an institution called the State, and, in accordance with their arbitrary decisions, shut people up in prison pens, — a point we leave out in this article, — to what end, we ask, is it done? And the reply will of course be: "For the safety of the general public. It is to give increased protection to the lives and property of all unoffending citizens. Concord prison stands as the symbol of Liberty: liberty to live, and liberty to remain in secure possession of all that is your own."

Agreed, so far; have it your own way up to this point for all that we will at present controvert you. Grant that your penitentiary is the sign of a real desire on your part to protect the good and deter the evil-minded; we ask, are you sure you are doing very much in that direction? If such *is* your opinion there are several reasons which lead us to think that you are very much mistaken. To borrow the phraseology of the "Monday Lectureship," we would say that it is "scientifically demonstrable" that you are not protecting either life or property. Crime steadily increases; your prisons are filling up. At the same ratio, twenty years (more likely ten) from now, the question will be, not where to locate the one State prison you have, but where to build another. During that time you will be refining your civilization, and making wonderful progress in the arts and sciences. But poverty and crime will keep pace with your advance, however rapid.

Why?

We will tell you.

It is because you are to be all this while a "breeder of sinners." In all your efforts particularly directed to that end, you have made not one "criminal" less in the past, but have engendered continually the very spirit of which evil-disposed men and women are manufactured. Is it a new thing to be told that there is a generation of the spirit as well as of the body? Your own Christ said: "Ye must be born again, of water and the spirit." That is, as we suppose, he intended to say: "You must not only wash your faces and keep clean hands; you must have new and clean spirits, — wash all the evil out of your thoughts and dispositions."

Now, supposing that, so far as you, yourselves, are concerned, you have been careful to follow this injunction — as you understand it. You are clean, every whit. You have not ventured to cast the first stone at anybody until you were wholly "without sin" — as you understand it. So far, good. And being thus prepared, you have turned to the task of protecting yourselves against the "unwashed," who were sure to come upon you and despoil you.

But what has been your method? Have you sought out these offending ones and striven to allay in them the spirit of the devil, and introduce the spirit of all goodness, and mercy, and charity, and forbearance from theft, and regard for the lives and liberties of their fellowmen? In other words, have you turned your attention to them that they also may be "born again"?

Ah, no.

You have done nothing of the sort. You have built a strong fortress and entombed therein as many of them as you have been able to catch. And you have put over them a "warden" with absolute power to string them up by their thumbs for one hundred and twenty-eight hours, if he pleases, or confine them in noisome dungeons without other food than bread

and water, and all this for no other cause than that, in sheer desperation, they have on occasions ventured to say by word or look that their souls were their own

This, in faintest outline, is a picture of your doings.

What did you think such conduct would accomplish?

You thought you would so frighten the bad people of the old commonwealth that they would not dare to behave otherwise than as you thought right.

That is the kind of protection you have sought for yourselves. You would freeze people with fear into good behavior. That is, you would *force* them to wash their faces and hands. If this were all you did, the result would not be so bad. But it is not. For, in the very act of *forcing* these bad people, you commit the almost unpardonable sin. You stifle the spirit that is in all men which would, if steadily invited, assert itself in their lives, — the spirit of brotherly regard and trustfulness. You array all such people against you; you evoke the spirit that dooms you.

The truth is, you are still "orthodox," and worship the orthodox god, whose "place of torment" has cast its baleful influence over our planet for centuries. You are taking pains, it seems, — or some of you are, — to amend the character of your god-idol You, or some of you, are crying "probation after death," and a number are shouting "probation forever." This is well, for it indicates in you a growing intelligence and an improving spirit. You are getting ashamed of a god who will get angry and punish his convicts for ever and ever, — turning them over to the tender mercies of some cloven-footed and horned warden, — Satan, we should have said. And men never get ashamed of their idol unless they have been subject to certain improvements in their own natures. This attempt at reforming your theology will undoubtedly, in the years to come, bear fruit in your own characters. You will make the "earthward pilgrimage" which brings you back from idle and vain wanderings after gods and devils in other worlds to this little planet on which all the terrible tragedy of "hell and damnation" has been from most ancient times enacted.

And here, we trust, you will set up your god with a new spirit. For, marvel not that we say unto you, your god must be born again and dwell among you, even in your own lives lived here upon the earth. Yes, banish your hells hereafter and *here*, and strive to set up the kingdom of heaven. But build no more outwardly. "The kingdom of heaven is within you" — if anywhere. In you, in all. Your strong building at Concord, if it still endures, should be a place of *liberation*, and not an abode of slavery and death. Then the influence radiating from it would be one of healing and balm to all the inhabitants of the land. It would beget a softened and kindlier nature in those now hardened and envenomed.

And you, gentlemen, by this and other institutions you would establish, would no longer be the "breeders of sinners." Sin is a negation. Every denial of good, whether by sinner or saint, feeds that negation. It despoils the land of that wealth of goodness which a positive, believing mode of dealing would as readily produce.

What you want to do is to tear down the barrier raised between men, and let the good and the evil, the wheat and the tares, grow together unto the day of *judgment*, which shall gradually dawn in the most darkened mind.

You must make the "wicked" feel they are not outcasts, — souls irredeemable, — not by preaching to them of the exceeding sinfulness of their sins, but by showing them the open paths to new and inspiring occupations. The fact is, half of the world goes to the devil for the want of seeing the opportunity of something better to do.

Do you, gentlemen, see a better employment of human powers? And the opportunity before you? And have you entered into the high enjoyment your energies thus directed bring?

If so, 'tis *that* which keeps you from "sin."

We will amend the rule so that it shall read, "Do unto others as you *do unto yourselves*" Then you will no longer be "breeders of sinners," but "helpers one of another, bearing each other's burdens."

And this shall be your protection.

And it shall come to pass that you will not need to discuss the whereabouts of your "prison," for the stream which supplied the evil waters shall be dried up at its source.

We welcome Governor Butler's "strange proceeding" as evidence that there is a new beginning of a new end.

The Trial of the Anarchists at Lyons.

(Continued from first page.)

people in this hall who agree with you; the tribunal is not of your opinion. Let us drop this subject, then.

In conclusion Didelin declared that the officer who arrested him insulted him and treated him in a cowardly manner.

The Court.—That must be false. Everybody knows that the police are very polite.

After the prisoners had been interrogated, the government called several witnesses, most of them policemen, not one of whom was able to connect any of the accused in the slightest degree with the International or show the existence of the International at all. The district attorney then summed up his case, claiming that the London Congress proved the existence of the International, that Kropotkine's relations with members of the Lyonese Federation proved that society to be a section of the association, and that the fact that all the other prisoners belonged to Anarchistic groups in relation with Kropotkine proved them to be affiliated with the International.

The defence began January 12 with the reading by Tressaud of the following manifesto signed by forty-six of the accused:

"What Anarchy is, what Anarchists are, we are about to tell.

"Anarchists, gentlemen, are citizens who, in a century in which liberty of opinion is preached everywhere, have thought it their right and their duty to recommend unlimited liberty.

"Yes, gentlemen, we are, the world over, some thousands, perhaps some millions,—for our only merit consists in saying aloud what the masses think beneath their breath,—we are some millions of laborers who demand absolute liberty, nothing but liberty, complete liberty.

"We wish liberty,—that is, we claim for every human being the right and the means to do everything which pleases him and only that which pleases him; to satisfy integrally all his needs without any other limit than natural impossibilities or the needs of his equally worthy neighbors.

"We wish liberty, and we believe its existence incompatible with the existence of any power whatever, no matter what its origin or its form, be it elected or imposed, monarchical or republican, inspired by divine right or popular right, by consecrated oil or universal suffrage.

"History tells us that all governments are alike and of equal value. The best are the worst. A little more cynicism in some, a little more hypocrisy in others. At bottom always the same practices, always the same intolerance. Even those apparently the most liberal have in reserve, beneath the dust of their legislative arsenals, some convenient little law against the International for use against troublesome oppositions.

"The evil, in other words, in the eyes of the Anarchists, does not reside in one form of government rather than in another. It is in the governmental idea itself, in the principle of authority.

"Our ideal then, in a word, is the substitution in human relations of the free contract, perpetually revisable and dissoluble, for administrative and legal tutelage, for imposed discipline.

"The Anarchists propose, therefore, to teach the people to live without a government, as they are already beginning to learn to live without a god.

"They will learn, likewise, to live without proprietors. The worst of tyrants, indeed, is not he who imprisons you, but he who starves you; not he who takes you by the collar, but he who takes you by the stomach.

"No liberty without equality! No liberty in a society where capital is monopolized in the hands of a minority which grows smaller every day, and where nothing is evenly distributed, not even public education, though paid for by everybody's mite.

"We believe, for our part, that capital — the common patrimony of humanity, since it is the fruit of the labors of past and present generations — should be put at the disposition of all in such a way that no one may be excluded from its use, and that no one, on the other hand, may monopolize a portion to the detriment of the rest.

"In short, we wish equality, real equality, as a corollary, or rather, a primary condition of liberty. From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs; that is what we wish, sincerely, energetically; that is what will come, for no prescription can prevail against claims at once legitimate and necessary. That is why they wish to stigmatize us in every possible way.

"Rascals that we are! We demand bread for all, knowledge for all, work for all; for every person also independence and justice."

No witnesses were called by the defence, but the prisoners in turn defended themselves, some by counsel, some by their own lips. One of them, Joseph Bernard, said that no evidence having been offered to connect him with the International, he should confine himself to answering the attacks upon his socialistic theories. Then he eloquently depicted the vices of existing society, and laid bare its monstrous iniquities. "The economist, J. B. Say, says that laborers are condemned to perpetual misery, and that there are only certain circumstances which permit them to improve their condition. Do you know what those circumstances are? Well, never have I dared to say it in my speeches, I a revolutionist! and yet they are plainly stated in the great economist's work on political economy,—fire and pillage. They accuse us of wishing crime; but the present society has killed millions of laborers. Is not the real criminal the man who sustains its unhealthy organization? We wish no crime, since we wish no more war; we do not wish to kill the *bourgeois*, but only to put them in a position where they will have to produce to satisfy their wants." Bernard then explained that the Revolution does not mean brute force placed at the service of insurrection, but the transformation of society, and concluded by saying that whatever the sentence that awaited him, he would recommence that which he had done, and that, when the workingmen should go down into the streets to put an end to the miserable conditions under which they live, he would be with them.

On January 13 Emile Gautier was heard. He spoke as follows: —

"Have I the right to be an Anarchist? That is the real and only question in this case.

"It appears, indeed, from the government's argument that the International and the Lyonese Federation are identical; now, I do not belong to it. This International does not exist then as an association, and consequently does not fall under the law of 1872. The Association is a precise and strictly defined thing. Where are the headquarters of the society which you pursue? Where is its treasury? What are its statutes? Are not the Jesuits and Freemasons international associations? Are not the financial societies equally international? We are charged with wishing no more country. Ask, then, the barons of finance what country is theirs.

"The old International was really an association, but it fell at the Congress of the Hague. The law of 1872 punishes affiliation with the International; now, it is certain that the word affiliation means reception into a society after certain formalities and engagements. Have you proofs of our participation in the association? The government has failed to find the slightest trace. The conclusion, then, is self-evident: the International does not exist.

"Or rather, I mistake; it has existed for three months by virtue of this prosecution, and yesterday it issued, armed and equipped, from the brain of the government's attorney, as Minerva issued from the brain of Jupiter. I did not imagine that justice had the power to resuscitate the dead.

"I am going to tell you what does exist. There are citizens of different nationalities who have the same thoughts, and who grasp hands over the frontiers from North to South and from East to West. There are individuals and multitudes who hold ideas in common. I am of these great criminals who think that the government has nothing to do with the distribution of my friendships. The question now is whether in this country of France it is permissible to entertain friendly relations with foreigners. Now, among the foreigners with whom I am reproached for entertaining relations, there is a Frenchman, Elisée Reclus, who by his talent and his character honors his country. If this man is so disorderly that one cannot shake hands with him and remain guiltless, why is he not here? Why have I not met him in any jail during my tour of the penitentiary world in eighty days?

"It was my right to see this grand patriot, as it was Rochefort's right to receive Parnell, Gambetta's to be the friend of the Prince-of Wales, Grévy's to greet Kalakaua, king of the Sandwich Islands, as 'my cousin.'

"If they apply this law of 1872, should they not prosecute the Legitimists, who take their orders from Frohsdorf? For that is an international act. Do not the Free Thinkers continually maintain relations with foreigners? They hold international congresses. Free Thought, which exists for but one end, — to destroy religion, — falls also under this law of 1872.

"Are not the Republicans who hold relations with men like Castelar, Parnell, and Bradlaugh guilty of internationalism?

"Does not 'Justice' number German socialistic deputies among its writers? Has not the 'Intransigeant' published subscription lists from the socialists of Amsterdam and Rotterdam for the miners of Monteeau-les-Mines?

"Why, then, do they not prosecute the Legitimists, the Republicans, the Collectivists, and the Free Thinkers, and why do they reserve the thunders of the law for the Anarchists?

"We are in the presence of a *procès de tendance;* the prosecution is against our opinions. The government's attorney has said that as long as there are any Anarchists left he will prosecute them. Well, I am going to tell you what Anarchists are."

Gautier then explained his views, which are but the application of absolute liberty. His well-chosen words charmed all

present and convinced the audience in the court-room. The stupefied magistrates listened with profound attention to the prisoner as he delivered the following peroration:

"They reproach us for excusing insurrection, but are not governments themselves guilty of the same offence? Is there not in Paris a column commemorative of victorious insurrection? Is not the national festival of the Fourteenth of July the glorification of insurrection?

"You, gentlemen, who sit at this tribunal, you are insurgents, since you judge us to-day in the name of the Republic which overthrew the imperial monarchy. If Bazaine had been in Paris September 4, you would now be judging us in the name of the emperor.

"On entering your deliberative chamber you will say to yourselves, gentlemen, that these fifty-two workmen, who have been so long in prison awaiting trial, have already paid sufficiently dearly for the right to have an opinion, — the only crime which you charge upon them, — and you will hasten to restore them to their families; for to condemn is not to reply, and there is no proscription which can save a worn-out political system. Remember that in 1871, after the wicked hecatomb of thirty-five thousand Parisians, it was thought that seals had been placed upon the tomb of assassinated socialism, and today socialism is stronger than ever.

"It will not be the condemnation of these fifty-two prisoners which will kill the Anarchistic party.

"In spite of your prosecutions our proselytes will increase; and after your persecutions, should there remain but one Anarchist, I shall be that one."

The most notable event of the trial occurred on January 15, when Kropotkine spoke in his own defense, as follows: —

"I believe, gentlemen, that you must have been struck with the weakness of the arguments of the public ministry to prove that we belong to the International.

"You must naturally conclude that the International does not exist; besides, the government has almost confessed as much, since the district attorney said that he would not cease to prosecute Anarchists.

"The question, therefore, stands differently, and it is now plain that this prosecution is one of opinion, — I will say more, — a prosecution of the moment, for the law has been applied so little since 1872 that it seemed a dead letter.

"Since that time workingmen have not ceased to hold relations with foreigners. Has any one concluded from that that the International Association has been re-established?

"This prosecution, independently of its character, is essentially a class prosecution. The law of 1872, indeed, divides society into two classes, since it is aimed only at the International Association of Working People. Is this not proved by the fact that the *bourgeoisie* have a right to associate with foreigners with impunity and without the interference of the law?

"For instance, lately a number of French deputies attended the unveiling of a monument erected to the Italian revolutionist, Mazzini, who spent all his life in efforts to get Austrian, French, and Italian sovereigns killed. Have they been prosecuted?

"Are not meetings of Italian and French Republicans frequently held in Paris? In the face of this prosecution of opinion, of the moment, and of a class, I have hesitated to defend myself; but above us there is a higher judge, — public opinion. For it I speak.

"Certainly, it would have been a very fine thing if we could have declared ourselves members of the International; but we cannot, because that grand association of the laborers of the entire world has not existed in France since the iniquitous law of 1872 destroyed it.

"For my part, I should have been proud to confess that I belonged to the society of which the great patriot, Garibaldi, said: 'It is the sun of the future.'

"Never shall I consider it a crime to say to the laborers of two worlds: Laborers, when the *bourgeoisie* plunge you into misery, a truce to hatred; join hands across the frontiers; be brothers!

"Oh! you say, Mr. Attorney, that we have no country! Do you suppose that my heart beats no faster when a Russian song rings in my ears than when I listen to a French song? Do you suppose that my love is no greater for the airs of my own country and that I do not prefer the cottage of the Russian peasant to the French mansion?

"But I love France, because I consider that this beautiful country marches at the head of the other nations; I am ready to aid in her development, and I am not alone.

"When the German soldiers burned, to the cries of *Vive l'empereur!* the cottages of your peasants, Bebel and Liebnecht in Germany made their protests heard.

"So many legends have been related regarding me that I am forced, to my great regret, to give here a few details about my life.

"My father was an owner of serfs, slaves, and from my infancy I had an opportunity to witness scenes like those of which you have read in that celebrated book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' At that time I learned to love the people who groaned in slavery. In the cabin of my nurse I learned to love the oppressed, and took an oath never to side with the oppressors.

"Later I entered the school of the czar's pages; I saw the court from the inside and learned to despise it.

"That was in 1862. At that time a liberal wind was blowing through Russia, and reforms began to be talked of.

"Having the privilege of choosing the corps in which I should serve, I did not hesitate to choose a regiment of Cossacks in Siberia, thinking that in that unhappy country I could labor for the reforms so much desired. I was the governor-general's aide-de-camp, and in that position did all the good I could. I was unsophisticated and believed that the government intended to execute reforms. The Polish insurrection broke out, and a terrible reaction followed. After two years I saw that the government did not wish to do anything; I devoted myself to science and travelled through Siberia.

"Finally I left Siberia, and at the age of twenty-six took my seat upon the benches of the mathematical faculty at St. Petersburg. During the four years that I remained there, a great socialistic movement developed itself.

"In 1873 the government arrested me and my brother, and I spent two years and a half in prison. My brother, who had been authorized by a special decree of the emperor to finish a geographical work on Siberia, succeeded in publishing the first volume; the second remained in the hands of the jailers. In that prison I heard above me the cries of the unfortunates who had gone mad, and I suffered doubly. Nine of my companions became insane. Eleven committed suicide. At the end of two years, scurvy and dyspepsia having got the better of me, I was removed to a hospital, whence I escaped. My comrades remained in prison four years without a trial, and were judged in the famous trial of the one hundred and ninety-three.

"In Switzerland, to which I came under the name of Levachoff, I found the working people in the same situation. Everywhere I saw the same wretchedness. I have seen great manufacturing towns where the children had only dirty and bad-smelling courts to play in. I have seen women searching in heaps of filth for the remains of vegetables to devour. I have seen poverty in London, and I have taken upon myself the mission of laboring for the social transformation.

"In 1881 I was expelled from Switzerland and went to Thopon, where I remained two months. Before going to England I visited Vienna, Saint Etienne, and Lyons. This is the journey for which I am reproached. I returned to Thonon October 12, 1882, and I do not need to tell you that I had nothing to do with the Montceau-les-Mines affair, for I was in London when it happened.

"They have sought to represent me as the chief of the Nihilists and as a great dynamiter. You have seen from the words of my comrades that they wish no chief. I continually receive letters containing dynamite proposals. My wife, who is in Lyons, herself receives propositions concerning infernal machines. In Thonon some persons called upon me, ostensibly to ask employment as gardeners or servants, but really to spy me: I gave them ten sous out of pity for the necessity that compelled them to follow so villainous a trade. The next day the Lyons "Républicain" said: 'Our correspondent has seen Prince Kropotkine, who told him that he was the chief of the Anarchistic movement.'

"I am a socialist. A society which is divided into two distinct classes — one which produces and yet possesses nothing, and another which does not produce and yet possesses all — is a society without morality and self-condemned. A workingman's labor represents an average of ten thousand francs a year, and his annual wages are but two thousand, and often only one thousand francs. By the side of this misery are displayed the unbridled luxury, the foolish waste, the shameful depravity of that *bourgeoise* class so well depicted by the modern novelist, Emile Zola. By what means can this shameful social injustice be reformed? Science is impotent to remedy it, and labor always benefits the well-to-do. Even John Stuart Mill insists upon the necessity of a social transformation.

"It was by violent expropriation that the *bourgeoisie* stripped the nobility and the clergy of their lands and their wealth. We demand the application of the Convention's decree: 'The land belongs to all.' Is this a crime? No; for it is necessary to apply it to the welfare of all and not to the profit of a class. The district attorney has said that I was the founder of Anarchy; but how about Proudhon and Herbert Spencer and all the great thinkers of 1848?

"We do not cease to labor and to study, and, instead of coming to discuss with us, they imprison us, they condemn us, because we defend these utopias — as you call them — which will be truths tomorrow. Our idea has been planted and has grown in spite of everything, in spite of persecutions, and it has developed with astounding rapidity. Be sure that our condemnation, our imprisonment, will bring us new proselytes. Persecution, you know, attracts sympathy. For the rest, in condemning us, you will not solve the question, — you will enlarge and circulate it.

"Finally I tell you that the laborers of France and Europe, who know that the International does not exist, have their eyes fixed upon you, and will say, if you condemn us, that for the *bourgeoisie* and the laborers there are two weights and two measures.

"What a revelation for them!

"Do not foment hatreds; repression has never served a good purpose. Prosecuted twice under the empire, the International rose in 1870 more glorious and stronger than ever. Crushed in the streets, after the Commune, under thirty-five thousand dead bodies, socialism, stronger than before, has infused new life into the blood of its disciples. Its ideas on property have spread to a formidable extent, and Bismarck himself has admitted the uselessness of laws against socialists.

"Gentlemen, believe me, the social revolution is at hand; before ten years it will break out; I live among the laborers, and I affirm it. Inspire yourselves with their ideas, go down into their ranks, and you will see that I am right.

"Permit me to tell you what I think. Do not excite the vengeance of laborers, for thereby you will prepare new misfortunes. You know that persecution is the best means of spreading an idea. Is that what you wish? Do you desire for France a future of massacres? For, I repeat, ten years will not go by without a social revolution.

"What is it necessary to do in view of this revolution? Will you sulk, shut your eyes, wish nothing, know nothing? No, you should frankly study the movement, frankly inquire whether, perchance, we may not be right. I adjure you, every man of heart who hears me, the question is serious and inevitable.

"Perhaps you will deem it very audacious in me to use such language to a court; but if only two or three persons are struck with the truth of my words and consider them a salutary warning, I shall not have paid too dearly by a few years of imprisonment for the satisfaction of having done my duty.

"If I, by counselling you to look at the certainty of a social revolution, could avoid the shedding of a few drops of blood, oh! I could die within the walls of a prison and die satisfied.

"If, however, my warnings do not suffice and the social revolution bursts forth by force and by the fault of the *bourgeoisie*, I shall be found with my friends."

In spite of these warnings the tribunal, on January 19, sentenced Kropotkine, Bernard, Bordat, and Gautier to imprisonment for five years, a fine of one thousand francs, ten years of police supervision, and five years of exclusion from civil rights; three others to imprisonment for four years, a fine of one hundred francs, ten years of supervision and five years of exclusion; four others to imprisonment for three years, a fine of five hundred francs, ten years of supervision, and five years of exclusion; five others to imprisonment for two years a fine of three hundred francs, ten years of supervision, and five years of exclusion; twelve others to imprisonment for fifteen months, a fine of two hundred francs, and five years of exclusion; eight others to imprisonment for one year, a fine of one hundred francs, and five years of exclusion; and ten others to imprisonment for six months, a fine of fifty francs, and five years of exclusion. The remaining five or six were acquitted.

Gautier and a number of his comrades have appealed from the verdict, but Kropotkine steadfastly declines to take any further steps in his own behalf.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 8. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883. Whole No. 34.

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

E. H. Heywood's trial will probably begin during the last week of March or the first week of April.

Elisée Reclus has gone to Asia Minor to gather materials for the eleventh volume of his great work on "Universal Geography."

The party in power is always the party of centralization; the party out of power is always the party of decentralization. All parties wish more Liberty when they are not masters. Only those who despise power altogether can be steadfast friends of Liberty.

In the closing sentence of his Fast Day proclamation Governor Butler warns the parsons off his ground. This, too, after he has just invaded theirs Probably parsons will continue to preach political sermons as long as governors issue theological proclamations.

The English Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature, having won a shameful victory by securing the imprisonment for a year of G. W Foote, editor of the London "Freethinker," now proposes, flushed with its success, to prosecute Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer. We earnestly hope it will. Nothing better could happen for the cause of free speech than a verdict against one of these men.

None of the newspapers, in their obituaries of Richard Wagner, the greatest musical composer the world has yet seen, mention the fact that he was an Anarchist. Such, however, is the truth. For a long time he was intimately associated with Michael Bakounine, and imbibed the Russian reformer's enthusiasm for the destruction of the old order and the creation of the new. Once, indeed, when Wagner went so far as to propose the destruction of the art treasures in the Dresden museum on the ground that the future would replace them with better, Bakounine was compelled to restrain his ardor. It is interesting to know that the prophet of "the music of the future" foresaw also the society of the future.

Liberty predicted in its last issue that the social revolution would break out in France within a year unless Kropotkine and his fellow-prisoners should be released. It begins to look as though we had set it too far ahead. The aspect of affairs in Paris is ominous. Thousands of armed workmen marching and countermarching in the streets, the police arresting the leaders and the military charging upon the masses, and the crowds dispersed at one point immediately concentrating at another. Meanwhile the Republican reformers (?) of the Gambetta type are discussing petty questions in the chamber of deputies, and it is left for the Catholic members to point out, as one of them did the other day, that "cavalry charges will not solve social questions." Perhaps the day of reckoning is coming sooner than we thought

Such an article as that which "Max" writes for Liberty in another column is most encouraging, showing as it does that true economic ideas are beginning to displace the anti-Chinese craze. It needs, however, to be supplemented in one particular. Free access to the land is not the only thing necessary. Land is useless to either white or yellow men without tools to work it with, and the bankers as effectually monopolize tools as the landlords monopolize the land. That is to say, they monopolize the issuance of the money with which tools are bought, and are thus enabled to dictate the ruinous rates of discount which farmers and others are compelled to pay for the use of capital. Strike down money monopoly as well as land monopoly; strip the banker of his power to exact interest at the same time that you strip the landlord of his power to exact rent; and then, as "Max" says, every man's wages, be he Chinaman or Caucasian, will be his product or its equivalent.

The "International Review" has passed into new hands, being now published in Philadelphia under the editorship of W. R. Balch, formerly a Boston journalist. The liberal tone of the contents of the first number issued under the new *régime* is in marked and surprising contrast with the periodical's previous orthodoxy and conservatism. Almost every article handles some live question. Co-education of the sexes and trial by jury are vigorously championed against recent assaults, and H. M. Hyndman's second paper on the "Social Reconstruction of England," which was refused by the "North American Review" after it had printed the first, appears in its pages. Mr. Hyndman is the leading English disciple of Karl Marx, and in this essay he advocates his master's principle of State absorption of all industries. Of course he gets no sympathy from Liberty in this, but nevertheless we rejoice to see a hearing given to such outspoken opposition to the present capitalistic system. Moreover, the writer tells much important truth. For instance — and we commend this to Henry George and his followers—he points out that in controlling capital you incidentally and necessarily abolish landlordism, while in simply abolishing landlordism you may strengthen the power of capital. Those who expect the millennium to follow the solution of the land question would do well to heed this fact. But the most astonishing feature of the "International's" table of contents is a downright free-love article by Edward Quincy, Jr., a writer heretofore unknown to us. We cannot refrain from quoting a few of his opening and closing sentences. "The history of the human race, briefly phrased, is the advancement from slavery to liberty. . . . Inch by inch, through ages of conflict, the ground has been won. . . . It is the part of wise generalship not to leave the forts and strongholds intact along the frontier of the territory that has been conquered. . . . One of the citadels of priestcraft, indeed one of its very bastiles, by the strength of which it gained and for so long a time retained its ascendancy over the masses, still remains, its walls intact, its banners and ensigns still defiantly flaunting. This menacing bastile of priestly supremacy is indissoluble marriage. . . . Love, to be love, must not, cannot, be otherwise than free. It is not a matter to be regulated by statute and controlled by indissoluble bonds. People cannot be made to love each other by law. The law of love is the law of liberty, and in that law the behests of Scripture, of reason, and of conscience unite in enjoining us to 'stand fast.'" To what bolder sentiment has Liberty ever given voice? We congratulate the "International" upon its entrance into a new path, and hope it will not deviate therefrom.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 17, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

An Editorial Astray.

[The article printed below, Liberty half suspects, originated in the new editorial rooms of the "Daily Advertiser," though we cannot positively say that it did. This suspicion is based on certain bits of internal evidence which we cannot put aside, and yet we may be as much mistaken as are those who affirm, from similar ear marks found in the plays of Shakspere that those immortal works of genius came from the brain of one Lord Bacon. But the mystery which is even in a greater degree perplexing the mind of Liberty's editor is why, for what purpose, was this roll of manuscript ever forwarded to Box 3366? There appears no other way to reach the solution we seek in vain alone than to call to our assistance the wit or wisdom of our numerous constituency of readers, which we proceed to do.]

When Benjamin, our Governor and Commander in Chief, affects the speech of piety, he is at his best. Everybody is aware that, on all proper public occasions, he can exhibit more of the pith and essence of a true and undefiled religious training than any other noted and honored character of our day and generation. It is well that it is so. The dear old Commonwealth is rich in having at least one soul within her borders able to take her interests in an acceptable manner to the throne of Grace. The predecessor of Benjamin, John, was capable of a certain *poetic* grace in the construction of his calls to humiliation, which pleased the eye or ear of an æsthetic public, but the sceptic no less than the pious devotee could readily detect the absence of that genuine and unctuous quality which, the world over, alone gives informing life to the written or spoken word. In brief, the vital spark, the heavenly flame, was missing. Governor Long in all other respects was an excellent governor, as governors go, and his numerous friends were for that reason all the more grieved that he should come short of completing the circle of his rare virtues in this one essential particular. But, as the apostle tells us, there is a "diversity of gifts." For one man to possess all gifts would disprove Scripture. And this thought should go far to reconcile the true Christian to the law of averages which under the providential ruling distributes gifts, to some moderately, to others plentifully, or, withholding from some altogether, showers on others with measure heaped up and running over. The Commonwealth must perforce accept this larger view, and find her satisfaction in the *sum* of her governors rather than in discovering in *each* the full complement of those high qualities which not only adorn and make her the one altogether lovely among the States, but in the most practical and serious ways insure her children both their temporal and their eternal salvation.

> The peace of God is hers,
> If she but take the care
> To husband all the gifts
> He strews, some here, some there.

It behooves all people, therefore, who dwell within her borders, on this solemn yet joyful occasion, to give heed to the several requests of him she has chosen to let his light shine from all her highest places in this year of our Lord, 1883,—for his face hath he set toward Zion, his heart is lifted to the Most High. Let a thirsting and an hungered people make the most of him. The trail of his mantle covereth the years of the past, and his influence will flow onward enriching and ennobling many otherwise barren years.

The time appointed by his "proclamation for a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer" is the fifth of April. Post-dating, as it does, the ever-recurring and memorable day of "All Fools" by four rising and setting suns, the people and their clergy will have abundant opportunity for the return of their good sense, the recovery of all native wit which this first of April festival was purposely arranged, for the time being, to deprive them of. They can in no manner better manifest such recuperative power than by observing this fifth day in strict conformity with the recommendations of their truly Christian governor.

We do not specify all the things which he hath shown to be fit and comely in the way of humiliation and prayer, but we delight in repeating and giving our emphasis to the following:—

That we may unitedly humble ourselves in the presence of Almighty God, and acknowledge, with deep contrition, our manifold sins and transgressions;

That we may devoutly deprecate His judgments and implore His merciful forgiveness through the merits of our blessed Lord and Redeemer;

That He restore to us that temper and conduct by which alone we can hope to be happy in this world and in that which is to come;

That He would alike preserve us from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon day;

That He would graciously smile on the labors of the husbandmen, and cause the earth to bring forth her increase in due season;

That He would relieve our commerce from the embarrassments with which it is burthened, and grant that prosperity may again distinguish our navigation and fisheries, so that they who "go down to the sea in ships" and do business in great waters, may have abundant reason to praise His holy name;

That He would afford success to our manufactures and prosper all the work of our hands;

That He would graciously condescend to direct the government of the United States and give them wisdom to discern, and firmness to pursue the true interests of the country; that He would preserve us from war, and from all connections that lead to dishonor and adversity; that He would dispel the clouds that encompass us about, and continue to us the enjoyments of peace, liberty, and religion; that He would influence the governors of the several States to do everything within their respective spheres to preserve the union, order, tranquillity, and independence of the United States; that He would protect us from the assaults of open enemies, and from the snares of insidious friends; that he would suffer no weapon formed against us to prosper, but would set at naught the councils of those who devise mischief against us.

That He would vouchsafe His blessings on our university, our colleges and seminaries of learning; that He would bless all means used for propagating true religion, and promote the pious purposes of those who endeavor to disseminate a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that all may learn His will and obey His commandments.

These are a few of the many suggestions to which we admonish the people to give heed on the day appointed.

Trusting, also, that this touch of needed advice to our ministers will fall as good seed into fruitful ground, we subscribe to it heartily:—

I do specially exhort the ministers of the gospel on that day to feed their flocks with the divine word, and not discourse upon political and other secular topics which may divert the serious thoughts of the people from humble worship of the Father.

Timely, indeed, is this whole manifesto of our Christian governor. The daring step of the Infidel had already profaned our legislative halls, and the semi-infidel had even crept into the gubernatorial chair. The loose ends of science were fast being gathered into a corded system to lasso even the Lord of our altar and drag him from his God-enthroned estate. The Holy Scriptures, too, were fast being borne under the muddy waves of every man's uninspired "common sense," or disrobed of their sacred sanctity and bound even as within the yellow covers of fiction. The dogmas of the atonement, the resurrection of the dead, and the endless misery of the finally impenitent were fading into the nebulous utterances of Plymouth Church, the "reforming" Andover School, and the Monday lectureship, when, lo! a voice heard often before on many a field of victory cries, "Halt!" We are summoned as by the command of the Eternal to the bemoaning of our sins, and the return to the sheltering arms of Holy Church. His ministers are directed to feed us from His holy word, eschewing all secular themes which would, as heretofore they have done, turn our thoughts from the "worship of the Father."

And what is more, and vastly encouraging as well, is the fact that this "joyful news of glad tidings" will fly as on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the Union. State after State may be expected to wheel into line with Massachusetts, and once more the old Bay State will lead the nation to the mount of glory and transfiguration.

Hail! Benjamin! ('tis a goodly and a Scripture name); hail!

Thou that leadest all the great and glorious reforms that are to 'stablish our wall of strong defence and blessedness in this world, lead us also into the everlasting peace that awaiteth the redeemed of Christ in the world to come! Amen! amen!

The reader—if perchance such an one there be wearing the garb and semblance of man—who shall wonder at the degree of emotion into which we have been betrayed will find his amazement speedily subsiding when we produce for the public eye a certain document which came into our possession months ago, bearing evidence of a wide spread conspiracy to deliver Massachusetts, body and soul, into the power of the unbelievers. How we obtained this damning revelation it doth not please us here and now to disclose. Verily, there are more things in heaven and earth than any of us have yet dreamed of. Thus far have we gone in our discoveries, yet "all before us lies the way."

The following, as it purports to be in a prefatory paragraph, which it is not necessary at this time to produce, was written in response to a request signed by some half-dozen well-known citizens. It will tell its own story; and when the reader has perused it we shall not disturb him with any word of comment upon the awful, swallowing depths of depravity it discloses. Enough that he sees them. So will the elevation of Benjamin F. Butler to the high office he now magnifies reveal the unmistakable Providence guiding and controlling for its good the affairs of at least one New England State.

Gentlemen:

. . . . . .

You are right. The utter divorce and separation of the State from all forms and shows of religion is demanded. If elected by the unsuspecting people of the Commonwealth to the high and responsible position you intimate numerous friends are [here is an erasure and blank that remains unfilled], I shall hesitate at no use of the means in hand to accomplish that end. I would begin by declining the oath. A simple affirmation would be substituted. I would omit from all proclamations or public documents I should be called on to issue, the old, stereotyped, and meaningless sentence, "God save the Commonwealth," &c. I would urge the dismissal of chaplains from both branches of the legislature. I would not hesitate of my own accord to banish those breeders of superstition from every institution where the Governor held the appointing and dismissing power. No proclamation or recommendation of any religious observance of any kind whatever would pass from my hand. I would urge the repeal of all laws against blasphemy and all statutes in support of the Christian Sabbath. In short, I would disestablish the "Church" in every sense and particular. I would say, "If Christianity has any virtue, let it stand on its own footing." The State cares for it no more than for Mohammedanism or Buddhism. It will foster and abet neither of them. In this same direction would be my effort to tax the churches, and to require them, as we do theatres and all public houses, to take out a license and give a guarantee of good behavior.

More I will not now say. But, believe me, gentlemen, I am with you in deadliest earnest against all privileges now granted the many institutions of religion, which, if left to themselves, would either thrive or perish on their own merits. Any individual or number of individuals have a right to have religion at their own cost and labor. But it is their lookout and no one else's. If any church, unbolstered by the State, can gain believers in heavenly gods who can and will, if sufficiently supplicated, cause water to run up hill in defiance of the common natural laws, there is no help for it except in the dissipation of ignorance. If people will pay priests to teach them and their children the doctrine of eternal damnation, the dogma of Christ's miraculous conception, his miracles, &c., why the principle of all men's liberty says, "Let them." They must do it until such folly is apparent to their own eyes. But the State must be rescued from the clutch they have upon it, and released forever from paying tribute to everything of that sort.

Your obedient servant,

BOSTON, September 21, 1881.

The Twin Children of Tyranny.

Any conscientious individual, with his eyes open, who will pause to take in a full breath of the prevailing political and social atmosphere, will find ample cause for serious reflection.

In the political world, in this nineteenth century of peace and good will to man, the novel spectacle presents itself of every European monarch surrounded by only half-trusted soldiers to protect him from being killed at sight by his "loving and dutiful subjects." Even in enlightened, constitutional Great Britain, the Queen shrinks before the haunting shadow of the assassin; and the members of the cabinet move among their official haunts in London like rats from hole to hole, guarded by spies, police, and soldiery. The public trial of a prominent "suspect" is attended by the issuance of special admission tickets to the court-room; and the most rigid inspection of applicants for admission is exercised, lest some spectator should stand in successful judgment over the judge, and rattle his learned "knowledge-box" with a revolver. The situation in the sham republic of France is an enigma which a handful of dynamite may suddenly solve any day; while in this glorious republic of the United States we read that the accidental locking of the wheels of the president's coach with those of an express wagon, the other day, created a "profound sensation" in Washington, lest it might have been a device of the assassin to slay the chief magistrate.

In social life, the spectacle is becoming more and more sickening. Prostitution, which used to be considered a distinct institution, outside the pale of recognized social life, has come to assume forms so subtle and seemly that it mingles "in the best circles" without offence. Meanwhile, the ratio of divorce to marriage in God-fearing and God-serving New England is already as one to eight; and the number of aimless, demoralized women outside of matrimony who make merchandise of their flesh is simply past finding out. A large percentage of these women are divorced, or disgusted young "widows," who, having had their eyes opened to the divine sham known as legal marriage, are left to confront the world without aim, motive, or individual integrity, and naturally drift into the market of flesh-pots, to sell whatever promise of individuality, purpose, or usefulness remains to the highest bidder.

Now, who and what are responsible for all this disintegration and chaos in the political and social world? Certainly not the Anarchists, nor the Communists, nor the Socialists, nor any other tabooed class of reformers. These much-dreaded reformers are the result, and not the cause, of a condition of things which has developed under the fostering care of Church and State. And what powers with which to combat chaos and demoralization have not Church and State had at their command, were they not themselves the very rotten roots of all social evil? From the start, they have had Almighty God himself as a backer. They have had all the money, all the land, all the saints, all the bayonets, and all the fools (whose name is legion) to work with; and yet the wee insignificant Devil, against all these tremendous odds, — backed only by a few wicked reformers here and there throughout history, — bids fair to score a near and final victory over the combined artillery of Heaven and all its agents in Church and State. If there is not something radically rotten in a machine that has turned up such a showing after being thousands of years on trial, with such almighty prerogatives, then humanity had better "pass in its chips" at once and die.

Church and State, being a double-headed conspiracy to deny Liberty and individual integrity, cannot survive the light of knowledge which their "Devil" is intended to typify. They have already brought the producing masses to a condition of poverty and bondage, which will not be long submitted to after the light begins to spread. They still manage to maintain themselves in a doubtful way by brute force; but the source of brute force resides in the victims themselves, and just as soon as the masses become level-headed enough to refuse to supply it against themselves, the game is irretrievably up. Fortunately there already are numerous individuals among the masses who comprehend the very simple secret of blocking the game, and the "providential" invention of powerful explosives comes to their aid as an offset against numbers. With this prospect ahead, it is no wonder that "profound sensations" are so easily created and are on the increase.

It is high time for the "profound sensationists" to take up the study of Liberty, and to begin to recognize the whole anti-social root of our political and social evils. If they knew their own interests, they would welcome the scientific Anarchists and discard the old and futile device of stoning the prophets. But, blinded and infatuated by the lustre of their own rottenness, the savage potentates of Church and State will probably continue to hasten the consummation of their own certain fate by repression. Whatever they may do, the signs of the time all portend that they but make more certain the victory of Liberty and the overthrow of the thieves and oppressors who have so long sat upon the neck of humanity.

Ben Butler's Piety.

If we had been selected to decide such a question, we should hardly have felt at liberty to say, without qualification, that Ben Butler was the wickedest man in Massachusetts, notwithstanding all the efforts he has apparently made to convince people that such was the truth. In fact, we have believed, in spite of himself, that he has perhaps no more real original sin in him, than have some others, who have been reputed to be far more orthodox than himself. Nevertheless, we were wholly unprepared for such a volcanic eruption of genuine, old fashioned, puritan piety as his Fast Day proclamation. We understand very well his amazing versatility; his power to do almost any thing and every thing in the legal, political, military, and financial line; but we had not conceived that we should ever see him on his knees, before all the world, acting the part of the penitent sinner, crying for mercy. Nor had we anticipated that he would ever set himself up as the legitimate successor of John Winthrop, Cotton Mather, and all the great lights of the puritan era, to tell the people of their sins, and call them to repentance. But in these particulars we were mistaken. We find that he is as great, and as versatile, in these new characters, as in any of his old ones. We are now satisfied that he has a real genius for divinity; that he has hitherto missed his true vocation; and that if he had taken to the pulpit, he would have eclipsed every body in the puritan line, from John Bunyan down to Talmage and Joe Cook.

But we think that in matters of taste, propriety, and consistency, he cannot be admired. For example, if he really has such a burden of sin on his own soul, as he appears to have, we should have expected that he would go into his closet with it, or to a regular revival meeting, and there wrestle with God until he should "get grace;" instead of vomiting his confessions upon the public, who have no interest in the matter, and care nothing for his immortal soul, if he has one. Or if he really believes that the people of Massachusetts (and, of course, of the rest of the country) are such a set of lost and undone sinners, as he represents them to be, we think he has no excuse for continuing in any secular or political employment; but that he should at once renounce all worldly things, and devote himself wholly to the salvation of souls.

Until we had read this proclamation, we had regarded him simply as an ambitious politician, not overscrupulous, as indeed politicians are not expected to be; and we had actually feared that he might never reach the presidency, by reason of the puritan sects being arrayed solidly against him. But now we feel sure that, if he loses that prize, it will not be from any lack of piety on his part, but because so many other aspirants for fame and power, seeing themselves distanced, will conspire against him, and make the credulous believe that there is really no more depth to his piety, than there was to that of Wilson, or Garfield, or so many others, whose apparent sanctity did so much to make "their election sure."

But that his present godliness is perfectly sincere, seems to be proved by the fact, that he is seeking so earnestly to make it profitable to our business interests; and especially to our "navigation." We have always noticed that a man's piety may be depended on as genuine, when he relies on it as a means of promoting his worldly prosperity. We may be sure on this point, for even the scriptures tell us that where a man's treasure is, there will his heart — that is, his religion — be also. And Ben evidently takes it for granted that the public piety is of this profitable kind. And he proposes to utilize it in favor of "navigation." That is his present hobby. Only a few weeks ago he attended a meeting held in this city, to see what could be done to revive it. At this meeting he made a very elaborate speech, to show that the ruin that had fallen upon the shipping interest was owing to the want of such bounties as had once been granted to it. But as nobody but himself, and John Roach, and Robeson (of bad odor) seem to be of that opinion, he turns imploringly to the Almighty for help in the matter. And he seems to believe that a general confession of our sins, and a united supplication for forgiveness, *coupled with entreaties for our "navigation,"* would be likely to gain a hearing at the throne of grace. So he calls upon "the ministers and people of every religious denomination" to "unitedly humble themselves in the presence of Almighty God, and acknowledge, with deep contrition, our manifold sins and transgressions; that we may devoutly deprecate His judgments, and implore His merciful forgiveness through the merits of our blessed Lord and Redeemer." And "At the same time that we look with all humility to His grace for the remission of our sins, let us, with one mind and one voice, supplicate His blessings for us, . . . *that He would relieve our commerce from the embarrassments with which it is burthened*, and grant that prosperity may again distinguish our *navigation* and fisheries, so that they who 'go down to the sea in ships,' and do business in great waters, may have abundant reason to praise His holy name."

Now, all this, interpreted in the light of his aforesaid speech in favor of bounties to our navigation means that if we confess our sins with sufficient humility, and pray mightily for the remission of them, he thinks the Almighty may be thereby induced to use His influence to get a new navigation act through Congress; or, if He will not do *that*, that He will take the whole business into His own hands, and by His miraculous power, withdraw our capital from manufactures, and from railroads, and telegraphs, and government bonds, and invest them in "navigation."

Seriously, we apprehend that the Almighty will do nothing of the kind. Nevertheless, we have no objection that Butler and all "the ministers and people, of every religious denomination" should "humble themselves in His presence," and "with one mind, and one voice, supplicate Him" to look after our investments, and see whether they are all sound and safe. If anything should come of their petitions, we shall of course conclude that Butler, and all "the ministers and people, of every religious denomination" have more influence in the counsels of the Almighty than we now give them credit for. If, on the other hand, their confessions, humiliations, and supplications should avail nothing, we think that Butler and the rest of them will forever after be less ready to confess their sins, and humble themselves before the Almighty, from purely commercial motives, than they are now.

Mr. Gov. Ben Butler, one word in your private ear, We perhaps place no higher estimate on the intellectual calibre of the clergy than you do. We have no fear that they will ever set the rivers on fire. Nevertheless we apprehend that they are competent to see the impossibility of complying with your utterly contradictory exhortations, to wit, that they pray lustily for bounties on navigation, and for various other secular and political things which you have at heart, and at the same time *abstain* from all "dis-

course upon secular and political topics," and feed their flocks with the "Divine Word" only. We apprehend they will say to you, that even you yourself cannot thus ride two horses at the same time in directly opposite directions. And we suspect that they will even say to each other, "Is this man, who can make such a bull as this, the great lawyer, [what if they should say the great pettifogger?] who has spent so large a portion of his life in splitting hairs between north and northwest side, to cheat justice out of her dues?"

On the whole, we beg to remind Butler again, that, great as he is in war, in law, in finance, and on the stump, he has really missed his true vocation; that clearly his *forte* is divinity — divinity of the true, puritanical, original sin, penitent sinner variety; and that, inasmuch as he is an older man, and has perhaps more real genius, than either Talmage or Joe Cook, he has a better claim than either of them, to be the first puritan pope in the United States.

And now we wish to say, in all kindness, to Messrs. Talmage and Cook:

"In your great race for spiritual power, we think you will find that notwithstanding all his bulls and blunders, you are no matches for Ben Butler; that, if necessary to his success, he will plunge headlong into such a sea of confessions of original sin, actual transgressions, and total depravity, that you will feel that he is justly and forever lost; but that he will, the next moment, come up smiling, on great waves of salvation by grace, justification by faith, imputed righteousness, vicarious atonement, eternal decrees, and all the other essentials of the puritan faith, in a way that neither you, nor any other religious prestidigitators, can equal. We advise you not to attempt it. All *that* is his thunder, and you will only make yourselves ridiculous, if you try to steal it. We think, therefore, that you have but one chance against him; that is this: It is no part of the puritan creed, but only a piece of pure Butlerism, that, 'At the same time that we look with all humility to His grace for the remission of our sins,' we should 'with one mind and one voice, supplicate Him' to '*relieve our commerce*' by helping us to lobby a new navigation act through Congress, or by inducing our people to divert their capital from manufactures, railroads, telegraphs, or United States bonds. We do not believe that supplications of this kind will have any effect whatever, though offered by Ben Butler, and all his hosts. We therefore recommend that you make yourselves easy on that point; and that, if you 'supplicate' the Almighty at all, in regard to investments of capital, you beseech Him to let those that have proved so profitable, remain as they are. We think you will be much more likely to have your prayers answered, and thus leave Ben in the lurch, than if you do so foolish a thing as to add your supplications to his in favor of bounties on navigation. Believing that you have sense enough to see that this is your true policy, and that Ben, notwithstanding his agility in jumping from one hobby to another, will feel obliged to cling to his navigation scheme, now that he has got fairly astride of it, and gone twice round the track, we wish both you and him a fair field and no favor, and may the devil take the hindmost."

To all the other clericals, except Talmage and Cook, we would say, that the days of unendurable cant, sanctimony, and hypocrisy are fast passing away; and when it comes to this, that a fellow like Ben Butler can outstrip the whole clerical profession in that line, it is time that the profession itself should look at themselves in the glass he holds up to them.

Not the Chinese, but the Land-Thieves.

[WRITTEN FOR LIBERTY.]

The people of California have been severely lectured by Eastern liberals for their opposition to the Chinese, and it is often charged that unreasoning race-prejudice is at the bottom of all the clamor on the Pacific coast for relief from cheap labor. Eastern men, taking a broad view of what is called the Chinese question, accuse the Californians of narrow-mindedness and mental barbarism, to which the exasperated Californians reply by contemptuously calling their critics "sentimentalists," and telling them to mind their own business.

As almost if not quite all the conflicts and quarrels of men are misunderstandings, so I think this Chinese question is but a misunderstanding. I have good reason for so thinking, having been an earnest advocate of exclusion on the Californian plan, and having seen the evil effects of Chinese labor upon the condition of the white workers of the Pacific coast. When I first went to California, I was enough of a "sentimentalist" to believe that there should be at least one country in the world free to all men; and, if I thought anything about the Chinese, it was that they had as clear a title to the use of the land of America as anybody else. But I observed many things that disturbed these ideas and *seemed* to demonstrate the practical fallacy of applying the broad principles of the Declaration of Independence to our dealings with the Chinese. It was very clear that wages were steadily falling in California and that the condition of the working people was yearly becoming less prosperous. In 1877, the difficulty of obtaining employment had increased to such an extent that men were glad to work in the cities at a dollar a day, and discontent assumed a dangerous form in the notorious Sand-lot agitation.

Coincident with these phenomena were the facts that Chinese laborers had increased in numbers, and could afford to work for wages below the rate at which white men with families could make decent livings. To the Californian it was self-evident that making a living had become a matter of no small difficulty in a country that formerly overflowed with gold and supported all in comparative luxury. What more natural than the conclusion that competition had lowered wages on the supply-and-demand principle?

Cheap Chinese labor was a palpable fact, and in common with nearly a million other persons I accepted it as a sufficient explanation of the industrial depression afflicting California. Although my predilections were for the doctrine of universal brotherhood and equality of human rights regardless of race, I seemed to find myself confronted by a practical problem of vital importance that could not be solved by the application of these general principles. Between reducing white workers to the condition of Chinese coolies, and prohibiting Chinese from entering into competition, it appeared wiser to choose the latter course. Granting the premises, it certainly was better to exclude the Chinese and thus preserve the gains made by labor under our system of civilization than to run the risk of losing them without conferring any compensating benefit upon either class.

Such are the considerations by which most Californians are influenced in their opposition to Chinese immigration. Race-prejudice does not enter into the question, for in a mixed population like that of California such prejudices are quickly obliterated. Among the very people of New England who are loudest in denunciation of the anti-Chinese movement, there is stronger race-prejudice respecting the Irish than ever existed in California against the Mongolian.

But I am satisfied that the labor question is as generally misunderstood in California as the anti-Chinese movement is in the East, and that, when I shared the opinions prevalent on the Pacific coast, I reasoned from incorrect premises. The actual curse of California is not Chinese labor, but land monopoly protected by the conspiracy called the United States government. The decline of economic as well as actual wages dates from the completion of the overland railroad and can be shown to be the inevitable result of the land-grabbing schemes connected with and growing out of this monstrous monopoly. As rent has increased, wages have fallen, and the wealth produced by labor has been concentrated in the hands of the few. Nobody will pretend that the railroad men and their fellow-conspirators, the desert land grabbers and bonanza kings, ever produced the hundreds of millions held by them. This wealth was produced by the working men of California, white and Chinese, and both were robbed of it by the ingenious system of plundering devised by lawmakers for the protection of capital.

These millions were not sent out of the country by Chinese workers. Every Chinese laborer has produced more wealth than he ever got paid for, and the lower his wages the greater the margin of possible plunder for the legally authorized exploiter of men. Clearly, if every man had free access to the land and were not robbed of the product of his labor, there could be no poverty in California. A man's wages would be simply whatever his labor produced, and a Chinaman would get the same wages as a white man for the same amount of labor. The Chinaman is a fellow-sufferer with the white laborer, but, his capacity for enduring privation being greater, he is enabled to continue production when the proportion of wealth left to him by the robbers is less than the minimum rate of wages which the white man can subsist upon, and continue production. The land monopolists, by appropriating the best land, have lowered the margin of cultivation in California, thus reducing wages and increasing rent, and this process is going on every year. If the Chinaman had free access to land which would yield him more wealth by cultivation than he now receives for his labor, he would demand higher wages. If the white man had free access to the land in California, it would not matter to him what wages were paid to Chinese laborers. But the land is made inaccessible by the price at which it is held by the monopolists,—that is, the economic rent of the land,—and labor cannot find an opportunity for profitable employment, but is compelled to accept wages equivalent to what it could produce upon land the next grade lower than the poorest held in private ownership.

There are thousands of men in San Francisco who would gladly go upon the land and become producers, and there are hundreds of thousands of fertile acres lying uncultivated within sight of San Francisco. Why do not these men become independent farmers instead of remaining in the city to compete with Chinese cigarmakers, shoemakers, etc., for wages barely sufficient to support life? Simply because the land is held by monopolists who are protected by law in preventing those who have a right to the land from using it.

Clearly, the eviction of all the Chinese from California would give but temporary and insignificant relief, and yet I would favor such a course, as I now advocate strict enforcement of the restriction act, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to California the real nature of the evil oppressing her and clearing away the misunderstanding in which the Chinese question is involved. The Chinese being removed, the irritation caused by them would at once disappear, and the Californians, finding low wages still prevalent and labor oppressed, would look more deeply into the questions of land monopoly and government quackery, and perhaps devise a remedy. This would be unpleasant for the Stanfords, Sargents, Carrs, Floods, Fields, and the whole band of conspirators, but I am convinced it would not be without benefit to California. Several misunderstandings would probably disappear with more or less celerity, could this befogging Chinese question be put aside for a time.

To those familiar with the land question, nothing new will appear in the above, and my only apology for writing is the belief that it may be of interest to some Eastern liberals to know how an anti-Chinese Californian views the problem in the light of Liberty.

MAX.

LIBERTY'S LIBRARY.

For any of the following Works, address,
BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 3366, Boston, Mass.

WORK AND WEALTH. By J. K. Ingalls. Price, 10 cents.

THE LABOR DOLLAR. By Stephen Pearl Andrews. Price, 10 cents.

PROSTITUTION AND THE INTERNATIONAL Woman's League. By Henry Edger. Price, 15 cents.

THE GREAT STRIKE: Its Relations to Labor, Property, and Government. By E. H. Heywood. Price, 15 cents.

SOCIALISTIC, COMMUNISTIC, MUTUAListic, and Financial Fragments. By William B. Greene. Price, $1.25.

YOURS OR MINE: An Essay to show the True Basis of Property, and the Causes of its Inequitable Distribution. By E. H. Heywood. Price, 15 cents.

CAPTAIN ROLAND'S PURSE: How It is Filled and How Emptied. By John Ruskin. The first of a projected series of Labor Tracts. Supplied at 37 cents per hundred.

MUTUAL BANKING: Showing the Radical Deficiency of the existing Circulating Medium, and how Interest on Money can be Abolished. By William B. Greene. Price, 25 cents.

ANARCHISM OR ANARCHY? A Discussion between William H. Tillinghast and Benj. R. Tucker. Prefaced by an Open Letter to Rev. William J. Potter. Sent on receipt of a postage stamp.

MICHAEL BAKOUNINE: Russian revolutionist, founder of Nihilism, and apostle of Anarchy. A fine, large photo-lithograph, printed on heavy paper. Price, post-paid and securely wrapped, 50 cents.

P. J. PROUDHON: The profoundest political philosopher and economist that has ever lived. An elegant steel-plate engraving, suitable to frame and hang. Price, post-paid and securely wrapped, 75 cents.

THE WORKING WOMEN: A Letter to the Rev. Henry W. Foote, Minister of King's Chapel, in Vindication of the Poorer Class of Boston Working-Women. By William B. Greene. Price, 15 cents.

SO THE RAILWAY KINGS ITCH FOR AN Empire, Do they? By a "Red-Hot Striker," of Scranton, Pa. A Reply to an article by William M. Grosvenor, in the *International Review*. Price, 10 cents; per hundred, $4.00.

INTERNATIONAL ADDRESS: An elaborate, comprehensive, and very entertaining Exposition of the principles of The Working-People's International Association. By William B. Greene. Price, 15 cents.

THE RADICAL REVIEW: Vol. I., handsomely bound in cloth, and containing over sixty Essays, Poems, Translations, and Reviews, by the most prominent radical writers, on industrial, financial, social, literary, scientific, philosophical, ethical, and religious subjects. 828 pages octavo. Price, $5.00. Single numbers, $1.15.

TRUE CIVILIZATION: A Subject of vital and serious Interest to all People, but most immediately to the Men and Women of Labor and Sorrow. By Josiah Warren. A Pamphlet of 117 pages, now passing through its fifth edition, explaining the basic principles of Labor Reform, — Liberty and Equity. Price 30 cents.

WHAT IS PROPERTY? Or an Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government. By P. J. Proudhon. Prefaced by a Sketch of Proudhon's Life and Works, and containing as a Frontispiece a fine steel Engraving of the Author. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. A systematic, thorough, and radical discussion of the institution of property, — its basis, its history, its present status, and its destiny, — together with a detailed and startling *exposé* of the crimes which it commits, and the evils which it engenders. 500 pages octavo. Price, cloth, $3.50; full calf, blue, gilt edges, $6.50.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 9. • BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883. Whole No. 35.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

When Victor Hugo was asked to sign the petition for Prince Kropotkine's release, printed in another column, he wrote on the margin at the top of the page the following words: "All questions of amnesty have an interest for me, and I take particularly to heart this petition in favor of the liberation of Prince Kropotkine." The great French poet evidently does not read the Boston "Advertiser"; else he would have known that Kropotkine is a disorderly ignoramus whom Frenchmen are not supposed ever to have heard of, still less take interest in.

John Morley, the discriminating biographer of eminent Freethinkers and the positivist who spells god with a small "g" in his books, heretofore apparently one of the fairest and truest men in England, has made himself suddenly unpopular among English radicals, and of course correspondingly popular among the more numerous conservatives, by approving in his paper, the "Pall Mall Gazette," the recent outrageous sentences for blasphemy. Explanation: John Morley has been elected a member of parliament. As M. D. Conway says, in becoming a partisan of Gladstone he has become a partisan of Gladstone's god.

As if the despatches which the cable brings us concerning the political and industrial situation in Europe were not sufficiently stupid and erroneous in themselves, the omniscient editor of the Boston "Herald" has adopted a practice of supplementing them in his news columns with elaborate comment and alleged elucidation of his own. His explanations seldom explain and often mislead. A few weeks ago an election was held in the twentieth arrondissement of Paris to choose a successor to Gambetta in the chamber of deputies. No candidate receiving a majority of the votes cast, a second election was held some days later. When the news of the result reached the "Herald," the editor appended a statement recalling and summarizing the vote of the first election. After misspelling almost beyond recognition the names of most of the candidates, he commented upon the small vote thrown for "Jules Guesde, the Anarchist candidate," as showing the weakness of the Anarchistic party even in Belleville, the stronghold of radicalism. Now, to appreciate the idiocy of this untruth it is only necessary to know that Guesde, far from being an Anarchist, stands at the very opposite pole of political belief, and, instead of wishing the abolition of the State, wishes the absorption of almost everything by the State. In fact, he is the principal representative of Marxism in France. An Anarchist would as soon think of voting for Prince Jerome as for Jules Guesde. Moreover, full-fledged Anarchists never vote at all. "Abstention from the Polls" is one of the rallying-cries of their party, and that it was vigorously sounded in the ears of Gambetta's old constituents is shown by the manifesto printed in another column. When the editor of the "Herald" has occasion again to estimate the strength of the Anarchists of Belleville, let him ascertain the number of voters that remained at home on election day, and he will come nearer to the truth. Perhaps he will also find that their ranks are steadily swelling.

The trial of E. H. Heywood, which began on Tuesday, April 10, is drawing to a close as we go to press, and before our readers see this paragraph the telegraph will probably announce to the country the verdict of the jury. Up to this point the results have been eminently satisfactory, and have firmly established the wisdom of our advice to Mr. Heywood to conduct his own case. The presiding judge, Nelson, an exceptionally fair-minded man, who interprets the law as far as possible in such a way as to promote justice in the broad sense without too rigid regard to technicality, — in this respect just the opposite of the narrow-minded bigot, Clark, before whom Mr. Heywood was formerly tried, — summarily ordered a verdict of "not guilty" on those counts of the indictment referring to "Cupid's Yokes" and the selections from "Leaves of Grass," on the ground that the government had committed an error in omitting the documents complained of from the indictment for the alleged reason that they were unfit to be spread upon the record. The judge said that, while not undertaking to pass upon the question whether the documents were obscene within the meaning of the statute, he should rule as a matter of law that they contained not a word which would contaminate the record and that he could see no excuse for the government in drawing an indictment in so loose and imperfect a form. It was evident from his manner that he did not consider the documents obscene at all, and when the district attorney ventured the astounding proposition that to oppose legal marriage is necessarily obscene, Judge Nelson could not repress a smile. This action, while it does not absolutely prevent rearrest on the same charges embodied in more perfect indictments, will probably discourage Comstock from further warfare upon "Cupid's Yokes" and "Leaves of Grass," at least in Massachusetts. Mr. Heywood is now on trial on the narrow issue of the Comstock syringe, which we originally pointed out to him as his chief source of danger. Much depends upon the judge's charge, which probably will be as liberal as he can make it under the law; but the outrageous statute is so plain that he has not much choice in the matter. The defendant's only hope lies in the possibility of some member of the jury refusing to be a party to the outrage which the law allows. Mr. Heywood personally is making a fine impression upon the jury, and we are glad to say that the prospect is bright for at least a disagreement. [*Later.* — The jury returned a verdict Thursday afternoon of "not guilty" on each and every count. The judge's charge was grand, one of his rulings being that Mr. Comstock had practised a deception, and that the morality or immorality of this act should be considered by the jury in deciding how much credence to give to Comstock's testimony. With another judge the verdict probably would have been different.]

Probably many people think us very severe and unjust to women when we oppose their efforts to get possession of the ballot, that modern instrument of tyranny, and when we assert that, if they had it, they would put it to more monstrous uses than those for which it is now employed. Well, here's an instance. Liberty exchanges with a San Francisco journal called the "Woman's Herald of Industry," edited and published by Mrs. J. W. Stow, president of the Woman's Social Science Association. The last issue soberly proposes castration as the solution of the social question. The editor says: "The 'Herald of Industry' would have the surgeon's knife destroy the possibility of a young crop of drunkards, wherever and whenever a man became an incurable sot; it would have all persons, men and women, tainted with insanity deprived of the power of reproducing their kind; it would have every person guilty of incest, every felon, idiot, and wife-beater castrated." This is what she calls "the scientific control of the reproductive function in the human," and because of the discovery of this "radical cure" she thinks "the lamp of reason has been lighted and its flame fills the high arch of the heaven of progress." If castration is the flame of the lamp of reason, and if this flame is burning in any such proximity to the celestial arch referred to, we fear that its heat will speedily crumble the keystone and that the whole structure will soon tumble into ruins. The position thus taken arouses the ire of the "Herald of Industry's" London correspondent, who writes as follows: "It seems to me a great mistake for women who are striving to gain from man a share in the power of law making to show what a law they would make against the men if they had the power. Even I, though a warm advocate for 'woman's rights' in every direction where they have rights not yet conceded to them, would seek to withhold power from them, till they show themselves capable of wielding it wisely and soberly! The proposition of castration as a punishment I consider a proof of want of soberness of mind and quiet and patient thought. This is to me, not social science, but social quackery." We should say so! And it is but just to the women to say that one of the promptest protests against this brutal proposition comes from a woman, Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, M. D., of Milwaukee, from whose letter to the "Herald of Industry" we extract the following: "Your proposition to make castration the penalty for misused sexuality and by so doing thereby lessen the condition of crime and pauperism seems to me simply monstrous, and is no proper remedy for either. I can not see that the destruction of any organ that executes the will of perverted or badly generated minds can be other than an interference with the chances for development of the individual, which should be the grand consideration and aim, and not their destruction. As well recommend amputating the hands for larceny, or cutting out the tongue for vulgarity and slander. These methods belong to the Dark Ages and not to the latter half of the nineteenth century." But Mrs. Severance, it must be remembered, is one in a million, for she is a reader of Liberty and has but little faith, we suspect, in the efficacy of suffrage. Naturally she will have less than ever after this attempt to herald the industry of castration. In another part of the paper we find this statement: "If only one woman in the world appreciates the power of the ballot, she should have it." Liberty submits that Mrs. Stow's advocacy of compulsory castration sufficiently shows that at least one woman appreciates the power of the ballot, but that this proves, if it proves anything, that *she should* NOT *have it.*

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL 14, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Karl Marx as Friend and Foe.

By the death of Karl Marx the cause of labor has lost one of the most faithful friends it ever had. Liberty says thus much in hearty tribute to the sincerity and hearty steadfastness of the man who, perhaps to a greater extent than any other, represented, by nature and by doctrine, the principle of authority which we live to combat. Anarchism knew in him its bitterest enemy, and yet every Anarchist must hold his memory in respect. Strangely mingled feelings of admiration and abhorrence are simultaneously inspired in us by contemplation of this great man's career. Toward the two fundamental principles of the revolution of to-day he occupied an exactly contradictory attitude. Intense as was his love of equality, no less so was his hatred of liberty. The former found expression in one of the most masterly expositions of the infamous nature and office of capital ever put into print; the latter in a sweeping scheme of State supremacy and absorption, involving a practical annihilation of the individual. The enormous service done by the one was well-nigh neutralized by the injurious effects resulting from his advocacy of the other. For Karl Marx, the *égalitaire*, we feel the profoundest respect; as for Karl Marx, the *autoritaire*, we must consider him an enemy. Liberty said as much in its first issue, and sees no reason to change its mind. He was an honest man, a strong man, a humanitarian, and the promulgator of much vitally important truth, but on the most vital question of politics and economy he was persistently and irretrievably mistaken.

We cannot, then, join in the thoughtless, indiscreet, and indiscriminate laudation of his memory indulged in so generally by the labor press and on the labor platform. Perhaps, however, we might pass it by without protest, did it not involve injustice and ingratitude to other and greater men. The extravagant claim of precedence as a radical political economist put forward for Karl Marx by his friends must not be allowed to overshadow the work of his superiors. We give an instance of this claim, taken from the resolutions passed unanimously by the great Cooper Union meeting held in honor of Marx: "In the field of social economic science he was the first to prove by statistical facts and by reasoning based upon universally recognized principles of political economy that capitalistic production must necessarily lead to the monopolizing and concentrating of all industry into the hands of a few, and thus, by robbing the working class of the fruits of their toil, reduce them to absolute slavery and degradation." These words were read to the audience in English by Philip Van Patten and in German by our worthy comrade Justus Schwab. Is it possible that these men are so utterly unacquainted with the literature of socialism that they do not know this statement to be false, and that the tendency and consequences of capitalistic production referred to were demonstrated to the world time and again during the twenty years preceding the publication of "Das Kapital," with a wealth of learning, a cogency and subtlety of reasoning, and an ardor of style to which Karl Marx could not so much as pretend? In the numerous works of P. J. Proudhon, published between 1840 and 1860, this notable truth was turned over and over and inside out until well-nigh every phase of it had been presented to the light.

What was the economic theory developed by Karl Marx? That we may not be accused of stating it unfairly, we give below an admirable outline of it drawn by Benoit Malon, a prominent French socialist, in sympathy with Marx's thought. Aside from the special purpose which we have in quoting it, it is in itself well worth the space which it requires, being in the main a succinct and concise statement of the true principles of political economy:—

All societies that have existed thus far in history have one common characteristic, — the struggle of classes. Revolutions have changed the conditions of this struggle, but have not suppressed it. Though the *bourgeoisie* has taken the place of feudalism, which was itself the successor of the old patrician order, and though slavery and serfdom have been succeeded by the *proëtariat*, the situation has retained these two distinctive characteristics, — "the merciless oppression and exploitation of the inferior class by the dominant class, and the struggle, either open or concealed, but deadly and constant, of the classes thus confronting each other."

The *bourgeoisie*, to obtain power, had to invoke political and economic liberty. In the name of the latter, which it has falsified, and aided by scientific and industrial progress, it has revolutionized production and inaugurated the system of capitalistic production under which all wealth appears as an immense accumulation of merchandise formed elementarily upon an isolated quantity of that wealth.

Everything destined for the satisfaction of a human need has a value of utility; as merchandise it has a value of exchange. Value of exchange is the quantitative relation governing the equivalence and exchangeability of useful objects.

As the most eminent economists have shown, notably Ricardo, this quantitative relation, this measure of value, is time spent in labor. This, of course, can refer only to the amount of labor necessary upon an average and performed with average skill, mechanical facilities, and industry under the normal industrial conditions of the day.

It seems, therefore, that every one should be able to buy, in return for his labor, an amount of utilities and exchangeable values equivalent to those produced by him.

Nevertheless such is not the case. "The accumulation of wealth at one of the poles of society keeps pace with the accumulation, at the other pole, of the misery, subjection, and moral degradation of the class from whose product capital is born."

How happens this? Because, by a series of robberies which, though sometimes legal, are none the less real, the productive forces, as fast as they have come into play, have been appropriated by privileged persons, who, thanks to this *instrumentum regni*, control labor and exploit laborers.

To-day he who is destined to become a capitalist goes into the market furnished with money. He first buys tools and raw materials, and then, in order to operate them, buys the workingman's power of labor, the sole source of value. He sets them to work. The total product goes into the capitalist's hands, who sells it for more than it cost him. Of the plus-value capital is born; it increases in proportion to the quantity of plus-value or labor not paid for. All capital, then, is an accumulation of the surplus labor of another or labor not paid for in wages.

For this singular state of things individuals are not to be held responsible: it is the result of our capitalistic society, for all events, all individual acts are but the *processus* of inevitable forces slowly modifiable, since, "when a society has succeeded in discovering the path of the natural law which governs its movement, it can neither clear it at a leap nor abolish by decree the phases of its natural development. But it can shorten the period of gestation and lessen the pains of delivery."

We cannot, then, go against the tendencies of a society, but only direct them toward the general good. So capitalistic society goes on irresistibly concentrating capital.

To attempt to stop this movement would be puerile; the necessary step is to pass from the inevitable monopolization of the forces of production and circulation to their nationalization, and that by a series of legal measures resulting from the capture of political power by the working classes.

In the meantime the evil will grow. By virtue of the law of wages the increase in the productivity of labor by the perfecting of machinery increases the frequency of dull seasons and makes poverty more general by diminishing the demand for and augmenting the supply of laborers.

That is easily understood.

For the natural production of values of utility determined and regulated by real or fancied needs, which was in vogue until the eighteenth century, is substituted the mercantile production of values of exchange, a production without rule or measure, which runs after the buyer and stops in its headlong course only when the markets of the world are gorged to overflowing. Then millions out of the hundreds of millions of *prolétaires* who have been engaged in this production are thrown out of work and their ranks are thinned by hunger, all in consequence of the superabundance created by an unregulated production.

The new economic forces which the *bourgeoisie* has appropriated have not completed their development, and even now the *bourgeoise* envelope of capitalistic production can no longer contain them. Just as industry on a small scale was violently broken down because it obstructed production, so capitalistic privileges, beginning to obstruct the production which they developed, will be broken down in their turn, for the concentration of the means of production and the socialization of labor are reaching a point which renders them incompatible with their capitalistic envelope.

At this point the *prolétariat*, like the *bourgeoisie*, will seize political power for the purpose of abolishing classes and socializing the forces of production and circulation in the same order that they have been monopolized by capitalistic feudalism.

The foregoing is an admirable argument, and Liberty endorses the whole of it, excepting a few phrases concerning the nationalization of industry and the assumption of political power by the working people; but it contains literally nothing in substantiation of the claim made for Marx in the Cooper Institute resolutions. Proudhon was years before Marx with nearly every link in this logical chain. We stand ready to give volume, chapter, and page of his writings for the historical persistence of class struggles in successive manifestations, for the *bourgeoisie's* appeal to liberty and its infidelity thereto, for the theory that labor is the source and measure of value, for the laborer's inability to repurchase his product in consequence of the privileged capitalist's practice of keeping back a part of it from his wages, and for the process of the monopolistic concentration of capital and its disastrous results. The vital difference between Proudhon and Marx is to be found in the respective remedies which they proposed. Marx would nationalize the productive and distributive forces; Proudhon would individualize and associate them. Marx would make the laborers political masters; Proudhon would abolish political mastership entirely. Marx would abolish usury by having the State lay violent hands on all industry and business and conduct it on the cost principle; Proudhon would abolish usury by disconnecting the State entirely from industry and business and forming a system of free banks which would furnish credit at cost to every industrious and deserving person and thus place the means of production within the reach of all. Marx believed in compulsory majority rule; Proudhon believed in the voluntary principle. In short, Marx was an *autoritaire;* Proudhon was a champion of Liberty.

Call Marx, then, the father of State socialism, if you will; but we dispute his paternity of the general principles of economy on which all schools of socialism agree. To be sure, it is not of the greatest consequence who was first with these doctrines. As Proudhon himself asks: "Do we eulogize the man who first perceives the dawn?" But if any discrimination is to be made, let it be a just one. There is much, very much, that can be truly said in honor of Karl Marx. Let us be satisfied with that, then, and not attempt to magnify his grandeur by denying, belittling, or ignoring the services of men greater than he.

Anarchism and Republicanism.

The fixed and inevitable logic of the problem of government, *per se*, not less than the steady logic of events, renders Anarchy the certain outcome of social evolution. The, so to speak, centrifugal force of government is universal suffrage; the centripetal is centralization. The compromise between these two opposing forces fixes the governmental orbit in which society in a given nation moves.

Republicanism is, in its essence, a revolt against centralization. It is an attempt to segregate the function of sovereignty. Instead of the big trumpet of the czar, it proposes to furnish every freeman with a little penny trumpet of authority, so that the big executive trumpet shall be but the echo of all the little trumpets. Its sublime logic assumes that a command blown from one big trumpet is despotism, while, if the same command be blown from a majority of little trumpets, it becomes the sacred and morally binding voice of Liberty.

The chief problem of Republicanism is to furnish everybody with a little trumpet Very naturally, then, the women claim that they have as good a right to blow their own penny trumpets of Republicanism as the men. Why not? The average woman suffragist furnishes ample presumptive evidence that she would make as good a blower as any other man, if she had a trumpet. Then, too, as Charles Sumner argued, if we are going to have a Republic, the woolly-headed Sambo of the Carolinas has the natural right to blow as big a trumpet in the affairs of government as the president of the United States; for, verily, hath not McGuinness, the corner gin-slinger, become an alderman among us, and Big Mike, the man-slayer, a county judge? Yet whosoever should propose to take the electoral penny trumpet from one of the least of these would be accounted a traitor.

But as the trumpets multiply in the hands of Sambo, Big Mike, and McGuinness, astounding exhibitions of political total depravity also multiply with them, and begin to startle men of serious bent.

It is found that, although theoretically the trumpet of Big Mike is no bigger than that of the venerable Peter Cooper, yet, stationed, on the stoop of McGuinness's corner groggery, he is master of all the other trumpets, and one little flourish of his is sufficient to seat McGuinness in the highest chair of dignity, honor, and emolument known among his voting cattle.

Very naturally, with such daily exhibitions before their eyes, men of honest industry, education, refinement, and conscience begin to shrink from the prospect of seeing their wives and daughters flourishing penny electoral trumpets in rivalry with Big Mike or McGuinness on the corner of Gin Lane, or sailing up the dark waters of Salt River in the same boat with Sambo. But here even lofty and sturdy Romans like Wendell Phillips step to the rescue and plead: "Aye, from the very fact that these dirty fellows have fouled the sink of politics, therefore must ye fling your wives and daughters among them to purify them, and yea, verily, because Sambo, Big Mike, and McGuinness will blow their trumpets in all vileness, even so much the more ought they to have them, seeing that it is the first business of all true republican gentlemen to leave their business and educate such unto righteous trumpeting."

Into such astonishing straits of unreason have otherwise noble and thoughtful reformers been wedged in defence of Republicanism The original fatal error consists in recognizing the business of trumpeting as authority to bind others without their consent. The scheme of eliminating the crime of the czar by melting his big trumpet into millions of little ones and putting them into everybody's hands is universal suffrage. It has been, perhaps, necessary in the course of social evolution, but it is simply the original crime manifolded. The scheme of universal suffrage is rapidly reaching the end of its rope in France and the United States, and the signs of reaction are every day more and more plainly manifest. Long ago Mr. Phillips announced that Republicanism was a settled failure in the big cities of America. If his noble life is spared a few years longer, he may die renouncing his faith in the whole delusion of political penny trumpeting.

The Anarchist alone is able to cast an unclouded eye on the whole drift of things. He denies at one stroke the authority of any individual or combination of individuals to govern others without their consent. And this denial is not one dictated by passion, mental confusion, or madness, but it is based upon a concisely demonstrated philosophy rooted in the integral constitution of man and society. Scientific anarchism is the very perfection of order. It is the science of transforming chaos into self-governing social organization. Study it, friends, as you behold the present rotten political makeshifts dropping to pieces. It is most certainly destined to be the order of the world's tomorrow.

Dr. Edward B. Aveling, a scientific man of note in England, has taken editorial charge of the "Freethinker" during the imprisonment of its editor and publishers recently convicted of blasphemy. The first number appearing under his management contained some verses beginning thus:

> Once more a Christian judge and jury,
> Brimful of heavenly love and fury,
> Have sent three honest men to prison
> To prove that Jesus Christ is risen.

The Foolishness of Voting.

Prior to the recent election in the twentieth arrondissement of Paris for the choice of a successor to Gambetta, the Anarchistic groups, in accordance with their principles, did not nominate a candidate, but instead placarded the following manifesto throughout the district:

LABORERS!

Once more you are called upon to name a Deputy,—that is, to choose a new master. Will you fall again into the errors of the past and sanction your subjection by depositing a vote in the ballot-box? Reflect! There is yet time, solemn though the hour be.

What! Have we not had sufficient experience of the parliamentary system? For forty years universal suffrage has existed; for twelve years it has been working in all its splendor; it has become the keystone of the prevailing governmental system. What has it produced? What results has it given us?

Our economic condition, far from improving, only grows worse from day to day. Wages fall; rents rise; the necessities of life grow dearer; misery keeps steadily increasing! What have the elect of universal suffrage done, what have they tried to do, to remedy this situation?

Nothing, absolutely nothing!

Have they given us any of the political reforms promised and expected for so many long years? Here, as elsewhere, none! In the matter of liberty of the press they suppress socialistic journals; in the matter of liberty of meeting they imprison citizens who do not think with the government and find all not for the best in the worst of republics.

Should we be astonished that this is so? Clearly not. These elect of universal suffrage are fulfilling the requirements of their role, and it could not be otherwise. Parliamentary assemblies being made up for the most part—we might even say entirely—of the privileged of fortune, all their decisions must inevitably tend to the advantages of the class to which these privileged belong.

A government is necessary, indispensable, to maintain their prerogatives and enforce respect for their privileges by all means and especially by force. Army, police, religions, courts, jails are so many barriers to arrest the revolutionary flood, brutalize the people, and keep them in ignorance.

If, perchance, a laborer, a man of the people, gets into parliament, all his good intentions, his desire to do good, are inevitably crushed out. Gradually, without even noticing it himself, he is sucked into the corrupting vortex with which he is brought in contact and completely loses sight of his point of departure. Have we not at present in the chamber of deputies and in the municipal councils so-called socialists and even revolutionists? *What do we gain thereby? Absolutely nothing!*

Looking at the question from another standpoint, do we not often see a comrade in the workshop become a foreman and change from the good and generous fellow of the night before into a worse oppressor than the employer himself? What would he be should he become a deputy?

You will be asked to vote for candidacies of protest [that is, for men whom imprisonment for political offences has rendered ineligible]; do not follow the advice of men whom we are willing to believe honest but who would lead you into a fatal path. The only result of supporting such candidates would be new popularity for universal suffrage and postponement of the hour of our emancipation.

Do you think that the revolutionary acts of Montceau-les-Mines and the iniquitous sentences of the Lyons judges have not accomplished more than a hundred thousand ballots? Do you believe that the death of any despot or tyrant whatsoever is not much more effective than a protest which after all is platonic only?

Do not fear that by abstaining you will put weapons into the hands of the reaction; far from being useful, your conduct will be quite as fatal to it as to our pseudo-republicans. Do not listen to the lying and interested complaints of the politicians of all shades who are afraid of seeing all their dreams of ambition and fortune shattered by your manly determination.

It is beyond doubt that, if universal suffrage had been a weapon capable of emancipating the people, our *bourgeois* governors would have suppressed it long since. But they have seen that, while reflecting in the eyes of the simple a semblance of sovereignty, it would only serve as a prop for their own privileges. If such were not the case, should we see monarchical governments adopting it and using it as one of the most potent instruments of tyranny?

In face of the situation which confronts you, Laborers, will you continue to be dupes? Will you forever pickle rods for your own backs? Refuse, then, to take part in this *bourgeoise* comedy, and recognize with us that *universal suffrage is the greatest* MYSTIFICATION *of the century.*

Be they radicals or socialists, *bourgeois* or workingmen, come they down from above or up from below, deputies are always possessors of arbitrary power and despotic authority, while what we loudly clamor for is *Liberty.* Not the lying label of liberty pasted upon our public monuments; we want it *full, entire,* with its immediate, inseparable corollary, *Equality in fact.*

As long as the power to monopolize social wealth shall exist, society will be divided into two classes,—masters and slaves, governors and governed, exploiters and exploited; as long as any individual whomsoever shall grow rich on the labor of his fellow, Liberty and Equality will be but a deceptive illusion.

We wish every human being to be completely free, dependent upon no other for the means of existence. Our motto is the grand formula of the Anarchistic Communists: To each according to his needs.

Laborer, it is to the realization of this future of justice that we invite you. There is no need of legislators to reach it. Only the victorious Revolution, sweeping away all parasites and all masters, will restore you your rights and your liberty.

THEREFORE DO NOT VOTE!

Just as you do not go to church, just as you do not send your sons there, so your duty is to keep away from the ballot-box, for in connecting yourself with this *bourgeoise* trickery you will admit the right of your elect to hold you in slavery.

Leave the candidates to their programmes! Remember the renegades of the past, all the purchased creatures who on the eve of their nomination promised you mountains and miracles and on the morrow laughed at you.

Abstain, therefore! You have something better to do than send these *fantoches* to grow fat at the Palais-Bourbon! Keep your strength for manly deeds; do not limit yourself to protests, but *act!*

Your duty is to avoid the narrow circle of electoral quarrels; to spread by all means the spirit of revolt among the masses; to group all the disinherited, all the downtrodden, all the victims of the existing social hell, and show them the final goal: THE EMANCIPATION OF THE WORLD, THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

England's Conduct Toward Ireland.

The publication of the following article, sent us many weeks ago, has been unavoidably delayed:

The action of the English government in relation to Ireland is the most remarkable, and at the same time the most vile and contemptible,—one day making promises never intended to be kept, another day applying the most severe coercive measures that were ever enacted, and during the whole time allowing full liberty of action to its own officials and those who act in the name of the crown and government. The whole system is immoral, and is even more degrading to the government than to its victims. A strange state of things this for the most enlightened nation of the day,—for a nation that professes sympathy with the oppressed of every land without regard to creed, color, or country.

Among the many prosecutions that are now taking place at the instance of the government, the first we shall notice is that of the editor of "United Ireland," Mr. W. O'Brien. The cause of this prosecution is an article headed "Accusing Spirits," and had reference to the late executions in Ireland on what is alleged to be insufficient evidence and the purchased testimony of informers. Of all *information* in the world that of informers is the least reliable. This is known to everybody, is known to the government as well as to everybody else. No one can even pretend to ignore the fact. No government that had the least respect for its character, that had the least care for its reputation, that paid the least regard to the public opinion of the world, would ever condescend to accept and act upon the testimony of informers. Informers are beings whose word would never be accepted in private; their deeds duly qualify them for the regions of the damned; and for a government to act on the evidence of such creatures is something so revolting that it destroys not only our confidence in, but our respect for such a government.

But how much more revolting is it when a government not only accepts and acts upon the evidence of such creatures, but actually offers its thousands of pounds for their testimony, and even sums of five hundred pounds for *private* information. What an invitation to wilful perjury! What a field for *private* vengeance! What manifold opportunities for avenging imaginary wrongs, for the display of a spirit of religious hatred, for the exercise of a blind and blood-thirsty fanaticism. We have then at the very outset of the case ample cause to doubt the truth of the evidence on which the government acted. But the case becomes more serious still when there is an appearance of impartiality, the case being tried by a jury, and when there is every reason to believe that that jury was *packed,* thus making it certain that the purchased testimony would be accepted without question and the lives of men sacrificed. Under these circumstances the fullest liberty ought to be exercised by the press in criticising, not only the evidence, as far as it could be got at, but the verdict of the jury. And doubly base must that government be that can first purchase estimony of private or public informers, and then pack the jury to make conviction sure.

Then, what is the offence for which Mr. W. O'Brien is to be

prosecuted? It is simply the writing and the publication of an article questioning the validity of the verdicts, and pointing out the fact that the men executed one and all protested their innocence when about to die, and when all hope had disappeared. Well, was there anything wrong in the publication of such an article? Was it not the duty of the editor in question, nay, and the duty of the editor of every paper in the country, to record those facts and to boldly and fearlessly condemn such action on the part of the government. Then all honor to the editor of "United Ireland" for his honesty, his boldness, and his courage, when he knew the government with which he had to deal.

The article in question begins as follows: — "Two of these men spoke from the very gallows, with the noose round their necks. One moment more and if the protestation were a lie, they knew they were stepping into an eternity of torment. The world's opinion was to them a feather's weight. . . . . Which are we to trust, man after man, as he faces the All-Seeing Judge, or the verdicts of tribunals carefully concocted to 'convict murderers by hook or by crook?' . . . . The theory of the manipulators of the Crimes Act seems to be that somebody must be hanged, — the right person if possible, but at all events somebody." Again, the editor says: "We wish to avoid exaggerated language, for we recognize the gravity of the subject and of our own responsibility; but our attachment to the elementary principles of justice impels us deliberately to say that both as to the tribunal and as to the evidence, the proceedings against these men bear an indelible taint of foul play. Upon their trials the ordinary detective machinery — vigilance, resource, ingenuity to discover the scrap of evidence, the intelligence to piece them together — counted for little. Packed juries and bribed witnesses were the all sufficient implements of justice. Anybody can govern with a state of siege, or win with loaded dice. When the art of trying a man consists in picking out of a panel twelve of his deadly enemies, and the production of evidence means chiefly the getting at the worst side of the veriest villain in the community, and humbly consulting his prepossessions as to the reward and the little precautions necessary to make the bed of the informer a bed of velvet, verdicts of guilty and hangings may be had in any desired quantity. But if this is moral government in the Victorian era, why cut Strafford's head off for tampering with Irish juries, or strike King James's crown away for influencing the English ones, or hold Torquemada accursed because he did with hot pincers what the great and good Lord Spencer does with bags of gold? What is worst about the White Terror set up in Green street is the ghastly pretence that all is done to save the sacred right of trial by jury in Ireland; that it is necessary to pack juries that we may have juries at all; that it is better to convict men upon paid swearing than to adopt drumhead ideas of evidence. Out upon the impostors!" And so say we.

This, then, is the kind of government at the present day in poor Ireland. Would Englishmen tolerate such a system? We believe not. Low as Englishmen have fallen, base and cowardly and cringing as they have become, we do not, we cannot believe they would suffer such infamies to exist among themselves; they whose forefathers could send to the grave a headless monarch for crimes far less than those now perpetrated in Ireland, whose forefathers could fight, and bleed, and die on many a battlefield for right and liberty, would never suffer such things in England. Yet how morally degraded, how debased to tolerate in Ireland and in *their* name, and by their own government, what they would never suffer themselves in their own country.

SPARTACUS.

The Ignorant "Advertiser."

From an editorial in the Boston "Advertiser" of January 20, 1883.

A court in Lyons, France, has sentenced Prince Kropotkine to five years' imprisonment for having incited anarchy among the miners of Montceau-les-Mines. The prisoner is said to be a man of high attainments, and pretends to be a descendant of Rurik. But it must be owned that his scientific writings have not reached fame in western Europe or this country, and as for his descent, that is a matter of faith and opinion. In Russia all sorts of people pretend to be sons of Rurik, just as hundreds of chairs and tables in New England are said to have crossed the sea in the Mayflower. All that is really known of Kropotkine is that he entertains a very high opinion of himself and a very low opinion of all those in authority. If he bore any resemblance to the great geographer Elisée Reclus, the world would be glad to read his books, though it may regret his absurd adventures. But it is difficult to think him a great scholar and reformer who tries to make the world better by exciting mere mischief among the miners of a French village.

A copy of a petition recently sent to the President of the French Republic.

We, the undersigned, British subjects and others, artists, men of science and letters, appeal to your clemency on behalf of Prince Peter Kropotkine, sentenced at Lyons to five years' detention in a French prison.

His exploration of Siberia and Finland is universally regarded as a masterpiece of scientific research. In Russia, the Imperial Geographical Society has published the great work in which he has set forth the results of his examination of the geological system of Finland. In France he is known as the author of the important chapters on Russia contained in the "Geographie Universelle" of M. Elisée Reclus. In England he has contributed during recent years to such periodicals as "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," "Nature," "Fortnightly Review," "Nineteenth Century," and others; while most of the articles on Russian Geography in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are by him. Believing him to be capable of much that in his absence must necessarily remain unaccomplished in the interest of science, which is the interest of humanity, we implore your interference, and entreat that you will be pleased to restore him to the pursuits in which he excels and to the studies to which he has devoted his high abilities.

We make this appeal in the firm persuasion that the sentence passed upon him is practically a sentence of death. It is known that his health, broken by the hardship to which he was exposed during his journeys through Siberia, was further impaired by his long sojourn as a political prisoner in a Russian fortress, and that he is afflicted by gastric disease and with a severe form of scurvy. To deprive him of fresh air and of bodily freedom will be rapidly and surely to develop those ailments, and to inflict upon him much physical suffering and premature death.

In the hope that you will favorably entertain this petition your memorialists will ever pray.

HENRY MAUDESLEY,
B. W. RICHARDSON,
JOSEPH COWEN, M. P.,
and others.

From the London correspondence of the Boston "Advertiser."

Prince Kropotkine is very ill indeed, and can scarcely last out the year if confined in his cell. His articles in the "Fortnightly Review" and "Nineteenth Century" interested many persons in him, while his geographical contributions to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are very thorough and valuable. His short residence in this country brought him into contact with some English radicals and democrats, who all speak highly of his personal qualities. While here, he addressed great numbers of the miners of Northumberland and Durham with much success.

Lions and Governments.

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR, — If a man puts his head into a lion's mouth, or suffers his head to be forced into a lion's mouth, before he kills the lion, he makes a great mistake. It is a very easy thing to kill a lion; and it is always better to do it before he has got your head in his mouth, rather than afterwards; because, if you suffer him to get your head in his mouth before you kill him, he will then be very sure to kill you, instead of giving you another opportunity to kill him. When a man finds himself in the grasp of a hungry lion, he ought to know that it is a death grapple for one or the other; and that he has no time to lose, if he wishes to save his own life. He must put his knife into him *instanter*, or he is a dead man.

Now, a government is very much like a lion. It is a very easy thing to kill a government; and it is always better to do it before the government has killed you. But here is where nearly all persons make a mistake. They think they have no sufficient reason for killing a government, until the government has killed them; and then it is too late. Yet they all know, or ought to know, that a government is a merciless beast; that it lives on human beings; that a grapple between it and an individual is a death grapple for one or the other; and that the individual has no time to lose, if he wishes to save himself. Therefore every man should at once do his best to kill the government, instead of waiting for the government to kill him.

* * *

[Our correspondent's remarks are aimed, we suppose, at persons who deliberately violate tyrannical laws, knowing that as a consequence they are almost sure to lose their lives or liberties. We do not think, in that case, that his analogy will hold. The individual who struggles with a lion is generally fighting for his own life only, and he would surely defeat his object by putting his head in the lion's mouth. But the individual who struggles with a government — that is, if he be such as we have supposed — seldom has the salvation of his own life in view at all, but is fighting to secure the lives and liberties of all other individuals. He has seen that the people who are being slowly devoured by this "merciless beast" generally regard their devourer as a beneficent and indispensable friend and protector, and he deems it best to open their eyes by forcing the beast's cruelty into direct and positive manifestation. So he puts his head in the government's mouth, and suffers it to be bitten off. Acts like this have often been productive of the results intended, causing the victims to realize their situation and combine to kill the government. For ourselves, we believe the wisdom or folly of such a course can be determined only by the circumstances in any given case. At any rate we have nothing but honor for the men who put their heads in the government's mouth. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 10. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.** **Whole No. 36.**

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Democracy has been defined as the principle that "one man is as good as another, if not a little better." Anarchy may be defined as the principle that one government is as bad as another, if not a little worse.

Alfred E. Giles has written an admirable pamphlet entitled "Marriage and Divorce," from which we should be glad to quote if we had space. He takes the most radical ground in favor of freedom. Published by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

In a lecture in Milwaukee a short time ago Clara Neyman of New York said that, "if women could have the right to vote, they would devise better means of reform than those of narrow prohibition." Yes, indeed; there would be nothing narrow about their prohibition; it would be of the broadest kind, including everything from murder to non-attendance at church.

The carriage which contained Alexander II. at the time of the catastrophe of March 1, 1881, has been placed in the museum of the imperial stables at St. Petersburg. It looks just as it did after the explosion. The lower part of the rear panel is gone and the upper part shattered. The inside seat is displaced and damaged. There are also some cracks in the coachman's seat. The successor of Alexander II. should pay frequent visits to this museum. He now may learn useful lessons there.

We receive with great pleasure the San Francisco "Truth." It is daring, energetic, and enthusiastic, and — better still — is gradually working its way out of the darkness and tyranny of State socialism into the light and liberty of Anarchy. It will soon be marching by our side. We were pleased to see in a recent issue, by the way, the following short but significant letter from Mr. John F. Kelly: "Enclosed you will find $2.00, one year's subscription for 'Truth.' Do not send me that capitalistic abomination, 'Progress and Poverty,' as a premium."

Emile de Laveleye has been writing two articles on what he calls the "European Terror." One appeared in the April issue of the "Fortnightly Review," the other in the April issue of the "Contemporary." In the former article he says that Socialists are divided into two sects, one of which aims to realize its desires through the State and the other to abolish the State. In the latter article, correcting Proudhon's alleged statement that any one endeavoring to ameliorate social conditions is a Socialist, he states that Socialism *necessarily* implies the use of the State as an instrument of reform. Consistent, isn't it? Yet this is a fair sample of what the economists know about Socialism. And M. de Laveleye is one of the fairest of the sorry lot.

Comrade Tchaikovsky writes us from London, under date of March 29, that Kropotkine and three of his fellow-prisoners were removed from Lyons to Clairvaux a few days before, in order to prevent any demonstration in the former city on March 18, the anniversary of the Commune. A letter from Mrs. Kropotkine, who is staying at Clairvaux, says that her husband is still under the common *régime* of central prisons, though the sub-minister of the interior had positively assured her that he and his friends should be placed under special regulations. Kropotkine says that the cells are cold and damp. No light — not even a candle — is allowed for any purpose, and all literary work is forbidden. The food is rather above the usual prison fare, but no meat is allowed. In consequence of this prohibition, Kropotkine is suffering again from the scurvy which he contracted in Russian prisons. Under such conditions our valiant co-worker cannot live out half of his five years' term.

The latest scheme of the French authorities to get rid of the troublesome Anarchists is a law, now under discussion, by which all criminals convicted of a second offence may be banished to New Caledonia. Of course the bill contains a provision nominally excluding political offenders from its application, but this amounts to nothing. We all know how easy it is for a judge — especially a French Roman Catholic judge — to construe a political offence into a violation of the common law. If the law passes, every man twice convicted of belonging to the International, or publishing revolutionary opinions, or manufacturing explosives, or doing any other similar thing will be shipped out of the country. By this steady drain on the revolutionary forces Premier Ferry hopes to avoid the necessity of again adopting the Thiers policy of wholesale massacre, which otherwise will be felt at no distant day. How much longer will tyrants continue guilty of the folly of resisting the inevitable!

If Henri Rochefort is correct in his statements, the French Orleanists have hit upon an instrument for effecting a *coup d'Etat* which has its advantages over the bayonet of the Napoleons and the bomb of the Nihilists. Somewhat more expensive, truly, but much less bloody. It is nothing less than the government bond. The French chamber of deputies recently voted to convert the five per cent. bonds into four and one-half per cents. For some days before the vote there was a panic in the stock market owing to the prevailing uncertainty as to the action of the chamber. Bonds were thrown on the market in large quantities. Rochefort says that the sons of Louis-Philippe, in connection with their friends the Rothschilds, invested enormous sums in buying them up. By the vote of the chamber such bondholders as do not wish four and one-half per cents. may have their five per cents. redeemed. It is the intention of the Orleanists — we again quote Rochefort — to present themselves at the French treasury some fine May morning and demand fifty million dollars or so in redemption of their bonds. The government, it is expected, being unable to pay, will find itself confronted with the dilemma of repudiation on the one hand or Orleanist rule on the other. A very pretty plot, surely! The restoration of a dynasty by a run on the Republic!

Josephine S. Tilton, in an interesting and well-written account of the Heywood trial furnished by her to several Liberal journals, makes this statement: "Mr. John Storer Cobb worked up and furnished important matter, and indeed to him is due the credit of bringing forward the point upon which hinged the successful issue of the trial." Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, in a letter to the "Truth-Seeker," makes this similar but more specific statement: "Mr. Cobb suggested that the government must be called upon to prove that the obnoxious advertisement was deposited in the mail by Mr. Heywood, and really that was the card which, in the technicality of the law, was the winning one." Liberty has no desire to detract from the credit due to Mr. Cobb, but must protest most seriously against this throwing away of the victory which Mr. Heywood's act has won. If what these ladies say is true, then the very next man arrested on a similar charge, if he is unfortunate enough to have the fact of mailing fastened upon him, will go to prison. A tremendous victory, indeed! No, Mr. Heywood was acquitted on no such technicality. He was acquitted by the charge of Judge Nelson, especially those portions which declared questionable the evidence of a man who confesses, as Comstock did, his habit of deception, and that the government must prove that the article advertised was manufactured for the purpose of preventing conception. These decisions do secure the liberties of the people to a very considerable extent. Miss Tilton and Mrs. Colman will see this, we are sure, and insist with us that Mr. Heywood's victory shall be utilized for all that it is worth.

The letter in another column from Patrick J. Healy of San Francisco is noteworthy. We little expected to receive from California a criticism of "Max" for his *lack* of liberality on the Chinese question; on the contrary, we expected to hear him condemned for excess thereof. But the disappointment is a gratifying one. Mr. Healy very properly condemns "Max's" proposal to enforce the Restriction Act in order to show that the presence of the Chinese is not the real evil Liberty was very glad, nevertheless, to print such a proposal from the pen of one who formerly wished to exclude the Chinese for the opposite reason that he then supposed them to be the principal cause of low wages on the Pacific coast. Such an advance is well worth noting. Regarding the responsibility of monopoly for the decline of wages in California, "Max" is right, we think, and not Mr. Healy. Had there been no land or money monopoly, wages would only have been higher in the Pacific states in consequence of the advent of Chinese labor from one direction and Eastern capital from the other. Easy access to capital always tends to increase wages. Mr. Healy is also wrong in supposing "Max's" assertion that every man's wages under a just system would be his product or its equivalent is identical with Henry George's theory that every laborer produces his own wage-fund. The economists' theory of the wage-fund is perfectly correct. Consumption comes before production, and every man's wages are paid out of the product of *past* labor (his own or another's), — that is, out of accumulated capital. The trouble is that our present system, instead of allowing this capital to accumulate in the hands of its producers and rightful owners, drains it off into the pockets of usurers. But even if the laborers possessed the capital, they would still have to live upon it while working and waiting for the completion of new products; in other words, their wages would still come out of capital. The words "or its equivalent" in "Max's" statement make his position, therefore, distinctly different from George's, but he would have been still more accurate had he said that every man's wages under a just system would be an equivalent of his product paid in advance.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 12, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

A Suggestion to Philanthropists.

The writer was lately witness of a brief colloquial encounter between an American mechanic enjoying his noontide lunch on a dock in a neighboring city, and a respectable representative of the shoddy-minded American *bourgeois*.

"Ah!" said the latter; "these infernal 'communists' are both lunatics and knaves. Suppose they should succeed in killing off the Czar and all the other crowned heads, — they would only injure their own cause; for other czars, even more despotic, would immediately take their places."

"Well," replied the mechanic, calmly, "as for myself, I would not harm a fly, and would rather give up my dinner to yonder dock-rat than witness the cruelty of killing it; but I tell you, sir, that, if the Czar of Russia, or the Emperor of Germany, or the Prime Minister of England should at this moment appear before me, I would kill either of them as soon as I could reach them. I would count my poor life cheap in such a service for humanity. Killing is the best use that these imperial and ministerial loafers can be put to. Not but that I well understand that others would immediately take their places; but whoever says that the assassination of tyrants does not put intelligence into anybody's head is sadly mistaken. Dynamite in its infant career has already set more thought and intelligence in motion than the plain, naked wrongs of labor would have brought out in a century. The poor wretch who kills an emperor, a Bismarck, or a Gladstone, exchanges these bloody and worthless scoundrels for whole volumes of enlightening discussion which will surely follow the act. To what better use could they be put? I advocate dynamite, sir, on American principles — as an investment."

Upon looking over the current literature of the day, since the time that God was pleased to take the late Emperor of Russia to himself, the plain-spoken American mechanic is not so lightly to be set down among the knaves and lunatics. As capital, sacrificed in the act of investment, the departed Czar practically cost humanity nothing, since, as our educated *bourgeois* friend with great force averred, his place is immediately filled by another without additional cost. But the income on this investment, reckoned on the basis of the volumes of light-spreading discussion which has since rolled in from every quarter of the world, is something astonishing to contemplate. Mark, then, the status of this captivating position in scientific usury as applied to the disposal of imperial tyrants and loafers. Under the *bourgeois's* own terms, as stated in his oft-reiterated proposition that the place of a "dynamited" tyrant is immediately made good without expense, the invested capital is practically zero. On the other hand, the income realized in the consequent animated epoch of light-spreading investigation and discussion is incalculable. One of two things, then, logically follows: — either the ready *bourgeois* argument, above-stated, against lifting tyrants, has some deeper subsidiary grounds never yet shown up, or else the disgusted law-and-order *bourgeois* is persistently offering the most convincing mercantile and humanitarian argument for wide-spread investments in tyrant killing.

The justice or expediency of taking away the State's agents of tyranny and robbery with dynamite is not affected a feather's weight by the fact that others will immediately fill their places. Why are all the great popular reviews to-day discussing social topics which they have persistently ignored in the past? Why are the great popular journals actively scouring about for articles on social topics and importuning writers for contributions which five years ago their editors contemptuously threw into the waste-basket when offered without money and without price? Why are the newspapers freighted every day with articles on socialism, communism, and anarchism, already half conceding the bottom wrongs that are threatening two continents? What is it that has aroused the popular interest so suddenly? What has excited the thirst after enlightenment all at once? Chiefly the fact that in the happy accident of history the Czar of Russia, Lord Leitrim, the Phœnix Park victims, and other fiends in authority have been offered up as paying investments in behalf of popular education. To say that a rich income of enlightening discussion has not been realized would be wilful perversion of a notorious fact. These fruitful investments, according to the ready *bourgeois* argument, involved no sacrifice to humanity. The nearest and dearest friends of the invested persons claim that God has taken them home to himself. To what better use, then, in the interest of all concerned, could they have been put?

As one of the sure results of enlightenment, it will yet become clear (and in the near future, too) in the minds of large masses of enslaved peoples that emperors and prime ministers have no more right to murder their subjects than the latter have to murder them. Once the dazzling mask of office torn from these legalized assassins, the standing wonder of posterity will be that they were not sacrificed as humanitarian investments sooner. We agree heartily with the disgusted and dynamite-haunted *bourgeois* that there can be no substantial and lasting advancement of the masses except to the extent that they become elevated by education and enlightenment. The only question at issue between us hinges upon a practical question of facts, — namely, whether the late investments in sacrificed tyrants have not already yielded a greater income of education and enlightenment than would have accrued had they been spared to live, even a century longer, in peace, with their duped and dutiful slaves. If so, then the minor objections to the investment have already been sufficiently answered by our *bourgeois* friends themselves. If God will only have the goodness to send for a tyrant now and then in the interest of popular education, humanity will soon be in shape to fill the orders cheerfully and promptly on the most favorable terms. To capitalists interested in sound, paying educational investments, the question may yet become a serious one whether it would not be wiser to pay some poor fellow a few hundred dollars for killing an emperor than to endow Harvard College with material for perpetuating the c[illegible]y flunkyism which Wendell Phillips so righteously rebuked within its walls a year or two ago.

An Undeserved Criticism.

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR, — Do you consider it either wise or just to complicate the solution of the social problem by stirring up racial prejudices as is done in the article entitled "Anarchism and Republicanism" in the last number of Liberty? I hoped for better things from the paper that so bravely defended the Chinese in the face of the almost unanimous denunciation of them by labor reformers throughout the country.

I am fully sensible of the many and grievous sins which may be laid at the doors of my race and of the negroes; but it certainly is utterly unfair to charge us with the entire social and political demoralization of the country. Has not the "cultured" native white class furnished, proportionately, by far the largest number of public thieves and political bosses? Would the Republic be any better, Anarchy any less desirable, if all the States enjoyed a combination of the present election laws of Rhode Island with those of the slave States before the war, thus effectually excluding the vulgar gin-drinking Irish and negroes from the suffrage and concentrating the power in the hands of the respectable element?

If this proscription of races for political vice continues, we may have Liberty next, with "Le Révolté," demanding the extermination of the Germans for their devotion to governmentalism, and then of the French for some other cause, and so on until none but the pure-blooded descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers remain to inherit the earth.

Really, it would appear as if the writer of the article in question were an Anarchist, not on principle, but because himself and the New England Brahmins are unable to monopolize the offices, and an atheist because the God of the Fathers has gone back on them. The writer should enroll himself amongst the clergy of some positivist community, where his culture would be respected.

To me a government of the cultured appears as evil in principle, as fruitful in bad results, as intolerable as any other kind.

I send this merely to give you an idea of how this sort of thing appears to a member of one of the outcast races. It is with regret I write, for I have generally found myself in complete accord with the teachings of Liberty.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN F. KELLY.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., April 18, 1883.

The above communication comes from a gentleman whom Liberty has every reason to regard as one of her most intelligent, earnest, and enthusiastic friends. Under ordinary circumstances he would have seen the exact purpose of the article which he criticises, and would have endorsed it. But he is an Irishman; and so numerous and outrageous have been the insults heaped upon his race that he, in common with all his countrymen, has become unduly sensitive, and fancies that he sees insults where none exist or were intended. It is our belief that, had we designated Sambo only and left out Big Mike and McGuinness, his keen and unclouded mind would have told him that the article in question in no way favored the proscription of Sambo, but simply used him as a type of the illiteracy and ignorance which unscrupulous rascals, where universal suffrage prevails, can mould to serve their purposes. Now, just as the negroes, generally speaking, are considerably below the average citizen in education and intellect (though not by their own fault), so Irishmen are peculiarly prone to political "bossism." It is the misfortune of the writer to frequently come in contact with the ward "bosses" and ward "strikers" who largely control the politics of Boston, and he estimates that three out of four are Irishmen. In consequence of this experience, whenever he thinks of political "bosses," the first figure to come before his mind is "McGuinness, the corner gin-slinger." So we used him as a type. But in doing so we did not proscribe him or even blame him. We lay everything to the system; and to the influence of systems Irishmen are more immediately susceptible, on account of their temperament, than the more torpid Germans or Americans. Instead of charging the Irish with the "social and political demoralization of the country," we charge the country's system of government with the demoralization of all the people, and especially the impressible Irish. If Mr. Kelly were discussing a vice which he had seen most frequently and most perfectly typified among Yankees, would he not very probably use "Brother Jonathan" to symbolize his thought? And if the editor of Liberty were to complain, would he not think him a trifle touchy? Now, Mr. Kelly admits, if we understand him, that the Irish race is not perfect.

Still more surprising is our correspondent's assumption that our unfortunate pen has ever written a line in favor of restricted suffrage. Does Mr. Kelly not know that we have always advocated the utter abolition of suffrage? Did we not print approvingly, in the very next column to the article which has so stirred Mr. Kelly, a sweeping article regarding the foolishness of voting? To point out the evils of universal suffrage is not to deny the *greater* evils of restricted suffrage. Why did not Mr. Kelly, instead of indulging in unworthy and unjustifiable flings regarding our motives, read our article to the end, and pay some attention to our unequivocal statement in the closing paragraph that "the Anarchist denies at one stroke the authority of any individual or combination of individuals to govern others without their consent?" Had he done so, he must have seen that this sentence places "race proscription," "govern-

ment of the cultured," and all other government whatsoever entirely out of the question.

Let it be understood, once for all, that, as far as human rights are concerned, Liberty knows no nationality, but is thoroughly cosmopolitan.

What Political Verdure!

The High and Mighty, Supreme, Irresponsible, and Irresistible Government of the United States, having made known its displeasure at the audacity of a few obscure persons in New York City, in presuming to carry and deliver letters within the city at one cent each — one half the price charged by the great and supreme government itself — whereby, as it alleges, this same great and supreme government is "defrauded" of many thousand dollars per annum — and having commenced the execution of its vengeance upon these audacious individuals, and declared its intention to crush them altogether, the innocent and unsophisticated editor of the New York "World" expresses his surprise in this manner:

The public imagine that the Post-Office is an institution established for their convenience, and to carry their correspondence. The official view, as announced by the Attorney-General, and acted upon by Mr. Pearson [postmaster of New York] is that people correspond with each other in order to provide revenue for the Post-Office.

All this implies that this editor of the "World," whom we must presume to have come to years of discretion, and to be also a citizen of the United States, is nevertheless so verdant that he imagines that the government was made by and for the people, instead of the people having been made by and for the government! Has he always lived in the woods, and known nothing of our political affairs except by hearsay, that he does not understand the palpable fact that the people were made by and for the government, instead of the government's having been made by or for the people? What, we would ask him, does he imagine that mankind were made for, if it were not for the support of governments? What visible means of support has a government other than the people? Evidently none, whatever! What other evidence, then, can this editor expect or desire, in proof that the sole object of the creation of human beings was that they might support governments? What would governments do, we beg to know, if there were no human beings to support them?

The only way in which we can account for the verdure of this editor, is by supposing that he has never held any government office. Give him but the government postmastership of New York, and we venture to say that he will discover, as if by magic, that such beings as men would have never been created, if they had not been needed for the support of government. What else, we beg to know, are they good for? And if they are good for nothing else, who can say that they were created for any other purpose?

We rejoice to know that such stolid ignorance as that of the "World," is not to be permitted to be perpetual, or to become universal; that that great and good man, Senator George F. Hoar, representing the most enlightened State that ever existed, to wit, the State of Massachusetts, is determined to dispel this deplorable ignorance, by the establishment of national schools, in which shall be taught, henceforth and forever, the great truth that the people were made by and for the government alone, and not the government by or for the people.

The Czar's Latest Victims.

[From "L'Intransigeant"]

New gallows are soon to be erected in Russia. The tribunal before whom the Nihilists recently arrested were tried has passed sentence. The trials were conducted with closed doors. Accurate information concerning them cannot be had, the authorities preserving the most absolute secrecy in regard to the acts attributed to the victims of His Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias.

"L'Indépendance Belge" lately published a long summary of the indictment. In this document the accused are said to be connected with the "Will of the People," but no precise charge is brought against them.

Bagdanovitsch, who had taken the name of Koboseff, was, it appears, the proprietor of a cheese shop, under the floor of which was found a mine which it was intended to explode under Alexander II., in case Ryssakoff's bomb should fail to do its work.

Gratieffski, Klemenko, Boutsevitsch, and Slatopolski are charged with complicity in the execution of the Czar.

Telatoff, Stephanovitsch, Madame Iouschkova, and the others are simply accused of having been engaged in propagandism.

The first hearing is thus described by the correspondent of the "Dix-Neuvième Siècle":

All entrances to the court-room are occupied by policemen, and the room, very dark, has a lugubrious aspect. At eleven o'clock all the accused are brought in. They are guarded by a numerous escort of policemen with drawn swords. *They seem to be suffering severely.* They spend some minutes in embracing and shaking hands, after which they seat themselves on the benches provided for them at the left of the large semi-circular table around which the judges are seated.

Bagdanovitsch, *alias* Koboseff, is a typical Russian; he has a small sandy beard. His exterior gives no idea of his extreme energy, boldness, and shrewdness.

Slatopolski has a satisfied air. Very restless, nevertheless, with bright eyes.

Stephanovitsch looks intelligent, but excessively tired.

Of the seven women, only Mlle. Smirnitskar has a countenance at all ordinary; the others, on the contrary, have a very distinguished appearance and sympathetic exteriors. Madame Pribilova is a beauty of the first order. Mlle. Ivanovskata, only thirty years old, is pale, thin, suffering; she coughs like a consumptive; one would easily take her to be forty.

After the customary formalities the president of the tribunal inquires the name, age, and profession of each prisoner, and then the witnesses summoned by the prosecution and defence are called, when it is found, to the astonishment of all, that *the State police have refused to allow the witnesses at their disposition — that is, the political criminals already condemned — to appear before the tribunal.*

At noon they proceed to the reading of the indictment, which lasts till three o'clock.

The trials lasted a week. It is needless to say that the attitude of the accused was dignified in the highest degree. None of them entertained any illusions regarding the fate which their "good father Alexander" had in store for them.

On Friday, April 20, at three o'clock in the morning, the tribunal rendered its decree.

Koboseff, Slatopolski, Gratieffski, Klemenko, and Boutsevitsch were sentenced to be hanged; Stephanovitsch and Mlle. Ivanovskata to hard labor for life; Madame Korba to twenty years; Telatoff, Pribiloff, Mlle. Lisoffskata, Kalouschni, and Mlle. Smirnitskar to fifteen years; Madame Pribilova to four years; and Boreischa, Madame Alexandrovna, Mlle. Iouschkova, Mlle. Ghierscheva, and Gremberg to perpetual exile in Siberia.

Condemnations such as these will not stop the Russian Revolution. On the contrary.

"Max," the Chinese, and Liberty.

Most Estimable Liberty:

Your issue for March 17 contains an article, signed "Max," on the Chinese question, to which I take some exceptions. I looks to me as if "Max" was balancing himself between two delicate points, — the principle of Liberty and the expedient of Restriction. Out here at the verge of the continent, at the felloe of the wheel, I don't like to see such wavering at the Hub. Therefore I propose to furnish some starch to stiffen "Max's" moral backbone. How inconsistent it sounds to hear a man talking about being an Anti-Chinese, Anti-Irish, Anti-Jewish, or Anti-any-other man "in the light of Liberty"! How can a man for a moment presume to call himself a liberal — even by implication — and advocate the enforcement of the Restriction Act or any other act which would prevent any man or woman going all over this earth at their own [illegible]? What kind of Liberty is it that would endanger a principle for the sake of educating a generation of disappointed and disappearing speculators up to a point in political economy which only needs a lucid exposition to be accepted by every one but the prejudiced or the crystallized? Can we, for the sake of satisfying a remnant of the poor decaying Argonauts and the refuse of the Sand-Lot, ignore the rights of the rising generation, — their right to come into contact with the personality of all races and the culture of all nations? The irresistible logic of events forced the Asian to our shores. He has as much right here as we have, and we cannot ignore the fact that the natural friction of competing races is one of the great factors in the education of mankind. What natural right have we to say how many Chinamen or other men shall come here? The right to do this is not based upon Liberty, but upon the idea of a permanent governing institution for the support of which men are born, are taxed, and go to war from age to age. Liberty is inconsistent with any such form of government. Liberty assumes government to be a provisional convenience formed by man for the benefit of man and dissolvable at his pleasure. If I have no natural right to put a Chinaman out of this country, I would like to know by what process of political chemistry I can confer this right upon a convention of my peers in Congress assembled. I had no such right; I could not confer it upon a representative; therefore, the Restriction Act is against natural rights, and what is against natural rights is an injury to every human being. In the light of this definition of Liberty, how can we for a moment range ourselves with the men of expediency? It is our duty to stand like a wall of adamant against the political trimmers who would steal the livery of freedom to disguise slavery.

"Max" asserts that the decline of wages which occurred here at the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad was due to the land-grabbing schemes connected with and growing out of this monstrous monopoly. This, in my opinion, does not give the true reason; it is more in accordance with natural law to assume that the railroad acted as a channel connecting two communities: one old and populous, overflowing with capital and its results; the other young and sparsely settled, with little capital to invest in manufacturing enterprise. The overplus capital and labor of the East rushed along the Central Pacific channel until the regions supplied by it and its tributaries were saturated with the results of cheap capital and labor. Force moves in the direction of the least resistance and tends to an equilibrium. The flow is still westward. We have not yet reached an equilibrium. Notwithstanding our so-called inexhaustible supply of Chinese cheap labor, we have never been able to supply ourselves with boots and shoes or cigars,— the two products mostly influenced by "John"; and at no time would the Sand-Lotter wash his own shirt, — therefore, the Chinese washerman is a permanent institution. How "Max" could for a moment consent to a restricted emigration I cannot see, especially as he admits that every man's wages under a just system would be his product or its equivalent, or, in other words, adopts Mr. George's doctrine of wages, viz., every man that produces furnishes his own wage fund.

This I accept as an economic truth, and I think it has only to be accepted to settle the Chinese question forever as far as its economic relation is concerned; but the difficulty is that there has always been a race antagonism. It sticks out very plainly in what is called the Anglo-Saxon. Are not my countrymen a living, or rather a dying example of this fact? Is there not a prejudice all over the English speaking world against an Irishman? Have I not heard from my earliest years how the Celt by his very nature was unfitted for self-government; that his presence here was the sole hindrance to an honest administration of the law; that his laziness was the cause of his poverty, and all that sort of thing? As a fellow-laborer, I accept the Chinaman as a blessing. He comes here and without fuss accepts the conditions of our economic system on the battlefield we have chosen ourselves, and calmly wins the prize offered to persistent labor. His advent will show us the rottenness of our industrial system better than any other single event of the age. As a man of Irish birth, I would advise my countrymen here in the United States to accept the economic situation as we find it. We certainly can get as much, even in competition with the Chinese, as our English cousins ever gave us; and, if we are the superior race we sometimes claim, we have no cause to fear the result. To those familiar with the subject nothing new has been said, and, if an apology is necessary, it is that I wish our Eastern friends to know that here on the picket line there is at least one sentinel who views this subject "in the light of Liberty."

PATRICK J. HEALY.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2, 1883.

The Civilizing Power of Dynamite.

The appearance of the following editorial in a recent issue of the New York "Home Journal," the leading organ of fashionable society, and dependent for its patronage solely upon the privileged classes, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of these remarkable times. It is the best defence of the use of dynamite that we have ever seen, and was evidently written by some one who has thought deeply upon the subject. We commend these bold but philosophical utterances to the penny-a-liners who fill the columns of the daily press with frantic and superficial ejaculations about the "cowardly depravity of the modern revolutionist"

We may denounce dynamite with righteous indignation, but we must acknowledge the revolution it is effecting in the arts of offence and defence. As gunpowder and rifled cannon and railroads changed the former methods of war, so this new agent has shifted again the balance of power, reducing still further the supremacy of brute force and mere numbers. Great armies and vast cities are, indeed, a source of weakness in dynamite warfare, furnishing, as they must, the most vulnerable points of attack for its wholesale destruction. A barren rock in the secret mountains of Switzerland, with its dynamite laboratory and convoys by air or land, may set at naught all the standing armies of the proud German empire, and drop annihilation upon its walled cities at any hour by night or day. At this moment a single wayfarer, with dynamite in his pocket, throws the cities of England in greater terror than would an army of a hundred thousand men landing at Dover, with only the ordinary weapons of guns and sabres. A handful of hunted, homeless Nihilists are able to terrorize all the Russias, forcing its Emperor to live the life of a fugitive, and making his very coronation a problem of chance. Jupiter with his lightnings was scarcely more a master of the ancient world than is the mob with its bomb of dynamite the avenging Fate of modern monarchies.

At first glance the dynamite bomb seems an implement of fiends, but a closer view discovers in it a potent minister of

good. All triumphs of science and invention work inevitably in the end for the people. It is these scientific victories which have made the populace of to-day other than the slaves and chattels of the ancient civilizations. But for these "the divine right of kings" would still dominate the world, and the great mass would be but cheap material to build the tombs of the Pharaohs. Every advance in science has given the people an additional hold of the sceptre of power. Sometimes by an increase of the general wealth, as in the case of the steam engine, the loom, the sewing machine, sometimes by a general multiplication of the means of destruction, as in the invention of gunpowder, cannon, and firearms, making a single man often more formidable than a phalanx of ancient swordsmen. Every increase in the destructiveness of weapons of war has brought increased respect and importance for the individual war-maker. Thus to-day the poorest Nihilist with his dynamite is an object of more consideration from the Czar and his nobles than would be forty thousand serfs of the olden time armed simply with staves and forks. As a direct consequence the case of these poor malcontents will be more heeded than it has been heretofore. Not even proud England can escape the alternative. She may resist for a time and try laws of excessive rigor, but at last she will come to respect this hidden force and find it wiser and cheaper to cultivate the Irishman's good will than his ill will. Thus it will be found, when the first mad outburst of murder and destruction has cleared away, that there will follow throughout the world a more ready disposition on the part of governments to listen to the petition of the humblest classes of the community, and to see that no burdens of unjust laws are maddening them to revolt. The consequence will be an era of comparative peace and good will, greater stability and less frequent revolutions in governments, and the eventual abolition of standing armies. This consummation can evidently be achieved most directly by some agency like the perfected dynamite bomb and electrical battery, which will make great armies useless, make them mere targets for destruction en masse, instead of reserves of strength. In the future, little corps of engineers with telescope, batteries, and balloons will take the place of the lumbering armies of the past, and finish in a few days, perhaps hours, what in olden times would have been a thirty years' war.

These effects will be observed wherever the dynamite wave reaches; horror and attempts at repression at first, then the better counsels of discretion and humanity, and at last a genuine recognition of the brotherhood of the despised classes, and a sincere purpose to relieve their estate and remove from them all unjust discriminations. We say unjust discriminations, for it is incredible that all this discontent, this unanimity of outcry, should appear through all Europe without some serious justification in bad laws. It is not human nature to wince without pain; and in all ages the common people have been more ready to accept and endure impositions than to rebel without cause against fair and equal institutions. It is a weakness in all governments to favor the rich at the expense of the poor. Monarchies are avowedly governments of privileges for the few; but even republics cannot quite counteract the tendency of power to gravitate to the powerful. Here is New York, which has been a hundred years perfecting its system of free institutions, and yet how many of its laws discriminate against the poor in plain defiance of principle? Happily the case is not one to call for the interposition of dynamite, but the discriminations are irritating to the classes discriminated against, and tend to alienate them from the State which they should look up to as a sure protector, and love as a second father. Without such regard from the humblest, from the great mass of the people, no government can stand in entire security. And it will be well for our legislators to heed the warning that comes to us from Europe, and to give due diligence to hunting out from our statute books all traces of vicious, partial, and superfluous laws, and especially such as tend to keep up the old antagonisms between the poor and the rich.

Degrees in Sexual Morality.

The following article, contributed to "L'Intransigeant" by that brilliant writer, Gramont, contains volumes of philosophy:

The other day I was at Mrs. A. B.'s. A charming woman, though very conservative. She looks upon me as a frightful drinker of blood. But she suffers my visits out of whimsical caprice.

"What has become of your friend Henriette?" I asked her.

"Henriette X., who married Mr. C. D.?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. C. D. and I see each other no more."

"Ah! something has come between you?"

"Nothing at all. But Henriette was not married at church."

"What is that to you?"

"That is much to me. I have religion. In my eyes the religious marriage is the only one that counts. The civil marriage goes for nothing. For me to receive Mrs. C. D., who is married only civilly, would be equivalent to receiving a woman who had not been married at all. You do not understand?"

"Indeed, I do not!"

"You have no moral sense."

A few days later I happened to be at Mrs. C D.'s.

"It is some time," I inquired, "since you saw Mr. E. F."

"Mr. E. F.? I have not seen him since his marriage."

"Ah!"

"Does that astonish you?"

"Why, yes."

"Are you not aware, then, that he married his mistress?"

"Well?"

"Well! I do not wish to receive Mrs. E. F."

"Why so?"

"Because she has been the mistress of E. F."

"But is she not now his wife?"

"That is nothing. She *has been* his mistress. That is sufficient reason why I should not wish to form her acquaintance. If I were to receive mistresses whom their lovers have married, I should soon have to receive those whom their lovers intend to marry! You think me absurd?"

"A little."

"You have no moral sense."

On a subsequent evening, when I was calling on Mr. E. F., his wife in her turn said to me: "Would you believe that E. F. actually wished to introduce me to his friend G. H.?"

"Ah! And why not?"

"G. H. *and his wife!*"

"Well?"

"I do not wish to receive Mrs. G. H. Are you not aware that, before marrying G. H., she was his mistress, and that" —

At this point I looked at Mrs. E. F. with so stupefied an air that she divined my thought, and, interrupting herself, said:

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, — that I, too, lived with my husband before marrying him. But I have lived with him only. I was a maiden when I first knew him. While Mrs. G. H. not only was once the mistress of G. H., but had previously been the mistress of several gentlemen. There is a distinction there. Do you see it?"

"Not very clearly."

"No? Then you have no moral sense."

"Faith!" said I to myself, "since all these ladies, who agree so little with each other, agree in denying me the moral sense, I begin to believe that I really am devoid of it."

Moreover I learned afterwards that Mrs. G. H. also had the moral sense, or at least had acquired it.

For I found that she was unwilling to receive a couple who had lived together for ten years, — but were not married at all.

Finally, the other morning, I met Mariette on a street corner. It was very early. Mariette had come from I don't know where. Not from her house, for she told me she was on her way there. She had her corsets in her hand, wrapped in a newspaper.

"How tired I am!" she said to me; "buy me, please, a cup of coffee."

At the coffee-house, while Mariette soaked buttered bread in a bowl filled with yellowish liquid, I related to her the bits of conversation which I have reproduced above.

"Oh, well! I," she cried,—"I am not like that. All these ladies, from the one who was married both at the mayor's office and at the church to the one who is not married at all, may come to my house; I will give them all a hearty welcome. If I were in funds to-day, I would even ask them all to breakfast."

A good girl, this Mariette! Not prudish. Without prejudices.

Unhappily, I fear that she has not much moral sense.

A Foe to His Own Cause.

Anthony Comstock, having been foolish enough to pass severe strictures upon Judge Nelson's conduct of the Heywood trial, the New York "Sun" comments thus pertinently:

A discreet and prudent person in the place of Mr. Anthony Comstock could probably do a great deal of good in the detection and prosecution of the particular forms of crime to which that notorious enthusiast devotes his attention.

The cause which he professes to have at heart, however, can never be promoted by such harangues as that in which he indulged at Boston on Thursday.

Speaking there before the New England Society for the Suppression of Vice, Mr. Comstock publicly declared that in the course of a recent trial in the Circuit Court of the United States, in that city, "the court was turned into a free-love meeting."

The indictment, he went on to say, though it was perfectly good, was overruled on a technicality, and he distinctly charged the Judge with having "practically endorsed and encouraged" the prisoner's transactions in circulating vicious literature.

Now, of course, no person familiar with his history believes that Mr. Comstock is competent to form an opinion worthy of respect as to the conduct of a court which has decided against his wishes. Intelligent people, whether they know anything about the man or not, will also naturally doubt the justice of such an attack upon learned and reputable judges, whose fitness no one else has ever questioned. But too many of Mr. Comstock's hearers are apt to receive his statements with implicit faith, and are thus led to believe that those who should administer the laws specially designed for the maintenance of good morals are faithless to their trust.

Hundreds of prominent citizens in New York and elsewhere contribute money every year to enable Mr. Anthony Comstock to carry on his work. Do they propose to sustain him in baseless assaults upon honorable public officers, such as the attack to which we have called attention?

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 11. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883. Whole No. 37.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The position of the woman suffragists, when thoroughly understood, is simply that women have as good a right to make fools and villains of themselves as men have. We do not dispute it. But is the right to be a fool worth fighting for, and has either man or woman the right to be a villain?

The ranks of American socialists have received an important accession in the person of Robert Winston, a member of the London Trades Council, who has left England and is now living in Boston. He represents industrial and commercial conditions in England as in a very bad way, and says that a great financial crash may be looked for at an early day.

Liberty is not disappointed at the Czar's success in getting himself crowned. We never expected that the Nihilists would be foolish enough to make their attempt on the very day of all others when every possible precaution would naturally be taken against it. But the blow will fall yet, and when it is least expected. Alexander III. is no safer with a crown on his head than he was before.

Alfred E. Giles, of Hyde Park, Mass., who has done much useful and necessary work of late as a pamphleteer, has prepared a formidable indictment of Vice Societies and their agents, which is published by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. Mr. Giles was formerly a vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association, and so has seen from the inside the working of the machinery of superstition.

Joseph Henry, of Salina, Kansas, has published the first of his six essays on "Death and Funerals," which have already been announced in these columns. It is well worth reading, and is a sufficient rebuke of those Christians who habitually picture death as the terror of the Infidel. The truth is, as the author shows, that there is no better test of the superiority of Infidelity to Christianity than a fair contrast of their respective attitudes toward the great fact of death. Mr. Henry mails his pamphlet to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents.

We should like to believe that the Paris "Figaro" has good grounds for its sensational statement that France is in danger of being cut into small pieces by the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, and parcelled out among the surrounding nations. Anything to disintegrate the nations and set the people against their rulers! Patriotism is one of the chief obstacles to the Social Revolution. When people begin to hate their governments, they will also begin to love one another. Then Liberty and Justice will be near at hand, for it will gradually become impossible to distract attention from economic evils by foreign wars. The boasted unification of Italy, though wrought by some of the grandest of men, was really a step backwards, which we should be glad to see more than offset by the disruption of France, or some other great nation.

Enumerating recently some of the tyrannies which woman would support with the ballot were she allowed to use that instrument of oppression, we placed "greenbackism" in the list as the opposite of free money. One of our western readers asks us to explain the distinction between greenbacks and free money. There is not *necessarily* any distinction. Treasury notes receivable for voluntary taxes, if issued only in payment for services rendered to the government and in competition with other varieties of currency, would not violate freedom in the least. It is greenback*ism* that Liberty objects to, for its first and fundamental principle, as urged by its champions and in its platforms, is that it shall be a criminal offence for any individual or association to issue currency for circulation, and that there shall be no money except that issued by the government. In other words, greenbackism is money monopoly in its most extreme form. Free money, on the other hand, means free trade carried into finance, unlimited competition in the business of "making money," and, as a result, the utter rout of inferior and usurious currencies by the virtues of the cheapest and the best.

Somebody, for some purpose or other, has taken the trouble to send us a copy of a pamphlet entitled, "Theory and Practical Workings of Our System of Government," by General W. S. Rosecrans. We give a specimen of its profound political philosophy. On one page occurs this statement: "The power which declares the laws and enforces conformity to them is the government. . . . . Since the object of its existence is the good of the governed, it seems most reasonable that it should be controlled by a majority of those for whose benefit it is instituted." Then three pages further on: "Voting is the exercise of a trusteeship, the right to which is to be determined by the law-making power on the principle of creating such trustees as will produce the greatest good to the greatest number." That is to say, the government, which should be controlled by the votes of a majority of the governed, should have the right to decide that no votes shall be cast except by such fraction of the governed as it may see fit to designate. This would do credit to an owl. The main purpose of the author, so far as we can gather, seems to be to lessen the evils of the caucus system by having the State "furnish each trustee with authentic and timely expressions of public opinion and public intelligence as to the character and qualifications of persons to be voted for." When an attempt is made to carry this out, we shall have a mighty interesting time of it. Imagine it in force in Massachusetts next fall, — the legislature flooding the rural districts with "public opinion" about Governor Butler and Governor Butler counteracting this with "public opinion" about the members of the legislature, the whole being done without the machinery of campaign committees and paid for out of the public funds! It would be nuts for the printers, but mightn't the tax-payer think he was paying a little too dear for his whistle?

E. H. Heywood has been arrested again on an obscene literature charge, — this time, however, under a State law, instead of for an offence against the United States mails. He was arraigned at Worcester a few weeks ago, when the district attorney made an effort to push him to trial without any opportunity for preparation. Judge Pitman would not allow this, and consequently the trial will take place either in August or October at the discretion of the district attorney. The special offence charged is the distribution of a tract written by Mrs. Angela T. Heywood upon the right of woman to prevent conception, in which the sexual organs are spoken of with unusual freedom and in a style which Liberty would neither adopt nor recommend. Still the argument is legitimate, sober, and earnest, and contains nothing lewd or lascivious in the least, and it would be a most contemptible outrage to punish any one for circulating it. For one reason we are glad the arrest is made under a State law. It will test the quality of the devotion to Liberty professed by those Liberal League leaders who have elaborated ingenious arguments to show that the States may regulate morals but that the national government cannot. We shall now see whether Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman and his friends object to the substance of tyranny, or only to a certain form thereof. Mr. Heywood, by the way, desires to print in pamphlet form the stenographic report of his recent trial. It is a commendable purpose, and any friend of Liberty who wishes to aid in its execution may send his contribution to "E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass."

Our ardent and admirable contemporary, "Le Révolté," says with truth: "The Anarchists can have but one well-defined rule of conduct, — to break down all barriers which prevent humanity from marching forward, not only those which exist, but also those which some would like to create in place of those destroyed. Humanity can progress freely only when each individual is left to follow out his tendencies." Exactly so; but in that case what will become of the barrier which "Le Révolté" proposes to create between A. B., the shoemaker, and C. D., the tailor, to prevent the exchange of the shoes made by the one for the coats made by the other? Is that to be allowed to stand? If so, what will become of the freedom of the individuals A. B. and C. D. to follow out their tendencies, and consequently of the progress of humanity? These are grave and vital questions, and we should like to have "Le Révolté" reply to them. If we understand "Le Révolté," that excellent journal, in spite of its commendable opposition to Authority, almost always concludes its attacks upon it by advising the people (who the people are and how they are to manifest themselves does not appear) to exercise Authority to the extent of forcibly despoiling all individuals of all their tools and materials and administering the same collectively (whatever that mysterious adverb may imply). Whether such obstreperous individuals as may refuse to be thus summarily "collected" are to be imprisoned or shot or starved we do not know; certain it is that they are not to be allowed to produce for, and exchange with, each other in their own way. Now, it seems to us that this would be simply to substitute for the present State one even more objectionable, and that the *régime* thus inaugurated, far from being Anarchy, would be one of the most tyrannical Archies imaginable. Under it (to use a favorite metaphor of French radicals) laborers would continue to be cooked and eaten, but with a slightly different sauce. Liberty thinks twice before criticising "Le Révolté," but maintains nevertheless that the task of intelligent socialism is not to deprive individuals of their capital, but to abolish the privileges and monopolies which make capital an instrument of theft from labor; and that whoever maintains the contrary is not an Anarchist, but an *Autoritaire*.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 9, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Memorial Day and Its Mockeries.

The vast machine through which the masses are victimized and bled by their industrial and political masters is known as the State. It is poised on three main pillars, — fraud, force, and superstition. Very naturally, such a contrivance must needs invest largely in advertising schemes by which to counteract the growing encroachment of new light upon its "true inwardness."

Previous to the late war, Fourth of July sufficed to keep the people well seasoned in humbug. But when, after the Rebellion, the Republican party found itself in the potency and promise of indefinite rule, the political Barnums seized upon the happy idea of an annual show which should be animated by all the sacred associations and memories of departed friends. Of course, to refined and elevated souls this vulgar display and tomfoolery over the graves of kindred and loved ones is as offensive to good taste as it is disgusting to native sensibilities; but the masses naturally "catch on" to a scheme of political advertising under this hypocritical guise. The dodge has thus far proved a complete success, and the resources of popular ignorance and stupidity will doubtless prove equal to many repetitions of the show.

Let us look for a moment at the enormous crimes which, having been created by this so-called "government" of the United States, its ruling political knaves now ask the victims to memorialize from year to year by mingling praise and thanksgiving to itself with the sad memories of their loved ones.

The government's first crime (if we except the crime of its existing at all) was in persistently protecting African slavery with the Federal bayonet. To this, and to this alone, was the perpetuation of chattel slavery due. When Garrison cried to the American government to take the bayonet from the breast of the slave and leave the master to take his chances with the victim, he was answered by the educated mob of Boston with the halter and scouted by politicians of every stripe as an outlaw and madman. To refuse to furnish slavery with its only sure protection, the bayonet, was arch treason to the "law and order" upon which this government stood.

The government having forcibly protected slavery and sanctified it with the mantle of constitutionality, the slave power naturally counted upon its governmental guarantees and became arrogant and belligerent when a party came into power which threatened to encroach upon these guarantees. Its resolution to withdraw from the Union, the constitutionality of which has never been successfully questioned, turned the heads of the North. It needed but an attack on Federal property, and the demon of war was let loose.

The terrible sequel need not be told. The total of men called for and enrolled under President Lincoln's proclamations amounted to nearly three million. Of these over three hundred thousand fell in battle or died in hospitals. The national flag now floats over Andersonville, while thirteen thousand graves lie along the hillside to tell their silent story of horror to the visitor. The volume of men set to work by this slavery-protecting government to kill their fellow-men aggregates a number equal to the combined populations of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, with nearly half the population of Massachusetts thrown in. A population equal to the entire inhabitants of a city like Fall River was swallowed up in the one battle of Gettysburg.

If any individual or association of individuals outside the State had persistently defended an institution by force and then compassed the lives of three hundred thousand of their friends in battling down a monster of their own special creation and nursing, said individuals would long ago have cut their own throats in remorse or called upon the rocks and mountains to bury them in everlasting shame. Yet scoundrelly politicians who stand as the representatives of such a governmental association not only dress up in the gaudy insignia of their shame and strut before the public, but call upon the widows and orphans of their victims to follow them to the grave and mingle praises to the American State along with their tears and garlands. At their side are willing Reverend frauds and bloated political gushers to extol such a shameless swindle and invoke the blessings and favor of Divinity.

When these things are contemplated by one who has pricked the foul sham of political government it brings out the astounding stupidity and gullibility of the masses in a very painful light. When to this is added the thought of the crushing national debt which is to grind the descendants of the murdered victims in the endless toils of usury, the vastness of the crime memorialized in Godly hypocrisy and fraud on Decoration Day is indeed startling. Such humiliating and sickening exhibits may well nerve the Anarchist to increased zeal, boldness, and out-spokenness in the pressing duties which his conviction calls for. The work ahead is indeed herculean, but it is imperative. Lend us a hand if your heart is right and your head level.

"Pounce & Co."

Mr. Benjamin E. Woolf, who has written several successful comedies, perpetrated one continuous blunder when he wrote "Pounce & Co." and called it a satirical comic opera. He attempted to satirize the struggle between labor and capital, but, having not the faintest perception of the true nature of the struggle and knowing absolutely nothing of the principles of justice upon which the demands of labor are based, he merely succeeded in voicing the dull-witted self-complacency of the money-worshipping *bourgeois*.

The motive of this alleged satire is glorification of benevolent capital. It aims to draw caste lines and teach the working classes their "station." The character which the author evidently designed to be the model laborer is a working girl who is extremely grateful to be allowed to live at all, who knows her place, is content with any wages capital may condescend to allow her, and talks double-distilled nonsense about having no business with accomplishments and not being above her station. All the truths about labor are put into the mouths of drunken, lazy, ill-conditioned fellows, who are wretchedly ungrateful for all the favors showered upon them by benevolent Pounce & Co. But Mr. Woolf is serenely unconscious that the utterances of his grumbling, unwashed, and unshaven disreputables are clear, solid truths instead of satire. For instance, the representatives of the great unwashed in this "satirical" opera say: "Capital is never honest;" "Capital has no rights;" "We are the hard-handed sons of toil. What would capital be without us?" etc. Good, honest doctrine, this; not satire at all.

And then the model working girl is supposed to expose the ingratitude and fallacy of these remarks by inquiring what the workmen would be without capital, meaning the capital that exploits labor. Mr. Woolf assumes, wholly without basis and with the assurance of ignorance, that it is the rough, uneducated, vagabond type of man who has ideas of equality and preaches the rights of labor. His whole opera depends upon that notion for its intended satire.

Not so, Mr. Woolf; in truth, quite other than so. You are the satire upon the class of men who affect to preach the delights of poverty, the embarrassments of wealth, and with detestable snobbery teach the "drudges" their station in life. Your "Pounce & Co." is a heartless, brainless piece of dilettanteism, conceived in ignorance and brought forth in stupidity. Of sympathy with poor, struggling, bewildered humanity there is not a trace in any line you have written. Your satire is a cruel, jeering lie; your fun is a ghastly mockery. It may be pleaded that you do not know any better, but if you had a heart to feel, your head would not be so mournfully vacant, so impervious to the truth which is clamoring for recognition all about you. Your achievement is discreditable, — painfully bad, being but an unveracity and despicable quackery. In the name of humanity, thou poor contemptible manikin, bury thy satire and write no more, but try, with whatever glimmer of light thou canst get, to see the realities of this world and recognize a brother in the worker groping in the darkness for some way out of bondage!

No Sovereignty But That of Right.

"Le Journal des Economistes," the French organ of the Bastiat school of political economists, has an article in its April issue, entitled, "A Contradictory Programme," which discusses a platform recently adopted by one school of French socialists. This platform has two divisions, — one political, the other economic. The political division squarely favors individual liberty of all sorts and the abolition of privileges and monopolies. The economic division asks the State to furnish labor to every able-bodied citizen, credit to every laborer, education to those not yet able to labor, and support to those who have outlived their ability to labor. E. Martineau, the writer of the article referred to, brands this programme as inconsistent with itself, and clearly shows that its economic division invades the individual whom its political division declares sacred from invasion. To be sure, in doing this he incidentally says many foolishly false things about credit, *assignats*, paper money, and the theories of Proudhon, but Liberty is willing to forgive him much in view of his closing pages upon the stupid doctrine of the "sovereignty of the people." In reprinting them, we commend them to the attention of all State socialists and to that of such anarchists as are so short-sighted that they cannot see that, if they were to succeed in depriving individuals of their freedom to produce and exchange, they would simply have substituted one State for another instead of having abolished the State:

> The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people will not bear careful and serious examination. Whoever says sovereignty says omnipotence, and those who maintain the omnipotence of the people and consequently of the legislator should beware lest they thus lift certain mortals into demigods to whom anything is permitted and who know no limit other then their own capricious will. The good sense of the masses, which identifies law with right and lays upon the legislator the obligation of respecting justice as a limit, protests against this false idea. How happily was Mirabeau inspired when he cried: "Right is the sovereign of the world."
>
> The sovereignty of justice, that is the true formula, and justice is respect for the liberty of others. There is no right against right, and if one man has not the right to violate the liberty of another man, no more have a hundred millions of men. . . . If my personality and my liberty belong to me, no one has a right to touch them, and I do not recognize the right of any majority whatever to violate my right or deprive me of my patrimony. The number of the oppressors does not make oppression legitimate, and, if that is true, the system of the sovereignty of the people is judged and condemned as a certain error.
>
> The sovereignty of the king was the principle of absolute monarchy, and was expressed in this celebrated phrase: "For such is our good pleasure." Under such a *régime* there were no citizens, but a troop of slaves, and for that reason they were called subjects. This *régime* was odious, no doubt, but it was not absurd, for the sovereignty was attributed to a living personage who monopolized privileges and pleasures.
>
> But the sovereignty of the people, — what does that mean? Does it mean that the people is a living entity? Does the word signify anything more than the collection of individuals who compose a State? The people is not a real being, and therefore to make it a sovereign is to crown a myth and a phantom, is to establish a sovereign of the fancy and beneath it a people of subjects.
>
> Singular step in evolution! The progress of the human

mind is so slow that it cannot free itself at a stroke from the yoke of despotism. Monarchy was odious to it, and it made a revolution to destroy it, but, instead of abolishing sovereignty, it confined itself to displacing it: from the prince it transferred it to the people; the despotism of an individual it changed into collective despotism. That famous signature: "For such is our good pleasure," has not been suppressed; it has been given to the people; and now it is no longer the king, but the majority which holds the pen and puts the monstrous formula at the bottom of its decrees.

Well, the truth does not lie in this half-evolution; it is necessary to advance further, to take another step in the path of progress. It is not enough to displace sovereignty; it must be abolished. The right to oppress right must not be recognized either in one man or in a majority of men. It is necessary, in short, to proclaim the reign of justice, to say with Mirabeau: "Right is the sovereign of the world." For under such a *régime* there will be no subjects, and each may say with a more legitimate pride than the ancient Roman: "I am a citizen of a free country."

To sum up, a flagrant contradiction exists between the two sections of the socialistic programme: if the political section is inspired by liberty, the other, the social section, rests upon the doctrines of authority and the Cæsarian State. Between these two antagonistic doctrines, between thesis and antithesis, there is no reconciliation, no possible synthesis; the contradiction stands, and suffices to condemn the programme.

The Value of the Heywood Victory.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In your last issue you comment upon letters which have been written by Lucy N. Colman and me respecting the Heywood trial, and take exception to our estimate of the value of the result as a vindication of the principle for which the challenge was avowedly made. (1) I have, as you say, every desire (and I am sure that L. N. C. has also) that "Mr. Heywood's victory shall be utilized for all that it is worth." I think, however, that you have placed that worth at too high an estimate. There is nothing in the decision that can keep from prison "the very next man arrested on a similar charge, if he is unfortunate enough to have the fact of mailing fastened upon him." (2) As one of the jury has since told me, the only fact considered was whether there was proof of the mailing, and the verdict of "not guilty" was given because of the absence of such proof. (3) The judge did not charge that the article advertised must be *manufactured* for the purpose of preventing conception. He said that the government must prove that it was designed, intended, and adapted for the purpose named. (4) Mr. Heywood will be liable to another arrest if he again sends through the mail the same advertisement. (5) As he himself writes, the "savage statute remains, threatening 'legal' torture to all the investigators of social evil." The Winsted "Press" states the matter well when it says: "It is no less dangerous than before to send Whitman's poems, 'Cupid's Yokes,' or the syringe advertisement by post. The right of Comstock or any other wretch whom the government or a self-constituted 'vice-society' may appoint to supervise the reading of the public, sit in censorship over the press, and violate the principles of that most sacred of all rights, free speech, is in no sense denied. Mr. Heywood is free, not because he was arrested wrongfully in the exercise of his rights, not because the charge against him was one for which he cannot be punished if found guilty, but because the charge was not proven. This is not victory for principle; it is mere good luck for Heywood, and will simply teach Comstock to be more careful in the future." (6) I think that by this time you will perceive that both your judgments of this trial — first, that there was not sufficient ground to prevent Mr. Heywood's "rearrest on the same charges embodied in more perfect indictments," (7) and, second, that the victory renders impossible the future arrest of any one who may do as Mr. Heywood did (8) — are equally erroneous; the one falling as far below as the other rises above the true estimate. (9)

JOSEPHINE S. TILTON.

BOSTON, May 22, 1883.

[(1) We have not claimed that Mr Heywood's victory vindicated any principle; only that it rendered the liberties of the people more secure by very materially increasing the difficulties of conviction.

(2) According to this, then, if Comstock arrests a man for mailing an advertisement of a syringe and it is proved that the man did mail it, a charge to the jury that the government must prove that the article itself was designed and intended for the prevention of conception, and that the weight of Comstock's testimony is to be judged by his deceptive practices, will not tend to keep the man out of prison. Such an argument answers itself.

(3) Whatever a juryman may have said, we simply do not believe that the jury spent several hours in discussing the question of the mailing alone. And even if it had done so, would that have detracted from the greater value of the rest of the judge's charge? If the jury was obliged to acquit because of doubt on the fact of mailing, concerning which there was at least a little evidence, would it not have been all the more obliged to acquit when it came to consider the design and intent of the article, concerning which, if our memory serves us, there was no evidence whatever?

(4) This is a distinction "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." Of course, when the judge said "designed and intended," he meant designed and intended by the manufacturer, and not by the advertiser; otherwise, why did he use the following words: "Whatever the words of the advertisement may mean, unless the article advertised is designed and intended for this particular purpose, the charge has not been proved."

(5) Of course he will, and we never said to the contrary.

(6) It may be audacious in us, but we still maintain, in spite of the Winsted "Press," that anything that "teaches Comstock to be more careful in the future" does render "less dangerous than before" the exercise of those rights which he is trying to strike down.

(7) The judge, in ruling that the extracts from "Cupid's Yokes" and "Leaves of Grass" were not too obscene to be set out in the indictment, took care to say that it was the jury's province to determine whether they were obscene as a question of fact. What, then, is to prevent new indictments from being drawn with the objectionable matter set out, and Mr. Heywood from being rearrested on them?

(8) Not having pronounced any such judgment, we are not called upon to perceive it to be erroneous or otherwise. Our judgment was, not that the victory renders future arrest impossible, but that it renders future conviction much less probable.

(9) Perhaps we had better say, in conclusion, that we originally referred to this matter because we thought we saw an effort in progress to "boom" Mr. J. Storer Cobb even at the expense of the victory. Now, Mr. Cobb is an able man and a good friend of Liberty, and, the more he is "boomed," the better we like it; but the truth must not be obscured for the purpose. In this connection the following letter, received shortly after the appearance of our last issue, may prove of interest:

To the Editor of Liberty:

I honor duly Mr. Cobb and all others who sided with right against obscenity in the late conflict, but, in reply to the special effort made to distinguish him at the expense of others, it should be said that he said all along that it would be "suicide" for me to conduct the defence. Even as late as March he "saw nothing improper" or unwise in my breaking an implied, if not seriously actual, contract made with Judge Nelson January 1, in order to "take back the old team" of lawyers!

Truly yours,

E. H. HEYWOOD.

Whoever may be in error in this matter, it is scarcely worth while to devote further space to it in this tiny sheet; so we close the discussion here. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Almost an Anarchist.

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR, — I have for some years been connected with the Socialistic Labor Party, but within the last year or two I have lost considerable of that faith in and enthusiasm for State control which I had when my mind was more a stranger to the study of social philosophy. I cannot tell whether I am undergoing a kind of mental evolution or not. I commenced about fifteen years ago a trade unionist; then I became a Greenbacker, then a Social Democrat (State Socialist), and where I will be next I don't know. I am much pleased with the philosophy of Anarchy so far as I know anything about it, and that is very little. If I understand the question correctly, the only difference between these different social schools is a political one. The State Socialist would have the majority rule the minority; the Anarchist would have the majority rule itself, but have no coercive power to force the minority to conform to its ruling. You may take exceptions to the difference as I state it, and say that it is a question of right. That may be true, too; but when we begin to define "rights," we get at sea. Of course, we all aim at the "greatest good to the greatest number," but how to bring that about is what men disagree upon.

I like the idea of voluntary association taking the place of the present coercive State, but I cannot see how, under such a system, many of those things which directly interest all could be inaugurated. How could the right-of-way for railroads, for instance, be acquired? After the roads were built, I can see clearly how they they could be run, but in their construction is where I cannot see the practicability of such a system. Suppose a railroad was intended to be built from one given point to another, between which points it would be necessary to cross land already occupied by an association or an individual, and this association, or individual, refused to allow the road to cross, — what would be done? Suppose a gold, coal, or other mine was found on a piece of land already occupied, and the occupier refused to allow it mined and would not mine it himself, — what would be done in that case? Who would have the deciding of the matter? And there are thousands of such questions that come to my mind, the answers to which are not clear to me, and I become confused. It is plain to me how voluntary associations could run post-offices, railroads, schools, waterworks, issue their own credit as money, and do almost everything the State now does, but there are so many things, as I said before, which I see no way of doing without the power of the community *force*. It seems to me that we too often overlook the element of force in social matters, — that is to say, the exercise of power to establish a right. I am not blind to the fact that power is now to a large degree used to establish wrong, and whether by the establishment of an equilibrium of power right would not be the result is what interests my mind.

There is, as another instance, the just distribution of land. I have read Mr. George's book very carefully, and take a great interest in its distribution, keeping one in my pocket almost all the time to sell to anyone who wants to investigate the land question; yet I am not satisfied that his theory will accomplish full justice. It is though, in my opinion, the most practical plan I have as yet seen; but there are a good many questions which arise that George's book don't seem to answer. Here are some which I put the other day to an enthusiastic George man, but I was not answered in a satisfactory manner. If rent is wrong when paid to an individual, does it become right when paid to the State? Is it right for the State to do that which it is wrong for the individual to do? If it is wrong for an individual to evict a tenant for non-payment of rent, would it be right for the State to evict a tenant for the non-payment of rent? You see, it is still a question of *right*. Under George's plan, if a family is sickly and just able to earn enough to keep life in the body, they must pay their rent just the same, *or be evicted*, and that would be a denial of the "natural" right to live on the land which gave them birth.

I have seen Liberty several times, and read it with a great deal of interest. My friend P. J. McGuire leans considerably toward Anarchism, and it is quite probable that if that philosophy could be got before more readers, a large number of converts could be made, because the present State has harassed so many with "laws" that they have grown disgusted with it. I will try to get subscribers for Liberty, because it has so many good things in it which tend to create thought. It bears the mark of a higher standard of scholarship than reform papers as a rule.

Yours fraternally,

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, May 7, 1883.

[The receipt a few weeks ago of the foregoing letter from a very intelligent man heretofore prominent in the councils of the State Socialists was unspeakably gratifying to us. The spirit of honest inquiry which pervades it will soon land the writer on solid and satisfactory ground. He should not hesitate, however, to adopt a principle indisputably true simply because certain difficulties seem to stand in the way of its application in special directions. Let him inquire first if the voluntary principle be true; and if he finds that it is, then let him advocate it through thick and thin and apply it where he can, trusting to human ingenuity to provide for its universal application eventually. We frankly admit that difficulties will be encountered in applying it to railroads and highways, and we believe that these will be among the last interests to come under its influence, principally because competition cannot be brought promptly to bear in a business so difficult of establishment as that of long-distance transportation. The first important manifestation of voluntaryism will probably appear in the banking world in the form of an organization of credit This will make competition very active and promote individual and associative enterprise to an extent hitherto undreamed of, and the people will thus be constantly familiarizing themselves with the voluntary principle. Then, after the banking reform has made capital abundant and easy of concentration for important public purposes, they will be in a position to build and run railroads on the voluntary principle. As to our friend's hypothetical cases of individual

obstinacy, we can only say that they seem to us very idle suppositions. Nevertheless, if they should occur, they must be respected, for aught that we can see. If a man is legitimately using a piece of land for a certain purpose, no State or other power is justified in taking it from him to use for another purpose. It is better to suffer great inconveniences than the evils engendered by the violation of individual rights. But it should be remembered that nothing stifles public spirit like compulsion and nothing inspires it like freedom; and it may be set down as one of the certainties that, when Anarchy prevails, individuals will be much readier than now to make sacrifices for the public good. After Mr. Labadie's pertinent and effective criticisms upon Henry George's plan, we do not see how he can call it "practical." It certainly is a practical plan for the perpetuation of rent levied by the hardest-hearted landlord imaginable, but for benefiting humanity and securing labor in the possession of its own it is one of the craziest schemes ever brought to our attention. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

A Tale from the Persian.

[San Francisco "Truth."]

CHAPTER I.

Once on a time, in the early history of the Troglodites, a boss carpenter had finished a job for which, according to his contract, he was to receive cash upon completion.

He received, however, a note at ninety days; unable to wait for the maturity of the paper, he hired a pack mule and rowed across the ferry to Wall street.

Here he met with an obliging old acquaintance, whom he had never before seen, who offered to cash the paper in consideration of a modest discount, which amounted to about fifteen per cent.

Delighted at the reduced amount he would thereby be enabled to place to his credit account in his ledger, he proceeded upon his way rejoicing.

Ere arriving at the pagoda of his forefathers, he was met by a Parsee merchant from an adjoining wigwam.

This holy father, learned in all the sacred books, informed the carpenter that his notes had been shaved, and that many of the most noted families of the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian races — more especially the Semitic — lived upon such food, which he termed shavings.

CHAPTER II.

And it came to pass that the bondman of this carpenter, which in those days was called a journeyman, perambulated toward the attractive boss carpenter, which in those days was called employer, making an inquisitive inquiry of the party of the second part, concerning the reward for his toil, which in those days was called wages.

And the party of the second part, which was the master (boss), made answer to the party of the first part, which was the bondman, saying: "Verily I say unto you, I guess I owe you ten dollars; that's eight dollars; that's twenty per cent. off; I guess that's all you'll get."

And the bondman made answer and said: "Verily I say unto you, 'the laborer is worthy of his hire;' 'ye shall not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.'"

And the Centurion answered him and said: "Brother, you be dam'd; they skinned me out of fifteen per cent. in Wall street, and if they shave me, I'll live off of shavings too."

CHAPTER III.

And it afterwards came to pass that a great famine came upon the land, which was termed by the wise men of those days a panic.

And among the bondmen there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

And floods overflowed the land, of waters, and of men who were called tramps.

And behold, prisons grew and multiplied and became fruitful and replenished the earth.

And behold, there was great rejoicing among the rich and the elders of the land, which, being translated, is capitalists with us.

And, lo and behold, the party of the first part, which was the bondman, was carried forth to Calvary, which, being translated, is potter's field with us.

And the multitude which followed shouted a great shout of starvation, saying: "Of what hath this man died?"

And the multitude answered itself, saying: "He died, — he died, — well, he died because he lived on shavings, too. Poor carpenter!"

CHAPTER IV.

And it came to pass that the money changers of the Temple of Wall were "clothed in purple and fine linen" and fared sumptuously every day, singing praises to *Veuve Cliquot*.

And the parties of the second part sat under their own vine and fig tree, and shouted hosannahs to *Bourbon*.

And the parties of the first part, which were the bondmen, went forth on their bier.

And the sirs and high priests of the tabernacle, which, being translated, is political economist with us, who taught in the Temples, raised their voices and said: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like precious ointment upon the head, as the dew of Hermon. Behold how glorious is the 'identity of interests!' Hallelujah! to the Lord God of economies!"

And the people shouted with loud voices: "Oh, Hell!"

CHAPTER V.

And lo, there came a great darkness over the land.

And the people would fain take to shaving, too.

And in the darkness rose a spectre of portentous power.

Having two long legs and a body which went up and down, shaped like a triangle (symbol of equality) and sharp as the sword of Damocles or that of Alexander which cut the Gordian Knot, standing firm and erect upon a platform which was movable.

And the spectre took to shaving: oh! 'twas a vigorous barber, who know all about barbarism.

And beards were shaved, and HEADS down to the neck.

And when the money changers of the Temple of Wall and the parties of the second part saw that they were being shaved, they regretted that they had ever begun the shaving process.

Mary had a little lamb,
Away down South in Dixie.

VICTOR DRURY.

The Snob and the Blackguard.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Harvard College, considered as an individuality, is the greatest snob the State can show; while Ben Butler is professedly the most vigorous blackguard in the Commonwealth, or perhaps in the country. The recent set-to between them has afforded immense diversion to the on-lookers, or at least to that portion of them who had no partialities for either party. The matter would have been of no importance, had not Butler left the field limping and groaning. One would have expected that so experienced a bruiser as he, foreseeing what was likely to come, would have made up his mind to keep cool, and treat the affair as of no consequence, at least until he should have found an opportunity to strike a blow, or fire a shot, that the enemy would have felt. But instead of this, he was so weak and foolish as to whine and snivel, and thus show that he had really set a value upon the worthless sheepskin; and that he feels that his old enemies, the Hoars, have scored another important victory against him. One who, like him, is always throwing himself into the political prize-ring, and always fighting without gloves, with mud, clubs, stones, or whatever comes to hand, ought either to throw up the sponge like a man, or hold his temper and his courage until fortune should return to him. One would have thought that his victory at the polls last year would have given him heart enough to sustain his serenity through this battle of the sheepskins, whether it went for him, or against him. That its result should disturb him shows a littleness of mind, that should mortify his friends, as much as it has elated his enemies. That a man of any real magnitude should either seek the smiles, or fear the frowns of such snobs as those of Harvard, is preposterous. Heretofore a large part of Ben's reputation with the people has rested upon his supposed contempt for snobs of all kinds; but now he shows that he is so sensitive to their opinions of him, that they can not only nettle him, but even mortify and exasperate him. But while Ben, in his chopfallen condition, is a subject provocative of laughter, it is perhaps equally laughable to see what a value old granny Harvard puts upon her sheepskins. And the elevated character of Massachusetts politics is to be inferred from the fact that the State is expected to take sides on this matter at the next election. And Ben's own opinion of the high character of our national politics may be inferred from the fact that, if the State should decide in his favor in the matter of the sheepskins, he indulges great hopes that he will be made the sheepskin candidate for the presidency.

BOSTON, June 4, 1883. * * *

To-day.

Until men shall cease to ask: "Is it divine, as it according to the teachings of the Bible?" and inquire instead whether it is true, there can be no cessation of the warfare against Christianity. It is not so much because any given dogma is false that we need to assail it to-day, but because it comes to us as God-given, having the weight of an Authority which we must not question on peril of eternal damnation. The divine sanction or authorship claimed for it precludes an investigation as to its real cause or causes. It is sacred, and must not be touched.

But to the careful observer it is given to know that Authority is rapidly shifting its ground, and each day demands more and more our unquestioning obedience in the name of morality. Super-mundane powers and penalties frighten not as of old, and it has become necessary for the self-appointed rulers of men to bend the neck of the dissentient by an appeal to moral obligation. This would be all very well did they confine themselves to pointing men to the path of rectitude and natural purity, telling us all to study, experiment, discover, and shape our lives in harmony with the true and good, always respecting our neighbor's rights.

But respecting the rights of those who differ from them is the last thing these guardians of morality do. There must be no private judgment, no independence of individual action. All must conform to one standard or be visited with the pains and penalties of the law. The whole tendency of present American legislation is toward the obliteration of the individual. Recent laws all bear the ear-marks of paternalism. Department after department of human life is sought to be taken into the keeping of the State. Local rights are ruthlessly sacrificed in the interest of centralization, and personal liberty is laid an offering upon the municipal altar.

Our tyrants are not to-day priests of God, *acting in that capacity*, but voters wielding the swords and bludgeons of majorityism. And this majority is determined that its ideas of morality shall be accepted by the minority.

Many men and women have rejected the childish tales of theology, while but few have outgrown her methods of reform. The so-called Liberal who favors coercive laws in the alleged interest of morality is just as censurable as, and much more dangerous than, the supernaturalist who favors similar laws in the interest of God. The duty of the radical to-day is to demand the recognition of the Individual, of the Individual as the supreme and only sovereign of himself, and, *consequently*, of none other.

E. C. WALKER.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 12. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883. Whole No. 38.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

The Trial of Louise Michel.

The great interest felt by the readers of Liberty in our report of the trial of Kropotkine and his companions at Lyons moves us almost as much as the importance of the event to pursue a similar policy regarding the more recent trial of Louise Michel and her friends at Paris. Accordingly we present the following detailed report:

The defendants in this celebrated case, besides the famous Louise herself, were as follows: Jean Pouget, book-agent, aged twenty-three years; Eugène Mareuil, shoemaker, thirty-three years; Jacques Moreau, also called Gareau, printer, twenty-three years; Paul Martinet, hosier, twenty-six years; Henri Enfroy, lithographer, thirty years; Madame Bouillet, tavern-keeper, fifty-four years. Léon Thiéry and Claude Corget, who had been released on bail, did not appear for trial, and consequently were defaulted. The nature of the charges against the prisoners can best be described by the following extracts from the indictment:

"Placards on the walls of Paris summoned laborers out of work to meet on Friday, March 9, 1883, in *l'esplanade des Invalides*. The police having dispersed those who met in answer thereto, a certain number of them, led by Louise Michel, Pouget, and Mareuil, started for the Boulevard Saint Germain, through the greater portion of which they marched. Louise Michel walked at their head, carrying a black flag; she was supported on either arm by Pouget and Mareuil; following them were five hundred persons uttering cries of 'Down with the police' and 'Vive la Révolution!' About three o'clock they reached a bake-shop kept by one Bouché. Fifteen or twenty individuals, of whom five or six were armed with loaded canes, rushed into the shop, crying 'Bread, labor, or lead!' and threatened the baker with their canes, which they raised to strike him. They took some loaves, which they threw to those remaining in the street, and on leaving broke a pane of glass in the shop window. Resuming their march, they stopped a second time before the bake-shop of Madame Augereau. Louise Michel struck the earth with her flag-staff, and a woman's voice was heard to cry: 'Go on!' At this command about fifteen individuals entered the bake-shop crying: 'Bread; we are hungry!' Others followed; they took loaves and cakes and broke windows and plates. After this second pillage they again took up their line of march and stopped before the bake shop of Madame Moricet. Louise Michel, still escorted by Pouget and Mareuil, waved her flag-staff, rested it upon the ground, and began to laugh, as Madame Moricet says, who was watching from her shop. At this double signal the shop was invaded by a large number of individuals, crying: 'Labor or bread!' Madame Moricet immediately cut off some slices, which she offered them, but that did not suffice. The shop was pillaged, the invaders taking loaves and cakes and breaking empty plates. An officer of the peace being informed of what was going on, started with a few subordinates in pursuit of the crowd. He caught up with it at the Place Maubert, pushed through it, and confronting Louise Michel, Pouget, and Mareuil, said to them: 'I arrest you.' Pouget sprang forward to give Louise Michel a chance to escape, and outraged the officer by branding him repeatedly as a coward and a rascal. In the tumult Louise succeeded in escaping; with the aid of one of her accomplices, she took possession of a carriage stationed at the Quai des Tournelles. A few moments later the coachman found his vehicle on the Pont Marie, but Louise Michel had disappeared. . . .
The pillage of the shops is not denied; Louise Michel admits that she was between Pouget and Mareuil, at the head of the band which invaded the shops; that it was her design to parade through the streets of Paris with the persons who had been driven from the esplanade; and that, to guide them, she carried before her 'the black flag of the strikes;' but she denies having stopped intentionally before bake-shops or having given in any manner whatever the signal to pillage them."

The indictment then says that upon the person of Pouget were found seven receipts for postal packages, a loaded six-barrelled revolver, and seventy-one francs in change, and that he at first gave a false address in the hope that a friend would be able to remove from his room several articles thus catalogued in the indictment:

"Search of his room resulted in the discovery of three files sharpened like daggers, a copying press, six hundred copies of a sixteen-page pamphlet entitled 'To the Army,' a large number of Anarchistic journals and pamphlets, and some incendiary and explosive instruments. These instruments consist of capsules of fulminate of mercury used to explode dynamite cartridges, and bottles containing a solution of a phosphate in a mixture of weak petroleum and sulphuret of carbon. An expert's examination shows that this solution is so dangerous that a few drops poured upon wood or any combustible material suffice to induce immediately a rapid combustion."

The indictment further charged that, on that same ninth of March, Pouget sent several packages of the pamphlet, "To the Army," to Amiens, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Vienna, Rouen, Rheims, and Troyes; that the package sent to Troyes was received by Enfroy, and its contents distributed among the soldiers by Enfroy, Moreau, and Martinet; and that the package sent to Rouen was received by Madame Bouillet, who delivered it to Corget.

The trial of these charges began on Thursday, June 21, before the Court of Assizes in Paris, the presiding magistrate being M. Ramé. The public were excluded from the court-room; nevertheless, it was filled by witnesses, journalists, and lawyers. On a table lay the celebrated black flag and the articles seized at Pouget's room. It was noticed that the stolen loaves did not appear in the collection. Attorney General Quesnay de Beaurepaire appeared for the government, M. Bal andrean (by direction of the court) for Louise Michel, M. Pierre for Pouget, M. Zevort for Mareuil, and M. Laguerre for the remaining defendants. At twenty minutes past eleven the prisoners were brought in, causing a great sensation in the court-room. Louise Michel was dressed in black. Her pale face showed that the three months which she had spent in prison while awaiting trial had not been without their effect. She was very calm and responded smilingly to the salutations of her friends. Henri Rochefort, Lissagaray, the historian of the Commune, and several others crossed the room to shake hands with her. After the reading of the indictment, M. Ramé proceeded to examine Louise Michel, who answered the questions asked her very clearly, calmly, and resolutely.

The Court. — Your age?

Louise Michel. — Forty-seven.

The Court. — Your profession?

Louise Michel. — Teacher and woman of letters.

The Court. — Your last residence?

Louise Michel. — The prison of Saint Lazare. [Laughter.]

The Court. — Have you ever been condemned?

Louise Michel. — Yes, in 1871.

The Court. — I know that, but that is a matter with which I cannot deal, since you have been amnestied. Have you not been condemned since?

Louise Michel. — I was condemned January 9, 1882, for having taken part in the Blanqui manifestation.

The Court. — You take part, then, in all manifestations?

Louise Michel. — I am always with the suffering.

The Court. — Was it as one of the suffering that you took part in the manifestation of March 9?

Louise Michel. — It was my duty to be there. At that time there were fifty thousand laborers out of work who thought it wise to assemble in demand for bread, and as I foresaw that, in accordance with the usual treatment administered by our governors to the vile multitude, the crowd would be swept away by cannon, it would have been cowardly in me not to accompany them. So I went with them, though knowing that a peaceful manifestation could result in nothing.

The Court. — Did you ask your friends to come with you?

Louise Michel. — No; I was not in favor of the manifestation. Nevertheless I attended it because it had been decided upon in a meeting.

The Court. — Did you know Mareuil?

Louise Michel. — No.

The Court. — Did you know Pouget?

Louise Michel. — Yes; I had known him for several months, and I regret very much that on March 9 he, as well as Mareuil, tried to prevent me from being taken.

The Court. — You knew that Pouget busied himself with politics.

Louise Michel. — Yes; and that is why the young man interested me. In these days, when the moral level is lowering so rapidly, it is well that some young people are thinking about the misery of the people. That is better than frequenting cafés and bad places.

The Court. — Was not Pouget your secretary? Did you not give him the names of your followers? Did you not entrust to him the task of spreading your ideas?

Louise Michel. — Pouget was not my secretary; he has several times sent pamphlets, not to my followers, but rather to persons curious to know what our ideas and demands are.

The Court. — You take part in revolutionary propagandism?

Louise Michel. — Yes; it is the object of my life.

The Court. — And Pouget, too?

Pouget. — Yes; I admit it, and I will always admit it.

The Court — Had you an appointment with Pouget and Mareuil at the manifestation?

Louise Michel. — No; we met there by chance.

The Court. — Do you believe the manifestation was made by laborers out of work?

Louise Michel. — Yes, sir.

The Court. — Nevertheless, out of thirty-three individuals arrested on that day, thirteen had previously been convicted of robbery.

Louise Michel. — I could not inquire into the civil status and judicial record of each one.

The Court. — Did you believe that the manifestation could procure work for the laborers?

Louise Michel. — Personally I did not, but, I repeat, I went there from duty; moreover, if the police had not interfered, there would have been no trouble.

The Court. — Did you not desire to get up a private manifestation of your own?

Louise Michel. — I followed the crowd of unfortunates who were clamoring for bread. I asked for a black flag, and an unknown person brought me a black rag on the end of a broomstick.

The Court. — Who brought you this flag?

Louise Michel (with firmness). — Even if I knew his name, I would not tell it to you.

The Court. — One might think, from the flag, that the manifestation had been arranged in advance.

Louise Michel. — No one who knew that the flag consisted of a bit of black stuff on the end of a broomstick would believe it, and no more do you, sir. I wished to show that the laborers were dying of hunger and in need of work. It is the flag of strikes and famines.

The Court. — Did you put yourself at the head of the manifestation which marched into Paris?

Louise Michel. — When given the flag, I was being followed by poor children from twelve to fifteen years old, in rags, crying from hunger. I know not what road we took. I marched straight ahead without stopping.

The Court. — Were not Mareuil and Pouget near you, holding you by the arms?

Louise Michel. — Yes; they insisted on protecting me, though I begged them to let me alone.

The Court. — Why did you stop in front of Madame Augereau's bake-shop?

Louise Michel. — I probably stopped several times, but I do not know where. We were followed by *gamins* crying for bread. I could not trouble myself about the crumbs that might be given them. The first bakers gave bread and sous voluntarily. I confess that this almsgiving humiliated me, but it was no time to recriminate.

The Court. — The bakers say, on the contrary, that the individuals who entered their shops were armed with clubs.

Louise Michel. — There were none among us who had clubs. The people crying "Bread or lead" is one of the theatrical effects of the police.

The Court. — The prudent baker closed his shop; he was not reassured.

Louise Michel. — In presence of the people it was scarcely worth while.

The Court. — They demanded labor and bread.

Louise Michel. — Yes, and those who accompanied us were all hungry.

The Court. — You have a peculiar theory about bread. Do you believe that a man may take it when he is hungry?

Louise Michel. — I believe that the poor have that right. As for me, I would not condescend to take it or ask for it. If at any time I should need it after working for the Republic all my life, I would throw this existence in its face.

The Court. — That would be one of your theatrical effects.

Louise Michel. — We need no theatrical effects. Have we not continually before us the frightful spectacle of misery? It was not my intention that they should take bread; I know very well that one day's sustenance amounts to nothing.

The Court. — This manifestation recalls the worst days of the Revolution. For the riots then began with pillage of the bake-shops.

Louise Michel. — It is not my fault if we are still in the days of '89, and if the misery of the people is as great now as it was then.

The Court — You pretend not to know that the bake-shops were pillaged; it is as if you should say that you do not see the gentlemen of the jury.

Louise Michel. — Exactly; just now I did not see these gentlemen; now I see them, because you have just called my attention to them. In the street I was thinking of poverty and did not see what was going on around me; my mind was not upon the bake-shops.

The Court. — But you waved your flag before Madame Augereau's bake-shop.

Louise Michel. — I do not know Madame Augereau, and did not stop there. Perhaps I waved my flag; not having the arms of Hercules, I was obliged to lower it very often.

The Court. — But you gave the signal for pillage by saying: "Go on!"

Louise Michel. — I may have said those words, but not as a signal. I do not remember them. Such proceedings would have had to be arranged in advance; that is out of the question.

The Court. — They have pillaged and broken windows.

Louise Michel. — I have not concerned myself about the pillage of such or such a bake-shop; you know very well that that is nothing to me; I have seen pillage and murder in 1871 of a very different character.

The Court — Do not the bakers deserve protection?

Louise Michel. — Do not those who produce all and have nothing merit some regard?

The Court. — You find this pillage very natural, then!

Louise Michel. — I did not say that. But I speak seriously and repeat to you that I stopped before no bake-shop; I would perhaps have done so, had I believed it possible in that way to give bread to the poor forever.

The Court. — Do you admit having laughed!

Louise Michel. — The spectacle was not such as to make me laugh. I was thinking of poverty and that street as full of people as a hive is of bees, and I said to myself that it is not the bees who eat the honey. There is nothing amusing about that.

The Court. — They have broken plates.

Louise Michel. — What is a plate?

The Court. — Then the manufacturers in your eyes merit no regard?

Louise Michel. — None whatever. When we are put in prison, do they see that our families are fed?

The Court. — The shop-keepers say that the crowd did not rush in upon them until a signal was given.

(*Continued on second page.*)

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY 21, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

An Offended Patriot.

To the Editor of Liberty:

It is quite evident that the writer of the article on "Memorial Day and its Mockeries" in your last Liberty never shouldered a musket during the war, and that he has very little of what is known as patriotism about him. In fact, I presume he glories in being unpatriotic. He is, no doubt, one of the kind who would shout the loudest for abolition of slavery, but be one of the last to undergo any hardship for bringing about such a result. The veterans of the war parade, of their own free will and accord, once a year, in memory of their fellow comrades. Very little pomp and display is indulged in. Their families join them at the cemetery. Their children sing, and all scatter flowers over the graves, not only of the soldiers, but of all departed friends and loved ones. A short address is listened to, and the band plays a dirge. In short, it is a general holiday which is enjoyed by the people, and certainly we do not have too many of them. It is only those who have a continual holiday who fail to appreciate the few days we do have in this country when the factory and shop do not run. To the working class such a day is a rare treat, and they all seem to enjoy it.

For this, then, we are termed scoundrelly politicians and bloated political gushers by one of those would-be elevated souls that are so far above the ignorant and stupid masses whom they would fain enlighten.

Conceived in a jealous and rancorous spirit, he shoots wide of his mark and weakens the cause he would promote. Attack the State all you choose; advocate Anarchism to your heart's content, but don't try to make light of the soldiers kindly feelings for their dead comrades simply because none exist in your own cold heart. This we say to the person who penned the article first mentioned. Ex.

[Assuming the writer of the above-mentioned article which appeared in our last number to be an honest and sincere man, he of course could not consistently shoulder a musket during the war, and his unwillingness to do so did honor to his integrity. Patriotism in his breast would be utterly unbecoming How could it be otherwise if he is a sincere Anarchist? All our critic had to do, then, was to answer the arguments of the Anarchists as they bear upon the criminal and atrocious deeds of the American government by which 300,000 men were needlessly sacrificed and their widows and orphans left to mourn. This he does not attempt, any more than he attempts to face the accusation that the whole undignified and scandalous mockery is essentially a political advertising dodge. As "Ex" chooses to flourish so bold and free a hand in impugning the motives which inspired our article, he will perhaps pardon us for publishing the fact that he is an active political worker and office-holder inside one of the most corrupt, unscrupulous, and despotic local Republican rings in America. A splendid fellow in his personal relations, the fact that he fondly subscribes for Liberty and takes note of its admonitions furnishes some hope of his ultimate salvation. At present he is evidently a victim of bad company, and the kind of glasses in vogue among his political bed-fellows ill conduce to clear moral vision. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

The next number of Liberty will appear August 18. The present issue has been delayed in order to offer our readers a report of the trial of Louise Michel and her comrades. It was well worth waiting for. This trial will live in history; its heroine will stand high among the martyrs, and her judges low among the persecutors, of mankind.

The Trial of Louise Michel.

(Continued from first page.)

Louise Michel. — It is not true. It was a movement of children dying of hunger.

The Court. — How did it happen, then, that they passed five bake-shops without pillaging them?

Louise Michel. — That proves that I am right. Here is a letter in which some one writes me that bread was distributed voluntarily.

The Court. — You can give that to your lawyer. It is reasonable to suppose that they entered at a signal.

Louise Michel. — Monsieur, had I done that I should have been mad and should now be at Saint Anne instead of here.

The Court. — Oh, there are persons whom vanity or a desire for popularity move to senseless acts.

Louise Michel. — You know very well that I am neither vain nor desirous of popularity. I went to the manifestation because it was my duty.

The Court. — Arrived at the Place Maubert, you said to the officer: "Do me no harm; we ask only bread."

Louise Michel. — Pardon me; I would not turn coward in ten minutes. I said to my friends: "They will do us no harm."

The Court. — Were Pouget and Mareuil arrested in your stead?

Louise Michel. — Yes.

The Court. — You ran away?

Louise Michel. — I beg your pardon, I am not in the habit of running away. I went because my friends demanded that I should not allow myself to be arrested that day. Another time I will not listen to them; that will save me from being charged with cowardice.

The Court. — Do you know the pamphlet: "To the Army"?

Louise Michel. — What I know is this, — that, when the Orleanists were tampering with the army, I spoke of the necessity of distributing pamphlets, and then I began to tamper with the army in the interest of the Republic. They wished to destroy this Republic which is not ours but is a door opening to the future. I did not make the pamphlet, and I no more read the pamphlets of my friends than they read mine.

The Court. — Are you familiar with Pouget's special studies regarding incendiary materials?

Louise Michel. — Everybody studies chemistry now. For my part I read the scientific reviews and seek to put at the disposition of laborers all physical forces which may help to diminish their misery.

The Court. — You may be seated.

Louise Michel. — I have a word to say about the revolver found in Pouget's hands. That revolver belongs to me.

The Court. — That matters little. The indictment does not take the revolver into consideration.

Louise Michel. — Pardon me, that matters much, because, if I passed the weapon to another, that shows the manifestation was peaceful.

The Court. — Do you call a manifestation peaceful in which three bake-shops were pillaged?

Louise Michel. — Ah! in 1871 the Versailles government did not confine itself to pillaging bake-shops.

Having finished with Louise Michel, M. Ramé turned his attention to Pouget, who answered his questions with an imperturbable *sang-froid*.

The Court. — You have means of existence. Why did you go to the manifestation?

Pouget. — I went to protest against the situation of fifty thousand laborers in misery.

The Court. — Did you not expect to meet Louise Michel there?

Pouget. — Not at all.

The Court. — Who gave her the black flag?

Pouget. — I do not know.

The Court. — Did you not hold Louise Michel by the arm?

Pouget. — The fact is of no importance.

The Court. — The prosecution will say that those who were at the head were the chiefs.

Pouget. — One may be at the head and not be chief.

The Court. — What *rôle* had you to play in the manifestation?

Pouget. — I had none.

The Court. — You expected to be arrested?

Pouget. — No, for I thought the government would have sense enough to let the manifestation alone.

The Court. — Oh, yes, of course, it is the government which does all the wrongs.

Pouget. — Quite correct, sir.

The Court. — Nevertheless, you gave a note to a friend that day, asking him to remove certain objects from your room. Who was that friend?

Pouget. — I will not name him. Moreover, the note was written after my arrest. I did that because I know that the police have a habit of taking anything they please when they search premises, and that it is impossible to recover articles thus taken.

The Court. — Did you know of the pillage of the bake-shops?

Pouget. — I did not learn of it till later. I only knew that the bakers were giving bread and sous.

The Court. — Did you call the officers cowards?

Pouget. — I may have said some sharp words, but I do not recall them.

The Court. — You had a revolver upon you.

Louise Michel. — Monsieur, that revolver was mine.

Pouget. — I maintain that the revolver is mine.

The Court. — Either way the fact is of no importance. Neither of you are prosecuted for that.

Louise Michel. — It will be shown that the revolver belongs to me.

The Court. — You had seventy-one francs in change upon you.

Pouget. — Yes, that sum was the result of a collection taken up at a meeting in behalf of those condemned at Lyons.

The Court. — But you never said this before.

Pouget. — I did not wish to say so at the preliminary examination.

The Court. — It has been thought that this money was to pay those taking part in the manifestation. [Laughter.]

Pouget. — Seventy-one francs for ten or fifteen thousand persons! The share of each would have been meagre.

The Court. — When was this meeting held?

Pouget. — Two nights previously.

The Court. — Why did you keep the money two days?

Pouget. — Louise Michel did not hand it to me until that morning.

The Court. — Receipts for postal packages were also found upon you.

Pouget. — Yes; the packages contained journals and copies of "To the Army."

The Court. — You assumed the name of Martin in sending them.

Pouget. — Yes, but I did not know that there was any real individual corresponding to the address.

The Court. — You know the consequences to Martin. He was implicated in this prosecution and he is dead.

Pouget. — I do not think that his death is attributable to his arrest.

The Court. — Where did you get these pamphlets?

Pouget. — From Herzig.

The Court. — Yes, from Herzig of Geneva. Geneva is now the cancer of Europe.

Pouget (energetically). — The cancers are the governments.

The Court. — You have distributed a good many of these pamphlets.

Pouget. — Not many, since out of a thousand I have still six hundred left.

The Court. — Does this pamphlet express your sentiments?

Pouget. — You have told me that this is not a prosecution of opinions; therefore I shall not reply.

The Court. — Certain manuscripts were seized at your residence, not yet published, but intended for publication, — notably one on the coming Revolution.

Pouget. — It seems to me very droll that you should busy yourself about that.

The Court. — It is a part of your examination. This pamphlet says: "To kill an employer, to kill a deputy, is better than a hundred speeches.

Pouget. — You are conducting a prosecution of opinion.

The Court. — Gentlemen of the jury, it is necessary to read also some passages from the pamphlet "To the Army."

Pouget. — Read the whole of it. You should not read extracts only.

The Court. — I will read what I choose. You can say what you please in your defence. [After reading.] This is the pamphlet you are distributing throughout France. Nothing could be more abominable than this pamphlet.

Pouget (coldly). — It is no more abominable than the mitrailleuse volleys of 1871 fired by the Versailles troops.

The Court. — Nothing like it was ever before brought to the attention of justice. I have a right to condemn it before the jury.

Pouget. — You have no right to anticipate the verdict of the jury.

The Court. — Do you recognize the chemical products seized at your residence?

Pouget. — Yes; chemical studies please me.

The Court. — But it is chemistry applied to politics that you study.

Pouget. — I tell you again that you are conducting a prosecution of opinions. All the products seized at my room are in the market. Have I used them? Can you prove that I intended to use them? Well, then! why not prosecute all people who study chemistry?

The Court. — All who do as you do will be prosecuted in the courts.

Pouget. — Oh, I know that you would like nothing better.

The Court. — You have declared war upon society; it defends itself; sit down.

Pouget. — One word more. Among the documents seized was my will. I demand its restoration. I need it for my defence.

The Court. — The document has no bearing upon the case.

Pouget. — You cannot judge whether or no it may be of service to me. If you are unwilling to produce it, it is because you have opened it. I assert that you have violated this will; it is an infamy of justice.

The Court. — Assert what you will, and draw conclusions if you think best; for my part, I decide, in virtue of my discretionary power, that this document shall not be restored to you till after the case is finished.

Pouget (in a louder voice). — It is an infamy of justice to have violated this will.

At this point a short recess was taken, after which the judge, who had in the meantime undoubtedly reflected, announced amid laughter that the will in question might be demanded at the clerk's office. Next came the examination of Mareuil.

The Court. — You were not out of work on March 9. You are a very good workman. Why did you go to the manifestation?

Mareuil. — It was my duty. I have lived in poverty for thirty-three years. My mother drowned herself because of poverty at the age of sixty-six. I could not abandon my brothers. No one will pretend that I have not done my duty.

The Court. — That has led to your imprisonment pending trial.

Mareuil. — Yes; I have been kept in a sort of secret confinement for more than three months. But what matters it? I went to the Champ-de-Mars to give my voice in favor of the laborers out of work.

The Court. — We hear the best reports about you What did you hope to accomplish by going there?

Mareuil. — To show that I was there to sustain my brothers.

The Court. — Did you know Louise Michel?

Mareuil. — Only from hearing her in the meetings; but I know that she is the best of all women.

The Court. — Did you assist in the pillage of the bake-shops?

Mareuil. — No; I was not aware of it; I only heard children saying they had received bread.

The Court. — You are accused of having cried: "Down with the police! Down with Vidocqs!"

Mareuil. — No, I did not say those words. I said nothing, and allowed myself to be arrested without resistance.

The Court. — Did you not do that to let Louise Michel escape?

Mareuil. — To that I will not reply.

The Court. — You belong to no society, and are not engaged in propagandism?

Mareuil. — Before becoming a skilled workman it is necessary to be an apprentice. I have had no instruction in socialism, and am not prepared to engage in propagandism.

Enfroy was next questioned.

The Court. — You have been convicted of robbery four times?

Enfroy. — Yes; but I ask permission to explain. Gentlemen, I had the misfortune to be the son of a girl. I never knew my mother. I was brought up by an old woman who lived herself upon the public charity. My adopted mother died when I was twelve years old. I was too young to work; I lived as I could, and I was several times convicted of taking part in robberies of cherries or potatoes. [Profound sensation.] Since I attained the age of manhood I have worked. I am married and have children, and I defy any one to point to any act of mine committed during my thirteen years of manhood which stains my honor. Since I learned to labor and became a socialist, I have never been convicted.

The Court. — Were you in correspondence with Pouget?
Enfroy. — No.
The Court (to Pouget). — But you sent a package to Enfroy.
Pouget. — Yes; I knew him to be a socialist.
The Court (to Enfroy). — What did the package contain?
Enfroy. — Thirty pamphlets and socialistic journals.
The Court. — You gave them to Moreau.
Enfroy. — Yes; to relieve myself of them.
The judge then addressed himself to Moreau.
The Court. — How many pamphlets did you receive from Enfroy?
Moreau. — Twenty. The next day I gave them to various comrades.
The Court. — Who threw copies into the barracks at Troyes?
Moreau. — I do not know. Perhaps some one came from Rheims to distribute them at Troyes.
The Court (to Pouget). — You sent a package to Rheims also?
Pouget. — Yes, but that package contained only journals. There were no pamphlets in it.
The Court.—It pleases you to say so. But how happens it—
Pouget. — It pleases me to say so because it is the truth. I am not the only Anarchist in France and in Navarre. Others may have sent pamphlets to Rheims. [Laughter.]
Martinet, on being questioned, admitted that he had received a dozen of the pamphlets, but said that his wife burned them up.
Madame Bouillet was the last of the defendants to be examined.
The Court. — You have never been convicted?
Bouillet. — I am fifty-four years old, and was never arrested before.
The Court. — Do you know Pouget?
Bouillet. — This is the first time that I ever saw him.
The Court. — Are you an Anarchist?
Bouillet. — I do not know what that means. [Laughter.]
Pouget. — Madame Bouillet did not know what the package contained. I wrote her a note, asking her to hand it to a person who would call for it.
The Court. — Who was that person?
Pouget. — I decline to say.
The Court (to Madame Bouillet.) — Why did you accept a package to hand to persons whom you did not know?
Bouillet. — My God! that is simple enough; anybody would have done the same.
The will demanded by Pouget was at this point delivered to him. He looked at it and said: "I beg you to notice that, without notifying me or any one else, they have opened a will deposited at my residence."
The Court. — We are not here to judge the conduct of the examining magistrate.
Pouget. — It is an infamy of justice.
The Court. — I cannot allow such language. By virtue of the criminal code I call upon you to sit down.
The examination of the prisoners being finished, the hearing of the witnesses was begun. Boucher, the baker, being first called. He testified that about twenty individuals with loaded canes entered his shop crying: "Bread, labor, or lead," and that he said to them: "There is bread; take it, but do not break anything."
The Court. — Did you notice who was at the head of the crowd?
Witness. — No.
The Court. — Did you not see a woman in black with a black flag?
Witness. — Yes.
The Court. — Do you recognize her among the accused?
Witness. — No.
The Court. — Were the people who entered your shop children?
Witness. — No, they were reasonable men [Laughter], — of a reasonable age, I mean.
The Court (to Louise Michel).—You said they were children.
Louise Michel. — Undoubtedly I said that children were shouting that bread had been given them; as for the people with loaded canes, we do not know them; they are not ours; they are not among these accused; I do not know whence they come, — or, rather, I know only too well.
The Court. — Whence, then, do they come, in your opinion?
Louise Michel. — From the police.
Madame Augereau, baker, testified that she saw Louise Michel stop before her door, and that several persons entered who stole nearly all her bread besides breaking two windows and a plate.
The Court. — Do you recognize Louise Michel?
Witness. — No, her back was turned to the shop.
The Court. — Did she wave her flag?
Witness. — I do not know.
The Court. — Did she shout: "Go on"?
Witness. — I did not hear her.
The Court. — Did you give your bread voluntarily?
Witness. — No.
Louise Michel. — Before the examining magistrate bakers admitted that they gave bread, but I do not trouble myself about that.
Mlle. Rosalie Augereau, aged seventeen, daughter of the preceding witness, testified that she heard a woman say: "Go on," but she could not say that the words were uttered by Louise Michel. All she could say was that she heard a woman's voice. This young lady added that she heard the noise of the flag as it struck the ground.
Louise Michel. — Did it make much noise?
Witness. — I saw it, but did not hear it. [Laughter.]
Moricet, another baker, testified that he was asleep when his little girl came to awaken him, saying, "They are robbing our house." He went down and found his shop full of people. A well-dressed individual reassured him with these words: "Say nothing to them; let them alone."
The Court. — Did Madame Moricet give her bread voluntarily?
Witness. — A portion of it; afterwards the people helped themselves.
The Court. — Were the pillagers *gamins*?
Witness. — There were *gamins* among them, but also well-dressed people of thirty.
Louise Michel. — I have nothing to say. If it pleases you to condemn me, well and good. I consider that you have a right to accuse me of revolutionary propagandism, but of pillage, — no.
M. Pierre (one of the lawyers for the defence). — Well-dressed people, I imagine, take no orders from Louise Michel.
Then came Madame Moricet, who said that a crowd headed by a woman with a flag came in front of her shop. The woman stopped, laid down her flag, looked at her, and began to laugh. Some cried: "Bread or labor!" The witness said she could give them no labor.
Louise Michel. — This testimony is extremely clear, — so clear that I do not understand it at all. How did I laugh, Madame?
Witness (opening her mouth and attempting a huge laugh). — Like that, and I did not know why, for I do not know you.
Louise Michel. — Madame, I am very disconsolate, but you dreamed of that laugh. And if I had blown my nose, Madame, would that have been a signal also? You were frightened, that is all. You were under an hallucination.
Carnat, the officer who made the arrests, testified that Pouget resisted and called him a coward and a rascal.
The Court. — Did not Louise Michel say anything?
Witness. — She said: "Do me no harm."
The Court. — Did she add: "We ask only bread?"
Witness. — I did not hear her.
M. Zevort. — Did you hear Mareuil say anything?
Witness. — No.
Louise Michel. — I did not say: "Do me no harm." I said: "They will do us no harm."
M. Pierre. — Have you not heard that there were other women in the manifestation?
Witness. — I have heard rumors to that effect.
Louise Michel. — I beg the defence to let the accusation rest upon me rather than upon any other person.
Then came several officers to testify to the words used by Louise Michel when they tried to arrest her. Their statements varied, and Louise Michel pointed out the contradictions, adding: "I repeat that I said: 'They will do us no harm!' It is of little importance whether I afterwards said these words: 'We ask only bread.'"
The Court (excitedly).— It is of more importance than you think. These words, repetitions of those uttered in the bake-shops, would prove that the pillage resulted from an inspiration which you shared if you did not provoke.
Louise Michel (ironically).— I see that I am judged in advance.
The Court (recovering possession of itself).—No; the jury will judge you.
Louise Michel smiled.
The government then called M. Girard, an expert, who had analyzed the contents of Pouget's bottles. He testified that one of them contained a combination of phosphorus and sulphuret of carbon, which was an exclusively incendiary preparation.
Pouget (placidly).— I am sorry to contradict the expert. I defy him to pour the contents of the bottle on the floor and thereby set fire to it.
The Court (to the expert).—Can you prove your statement?
The expert took a sheet of paper and poured a few drops of the liquid upon it.
Pouget.— If you take paper, especially blotting-paper, it will be easy; but you should try wood.
The paper took fire, and the jurors opened big eyes.
The Court.— Would this substance set wood on fire?
Witness.— Yes, if there were enough of it.
Pouget.— It would take a barrel of it.
The Court.— What have you to say?
Pouget (ironically). — I thank the expert for the lesson in chemistry which he has given me. When I am free, I, like him, will perform experiments in public.
At this point the court adjourned. On the next day the witnesses for the defence were heard.
Emile Chaussedat, a painter, testified as follows: "On the day of the manifestation, I was at work opposite Moricet's bake-shop. A crowd came along, headed by Louise Michel, carrying a black flag. She passed by without stopping a second. She was followed by several hundred people. The baker and his wife threw bread to the poor. But when they did so, Louise Michel was a hundred yards away".
Louise Michel. — I thank the witness. It is fortunate that there are some who do not lie.
Henri Rochefort next took the stand.
Louise Michel.—I beg Citizen Rochefort to tell what he knows about the seventy-one francs found upon Pouget at the time of his arrest.
Witness.— Before going to the prefect of police to surrender herself, Louise Michel came to me and told me that the newspapers had had a great deal to say about this sum of seventy-one francs, but that it was the result of a collection taken up in behalf of those recently condemned at Lyons, and that she had herself handed it to Pouget. She told me, also, that the manifestation was an entirely peaceful one. She refused a red flag which was brought to her, but deemed it her duty to accept a black flag offered her by an unknown person. I confess that I was extremely surprised to hear that Louise Michel was accused of pillage, she whom —
Louise Michel.— I beg you, Rochefort, do not speak of that.
Witness.— She whom I saw on board the frigate "Virginia," which took us together to New Caledonia.
Louise Michel. — No, I beseech you.
Witness. — My dear Louise, I am here to tell the truth, not to save your modesty. I have seen you at a distance of three hundred leagues south from the Cape of Good Hope, the thermometer scarcely above the freezing point, without stockings and almost without shoes, because you had given all that you possessed to your companions —
Louise Michel. — No, no, do not speak of that. If I had known, I would not have asked you to come to testify.
The Court. — Please allow the witness to proceed; otherwise, I shall be obliged to have you removed from the court-room.
Witness. — In New Caledonia Louise Michel made her hut a hospital where she received and cared for the sick, sleeping herself upon the ground.
Louise Michel. — Do not continue. I do not call my friends to make me suffer.
Witness — So be it! I will add no more. I do not wish to displease Louise Michel.
E. Vaughan, a sub-editor of "L'Intransigeant," was next heard.
Louise Michel.—I ask Citizen Vaughan to tell what he know about the seventy-one francs and about the revolver which I had on the day of the manifestation.
Witness. — On the evening of March 9 Louise Michel told us at the newspaper office that the seventy-one francs found on Pouget were destined for the families of those recently condemned at Lyons. The next day she repeated the same thing at my house.
The Court. — You believe this, then?
Witness. — I believe anything that Louise Michel affirms. As concerns the revolver which Louise Michel carries by my advice because she is the object of constant threats and lives in a lonely quarter, I know that she gave it to Pouget, not liking to carry so heavy a weight in the pocket of her dress.
The Court. — Disregard the pistol.
Pouget. — Yes, for I should be obliged to claim it as mine.
Louise Michel. —The information given by Citizen Vaughan is very accurate. I beg him to add nothing further.
Witness. — Very well. But Louise Michel will permit me to bear testimony here to my respectful affection for her and to say that I am very proud to be her friend and fellow-socialist.
Louise Michel. — I shall always look to it, Citizen, that my friends have no cause to be ashamed of me.
Citizen Rouillon was next heard.
Louise Michel.— I will ask Citizen Rouillon whether, in a meeting of Blanquists held previous to March 9, I did not say that, personally, I had no confidence in the success of the proposed manifestation.
Witness.— I affirm that Louise Michel did so say to me.
Louise Michel.— I would like you, further, to tell these gentlemen how our families are treated. For we, too, have families.
Witness — It is within my knowledge that Louise Michel has received numerous abusive letters, threatening her and hers with violence. Even now I have some of those letters upon me. I know that very lately a miserable scamp went to the house of Louise Michel's mother, and gave my name in order to get the door opened. At the house of Madame Michel was a friend, Madame Biras, who was caring for her. This lady opened the door without mistrust, and was immediately struck violently on the head with a cane. Fortunately the door was chained; otherwise the poor woman would have been seriously injured. The malefactor, having struck the blow, rushed hastily away, meeting my wife upon the steps, who gave me his description the next day. I advised that a complaint be made at the office of the police commissioner, which was done. I will add that the guilty party has not been found.
The Court.—What relation is there between this circumstance and the case in hand?
Louise Michel.— I asked this witness to come here to show that we, too, have our families; and that, as you have charged us with occasioning the death of an individual (M. Martin), from chagrin, after a few days imprisonment, we likewise have cause to complain of the sorrows which afflict our friends.
The witnesses having been heard, Attorney General Quesnay de Beaurepaire began his closing argument. "The manifestation of March 9," he said, "failed. This failure carried with it disappointments. Among the disappointed were people who, too insignificant to attract attention otherwise, are fond of adding to their stature by mounting stilts. Of these people was Louise Michel. Much good has been said here of Louise Michel. This good I hold as established. But it only proves that a person may be humane and charitable to her own, to those that think as she does, and at the same time feel a burning, implacable hatred towards others. Seeing that the manifestation did not succeed, Louise Michel desired to have a manifestation of her own. She called for a black flag, 'the flag of revolt,' as she styled it at Lyons; then, like Semiramis, she placed herself at the head of the crowd, using the flag as a standard, which was to serve as a signal in front of the bake-shops. This manifestation was not peaceful, as the accused pretend; for among those taking part were people armed with loaded canes. It led to pillage. The pillage is undeniable. Louise Michel says that she did not see it; but the broken windows and plates? She says disdainfully that it was a matter of a few crumbs of bread. Certainly, if we were bakers, we should not agree with her. This woman undoubtedly did not take part in the pillage herself. I do not accuse her of it. I say that I believe her to be absolutely incapable of doing such a thing. But it is certain that she saw fit to preach pillage. Why? Because in her fanaticism she believed that a social war was at hand. For this she should be condemned." He closed this portion of his argument by expressing regret at not being able to award to Louise Michel the eulogy bestowed upon the women of the old Roman republic, "She kept the house and spun the wool;" and added, with questionable taste, "Why did she not profit by the lesson given her by chance when she was presented, upon *l'esplanade des Invalides*, with a broomstick?" Turning then to Mareuil and Pouget, he maintained that the former was an honest working-man, a simple supernumerary, dragged into the affair, deserving much indulgence; while the latter, on the contrary, the secretary of Louise Michel, was a dreamer of crimes, an organizer of social war, deserving all the severities of justice. He declared further that Enfroy, Martinet, and Moreau were unquestionably guilty, but abandoned the charges against Madame Bouillet. He concluded with these words: "In a free country the liberty to think and the liberty to struggle for the triumph of one's ideas are sacred things. But the accused who speak here in the name of liberty are simply guilty persons. That is why I ask you to apply the law."
The floor was then given to Louise Michel, who spoke in her own defence. Her remarks were somewhat discursive, but bristled with good things. We reproduce some of the passages: "This prosecution is a political one, and Anarchy is the prisoner at the bar. I am forced, then, to speak of Anarchy, and to tell the story of the manifestation of March 9. I shall pay no attention to the comparisons and epithets which the attorney general has indulged in regarding me personally. We are not the assassins. The assassins are those who in 1871 crushed our brothers as a mill-stone crushes grain. General Galliffet shot under my eyes two brave merchants who in no way participated in the Commune. . . . . There is one feature of this trial quite frightful, which must astonish you exceedingly, namely, to see a woman struggle with you, robe against robe, for we are not accustomed yet to see a woman think. And yet in this troublous epoch has she not a right to think and to struggle side by side with the human race? . . . . An effort has been made to deny the peaceful character of the manifestation, on account of the devastation of two or three bake-shops. Is this serious? We did not ask bread for two or three days; we sought bread for the future, for all who are ready to work. . . . . I believe that entire humanity is entitled to its inheritance. We lack the sense of liberty just as certain animals living under ground lack the sense of sight. We wish liberty, and, in order to have it in its entirety, we must begin to practise it. . . . . We are all victims of authority. I would rather see Kropotkine and Gautier in prison than in the Cabinet, because in prison they can do good and labor for the realization of a future which will not see on the one hand beings eternally wretched and on the other beings eternally gorged. . . . . The attorney general said just now that I was once a school-teacher. If I had not believed in liberty and equality, I should still be one. I should not have gone to New Caledonia, and my mother would not be subjected to-day to the vilest and most cowardly insults. . . The threat of twenty years in prison, for a few miserable morsels of bread does not trouble me. Such things do not affect those who have seen and suffered all. Is there anything left for me to see and suffer? I think not, gentlemen. Pardon me, I have yet to see the dawn of liberty. . . . . I am charged with being implacable. It is true. I am implacable in the struggle, not against men, but against ideas. Our ideal is that the law of the strong should be replaced by right. And if I must pay for this affirmation by twenty years' im-

prisonment, I shall be happy if I thereby aid in the triumph of right and justice. . . . . We are tired of the present situation; you, also, are tired of it, gentlemen; only, as you see the evil from a greater distance than we, you are more patient. You say that we wish to make a revolution. That is an error. We cannot make revolutions; events do that. Some monstrous act will precipitate a revolution one of these days, and then perhaps you will be more indignant than we, in consequence of having retained your faith in the government longer. . . . But we are very far from Moricet's bake-shop. Must we go back to it? No; it is distressing to discuss this miserable affair. If you wish to condemn me, do I not daily commit offences for which I might be attacked? I have but one word to add. Come what may, provided liberty and fraternity shall one day prevail, our own sufferings are of little moment."

On the next day, June 23, the concluding day of the trial, Pouget was heard. He spoke in substance as follows:

"The attorney general said yesterday that the deeds charged upon us are violations of the common law. I protest energetically against this assertion. They all belong to the domain of politics, but I know why they are classed here as common law offences. The law for the exile of second offenders is about to be promulgated; nominally it deals only with those condemned under the common law, but it is really aimed at political offenders; it is important, therefore, to accuse the latter of common law offences. This is hypocritical, but one instance of hypocrisy more or less is a small matter to the government. . . . . Duty called me to *l'esplanade des Invalides*. I knew very well that the manifestation would not procure bread for the laborers without work, but I saw in it an opportunity to show my scorn for the wealth-gorged classes favored by society. Natural laws, the declaration of the rights of man, proclaim that men have a right to assemble freely and unarmed. This right is recognized and acted upon in England and Belgium. Here it is denied, at least to laborers. Other manifestations are tolerated. When the centenary of Victor Hugo is to be celebrated, thousands of men can meet unhindered on the Champs-Elysées. Workingmen, on the contrary, if they wish to assemble, are not permitted. That is the way in which the government observes the principle: The law is equal for all. On March 9 we committed no offence. Had they a right to disperse us? No. And certainly not with the brutality which was used. The law requires three readings of the riot act; it was not read at all. As for the black flag, it is the flag of misery. How can it be treated as seditious unless misery itself is seditious. Now for the question of pillage. We are told that we are plunderers. But if that is so, why did we pass so many jewellers' shops without touching them? Frankly, this is not serious; but then, it was necessary to deceive the public into the belief that this was the beginning of an insurrection. An insurrection! Are insurgents accustomed to begin insurrections unarmed? And with the exception of my little revolver who of us had weapons? . . . I come to the second part of the accusation, which in my judgment should have been tried separately. We have been repeatedly told that this was not a prosecution of opinions; consequently I was greatly astonished at finding in the indictment passages from unpublished manuscripts. Can I be condemned for an intention? I am charged with having certain dangerous chemicals at my house. How long since it was forbidden to study chemistry? If I am to be condemned for that, all those who pursue similar studies ought to be likewise prosecuted. . . . . The attempt is made to connect the second accusation with the manifestation of March 9. There is no relation between the two. But the government wishes to frighten people. It is nonsense to look upon us as conspirators. Conspiracies are contrary to Anarchistic theories. We act in broad daylight. Nothing is less rational than to confound revolutions with conspiracies. We are revolutionists, not conspirators. . . . . The provocations contained in the pamphlet, 'To the Army,' are no stranger than those which fall from the lips of our governors when it is a question of shooting down the people. It must not be forgotten, further, that from a legal standpoint the provocation of soldiers to disobedience is punishable only when it refers to a definite order of an officer. The provocations are as legitimate as those which M. Grévy used in 1830 in order to start a revolt against the government of Charles X. [Laughter.] No one dreams of prosecuting M. Grévy. We are no more guilty than he."

The lawyers then addressed the jury in behalf of their clients, after which Louise Michel arose and made the following declaration:

"The attorney general says that I am the principal accused party. Since this is so, I alone should be held; there is no necessity of prosecuting the others; they should be released, it being decided that I have made fanatics of them. Yes, I accept the *rôle* of principal accused. I am accustomed to sacrifice myself. But I repeat that I am a political prisoner. The prosecution, whatever the attorney general may say, is political and nothing else. The jurors will not lose sight of that. As for my theories, which have been incriminated, you know them. What I want is the Revolution, which will cause poverty to disappear. I hail the Revolution, which is inevitable, and I hope that it will come soon to bring liberty and equality to the suffering."

The jury then retired, and, after deliberating an hour and a quarter, returned a verdict of guilty against Louise Michel, Pouget, and Moreau, acquitting the other prisoners.

"Have you anything to say regarding your sentence?" asked the judge.

"Nothing," calmly answered Louise Michel and Pouget.

"For six years I have been exploited," said Moreau, "and I always shall be."

The judge retired, deliberated three-quarters of an hour, and then, reappearing, sentenced Louise Michel to six years' imprisonment and ten years' police supervision, Pouget to eight years' imprisonment and ten years' police supervision, and Moreau to one year's imprisonment. The sentences were greeted with an explosion of indignation. Cries went up on all sides of *Vive Louise Michel!* "You condemn her," shouted one citizen, but the people will acquit her." It was some time before order could be restored. The prisoners took their sentences calmly, and Louise Michel was confined in the prison of Saint Lazare. Paris was excited from one end to the other, and even the conservative journals condemned the severity of the court. The result was cried by newsboys under the windows of the sick-room of Louise Michel's mother, who thus learned for the first time of her daughter's arrest, the fact having been carefully kept from her. An active agitation for the amnesty of all political prisoners is in progress throughout France, but thus far it has resulted in nothing.

Afflicted with a Moral Tapeworm.

To the Editor of Liberty:

As is very natural, there are not a few men in every locality whose honest convictions side with Liberty. They know very well that the rotten machine which falsely passes for government is virtually a conspiracy to plunder the people, and that it stands upon no moral or even true sociological basis. Eminently respectable and reputed orthodox citizens who subscribe for your little sheet are often heard to say in private that they had rather miss their whole batch of periodical reading than not receive Liberty.

But when these good people are asked to put their faith into open confession and deeds, they hesitate and equivocate. They shy coyly around the door of Liberty when it is opened to them, but dare not come in. When told that they will find warm hearts, brave consciences, and the vivifying atmosphere of mental and moral integrity within, they squirm, after the most approved methods of "ethical culture," and then, assuming an air of deep solemnity, proceed to invent some dilemma in social adjustments, after which follows the inevitable, "Now, what would you do in such a case if you had no government?"

The case generally put has reference to a railroad; for almost every American sceptic is troubled with a moral tapeworm in the form of a railroad when social adjustments are up. It is supposed that some malicious villain is located in a narrow gorge, between two endless mountain ranges on either side. A million people on both sides of him want a railroad to go through the gorge. Upon this project hangs inexpressible comfort and convenience, besides the development of countless wealth. But against this million of people and these millions of wealth stands the stubborn barbarian. He will neither sell, lease, rent, nor give away his land under any consideration. It is physically impossible to carry the railroad over, under, or around him. Everything is hopelessly blocked unless he can be induced to relent, and this he will not. It is in this awful dilemma that ethical culture stands sweetly yet gravely at the door of Liberty, and asks, "Now, what would you do in such a case if you had no government?"

Let me briefly attempt to aid these dear good friends in their distress. Let them suppose that this million of people were journeying on foot, with millions of wealth in the rear which must either spoil or go through. They reach the gorge and are confronted by the malicious barbarian, who commands them to halt and not pass through his land. As becomes true ethical culture, the barbarian is first reasoned with. This failing, his conscience and moral sense are appealed to. This all going for naught, he is then offered full satisfaction for all damage and costs of whatsoever nature resulting from the trespass. This proving in vain, he is then offered a full market value for his land, with all incidental costs of conveyance added. But no; he will not. He insists with the stubbornness of a demon that a million of fellow creatures who have just as good a right to the earth as he shall stand back. It is in this terrible dilemma that conservative culture stands trembling at the door of Liberty, and asks, "What would you do in such a case if you had no government?"

Good friends; if ye have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now. *We should go through;* only that and nothing more. Nor should we propose to wait till a government had been organized to arraign the barbarian for blackmail and put him under a Star Route trial. And yet the philosophy of Liberty would not be violated in the slightest by such a transaction.

It implies an astonishing ignorance of the first principles of this philosophy to suppose that by Liberty is meant the right of one man to occupy natural wealth to the exclusion and general inconvenience of his fellow-men. This is just what is accomplished under the unnatural tenure that is now defended and enforced by existing governments; but it is just this thing that Liberty seeks to abolish by abolishing the State.

The *cost principle*, if the reader will be at pains to study it, everywhere accompanies Liberty. No man has a right to occupy natural wealth and thereby impose an enormous bill of costs upon thousands of others who have the same natural right to the benefits of the soil as he. In any social adjustment involving the right of transit over the earth the inconvenienced and cost-burdened parties would be quick to demand their natural rights, even though the governmental machine had never been heard of. It is true that the State often condemns land justly in the interest of transportation. But the few cases where its services are just are as but a drop compared with the enormous injustices perpetrated upon the people through railroad subsidies.

But can any thoughtful man be so far gone in governmental superstition as to suppose that the same service could not be effected if the State were out of the way? If all men were free to assert their natural right to occupation and transit on the earth, and all men equally free to protest in the adjustments of cost, the result would be peaceable arbitration in the place of now-existing farce. This is all that Liberty asks for, and if the sceptic would only spend half the time in studying how simply adjustments may be effected, that he spends in inventing idle puzzles, these matters would soon look as plain as they are natural.

It is unfair — not to say "uncultured" — criticism to measure the possibilities of Liberty by the standards of the existing State, which are all pivoted on force as against reciprocity and natural right. To deny Liberty a chance and then, entrenched behind arrogant brute force, flippantly invent problems which she is not permitted to solve in practice by her own methods is a cowardly trait which the State is eminently fitted to nurture. Without wishing to be uncharitable I am inclined to believe that some of these doubting Thomases and "cultured" sweet Williams find the exercise of this trait an easy and convenient ruse by which to skulk away from justice and hide their own moral cowardice. A.

[We are not prepared to follow our correspondent through the narrow gorge. In fact, until the stubborn barbarian supposed to occupy it shall of his own free will become a more amiable and yielding fellow-citizen, he shall have our aid in maintaining his undisturbed possession of his mountain fastness, and till then we will forego, if necessary, the enjoyment of the products and society of the hypothetical millions located beyond his territory. That is to say, any person living upon and *actually and definitely using* any portion of the earth's surface cannot rightly be evicted, either with or without damages, by any human power. He is in his right, and that right is sacred. However devoted a friend of Liberty our correspondent may be, he will not be the perfect champion of his cause until he shall filter from his blood the lingering trace of the fatal majority taint which this communication reveals, and thereby become logically faithful to the grand truth that the interests of the million are never good against the rights of the one. There is no right of transit which dominates the right of occupancy limited by actual use. Further, our correspondent's answer is not only illogical but unnecessary. It is sufficient to say, as he very forcibly says, that this stubborn barbarian is an impossible character; that all the conditions of this hypothesis never would occur simultaneously; that, ninety-nine times in a hundred, any difficulties arising from situations in any degree approximating to it are surmountable, perhaps at some inconvenience, without the sacrifice of individual rights; that the surest way to conquer a stubborn man is to recognize his right to be stubborn; and that, even if the hypothesis were a legitimate one, it ought to weigh as nothing in the balance against the tremendous social advantages resulting from the recognition of Liberty. No, we should not go through! — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 13. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883. Whole No. 39.

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The strike has failed.

But, sooner or later, the Western Union and all other monopolies must go.

We are indebted to Mr Samuel P. Putnam of New York for a copy of his admirable and entertaining romance, " Golden Throne." Our readers will remember the long extract which we once printed from one of the chapters, clearly illustrating the philosophy of Anarchism. It is enough to say that the selection in question was a fair sample of the whole work. While fascinating as a story, it is also bold, broad, and powerful in its intellectual and moral teachings.

Louise Michel, the Anarchist, who *did not incite* a Paris mob to pillage bake-shops, was sentenced on that charge by a French court to six years' imprisonment and ten years' police supervision. M. Feuillant, the Orleanist editor of the " Gaulois," who *did incite* the same Paris mob to march on President Grévy's residence, has been sentenced on that charge by a French court to three months' imprisonment. Such is the justice that is administered in so-called republican France, which is not a republic at all, but a monarchy in disguise.

The failure of the telegraphers' strike is in itself a success, — perhaps a greater success than victory would have been. What more convincing demonstration, indeed, could have been given the people of the tremendous and dangerous power now wielded by capital? Certainly no body of workers has better advantages for carrying a strike to a successful end than the operators. If they make a failure of it, who can succeed? That is the question which the laborers will ask themselves, and, asking, will answer by eventually discarding strikes in the usual sense of that word, and devising and adopting more effective and far-reaching methods of obtaining justice.

Dr. R. M. Bucke's unique and interesting life of Walt Whitman, recently published, does a great service to radicalism and to letters by reproducing that wonderful and passionate defence of intellectual liberty " The Good Grey Poet," written by Wm. Douglass O'Connor of Washington in burning condemnation of the act of Secretary Harlan in turning Whitman out of the Interior Department for publishing an " immoral " book. The book also contains a new letter from Mr. O'Connor, which deals no less effectively with the persecutions to which Whitman has since been subjected. The two together furnish perhaps the highest example of invective launched in the cause of righteousness which English literature can show.

The movement to prevent English landlords and other aliens from owning American soil is one of those half-baked schemes which men who attempt to act upon a fundamental principle before they comprehend it are so apt to set on foot The idea being in the air that property in land is robbery, certain patriotic Americans rush to the conclusion that Englishmen should be allowed to rob no longer, and that Americans must monopolize this form of theft. Why has not an Englishman, pray, as good a right as any other man to own soil anywhere on the globe? The truth is that no man, of whatever nationality, should be protected in the possession of any soil except that which he is actually using. Liberty will aid with all its might to turn out the landlords everywhere; but as she has condemned race discrimination against laborers, so she must also condemn race discrimination against capitalists.

Judge Nelson, whose fairness prevented the conviction of E. H. Heywood, and Judge Lowell, the other United States judge who presides in this section of the country, have given new proofs of their determination to do substantial justice by their recent decision in a case brought under the Chinese exclusion act. The master of a vessel was prosecuted for landing a Chinese laborer in Boston It being proved that Ah Shong, the laborer in question, was born and lived in Hong Kong after that island became British territory, the court decided that he is a British subject and hence does not come under the provisions of the Chinese act. This decision confines the application of the law strictly to Chinese subjects. Thus our courts have done what they can to restrict the operation of the tyranny enacted by our congress. Judges Nelson and Lowell will have no share, except as American citizens, in the shame that will be felt twenty years hence at our cowardly conduct toward the Chinese.

"Every man's labor," says the New York " Nation," " is worth what some other man will do it equally well for, and no more." That is to say, if one man demands for his labor the whole product thereof, he cannot have it because some other man is satisfied to perform the same labor for half of the product. But in that case what becomes of the other half of the product? Who is entitled to it, and what has he done to entitle him to it? Every man's labor is worth what it produces, and would command that, if all men were free. " There is no natural rate for telegraphers any more than for bookkeepers or teamsters," continues the " Nation." No more, truly; but just as much The natural rate of wages for ten hours of telegraphing or bookkeeping or teaming is as much money as will buy goods in the market for the production of which ten hours of equally tiresome and disagreeable labor were required And this natural rate would be the actual rate if unlimited competition were allowed in everything. That competition is a potent factor in the regulation of wages we admit, but what we further assert is that, if competition were universal and applied to capitalists as well as laborers, it would regulate wages in accordance with equity. All that we ask is absolutely free play for the economists' boasted law of supply and demand. Why are the capitalists so afraid of the logical extension of their own doctrines?

We call especial attention to the admirable letter from Switzerland, printed in another column, written by Marie Le Compte. No one who reads it can fail to be interested. In translating Bakounine's " Dieu et l'État " into English she is performing valuable service to the Revolution. Such a book is much needed in England. We have a translation nearly completed, and shall publish it as soon as we are able. Miss Le Compte errs in comparing the man whom Labadie supposed to be unwilling to sell his land for public purposes to the man whom we supposed to be unwilling to give up his tools in order that individual production might be abolished. Instances of the former are not frequently met, and, when Liberty, which tends to make men reasonable and accommodating, shall prevail, they will be very rare birds indeed; hence it is comparatively idle to discuss the cases of such men further than to say, as we did at the time, that their rights must be respected. But instances of the latter would certainly be very common if " Le Révolté " should attempt to carry out its plan of preventing men from earning their living in their own way, Many reasonable and public-spirited men would at once rebel against any such act of tyranny. This, then, is not an idle but an important supposition, and we observe that " Le Révolté " shows no desire to consider it.

The letter in another column dealing with the controversy between General Walker and Henry George is very welcome. Such discussion of such a subject is always pertinent to Liberty. Upon the main question at issue between Walker and George as to the effect of improvements in transportation upon rent we have nothing to say, for we are not sure that we know which is right and are very sure that we don't much care. We are after the entire abolition of rent, and know that this can be effected only by lifting all restrictions from the business of banking and depriving property in land of legal sanction, thus knocking out from under usury the two props upon which it rests in nearly all its forms. The incidental causes of the fluctuations of rent are of no importance in comparison with this. Further than this we do not take issue. But our correspondent, it seems to us, is a little bit severe on theories and somewhat magnifies the relative importance of facts as opposed to ideas. Liberty firmly believes that experience is the source of all knowledge, and values as highly as possible Lord Bacon's innovation upon old methods of investigation. But induction never can supersede deduction, though it has become the fashion since Bacon's day to unduly depreciate the deductive method. A strictly logical deduction from true principles can never clash with a strictly logical induction from established facts. Any inharmony is positive proof of the presence of error on one side or the other; and the human mind is quite as likely to misinterpret a fact as to misconceive a principle. The only thing to do in such a case is to investigate further until the mistake has been hunted down. The world's progress has been largely due to theorizing. What do the few facts which suggested the Darwinian theory amount to beside the myriads of facts and conclusions which the formulation of that theory has developed? The trouble with the theories of the economists, to which our correspondent particularly refers, is that some of them are false and others are not universally applied. In the one case, disprove them; in the other, complete them; but never sneer at them simply as theories, for such a course helps to obstruct progress. We regard the average political economist as an abomination upon the face of the earth, but in fairness are compelled to say that, in our opinion, General Walker's neglect of facts is generally less fatal to his thought than Henry George's painful inaccuracy of reasoning is to his fearfully and wonderfully constructed philosophy.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 25, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

The Telegraphers' Strike.

A strike having the character and proportions of the recent struggle between the telegraph operators and their autocratic bosses stirs the whole social atmosphere. The Anarchist, who from his methods of thinking is an outsider in such contests, except as his sympathies are naturally with the strikers, finds many a curious and interesting lesson in the developments of the agitation, besides abundant confirmation of his belief that existing governments are deliberate conspiracies to blind, gag, and rob the producing masses.

The so-called "labor question" has come to be noised about so much that the American people have finally drifted into a vague conception that something which they are pleased to call *monopoly* is a grave evil among us. But a monopoly is impossible in nature and under Liberty. Monopoly is at war with the natural sense and the very self-interest of free individuals, wherever they are massed and left to their native sense of equity. There is no monopoly among the fishermen, themselves, who fish on the great banks of Newfoundland. There is no monopoly in a huckleberry pasture, where hundreds are gathering berries side by side. There is no monopoly among a hundred rude clam-diggers working side by side along the shore. Even in the Western mining regions, thousands of the roughest men have worked side by side upon their claims, without laws or lawyers, and never a monopolist dared raise his head. Upon any open field of free conditions a mass of men sufficiently depraved, ignorant, and stupid to see a monopolist gradually rise among them and unseat them from a fair chance at natural wealth and opportunity could not be gathered from the face of the earth.

Whence, then, springs this hideous thing, monopoly? If it is at war with natural self-interest and is never suffered among aggregations of people left to themselves, it is evident that it can never be born, except from its parent, Authority. The root and great central feeder of monopoly is the State, and all monopolies are simply appendages of it. Who armed Jay Gould and Cyrus Field with power to oppress their operatives, and who sustained them from day to day in the struggle just over? These thieves are simply using powers and prerogatives vested in them by legislatures. The legislatures, having crowned them monopolists, must therefore consistently defend their lives and the property which has accrued from the monopoly.

If the governmental arrangement which vests Gould with a monopoly, and then defends his life and property under the consequent oppression, is legitimate and worthy of obedience, then why abuse *him?* He has the natural right to do what he will with his own. If this property is his, then that fictitious nonentity known as "the public" has no more right to meddle with his business than with any other man's, — that is, no right at all. The greedy miner in the far West, or the presuming clam-digger on the shore, who attempts to secure a monopoly, does so at the risk of his own life and property, and soon learns that most wholesome of all lessons, that he must take the consequences of his own deeds. If the government which arms Gould with monopoly, and then fortifies his life and property against the natural retribution that attends tyranny and theft, deserves to be obeyed, then Gould becomes a gravely injured man when "the public" begin to vilify him.

The fact is that Gould is not the monopolist at bottom. The machine behind him that falsely calls itself government is the real culprit. Gould is simply the creature and ward. Goods and chattels acquired through monopoly and then defended against confiscation and destruction by the State constitute what is recognized under the law as property. Property thus defined is utterly impossible except through monopoly. Such property has no existence in natural law. It is robbery, as Proudhon pronounced it, under its own definition.

Hence the State, in defence of its creature, is bound to defend Gould's property. The vital secret of Gould's and the State's safety consists in keeping the striker under the sacred delusion that the monopolist's property must not be molested; for the capitalistic press well know that an intelligent attack upon the property of Gould soon resolves itself into an attack upon the State itself, which is virtually a conspiracy to create and defend property (robbery), the child of monopoly.

Gould's life and property being safe, and strikers being as yet so blind as to believe that they *ought to be* safe, the strike has failed ignominiously. Our steady consolation, however, in the face of this and other failures, is that it is only a question of time when industrial slaves will learn to strike at the vitals of the whole conspiracy. If they learn their lesson rapidly enough, the revolution will be a peaceful one, as Liberty hopes it will. But if the tyrants continue to put on the screws before the lesson is thoroughly learned, then physical force will be resorted to, and it will not take many well-directed blows to tumble down the whole machine and start such thieves as Gould, Field, and Vanderbilt fleeing for their lives. The time of strikes that will launch swift and telling thunderbolts at the heart of monopoly is perhaps not so far off as these blind demons of greed imagine. They are too drunk with power and plunder to heed the volcano beneath them. A new "brotherhood" is silently developing that will yet make strikes mean something.

An Ignominious Ichabod.

Opportunities of establishing one's reputation as a prophet are rare in this world; therefore the editor of Liberty proposes to improve the present occasion. In the summer of 1878, Denis Kearney, then in the height of his "glory," came to Boston. Brass bands and "Sons of Toil" met him at the depot, and the people filled Faneuil Hall as it was never filled before to do him honor. Labor leaders of all shades sat around him on the platform and joined in the applause. The present writer then chanced to be in charge of the "Word" during the imprisonment of its editor, Mr. Heywood, and took occasion to refer to Kearney in that journal as "the brainless demagogue who comes from California to advise Massachusetts workingmen to 'pool their issues,' forgetting that men can be permanently and effectively united only by ideas, and that to abandon ideas is to commit suicide. Kearney's opposition to the Chinese long ago branded him as a Know-nothing in policy; his incoherent utterances on Massachusetts platforms show him to be a know-nothing in fact. We do not object to hard names, and nowhere can they be applied more deservedly than to American capitalists; but indiscriminate and unintelligent abuse, founded on neither sense nor reason, is a weapon that is dangerous only to those who use it. In the name of Labor Reform, we protest most earnestly against its friends connecting themselves with, or in any manner countenancing, a man who can see no connection between ideas and the workingman's stomach, and denounces all reasoning beings as Utopian contractors with the man in the moon." For this outspoken language concerning the idol of the hour our loyalty to labor was seriously doubted, the "Word" was accused of going back on its record under its improvised administration, and we have reason to believe that even its owner grew restive in his prison cell at seeing his columns thus abused. Nevertheless we persisted, reiterating our opinion with added emphasis in a subsequent issue as follows: — "We wrote that criticism from a sense of our duty as editor of a labor-reform journal, and because we believed that the labor movement stood in great danger of being seriously blocked and hindered by one of the worst of the many frauds that have spoken in its name. In writing it, we used terms as mild as the facts permitted. Had we bluntly told the truth, we should have said then what we now coolly and advisedly and without prejudice affirm, that Mr. Denis Kearney is a boorish, unclean, vile-tongued, empty-headed, black-hearted blatherskite. We do not speak at random. For two or three months it has been our unenviable fate to be in this man's presence several hours daily, and the experience has only confirmed our previous estimate. That such a man should be able to deceive not only the masses, but the leaders of the labor-reform party, seems to us a greater calamity than a Vanderbilt, a worse curse than an Astor. . . . . In our view the 'Word's' treatment of Kearney is thoroughly in harmony with the course it has hitherto pursued; but, if the paper has 'a record' which would prevent it from fearlessly exposing a sham wherever it finds one, the sooner it 'goes back' on it the better."

A few weeks ago Kearney made another Eastern trip. Mark, now, the contrast! Stopping at Chicago with the intention of capturing an anti-monopoly convention, he was turned away from the doors on the ground that his pretence of representing the laborers of California was a false one, nearly all his old-time supporters having repudiated him. He took the train for New York. There the Central Labor Union declined to recognize him, and the trusted labor champions turned their backs upon the traitor, to a man. True, a New York paper says that John Swinton took him home to dinner, a statement which we can scarcely credit. If it be true, however, we think that Mr. Swinton must have been moved to do so by his well-known sympathy for outcasts. But, though snubbed in New York, Kearney's last hope was not gone. Boston, the scene of his grandest triumphs, still remained, and hither he came. This time no music to welcome him at the depot, no "Sons of Toil" to escort him to the Sherman House, not even a brother agitator, so far as we know, to take him by the hand; only a solitary newspaper reporter desirous of getting his penny a line for communicating Kearney's projects to the world. Of this last Kearney made the most, and nearly two columns of bombast in the Boston "Herald" conveyed the news that he had come to organize New England labor as it had never been organized before and would inaugurate his work by another monster meeting in the Cradle of Liberty. This bugle-blast awakened not a solitary echo, and the Cradle of Liberty has not yet rocked a hair. On the contrary, a few days ago a not over-anxious public was informed that the fallen idol, crushed again, had stealthily stolen away without so much as a farewell word and gone back to the sand-lots, presumably there to enjoy the fruits of his treachery. May we never see him more! and may we be pardoned for thus indulging a foolish pride by posing as a prophet, and earnestly asking labor reformers to beware, hereafter, of men who despise ideas!

Shall Strikers Be Court-Martialled?

Of the multitude of novel and absurd and monstrous suggestions called forth from the newspapers by the telegraphers' strike, none have equalled in novelty and absurdity and monstrosity the sober proposal of the editor of the New York "Nation," that unsentimental being who prides himself on his hard head, that hereafter any and all employees of telegraph companies, railroad companies, and the post-office department who may see fit to strike work without first getting the consent of their employers be treated as are soldiers who desert or decline to

obey the commands of their superior officers; in other words (we suppose, though the "Nation" does not use these other words), that they be summarily court-martialled and shot. The readers of Liberty not being noted for their credulity, some of them may refuse to believe that a civilized journal, especially one which claims to be of "the highest order" and to represent "the best thought of the country and time," has been guilty of uttering such a proposition; therefore we print below an extract from a leader which appeared in the "Nation" of July 19, and defy any one to gather any other practical meaning from it than that which we have stated.

The truth is that a society like ours, and like that of all commercial nations, has become so dependent on the post-office, the railroads, and the telegraph, that they may be said to stand to it in the relation of the nerves to the human body. The loss even for a week of any one of them means partial paralysis. The loss of all three would mean a total deprivation, for a longer or shorter period, of nearly everything which the community most values. It would mean a suspension of business and social relations equal to that caused by a hostile invasion, barring the terror and bloodshed. It is consequently something to which no country will long allow itself to remain exposed. It cannot allow strikes of employees in these great public services, any more than it can allow the corporations themselves to refuse to carry on their business as a means of extracting what they think fair rates of transportation. No Legislature would permit this, and one or two more experiences like the railroad strike will cause every Legislature to take measures against the other. Telegraphers, railroad men, post-office clerks, and policemen fill places in modern society very like that of soldiers. In fact, they together do for society what soldiers used to do. They enable every man to come and go freely on his lawful occasions, and transact his lawful business without let or hindrance.

During the rebellion, when all of us, except the much-abused "copperheads," temporarily lost control of our reasoning faculties (we dare say that even the editor of the "Nation" at that time forgot himself and became sentimental for once), we got very angry with Carlyle for patly putting the American Iliad in a nutshell and epigrammatically establishing the substantial similarity between the condition of slave labor at the South and that of so-called "free" labor at the North. England's blunt old sham-hater was answered with much boisterous declamation about "freedom of contract," and his attention was proudly called to the fact that the laborer of the North could follow his own sweet will, leaving his employer when he saw fit, attaching himself to any other willing to hire him, or, if he preferred, setting up in business for himself and employing others. He was at liberty, it was loudly proclaimed by our abolitionists and free-traders, to work when he pleased, where he pleased, how he pleased, and on what terms he pleased, and no man could say him nay. What are we to think, then, when the chief newspaper exponent of the "freedom of contract" philosophy deliberately sacrifices the only answer that it could make to Carlyle's indictment by proposing the introduction of a military discipline into industry, which, in assimilating the laborer to the soldier, would make him — what the soldier is — a slave? Think? Simply this, — that the hypocritical thieves and tyrants who for years have been endeavoring to make their victims believe themselves freemen see that the game is nearly up, and that the time is fast approaching when they must take by the horns the bull of outraged industry, which, maddened by the discovery of its hitherto invisible chains, is making frantic efforts to burst them it knows not how. It is a point gained An enemy in the open field is less formidable than one in ambush. When the capitalists shall be forced to show their true colors, the laborers will then know against whom they are fighting.

Fighting, did we say? Yes. For the laborer in these days *is* a soldier, though not in the sense which the "Nation" meant His employer is not, as the "Nation" would have it, his superior officer, but simply a member of an opposing army. The whole industrial and commercial world is in a state of internecine war, in which the proletaires are massed on one side and the proprietors on the other. This is the fact that justifies strikers in subjecting society to what the "Nation" calls a "partial paralysis" It is a war measure The laborer sees that he does not get his due. He knows that the capitalists have been entrusted by society, through its external representative, the State, with privileges which enable them to control production and distribution; and that, in abuse of these privileges, they have seen to it that the demand for labor should fall far below the supply, and have then taken advantage of the necessities of the laborer and reduced his wages. The laborer and his fellows, therefore, resort to the policy of uniting in such numbers in a refusal to work at the reduced rate that the demand for labor becomes very much greater than the supply, and then they take advantage of the necessities of the capitalists and society to secure a restoration of the old rate of wages, and perhaps an increase upon it. Be the game fair or foul, two can play at it; and those who begin it should not complain when they get the worst of it If society objects to being "paralyzed," it can very easily avoid it. All it needs to do is to adopt the advice which Liberty has long been offering it, and withdraw from the monopolists the privileges which it has granted them. Then, as Colonel William B. Greene has shown in his "Mutual Banking," as Lysander Spooner has shown in his works on finance, and as Proudhon has shown in his "Organization of Credit," capital will no longer be tied up by syndicates, but will become readily available for investment on easy terms; productive enterprise, taking new impetus, will soon assume enormous proportions; the work to be done will always surpass the number of laborers to do it; and, instead of the employers being able to say to the laborers, as the unsentimental "Nation" would like to have them, "Take what we offer you, or the troops shall be called out to shoot you down," the laborers will be able to say to their employers, "If you desire our services, you must give us in return an equivalent of their product," — terms which the employers will be only too glad to accept. Such is the only solution of the problem of strikes, such the only way to turn the edge of Carlyle's biting satire.

A Very Interesting Letter.

Comrade Tucker:

The London mail has just brought me Liberty of June 9. That it was read over and over before any thing else was looked at goes without saying. How good is the article on "Memorial Day and its Mockeries," and very timely it reaches here today, our National Buncombe day! Ah! what memories brings this day of my last (three years ago) Fourth of July in America — in Fall River — with its richness and poverty, pride and dirt, hard work and "shavings," saw-dust and whiskey, politicians! bunting! patriotism! and general vulgarity! The Republic of Switzerland is honoring the day by floating the "Stars and Stripes" everywhere with her own "White Cross" and with the "Three Bars" of the French Republic. And fit companions the pair of them are for the flag of my country! The "White Cross" which floated from the Bundes-Rathhaus across the way while the Federal Council issued its decrees of expulsion of Socialists from Switzerland, and the "Three Bars" of the French Republic which floated from the court house in Paris where was just read the sentence committing Anarchists to prison. "Birds of a feather flock together," says the old rhyme, and ill-omened birds those republics are for us poor proletaires. They have not left us even the streets! I am feeling terribly the sentence of my dear Louise Michel. It is owing to chance that I am not with her in prison, having been with her on the Esplanade. I was the "Anglaise" who wore the red scarf, and "led," as they call it, the rioters to pillage the bake-shops and knock the heads off the "St. Josephs," "Virgin Marys," and "Infant Jesuses" (horrible monstrosities in plaster that, as an artist, I would clear out of the streets anyway, even if I wasn't a revolutionist). But in truth I did no "leading." No one leads a Paris mob. It has its own way, like a tempest. Whoever goes before it gets pushed ahead or trampled down. I got *pushed ahead*, and the knocking down came when we met the police. I was the first that was wounded in the affray, and my companions bore me to a pharmacy, thence by detour to a place of safety (while the police were knocking down the others and making arrests), and finally I got off to Switzerland to escape arrest and to recover. But a requisition may be made for me any day by the French Republic, or the Swiss Republic may expel me as a dangerous character. Thus I am, poor American proletaire, between those two ruffians of republics which to-day are floating "the flag of my country" — and each other's flags — in honor of what they call "Liberty."

But I am taking my revenge! I am translating the "*Dieu et l'Etat*" of Bakounine here beside his grave, where are so many precious memories of his life, of his work, of his genius and audacity, and of his devotion to the cause of the social revolution. It is a great comfort, (now that I am hardly able to move) that I can still, through him, fight against *authority*, can still help to destroy *governments*; but be sure I long to get back to Paris, especially for the National Fête day, for my friends talk of making *their* demonstration in the midst of the flags and the fireworks. *Their* demonstration! What can it be, though, but to hang out the black flag of starvation and — if they are very daring — the *red* flag of revolt, and have them both cut down by the police in five minutes, and the "perpetrators" arrested, tried before a packed jury, witnessed against by police, and convicted of rioting and sentenced to prison for six or eight years, or, if they're very, very lucky, escape with their lives to a "sister Republic," which is ready to do the same justice to their crimes. Ah me! but the flag of the "Great Republic of the West" is well supported to-day by the flag of the Republic of France and the flag of the Republic of Switzerland. Oh! those flags! those flags! those flags! When will the proletariat shoot them down from all the Sumters of the world?

How good is the letter of Joseph A. Labadie! I hardly ever read a letter which so made me want to know the writer. The spirit of inquiry, so honest, so modest, and so fresh (when the natural result of such theoretical and practical acquaintance as he has with "schools" and "doctrines" is to make one at once arrogant and *blasé*). "Almost an Anarchist" you style him; so I'll not take the trouble to write him on the questions he puts to you, for he will be an Anarchist before long as sure as he has a *head* on his shoulders, and will answer himself — and others too. Any way, *I* don't think his "hypothetical cases of individual obstinacy" were "idle suppositions," as you do, but every way equal to your own implied question to "Le Révolté:" "What's to be done with such obstreperous individuals as may refuse to be thus summarily 'collected'?" But, any way, whether theoretically "in order" just now or not, they'll be thrown at his head the first thing when he takes the platform for Anarchy,— as I feel sure he will. They've been asked me a hundred times in workingmen's clubs in England, and many's the hard fight we've had over them. Ah me! how well they fight for their masters, those English working-men!

Is it "Le Révolté" of Geneva that you are breaking a lance with now, or have you an American contemporary of the same name? I have not seen our "Révolté" since Kropotkine was imprisoned, but will be at the office in a few days and will look over the files. Since the arrest of Kropotkine, and Reclus having so much to do for the prisoners of Lyons and the prisoners of Paris, I can believe that different shades of thought have taken a fling in its columns. I am glad you made the challenge, because the question is *fundamental*; otherwise, I wouldn't like to see just now an engagement between "Liberty" and "Le Révolté." But I can answer for Kropotkine, who will not see Liberty (no papers being allowed in prison), that *he* would never want to "erect barriers between A. B., the shoemaker, and C. D., the tailor, to prevent the exchange of the shoes made by the one for the coats made by the other." How *could* he make such a mistake as that? Impossible! He knows too well his "*Qu'est-ce que la propriété?*" and, besides knowing it too well to begin with, is ever reading it anew. In a private letter telling how he spends his time, he writes: "At 10 I read Proudhon half an hour, then take five minutes' exercise by whirling my chair over my head, then read Proudhon. . . . . At 2 the guard comes to say promenade in the court. I promenade half an hour, then write on my "Prisons of Siberia" for two hours (all I am ever able), then read Proudhon." . . . . . Kropotkine must have read Proudhon through at least a dozen times in his life, but reads it still, — I should say, *therefore* reads it still, — for Proudhon's pages are like the very eyes of Liberty, into whose depths of light the fascinated gazer looks, and looks, and looks, and finds *new depths of light*.

The prison authorities take great credit to themselves that they allow prisoners to read what "books" they please, knowing that in a few months their poor victims will be too weak to read any; but they do not allow any copying or discussion of what they read with any one outside, for that would be "politics."

Now I want to consult you particularly about my Bakounine. I am translating it for the benefit of the Red Cross Society (English branch). The secretary writes me: "There is but one chance to get it published here, The Free Thought Publishing Company. All the others are too shy to touch such strong stuff." From my knowledge of Free Thought in England I am not very hopeful of the "Company" taking hold of Bakounine, who knocks the very ground from under its feet. So I ask you to see what you can do about publishing it in America. For it must be published. There is a demand in England for such a book, but it is a demand so out of the usual line that the publishers don't know it; and I think from the letter of Joseph A. Labadie, and from other indications, that there must be a demand for such a book in America. It might be well to give it the title, "Anarchy, or, God and the State," as the inquiry now is directly about Anarchy. When that is in the market, I'm sure we'll not hear any more of a man like Joseph A. Labadie stuffing his pockets — and his fellow creatures — with the gingerbread of Henry George. For Mr. George furnishes simply gingerbread, which excites, but does not nourish, while Bakounine gives us wheat from the virgin uplands of the world, which makes us strong, bold, rugged, and qualified to do the work that this century is called on to do, — destroy *absolutely* the old order of society and lay the foundations of the new.

My address is always "London, care of Tchaikovsky," to whose fraternal thought of me I am indebted for Liberty.

MARIE LE COMPTE, *Proletaire.*

BERNE, SWITZERLAND, JULY 4, 1883.

JOHN O' THE SMITHY.

SMITH: One who makes or effects anything. — *Worcester.*

Down in the vale where the mavis sings
And the brook is turning an old-time wheel
From morning till night the anvil rings
Where John o' the smithy is forging steel.
My lord rides out at the castle gate,
My lady is grand in bower and hall,
With men and maidens to cringe and to wait,
And John o' the smithy must pay for all.

The bishop rides in a coach and four,
His grooms and horses are fat and sleek;
He has lackeys behind and lackeys before;
He rides at a hundred guineas a week.
The anvil is singing its "ten pounds ten,"
The mavis sings from a birken spray,
And this is the song that fills the glen:
"John o' the smithy has all to pay."

John has a daughter, rosy and sweet;
My lord has a son with a wicked eye;
When she hears the sound of his horse's feet,
Her heart beats quicker, — she knows not why.
She will know very well before the end;
She will learn to detest their rank and pride
When she has the young lord's babe to tend,
While the bishop's daughter becomes his bride.

There will be the old, old story to tell
Of tyrannous wrong in places high;
A bishop glozing the deeds of hell,
The priest and the Levite passing by.
And the father may bow his frosted head
When he sees the young bride up at the hall,
And say 'twere better his child were dead;
But John o' the smithy must bear it all.

The smith and his daughter will pass away,
And another shall make the anvil ring
For the daily bread and the hodden gray:
But the profits shall go to the priest and the king.
And over the wide world, day by day,
The smiths shall waken at early morn,
Each to his task, in the old dull way
To tread a measure of priestly corn.

And the smiths shall live on the coarsest fare,
With little that they may call their own,
While the idler is free from work and care,
For the best of all shall go to the drone.
And the smith complains of the anvil's song, —
Complains of the years he has wrought and pined;
For the priests and rulers are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear, strong voice from over the sea
Is piercing the murk of the moral night;
Time is, time was; and time shall be
That John o' the smithy shall have his right;
And those who have worn the mitre and crown,
Who have pressed him sore in body and soul,
Shall perish from earth when the grist is ground
And the mighty Miller claims his toll.

MacMillan's Magazine.

Walker versus George.

To the Editor of Liberty:

How the political economists do dread to leave the old, respectable ruts of illustration and argument! General Francis A. Walker's discussion in the August "North American Review" of "Henry George's Social Fallacies" is a good example of how the political economist is given to theorizing in the accepted way and to looking upon any proposition to leave the arguments, facts, and illustrations that have become heirlooms in the science as rank heresy. Both matter and method the theorist gets from his musty volumes and applies to present conditions, declaring that, if the principles were true heretofore, they must be true still. When the fact is that most of them never were true, and, even if they had been, would not be applicable now. This is the main reason why the political economists and all their teachings, with the vast influence they possess, are arranged so unswervingly against the rights of labor and the laborer. They get their theories by inheritance from the time when the might of wealth and power was thought to be right more than it is now. And the consequence is that they can not adjust themselves and their arguments to the new time.

General Walker's article is a thorough exemplification of this spirit. Henry George's main propositions contain fallacy enough, but it is not these that General Walker attacks. He applies himself to the arguments by which Mr. George advances to his conclusion and denies their truth in the whole. Notwithstanding Henry George's mistaken ground, he is awake to the present conditions and knows the extent of the evil of which he speaks. And there is a vast deal of truth in what he says, along with his fallacies.

General Walker devotes himself at length to Mr. George's proposition that, "irrespective of the increase of population, the effect of improvements in methods of production and exchange is to increase rent," and pronounces it "not only false, but ridiculously false." And to prove his side of the argument, he quotes from Sir James Caird and Prof. Emile de Laveleye. Perhaps an industrial writer will some time arise who will see that the conditions in the United States are so entirely different from those of any old-world country that no comparison can be established between the two. General Walker argues that "whatever quickens and cheapens transportation acts directly to the reduction of rents and cannot act in any other way, since it throws out of cultivation the poorer lands previously in use for the supply of the market, thus raising the margin of cultivation, and, by consequence, reducing rents." Very nice, for a patent theory box; but, if General Walker would get a few actual facts to put in it, they would soon knock its machinery out of working order. It is strange that a man of General Walker's experience and observation has not seen that, when a railroad is built through a new region of country, it enhances the value of property, rents go up in proportion, the poorer lands, instead of going out of cultivation, are made slightly more valuable, those already out are brought back, and the "margin of cultivation" is lowered instead of raised. This movement invariably attends the building of a new road.

He regards it as absurd that a man should withhold land from cultivation for the purpose of speculation, and pronounces "a baseless assumption for which not a particle of proper statistical evidence can be adduced," Mr. George's allegation that increase in the valuation of land above its income-yielding power will withhold large bodies of land from cultivation, driving labor and capital to poorer and more distant soils. Nevertheless, in a new country where land is rapidly increasing in value, the expense of bringing it into cultivation is greater for a number of years than its income-yielding power, and if General Walker wants "statistical evidence" to prove it, he can find it in numberless vast tracts of land through all the Western States withheld from cultivation for speculative purposes and in thousands of small farms held by a kind of shiftless "improvement" that injures them far more than it benefits, waiting for a rise in prices.

In his opinions of the harmfulness of land speculation General Walker thinks that Mr. George has been led aside by the single instance of California, and has magnified into a universal feature what was merely local and accidental. But whether or not Mr. George argued by induction from a single fact, General Walker has not in his argument condescended to consider facts. One fact is a great deal better than none at all.

F.

BOSTON, AUGUST 11, 1883.

Over-Production.

We do not remember having seen the over-production theory more forcibly refuted than in the following significant editorial from the Boston "Globe:"

In attempting to explain the strike now going on in various branches of industry, and particularly the strike of the coal miners in Pennsylvania, the Boston "Journal" falls into the old error of attributing the trouble to over-production. The fallacy of this pet theory of economic sciolists has been demonstrated so often that there is no excuse for its reiteration other than ignorance or inability to understand the real relations of work and wages. Within a limited area there may be, and frequently is, an apparent over-production of some commodity, but in taking a wider view of the subject this is seen to be merely an appearance,—a shadow and not a reality. If there were no lack of coal in any man's house, no half-clad women and children shivering around fireless hearths anywhere on the crust of this planet accessible to commerce, over-production might be the true reason for stopping work in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. But when there is a dearth of coals in the homes of the poorer, and superfluous mountains of coal on the dumps of rich mining companies, it is plain to any man capable of reasoning that unfair distribution, not over-production, of wealth is the cause of all disarrangements and misunderstandings between labor and capital. The miners have been receiving three and a half cents a bushel, and their employers propose to cut off the half cent from wages and add it to profits, claiming that over-production has lowered the price of coal and made it necessary for them to reduce the share of wealth apportioned to the producer. In other words, the stockholders must have their dividends in order to enjoy their accustomed luxuries and swell their accumulations of wealth, while the miner must forego some of the absolute necessities of life. A half cent per bushel on coal means in this case a trip to Europe for the stockholder's family and less meat for the miner's family.

The miners asked the operators to prove by their books that they could not afford to pay three and a half cents, which the latter significantly refused to do. Wherefore the miners struck, justly enough; whether wisely or not remains to be seen. Substantially the same condition of things may be seen in the iron industry and half a dozen other industries. The iron manufacturers explain their attempt to rob the laborers on the grounds of unfavorable tariff legislation, unsuccessful speculation (for which the laborer is in no wise responsible), and prospect of future low prices. Because the laborer objects to being robbed in advance that the capitalist's interest may be assured for some future time, the mills are to be closed.

And when the laborer points to his empty larder and clamorous dependent mouths and appeals to his fellow-men for help, some well-fed, parrot-learned man, assuming to be his guide and teacher, says to him: "My good fellow, don't you see that you have worked too well? You have produced so much wealth that it is necessary to reduce your share for the present. Go hungry, like a reasonable man, for a few months, while we correct the condition of the market by consuming the surplus! Being only a drudge, and hungry withal, whereby you are more or less prejudiced, you cannot understand these matters, but the trouble with you is over-production. Produce less and you will get more for your share; don't you see?"

Some day the good fellow will see clearly that it is all a lie which the parrot-learned men have been droning in his ears, and that he has been grievously cheated by unfair division of the products of labor.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 14. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883. Whole No. 40.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Buy Bakounine's "God and the State."

Our friends, Harman and Walker, have changed the name of their excellent journal, the "Kansas Liberal," to "Lucifer, the Light-Bearer." A very happy thought! Quite the best name we know of, after Liberty!

The names selected by us for our periodicals seem to be popular. Mr Schumm of Chicago appropriated some time ago the title of "Radical Review," and now a party in London unknown to us has started a paper called "Liberty." Well, we don't care, provided these gentlemen will never deviate on any question from the principles which these names stand for.

John Swinton is on the point of starting a new paper in New York. We wish him well, for he is sure to tell lots of truth in it. We shall wish him more than well, if he does not fly the flag of Authority. But, having read his testimony before the Senate labor committee, we dare not hope for this. About his testimony, by the way, we have something to say, but cannot say it, as we intended, in this issue.

The Boston "Herald" of August 30 said: "The use of money to influence voters is the most corrupting influence possible in a country of free institutions. *It saps the very foundations of our government.*" Pshaw! It is no such thing! If it sapped the foundations of our government, the foundations, government and all, would have gone long ago. Instead of sapping the foundations of our government, money, and the hope of getting it, are the foundations! What other foundations, pray, has our government?

Robert Buchanan's "Freedom's Ahead," printed in another column, is one of the finest poems in the English language. It has a place in the collection of "Fifty Perfect Poems" selected last year by Charles A. Dana. It is not, however, in our view, quite perfect The last verse impairs it. Nothing could be more unphilosophical than picturing Freedom as Handmaid of the Lord. It is Tyranny that serves in that capacity. But poets are seldom philosophers. They are accustomed to give a celestial embodiment to their upward aspirations, and almost always feel that they must manage to ring the Lord into their climaxes in some way or other. Now and then we have such exceptions as Byron and Shelley, but these are very rare song-birds.

Mr. E. C. Walker of Kansas complains because the Greenback party of Iowa has put a plank in its platform in favor of a prohibitory liquor law, and says that "the church and the patent moralists outside have captured the party and hitched it to the car of retrogression." Mr. Walker should not have expected anything else. Moreover, his statement is incorrect. The patent moralists have not *captured* the party; they *founded* it. The party was originally organized on the principle that it is immoral and should be made a crime for individuals or associations to issue their notes to circulate as currency among such people as are willing to take them. The Greenbackers, then, are perfectly consistent. Granting the right to dictate the sort of money that people shall use, how can any one deny the right to dictate their drink? But Mr. Walker probably made a slip of his pen. He is an out-and-out Anarchist, and knows as well as we do that all the tyrannies, like all the liberties, logically stand or fall together.

The Springfield "Republican," which heretofore has regarded Liberty as worthy only of a sneer, has so far improved its manners as to quote our views of the telegraphers' strike, and add: "It is worth while to know what the Anarchists among us think, for, though few in numbers, they indicate a tendency of the time." Commenting upon our assertion that a "new brotherhood is silently developing that will yet make strikes mean something," the "Republican" further says that the editor of Liberty "ought to know that the stronger force for justice is one that does not depend upon 'brotherhoods.' The majority of this country's voters are farmers, and not city knaves, dupes, and fools." Is not, then, the farmer a man and a brother, and did the "Republican" never hear of the Grangers? The editor of the "Republican" ought to know that in Europe the Anarchists are carrying on their propagandism largely in the agricultural districts, and that Liberty even now finds its way to the remotest corners of the earth.

A congress of Anarchists, semi-Anarchists, and Revolutionary Socialists, as distinguished from the Social Democrats, is to be held in Pittsburg, beginning October 14. We had expected to attend, either in person or by proxy, but circumstances compel us to disappoint ourselves. We regret this the more because an elaborately-developed plan of reconciling the various schools of Socialists is to be presented and supported there by delegates acting for the San Francisco section. This document, which has been sent to us, does not reconcile in the least, but simply and summarily places Liberty and Authority side by side and arbitrarily says: "These twain are one flesh!" We will be parties to no such marriage. Every friend of Liberty who may go to Pittsburg is hereby urged to examine this document carefully before giving it his adhesion. Great pains has been taken in its preparation; it is specious and plausible; but it is perhaps the most foolishly inconsistent piece of work that ever came to our notice. It may receive closer analysis hereafter in these columns.

The difference between the attitudes of the "Index" and the "Truth Seeker" toward Bakounine's "God and the State" is interesting. The "Index" review is patronizing, ignorant, superficial, thoughtless. One sentence in it is particularly stupid: "An acquaintance with evolution, as now taught by English and German thinkers, and especially with psychology and sociology, would have enabled the writer to correct many of his errors and to see the unscientific and unphilosophic character of many of the statements advanced by him as truisms." One would suppose from this that Bakounine died twenty years ago instead of in 1876, and no doubt the editor of the "Index" supposed such to be the case. The facts are that Bakounine was perfectly familiar with all the principal languages and resided for long periods in almost all the chief European countries. With their literatures he was thoroughly conversant, with their principal writers he was in many instances personally intimate, and, if he had a passion for anything outside of the actual revolutionary movement, it was for philosophy, especially German philosophy. The "Truth Seeker," on the contrary, which is not, like the "Index," one of those "pale phantoms eternally suspended between heaven and earth" described by Bakounine, appreciates the power and importance of "God and the State," and gives it a four-column review, including liberal quotations, for which it has our heartfelt thanks. It is enthusiastic and intelligent in its praise. While not entirely endorsing Bakounine's views of government, it says: "The book, taken all in all, is one of the most eloquent pleas for liberty ever written. It is Paine's 'Age of Reason' and 'Rights of Man' consolidated and improved. It stirs the pulse like a trumpet call." A book seldom receives higher compliment.

E. C. Walker, of the Kansas "Lucifer," writes as follows: "There are many of your Western readers who are still in the dark regarding your position on the monetary question. It is a matter of considerable difficulty to make them understand Free Banking, especially when they take into consideration the fact that you deny the right of private ownership of land. If land be held by a usufructuary title only, say these objectors, how can it be a sufficient or safe basis for a bank of issue, as contemplated by Warren, Greene, and others? Free Banks would be the property of individuals; land, not being private property, could not be used as security, and hence only the improvements thereon could be so used. But these forms of security are very liable to destruction by storms, fires, floods, and other destroying agencies. Will Liberty kindly throw some light upon this question for the benefit of these almost-persuaded Anarchists?" This objection can be answered very briefly. Land (or anything else) can be used as a basis of currency only so long as it has a market value. When by the economic revolution which Liberty advocates it shall cease to have a market value, its use as a basis of currency will have to be abandoned. Till then it may be so used, and Colonel Greene, who saw that the abolition of money monopoly must, or at any rate would, precede the abolition of land monopoly, rightly judged that in the beginning land would be one of the most available of securities. But at no time will the improvements on land resulting from labor cease to have a market value, and such of them as are of a sufficiently stable character may and will continue to be used as security after property in the land itself has disappeared. And the fact that these are liable to destruction by disaster is not an argument against their use as security unless they are peculiarly so liable. A house may at any time be burned, but a mortgage on an insured house is regarded as excellent security. Mutual banking will be followed and complemented by a system of mutual insurance. Then, when a man wishes to borrow money on particularly risky property, it will simply cost him more to do so because of the greater premium he will have to pay in order to insure the property in favor of the bank. Ultimately, however, after the abolition of monopoly has eliminated all danger of panics from the commercial world and made bankruptcy a thing of the past, specific property will fall more and more into disfavor as a basis of money, and the great bulk of our currency will be secured by satisfactorily-endorsed notes, thus realizing Colonel Greene's declaration that "a commercial bank that issues paper money ought as such to be a mere clearing-house for legitimate business paper running to maturity."

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 6, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

Has "Truth" Become a Liar?

BURNETTE G. HASKELL,
Editor of the San Francisco "Truth":

DEAR SIR,—You and I, at least in one sense, are comrades in a common cause. You champion the cause of the poor. I champion the cause of Liberty and Justice, which includes the cause of the poor. When you started your journal, I learned that you were a young man lately recruited from the ranks of the enemy, and I seemed to see in your columns that new convert's earnestness and enthusiasm which always bodes well for a cause when guided by a discriminating mind. But I also saw in them a ludicrous and yet mournful hodge-podge of sense and nonsense which made me fearful of the outcome. You seemed to be looking longingly toward the light of Liberty with a vision obscured by the dark shadow of Authority. I watched the struggle anxiously. To my sorrow, the darkness has been growing deeper. Now and then, here and there, a lightning flash penetrates its depths, but the dazzling brilliancy thereof blinds by contrast rather than illuminates, leaving the gloom thicker than before. Gradually I have been coming to regard you as mentally lost, intellectually untrustworthy, an unsafe guide for the multitude of persons just awakening to an interest in the labor cause.

But until lately I have had no reason to doubt your motives. On the contrary, they have been the object of my ardent admiration. Nevertheless, and against my will, your more recent course and policy have crossed my mind with a dim suspicion that, with the disappearance of your intellectual discrimination, the edge of your moral sense has been growing duller; that the darkness in which you are plunged is becoming *your* light; that, engulfed in Beelzebub's kingdom, you are beginning to see with his eyes. I may be wrong in this opinion, which is hardly an opinion, being only a suspicion. But others watching with me share it, and I am advised to make its grounds public.

For a few months back, to say nothing of the inconsistencies of your editorial columns, you have been publishing in various issues of your paper long articles by prominent leaders of different schools of political and social thought (most of these leaders being dead and unable to protest), generally contradictory of each other, sometimes denunciatory of each other, and almost always breathing a different if not antagonistic spirit. Over these articles you have put flaring display heads, in which in almost every instance you give them your own warmest approval regardless of their opposition to each other. On one or two occasions, at least, you have expressly described in these head-lines the article under them as an exposition of the thought of another writer known by those who have read his works to be distinctly an antagonist of the views stated in the article. What to make of such conduct I did not know. I have since learned, as will be seen later, that, professedly, you are engaged in the hopeless task of reconciling Anarchism and State Socialism. It is as inconceivable that you should really look upon the articles referred to as harmonious with each other as that you should print in large letters in one column the statement that "twice two make four," and in equally large letters in another column the statement that "twice two make five," with your own declaration above them that both are true and capable of reconciliation. Hence the doubt arose whether pecuniary success or political ambition or some other object dearer to you than truth were not prompting you to bid for the support of the unthinking by appearing to fuse the crystallized thought of all schools of socialism in a white-hot blaze of seeming enthusiasm.

While I was pondering upon this, along came an issue of your journal containing an announcement made with considerable flourish that you were about to begin in it the serial publication of Michael Bakounine's "God and the State." This interested me, inasmuch as I had first introduced Bakounine to America in any marked way by printing in an early number of "Liberty" his picture and a sketch of his life, and afterwards importing and selling a few copies of the French edition of "God and the State" as soon as it appeared. One of these copies fell into the hands of a young lady whom "Liberty" counts among its most intelligent and steadfast supporters. She, as I have since ascertained, was so impressed with the power of the work that she translated it into English and offered her translation to you for publication in "Truth," which you evidently accepted. Her motives in doing this are thus stated in a letter from one whose knowledge of the matter is positive: "She offered the translation to 'Truth' principally because it is a State Socialistic paper apparently of considerable circulation, as she thought thus to bring it before a circle of readers to whom its ideas would be entirely new, and who might, through its influence, be brought into the Anarchistic fold." A very commendable purpose, and one which, so far as her part in it is concerned, has been carried out very creditably indeed. No reconciliation in her thought, you see; propagandism pure and simple, with a view to absolute conversion. None of the criticisms that I am making upon you are to be understood as in the least applying to her. While I was sincerely glad that Bakounine's work was to be placed before your readers, I at once saw that you were acting in pursuance of the strange policy which I have described above, and I was decidedly averse to having this author first introduced in English handicapped by misleading associations, even though knowing that his own clear statements would sooner or later carry the lesson which he intended them to convey. So I hurried to completion a translation which I had already begun and announced, and placed it in the hands of my printers, who promised it in pamphlet form for September 15. Thereupon I sent by mail to your business manager "copy" for an advertisement of the work, enclosing a postal note in payment for its insertion in your issues of September 15 and 22. It never so much as occurred to me that this advertisement would prove inadmissible to your columns. It was a simple announcement of the publication, to appear over my own name and on my own responsibility, containing in the body of it the following description of the book advertised:

> This remarkable work, written by one of the most remarkable revolutionists that ever lived, and now published in English for the first time, shows eloquently, vigorously, and conclusively that the fiction of divine authority is the source of all governmental authority of whatever form, and of all tyrannies whatsoever; that the theism of Rousseau is only a modification of Roman Catholicism, and had its political results in the despotism of Robespierre and its social results in the monstrous schemes of Karl Marx and Lassalle to wipe out individual liberty; and that the Social Revolution can be successfully accomplished only by founding it on the atheism of Diderot and the resultant Anarchism of Danton and Proudhon. Every Socialist and every thinking person should buy and read this book.

To my utter astonishment I received in reply, not a copy of "Truth" containing the advertisement, but the following letters from yourself and your business manager, with which was returned the money that I had sent:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 10, 1883.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, ESQ.,
Editor "Liberty":

DEAR SIR,—Yours dated Sept. 3 came to hand this morning. I regret exceedingly not to be able to insert your advertisement in its *present form*. Reasons and objections to said advertisement are briefly stated in accompanying letter from the editor of "Truth." We shall indeed be most willing to insert the same, if you will modify the objectionable sentences.

Yours sincerely,
C. F. BURGMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 10, 1883.

BENJ. R. TUCKER,
Box 3366, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR SIR,—I regret that I cannot insert your advertisement, *as worded by you*, in "Truth." I am publishing "God and the State" serially in "Truth," said publication having been begun before the receipt of your advertisement, and the manuscript having been in hand some weeks before I had any knowledge that you also proposed to publish it. "Truth" is engaged in an endeavor to *reconcile* the various factions of Socialists, and it is in pursuance of this endeavor that we publish Bakounine and shortly hope to publish abstracts of Proudhon. Your advertisement uses the words "monstrous schemes of Karl Marx and Lassalle," &c. The effect of these words and others used in your advertisement would be such as to prejudice my readers *against* "God and the State" previous to reading it. I desire them to read it and form their own opinion of it. Besides this, I firmly believe that Marx's scheme of governmental cooperation, modified by a single new principle, will form a common ground for unity between Socialists and Anarchists, if an attempt at such unity is not made impossible by reckless antagonisms which serve little good purpose. Briefly: Found State Socialism *not* upon the principle of "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," *but* upon the principle of "To each according to his deeds" (or give to each man the *full* product of his own labor together with the *right* to labor), and in my opinion you have found Proudhon's alkahest, viz.: "Destroy property while retaining possession, and by this you will drive evil from the face of the world."

Engaged as I am in this contest, you can plainly see that it would not be right for me to deify any one of our great leaders, or permit any one else to do so in these columns, at the expense of heaping what I believe to be unmerited obloquy upon any other of our leaders.

I shall be happy to insert your advertisement, and glad to aid the circulation of "God and the State" in any way which will not result in doing more harm than good. I believe truly that your advertisement, worded as it is now and inserted in "Truth," would cause two hundred per cent. more defections than adherents, not only to the paper, but the cause. Whereas the same people will read and assimilate the work with avidity, provided we do not label it "pills" and cram it down their throats with a club.

If you can formulate a notice which shall *praise* the work and not *decry* other of our workers in the field, I need not of course say that it will be entirely acceptable.

Very faithfully,
BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

In addition to the eyes of Beelzebub, have you acquired the smooth tongue of Mephistopheles? From the above letter it would almost seem so. But to the air of impartiality which you assume you have forfeited all title in advance. I did not begin the labelling process; you did. If you had been content to print Marx and Proudhon, Robespierre and Bakounine, side by side, without labelling any of them, I too would have been content, and would have awaited the issue with joyful confidence. But, instead of that, you labelled them all, and tried to give the impression that their thought runs in the same direction. I desired to protest against this, and, if they must be labelled, label them more accurately. You refused to let me do so in your advertising columns, in which I doubt very much if there is another journal in the world that would follow your example. You undoubtedly have a right to control your own columns, but I submit that in this instance you have not exercised that control in a spirit of fairness. For proof I need nothing more than the flimsy pretence upon which you ground your conduct,—namely, that you will allow no one to heap obloquy upon "our leaders" in your columns. Why, then, are you printing Bakounine at all? Who ever heaped more obloquy upon Marx and Marxism than he? What is his whole book but a savage and telling onslaught upon all that Karl Marx stood for in the matter of government? Take an instance. Speaking of the "governmental pretensions" of the "licensed representatives," the "priests" of social science, he says: "It is time to have done with these pontiffs, even though they call themselves social democrats." To whom does he refer if not Marx and Lassalle? And what does he say about Robespierre, whom you have lauded so loudly? He calls him a

"lay priest," a "short-robed liar and sophist," "the most doctrinally despotic will of the last century." How large a percentage of defections as compared with adherents do you calculate that either your paper or the cause will suffer by the appearance in "Truth" of such delicate compliments as these? And you will print these things, and then refuse to let me speak in your advertising columns of the "monstrous schemes of Karl Marx and Lassalle?" Or do you intend to expurgate your edition of "God and the State"? If so, dare you tell your readers? And, if my memory serves me, it is not long since you allowed Karl Marx to class Proudhon in your columns with "hole and corner reformers of the most varied and piebald character," and to the document in which he did so you gave your emphatic approval. How gauzy your excuse! Frankly, now, was not the real reason for the rejection of my advertisement a desire to prevent your readers from knowing that I was before you in the publication of "God and the State," hoping perhaps that I might be discouraged from sending you a modified advertisement, and thinking that, at least, by reason of the length of time required for communication between Boston and San Francisco, you would be able to stave it off until your own serial publication should be completed or nearly so? If so, I balked you there. For, calling electricity to my aid, I directed you by telegraph to insert an advertisement of your own wording, and in your issue of September 22 you could not avoid announcing the dreaded fact, after having proclaimed just a week before that others need not proceed with their translations, for you "had distanced all competitors."

I cannot discuss here the gigantic task you have undertaken of reconciling the Anarchists with the State Socialists. I wish you more joy in it than you are likely to experience. The basis of union which you offer certainly will not do. The Anarchists are even more hostile to the governmental than to the communistic features of State Socialism. You would eliminate the latter only. And not quite that, for there are planks in your platform, as you have elaborated it elsewhere, which flatly deny individual possession, and so lack the solvent quality of Proudhon's "alkahest." I invite you to the application of his touch-stone, by which all Anarchists swear: "*Whoever, to organize labor, appeals to government and to capital, lies, because the organization of labor means the downfall of capital and of government.*"

If you would like to know what others think of your project, read what one of your own subscribers writes to me:

"Truth's" behavior is certainly very queer, and I can explain it only on the hypothesis that man is an illogical animal. The proposed union of Anarchists and State Socialists would be about as easy of achievement as the Biblical lying-down-together of the lion and the lamb. The Anarchists are apparently expected to play lamb. The strangest part is, however, that it should be expected that "God and the State" should furnish them with the necessary mildness and submission. It was rather a surprise to me to have "Truth" undertake to publish the essay, not only on account of its absolute and direct opposition to its own theories, but also because I knew Haskell to be in alliance with Cuno, and the latter usually describes Bakounine as an emissary of the Russian government.

The point could hardly have been more neatly put.

You are attempting the hopeless, the impossible. Either Liberty or Authority must guide you wholly in your search for Truth. And if you accept Authority for your guide, Falsehood will be your goal. You cannot serve two masters. If you have not, as I fear you have, already chosen, then choose you this day.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

P.S.—Another straw is just wafted to me indicative of your moral obliquity. Mr. H. W. Brown of Boston, who sells your paper, says that you recently printed what purported to be a letter from him in which he was made to say: "You must send me a double supply of 'Truth' hereafter." He denies having written you anything of the sort. If this is the way you increase your subscription list, the "apparently considerable circulation" referred to in one of my quotations may be only apparent, not real. Is this one of the methods by which you propose to "play upon the masses" in accordance with your avowed intention in that marvellous reconciliatory document which you have prepared for submission to the Pittsburg Congress? B. R. T.

Is This Liberalism?

The natural sympathy and fellowship of Liberty is with the Freethinkers of this country and their organs. It matters little with us whether they are outspoken atheists of the Seaver and Mendum school, fearless iconoclasts of the Bennett and Ingersoll stripe, or the "uncertain, sickly souls," as Bakounine calls them, the "Free Religionists." It is enough for us to know that all of these disordered forms of revolt carry within themselves the promise and potency of coming Liberty. Their leaders are all acting better than they know, and we have no disposition with our limited space to antagonize them, except where the provocation becomes too great.

One of the most astonishing exhibitions of inconsistency which has of late come to us was an editorial in the Boston "Investigator" of September 19 on Mormonism. To show how utterly and suicidally on the side of theological despotism a professed and really earnest liberal can be, we reprint the article entire, as appended to a refreshing liberty-inspired clipping from an organ of theocracy:

The trouble in dealing with the Mormon question lies altogether in the fact that the government has no authority to establish or to destroy any sort of religion, true or false. The authority to break up a false religion involves the authority to destroy a true belief. There are some things which it is better to leave to the attack of moral agencies. When we undertake to regulate men's belief, or their eating and drinking, or their going and coming, by statutes, we are at once involved in a maze of perplexities.—[Hebrew Leader.

There is some truth in the above, but it is not all true. As the "Hebrew Leader" says, government should not interfere with religion or matters of belief; but suppose a religion maintains or practices what the law denominates a crime, can the government consistently guarantee and protect it? The law says that polygamy, which Mormonism teaches and practices, is a crime, and therefore must not be allowed. But if there were no polygamy in Mormonism, the government could not properly interfere with it, any more than with Orthodoxy or Judaism. They can be left "to the attack of moral agencies."

Last week three polygamous Mormons were convicted in the Dedham court, (Massachusetts,) not on account of their religion, but for committing crime, though, if they call it religion, it makes no difference in point of fact, as no religion should be protected by law in the commission of crime. If polygamy is right, let the law protect it; but if it is wrong, it should be suppressed.

The business of printing and selling Freethought publications, in which Messrs. Seaver and Mendum are engaged, was once a crime under every government on the earth. According to their ruling, then, the practice of free thought was always justly interdicted, and the Inquisition was therefore right as against the martyrs whose protests have made them and the "Investigator" possible to-day. Not only this, but "blasphemous" articles appear every week in the "Investigator," which, under a strict construction of the statutes of Massachusetts, constitute a crime and would send Messrs. Seaver and Mendum to jail. Are they ready to go, and do they not belong there as much as the polygamous Mormons sent from Dedham court? Certainly they do, under their own ruling.

But, once in jail, the distinguished editors of the "Investigator" have already plugged up their own mouths, should it occur to them that Freethought was their religion. They have committed a crime, and, to quote their own language, "if they call it a religion, it makes no difference in point of fact, as no religion should be protected by law in the commission of crime."

It is painfully manifest in the above article that, according to the individual judgment of Messrs. Seaver and Mendum, the conscientious, religious application of free thought in love and domestic association is wrong, while its application in the business of Freethought publishing is right. Once themselves safe from the clutches of the Massachusetts jailer in their own application of free thought they now stand ready to strike hands with bigots in the State and their executives and stand guard over Massachusetts Mormons behind the bars who have simply executed their own application of free thought in their own chosen sphere. Who are Messrs. Seaver and Mendum of the "Investigator" that they should dogmatically discriminate among the various applications of free thought, and decide who shall go to jail and who shall not in the exercise of soul liberty? What is this thing, "crime," after all, but somebody's prejudices, backed by the bayonet and the dungeon?

We are sorry to thus scold at the venerable pioneers of liberalism who occupy the Paine Hall Building, to whom we are heartily grateful for almost all that they have done and with whom we heartily coöperate in almost all that they are doing. But they ought to dig deeper into the philosophy of Liberty, lest a too shallow logic should by-and-by land them inside the prison doors which they are ready to open for Mormons and others whose "crime" simply consists in obeying the dictates of their own consciences.

The Troubles of Law-making in Massachusetts.

That portion of the people of Massachusetts, who believe in law-making, are at present split up into eight factions, to wit, the Republicans, the Democrats, the Independents, the Prohibitionists, the Greenbackers, the Woman Suffragists, the Colored Men, and Wendell Phillips. All these factions are now in full blast; and are so furious towards each other that we wonder how they manage to live under the same government; and why they endure each other's tyranny. This question has heretofore perplexed us; but Robinson, the Republican candidate for governor, has solved the riddle. Quoting the constitution of Massachusetts, he says the object of *his* faction is, that we may have "a government of laws, and not of men."

We now understand the whole matter. All the other factions, as well as the Republican, are bent on having "a government of laws, and not of men."

What the laws are, is not the vital matter with any of them. If they cannot have such as they desire, they will take such as they can get. In their eyes bad laws are better than none; for *laws* they must have; otherwise they cannot have that "government of laws, and not of men," which they are all agreed is indispensable. So they endure each other's laws as best they can; each faction hoping it may sometime be strong enough to make laws for the others.

Thus these factions are all so blinded by their passion for *laws*, that not one of them sees that "a government of laws" *is* itself "a government of men,"—that is, of the men who make the laws.

Their rage against each other is such that they do not see that they are all contradicting themselves, and making fools of themselves.

Yet they must not be judged too harshly; for the constitution of Massachusetts led them into this absurdity; and the constitution has now stood a hundred years; and during all that time the people of Massachusetts have not found out that "a government of laws" *is* "a government of men."

Such is the weakness of poor human nature.

Such political blindness is more to be pitied, than blamed; for it is not characteristic of any people to see the absurdities and self-contradictions of their own government. They are too blind worshippers of simple power to look after absurdities and self-contradictions, on the part of their idol.

But this idea, that "a government of laws" is *not* "a government of men," is not the only absurdity, or self-contradiction, to be found in the constitution of Massachusetts. It has this other:

All power residing originally in the people, and being derived from them, the several magistrates and officers of government, vested with authority, whether legislative, executive, or judicial, are their substitutes and agents, *and are at all times accountable to them.*

This is so far reasonable, that it implies that bad laws may be made and executed, and that all who

either make or execute them, ought not only to be held personally accountable for their acts, but to be held accountable *to the people themselves, who suffer from such laws.*

Now, if this principle were carried out, we should not see eight separate factions scrambling and fighting for the power ro make laws. We should probably not see a single man, who would dare to make, and execute upon his fellow-men, a single law that was really of his own invention.

But it seems to be naturally impossible for constitution-makers to declare a sensible idea, and leave it uncontradicted. And so the Massachusetts constitution-makers, instead of leaving the accountability of legislators to stand uncontradicted, proceeded to declare *that they should be held to no accountability at all!* This they did in these words:

> The freedom of deliberation, speech, and debate [including, of course, voting on the laws] in either house of the legislature, is so essential to the rights of the people, *that it cannot be the foundation of any accusation or prosecution, action or complaint, in any other court or place whatever.*

This provision is in direct contradiction to the other; and licenses the legislators to make, with perfect impunity, all the bad laws they please. And this is really the only object of the provision; for the idea that honest legislators need a constitutional provision to prevent their being punished by the people for making good laws, is too absurd to be thought of. It is only those who wish to make bad laws, that wish to be protected against all responsibility for their acts. And this provision was intended solely for their benefit; and that is why we have great volumes filled with laws so bad that nobody dares to be personally responsible for one of them.

But this is not all. The judicial and executive officers must also be protected against all personal responsiblity *to thee people, who suffer from the bad laws*, else they would not dare to execute such laws. So this wise constitution, which says that all judicial and executive officers ought to be held accountable TO THE PEOPLE for their acts, declares that they shall be wholly irresponsible, *except to the very legislators who make the laws!* As long as they execute all the bad laws the legislators make, they are protected from all responsibility *to the people who suffer from such laws!*

Who can wonder that the people are divided into factions under such a constitution as this? Who can wonder that we are cursed with so many gangs of ignorant or unprincipled politicians, all struggling to grasp this irresponsible power over the people? Who can help wondering that the people themselves do not take the power into their own hands, and hold all these creatures, legislators, judges, governors, and all, personally responsible for their acts?

Perhaps the people of Massachusetts may sometime give up their passion for "a government of *laws*," and learn that there is but *one law* — "to live honestly" — that men can rightfully be compelled to obey; that that law is not one that was made in Massachusetts; that any other than that one law is necessarily a bad law; and that, if they wish to secure to themselves the protection of that one law, their first step should be to get rid of all the blockheads, impostors, and tyrants, who claim that they ought to be invested with the irresponsible power of making and enforcing all the bad laws by which they think they can gain fame, power, or money.

"The Efficacy of Prayer" is the title of a pamphlet just published by J. P. Mendum of the Boston "Investigator," in which John Storer Cobb, the author, analyzes with skilful hand the nature of Christian prayer, showing it to be a petition for all sorts of gifts and favors, small and great, possible and impossible, addressed to a being neither omnipotent nor omnipresent nor omniscient nor immutable nor merciful nor just nor truthful. The essay was originally read before the Boston Liberal Club, of which Mr Cobb is president, and which holds interesting weekly meetings in Investigator Hall.

FREEDOM'S AHEAD!

Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold,
Our shop is duller;
Scarce a tale is told,
And our talk has lost the old
Red-republican color!
Though he was sickly and thin,
'Twas a sight to see his face, —
While sick of the country's sin,
With bang of the fist, and chin
Thrust out, he argued the case!
He prophesied men should be free!
And the money-bags be bled!
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,
Like spiders spinning,
Stitching full fine and fleet,
While Old Moses on his seat
Sat greasily grinning;
And here Tom said his say,
And prophesied Tyranny's death;
And the tallow burnt all day,
And we stitch'd and stitch'd away
In the thick smoke of our breath.
Weary, weary were we,
Our hearts as heavy as lead;
But "Patience! she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

And at night, when we took here
The rest allowed to us,
The Paper came, with the beer,
And Tom read, sharp and clear,
The news out loud to us;
And then, in his witty way,
He threw the jests about:
The cutting things he'd say
Of the wealthy and the gay!
How he turn'd them inside out!
And it made our breath more free
To hearken to what he said —
"She's coming! she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,
Would mutter, "Master!
If Freedom means to appear,
I think she might step here
A little faster!"
Then, 'twas fine to see Tom flame,
And argue, and prove, and preach,
Till Jack was silent for shame, —
Or a fit of coughing came
O' sudden, to spoil Tom's speech.
Ah! Tom had the eyes to see
When Tyranny should be sped:
"She's coming! she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak,
The hard hours shook him;
Hollower grew his cheek,
And when he began to speak
The coughing took him.
Ere long the cheery sound
Of his chat among us ceased,
And we made a purse, all round,
That he might not starve at least.
His pain was sorry to see,
Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,
"She's coming in spite of me!
Courage, and wait!" cried he;
"Freedom's ahead!"

A little before he died,
To see his passion!
"Bring me a Paper," he cried,
And then to study it tried,
In his old sharp fashion;
And with eyeballs glittering,
His looks on me he bent,
And said that savage thing
Of the Lords o' the Parliament.
Then, dying, smiling on me,
"What matter if *one* be dead?
She's coming at last!" said he;
"Courage, boy! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,
The shop feels duller;
Scarce a tale is told,
And our talk has lost the old
Red-republican color.
But we see a figure gray,
And we hear a voice of death,
And the tallow burns all day,
And we stitch and stitch away
In the thick smoke of our breath;
Ay, while in the dark sit we,
Tom seems to call from the dead —
"She's coming! she's coming!" says he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord! how long
Must thy Handmaid linger —
She who shall right the wrong,
Make the poor sufferer strong?
Sweet morrow, bring her!
Hasten her over the sea,
O Lord! ere Hope be fled!
Bring her to men and to me! . . .
O Slave, pray still on thy knee,
Freedom's ahead.

Robert Buchanan.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 15. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.** **Whole No. 41.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Bakounine's "God and the State" is having a splendid sale. We are now on the point of printing a fourth edition.

Expectant authors, to whom we are grateful for kindly favoring us with copies of newly published books and pamphlets, must pardon us for delaying notice of the same. Pressure on our columns compels it.

A profound sensation has recently been created in Oxford, and indeed throughout England, by a lecture delivered by William Morris, the poet, in that conservative University town, in response to an invitation from a society of undergraduates. A sufficiently commonplace occurrence, one would think at first blush, but not a little startling when one learns that the lecture consisted of an indictment of our present industrial system, and a championship of modern socialism, from the standpoint of art. Professor Ruskin gave his presence in sanction of the lecturer, and social and literary circles are stirred to their depths. At this rate the universities of England may become, before long, like those of Russia, "hotbeds of Nihilism." Who knows? Mr. Morris, we believe, has already been followed by H. M. Hyndman of the Democratic Federation, and a lecture is announced for February by Ruskin himself on the significant subject: "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century." From Mr. Morris's lecture we quote the following: "One man has an idea, and you say he is mad. Two men have the idea, and they are fools. One thousand have it, and you hear of a new religion. Ten thousand, and society trembles. One hundred thousand, and there is war. A million, and there is peace upon earth."

The New York "Times" having asked if there is "anything to prevent Mr. Thurber from issuing one million one-dollar notes on his personal credit, if he can get anybody to take them," the "Sun" very pertinently answers: "Nothing but the statutes of this State and the tax of ten per cent. imposed upon such notes by the laws of the United States." We are glad that the "Sun" has stated this. Just at present it is the most important fact that the American people can learn. To it is due that other fact that labor is poor and idleness rich, as any one can see who will read and take the pains to understand Colonel William B. Greene's work on "Mutual Banking," or the writings of Proudhon and Lysander Spooner on finance. The repeal or nullification of these statutes and taxes by organizing to resist them is the first and indispensable step in the solution of the labor question. But the economists tell the people that here in this country we have freedom of credit, and the people are fools enough to believe it. The "Sun" has shone upon this lie and exposed it. But why does it stop there? The "Sun" pretends to believe in liberty, and shows that of credit we have no liberty. Why, then, does it not make a fight to achieve this liberty? It is much more important business than "turning the rascals out." The reason that the "Sun" does not do this is that it really believes, not in liberty and competition, but in privilege and monopoly.

Two Reformers Contrasted.

Many good people, and especially radicals, are in the habit of reverently looking back to Martin Luther as their intellectual ancestor, a habit which the recent floods of adulation poured out in honor of that much overrated man have probably done not a little to confirm. To all such, Liberty, in translating from "Le Révolté" the following "Thoughts of a Proletaire upon Luther and Munzer," furnishes a startling eye-opener as to the true character of the "Father of Protestantism:"

The Protestant *bourgeoisie* is rejoicing. For several months it has been getting ready for processions, concerts, and meetings, in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the *great man* who four centuries ago was already the incarnation of the egoistic type of the modern *bourgeois*.

The thought of Luther, like that of the *bourgeois* of to-day, was superficial; it never rose to the height of a disinterested philosophy exempt from narrow class prejudices. On the contrary, the whole reform of Luther took into account at every step the desires and aspirations of the rich, the nobles, and the *bourgeois*.

Far from initiating himself in the faith of John Huss burned alive at Constance, Luther, four centuries before Gambetta, denied the existence of the social question, and summed up all the needs and duties of man in faith.

Little matters it to him that the poor suffer all the tortures of Gehenna on this earth; "let them believe, and they will have future life" as a reward.

This dogma sums up the whole philosophy of the great reformer, and explains at the same time his success and the halo with which the rich surround his memory.

And who were, in fact, the protectors and allies of Luther? Princes and *bourgeois* to whom "rape," says M. Weil in his "History of the War of the Peasants," "was a gay frolic, and if the father or brother of the unfortunate victim attempted any resistance, he was dragged into the court by the lansquenets of the duke and exposed, half naked and with hands tied, to the outrages of a pack of drunken courtiers."

To the friends of Luther, to his most powerful disciples, "the peasant is only a beast of burden which, succumbing under its load, will rise again under the spur of a few lashes on its back."

In rebelling against the Pope Luther only championed the interests of the nobles and the rich, who found it useless to have priests and bishops by their side to extort from the people what would otherwise go into their own pockets. The dukes and the *bourgeois* saw in the Reformation only a means of getting rid of an accomplice who subjected them to severe competition in rape and robbery.

And, in truth, in what is the situation of the Protestant peasant and laborer superior to that of the Catholic wage worker? Does the Lutheran employer content himself with a smaller profit than the employer who pays his devotions to the Holy Virgin? Are we not as much oppressed, hunted down, and preyed upon by the disciples of Luther as by the pupils of Loyola? Is not the Lutheran faith as hostile to science as the Catholic religion? Is not Lutheranism as full of superstitions as Catholicism? The great reformer believed in the devil, and to this day they show us in his chamber the inkstain left by the inkstand which he hurled at the horns of the king of hell!

What, then, was the progress accomplished by the Reformation? What is the value of Luther to humanity? In what was he greater than his contemporaries, the nobles and the rich, the enemies of light and of the people who desired to obtain it?

Yes, at that very time the people, Luther's "beasts of burden," were already ripe for progress both in religion and in science and especially in social life.

At that very time the peasants were already making war upon property and proclaiming that

(1) "the meadows and pasture-lands usurped by the lords must return to the commune;"

(2) "that to all belong the birds and the fish in the rivers and the beasts in the forests, for to all in the person of the first man did the Lord give dominion over animals."

Just as Luther is the representative of the *bourgeoises* reforms, Thomas Munzer is the representative of the socialistic aspirations of the peasants. "In him were concentrated," says his historian, "those elements of vitality which always seem to the people the majestic expression and personification of its needs. Powerful, energetic, audacious, endowed with a rude and savage eloquence, illuminated by a proud and inspired look, he felt himself called in all the points of his being to carry out through the masses the cherished plans of his heart and mind.

"Urged on by the desire for equality, Munzer travelled through the country, lighting everywhere the flame which devoured him. He was to be seen by turns in the churches, in cottages, by the roadside, under the eternal canopy of the forests, thundering to-day against the oppressors of the weak, to-morrow describing in words of fire the era of fraternity and equality which he heralded.

"'We are all brothers,' he cried to the people, eager to hear him; 'whence comes, then, this distinction in rank and fortune which tyranny has introduced between us and the great people of the world? Why should we groan in poverty and be overwhelmed by evils, while they swim in delights? Have we not a right to an equality of the goods which by their nature are made to be shared without distinction among all men? Restore to us, rich men of the century, greedy usurpers, restore to us the goods which you hold back with so much injustice; it is not only as men that we have a right to an equal distribution of the advantages of fortune, it is as Christians.'"

The effect produced by these words was marvellous. Germany was immediately agitated by a secret ferment of which the centre was at Oldstadt, where Munzer lived.

The lords, dukes, and bishops began to think of taking measures against the terrible events which were preparing. At first they parleyed, trying to gain time in order to gather a sufficient force. Luther, for his part, by voice and pen, urged all the princes to rise against the peasants. The latter then began to get excited in their confidence. They demolished castles, burned monasteries, amusing themselves by humiliating the lords in a thousand ways, and making them march in the rear of the army dressed in rustic garments and bearing no arms.

These manifestations, which kept increasing, inspired in Luther, who did not understand them, a terrible fright. The great man was even guilty of the infamy of pointing out Munzer to the court of Saxe as one of the most dangerous of men who should be pursued everywhere like a wild beast.

Munzer did not lose courage. To gather all his forces at a single point as well as add still further to the moral intensity of the partisans of equality, he first issued a manifesto couched in ardent and violent terms.

"Fear nothing," he said to the peasants in concluding; "be united and do not fall back. As soon as you fall back you are lost, you, your wives, and your children. Let those who fear death remain behind. A thousand men resolved to die are stronger than fifty thousand wavering men. If you do not come out victorious from the struggle, unhappy will it be for you and your descendants! If you were serfs before, after you will be slaves. You will be sold like horses in the market-place. At the slightest breath you will be seized bodily as rebels, deprived of air and food, put to the torture, and finally empaled. Your daughters will be the mistresses of your lords, and your sons, their lackeys, will hold the hands of their sisters that they may be outraged and then cast aside like the rind of citron after the pulp has been sucked from it. . . . You see that there is nothing left for you but to conquer. Such a life is a thousand times worse than death, death preferable to life."

Then, directly rebuking Luther, he added:

"Never listen to the voice of those men who prove to you by the Gospel that you have the right to be free and end by exhorting you to bend the head under slavery. They are half men who, through fear to die, prefer to make themselves unworthy to live. . . .

"A people which is not free is not Christian!

"Be first free; then we may be Christians to live according to the law of God."

(Continued on fourth page.)

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Fifty Cents a Year; Single Copies Two Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER 15, 1883.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

To Our Readers.

The long delay in the appearance of this issue of Liberty, and the long intervals which will elapse between the issues for a number of months to come, render an explanation necessary. We are constantly in receipt of urgent appeals from our subscribers to enlarge Liberty and publish it weekly. There is nothing that we are more anxious to do. With the help of our readers we can do it. How much help we can count on, how many sacrifices the people who write to us are ready to make to secure the end they desire, we propose now to find out. Accordingly we have put in operation a plan which, if sustained promptly and heartily and generously by those who are to be invited to aid in its execution, will speedily result in making Liberty a twelve-page weekly. Those to whom we intend to appeal will soon hear from us privately. To the prosecution of this purpose and to the payment of debts already incurred we must for the present bend nearly all our energies, and consequently, until further notice, Liberty will appear not oftener than once in two months. If successful, we shall rejoice and work with renewed energy. If we fail, we shall nevertheless be able some months hence — perhaps four or five, perhaps eight or ten — to resume fortnightly publication. *In any event, Liberty will live, do its work, and prevail.*

Proudhon Viewed by a Ph.D.

It is becoming the fashion in these days for the parsons who are hired, either directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, to whitewash the sins of the plutocrats, and for the professors, who are hired, either directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, to educate the sons of the plutocrats to continue in the transgressions of their fathers, — it is becoming the fashion for these to preach sermons, deliver lectures, or write books on socialism, communism, anarchism, and the various other phases of the modern labor movement. So general, indeed, has become the practice that any one of them who has not done something in this line begins to feel a vague sense of delinquency in the discharge of his obligations to his employer, and consequently scarce a week passes that does not inflict upon a suffering public from these gentlemen some fresh clerical or professorial analysis, classification, interpretation, and explanation of the ominous overhanging social clouds which conceal the thunderbolt that, unless the light of Liberty and Equity dissipates them in time, is to destroy their masters' houses.

The attitudes assumed are as various as the authors are numerous. Some are as lowering as the clouds themselves; others as beaming as the noonday sun. One would annihilate with the violence of his fulminations; another would melt with the warmth of his flattery and the persuasiveness of conciliation. These foolishly betray their spirit of hatred by threats and denunciation; those shrewdly conceal it behind fine words and honeyed phrases. The latest manifestation coming to our notice is of the professedly disinterested order. Richard T. Ely, associate professor of political economy in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore and lecturer on political economy in Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., comes to the front with a small volume on "French and German Socialism in Modern Times," the chapters of which, now somewhat rewritten, were originally so many lectures to the students under his charge, and substantially (not literally) announces himself as follows: "Attention! Behold! I am come to do a service to the friends of law and order by expounding the plans and purposes of the honest, but mistaken, enemies of law and order. But, whereas nearly all my predecessors in this field have been unfair and partial, I intend to be fair and impartial." And we are bound to say that this pretence has been maintained so successfully throughout the book that it can hardly fail to mislead every reader who has not in advance the good fortune to know more than the author about his subject.

We cannot examine the work in detail. The author begins by briefly tracing the origin of social agitations and grievances, and drawing distinctions more or less accurate between socialism and communism and the various subdivisions of both, and then devotes a chapter to each of the more important, generally personifying them in the lives and works of their founders or leaders. And here, by way of parenthesis, let us remark that the distinction implied in the title of the work is unjustifiable, to begin with. There is no such thing as French socialism or German socialism. Socialism knows no nationality. It prides itself on its cosmopolitan nature. The fact that the founder of a certain school of socialism is born in France does not make that school French. A man has to be born somewhere, and, if he enunciates a theory, naturally gains the bulk of his earlier adherents in the vicinity of his birthplace or residence; but the theory itself is indigenous in no sense except the very general one in which everything else is.

The principal men with whom Professor Ely deals are Babœuf, Cabet, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Rodbertus, Marx, and Lassalle. Whatever misrepresentations he may have been guilty of toward any of these men except Proudhon, he will not be convicted of them here. That judicial task we shall leave to the followers of each, who should be better qualified than ourselves to render an intelligent verdict. Of his chapter on Proudhon, however, Liberty may appropriately speak.

This chapter swarms with the grossest errors. It must convey the impression to any intelligent student of Proudhon that the only one of his works which the author has read with any care is the "What is Property?" The argument of some portions of that work he does indeed condense and present with an approximation to accuracy, but other portions even of that he misquotes, mistranslates, and misinterprets, and in treating the other works of Proudhon he generally distorts them almost beyond recognition. "What is Property?" he ranks first in importance, whereas it is beyond reasonable dispute that, great as it is, it does not compare in acuteness or intrinsic value with the "System of Economical Contradictions," the "Solution of the Social Problem," the "General Idea of the Revolution of the Nineteenth Century," or that gigantic monument, "Justice in the Revolution and in the Church." In abstracting "What is Property?" Professor Ely could not well avoid quoting passages distinctly and bitterly antagonistic to communism, but in order that these might not tend to weaken the prevailing and erroneous impression that Proudhon was a communist, he volunteers the finical and strained explanation that "he was not a communist in the sense of favoring communities such as we see in a few places at present, because they involve control and authority. He was, on the contrary, in favor of anarchic equality. The distinction might be made by saying that he was a communist, but not a communitarian." Professor Ely may perhaps attempt to justify this as consistent with his statement in the chapter on Babœuf that "the central idea of communism is economic equality," but any schoolboy who stops to think can tell him that such is not the central idea of communism. If all men through our present methods of producing and distributing wealth should succeed in accumulating equal fortunes, there would be a condition of economic equality, but there would be no communism, — that is, no more than at present, for the existing social and governmental machinery is, in some of its phases, to an extent communistic. The central idea of communism is possession or use or administration in common, with no individual lines of division and no data for drawing any. This idea is susceptible of many qualifications, but in its entire absence there is no communism. There is compulsory communism and voluntary communism; Proudhon believed in neither. There is universal communism and partial communism; Proudhon believed in neither. He believed in individualism, and in free association on the federative principle of contract, and in nothing else. But, if the idea should get abroad that he was not a communist, his influence would be multiplied tenfold. To Professor Ely that is a consummation not devoutly to be wished, and he therefore tries to confirm the popular error by evasive tricks of speech.

In still another way he tries to prejudice his reader against Proudhon by saying that "he hated the rich as a class, if not individually," adding that "afterwards his hatred turned into contempt and he became calmer, though it is probable that he always retained a certain bitterness of feeling." As proof of this he quotes the following, which Proudhon wrote to the Besançon Academy: "When I sought to become your pensioner, I was full of hate for that which exists and of projects of destruction. My hatred of privilege and of the authority of man was without measure. Perhaps I was sometimes wrong in confounding in my indignation persons and things; at present I only know how to despise and complain. In order to cease to hate, it was only necessary for me to understand." Now, the not too observant reader who should not chance to notice that this is quoted from the preface to "What is Property?" the first large work which Proudhon wrote, would get the idea from Professor Ely's words that Proudhon lost the hatred referred to only late in life, and that all his earlier works were written under its influence. To show that Professor Ely meant to leave such an impression, we need only to call attention to a significant omission from another long quotation with which he closes his chapter. There he prints Proudhon's marvellously eloquent prayer to the God of liberty (calling it, by the way, an "appeal to the Deity," as if it were addressed to some theological ghost instead of to a principle personified for the time being for rhetorical purposes), but omits from the closing sentences the passage which we here print in italics: "Inspire the strong one, the wealthy one, whose name my lips shall never pronounce before thee, with horror on account of his robberies; *let him be the first to apply for admission to the redeemed society; let the promptness of his repentance be the ground of his forgiveness!* Then the great and the small, the rich and the poor, will unite in one ineffable fraternity; and all together, chanting a new hymn, will re-erect thy altar, O God of liberty and of equality!" There is no reason conceivable by us why any honest man should omit the words italicized. He could not have done so from lack of space, for the quotation occurs on the closing page of Professor Ely's chapter and ends only half-way down the page. Why, then, were the words left out? It will be seen at once that, without them, the passage appeared to sustain Professor Ely's charge that Proudhon hated the rich, while, with them, it left the charge without foundation. Need more be said?

Another erroneous impression, though not of much consequence except as additional evidence of the confusion which Professor Ely leaves behind him, is carried by these words: "The essay on Property is important, because it led socialists and even political economists to a revision of their theories and a more careful observation of facts. Louis Blanc discouraged fantastical and supernatural schemes of reform, but the sharp, cutting criticism of Proudhon, directed now against the communists, now against the Saint-Simonians and Fourierists, now against the political economists, rendered them impossible. High-priests

and revealers of visions could henceforth count on no favor on the part of the laborers." One would infer from this that Proudhon and Louis Blanc were engaged in united, or at least sympathetic, warfare upon utopias and visions, whereas in reality the highest of the "high-priests" whom Proudhon never tired of puncturing with his "sharp, cutting criticism" was Louis Blanc himself, whose schemes of reform he often showed to be arbitrary and unscientific in the extreme. This bull confirms our suspicion that Professor Ely has practically confined his reading to "What is Property?" for in that work Proudhon has page after page of attack upon Saint-Simon, Fourier, and the communists, while Louis Blanc, if we remember correctly, is not so much as referred to, the criticisms upon him occurring in later works.

A more important and inexcusable offence against the truth is Professor Ely's insinuation that Proudhon's "Bank of the People" failed in consequence of its own demerits. The fact is that, as long as it was allowed to live, it met with remarkable success, and that it was because of this very success and the danger therefrom to the privileged classes that Louis Bonaparte, taking advantage of one of Proudhon's speeches against him to charge him with a political offence, caused his imprisonment for three years and the winding-up of the bank's affairs. The effect of this sentence upon the bank is thus described by J A. Langlois in his sketch of Proudhon's life:

> Proudhon had not abandoned for a single moment his project of a Bank of Exchange, which was to operate without capital and a sufficient number of merchants and manufacturers for adherents. This bank, which he then called the "Bank of the People," and around which he wished to gather the numerous working-people's associations which had been formed since the 24th of February, 1848, had already obtained a certain number of subscribers and adherents, *the latter to the number of thirty-seven thousand.* It was about to commence operations, when Proudhon's sentence [in March, 1849] forced him to choose between imprisonment and exile. He did not hesitate to abandon his project and return the money to the subscribers. He explained the motives which led him to this decision in an article in "*Le Peuple.*"

And yet Ely has the assurance to make the following statement without qualification or explanation: "He attempted the execution of his plan without the aid of the state, by the erection of a bank, which failed about April 1, 1849, after an existence of a few weeks. Thus ended the attempt of the last great French socialist to carry out a scheme of social and economic regeneration." How wicked is this attempt to misrepresent! And how evident, when the facts are once stated! But it was highly important to Professor Ely's case and to his clients, the "friends of law and order," that this bank should be poohhoohed out of sight; for, if any civilized nation should ever permit the existence of any similar bank, its inauguration would be the beginning of the end of privilege, poverty, crime, and tyranny, and it is upon privilege, poverty, crime, and tyranny that the "friends of law and order" live.

Knowing this, Professor Ely, not satisfied with misleading his readers as to the cause of the bank's downfall, tries to complete its ruin by misstating the nature of the bank. Confounding it with the warehouse system which many socialists have advocated, he describes it as "a great national bank, in which product shall be exchanged against product without any intermediaries, so that money-mongers shall not be able to stop the circulation and thereby the production of goods. Paper money is to be given in exchange for whatever is brought to this place of deposit." This is the crowning outrage. After taunting Proudhon repeatedly with being "powerful as a destroyer but weak as a constructor," "unable to effect his synthesis," etc., Professor Ely, when he comes to deal with the synthesis, twists it into unrecognizable shape. Proudhon's banking system, which was to result in the abolition of usury in all its forms, was the dearest product of his mind. If this, he declared, be not true and sound in its essential features, then there is no ground for socialism to stand on. At least, then, he should be fairly dealt with here. But, instead, the vagaries of the utopians whom he combated are foisted upon him by Professor Ely, and he is made to shoulder the warehouse system of finance. With this, however, the "Bank of the People" had really next to nothing in common. Instead of being a place for the exchange of products against products, it was not to deal in products, but in the titles to products. Instead of dispensing with intermediaries, it provided for a great increase of them,— that is, for a vast increase in the volume of the currency by vastly extending its basis. Instead of giving paper money "in exchange for whatever is brought to this place of deposit," it was to give paper money only in exchange for sound business paper, mortgages, and other acceptable securities. "Every subscriber," said Proudhon, "shall have an account open for the discount of his business paper; and he shall be served to the same extent as he would have been under the conditions of discount in specie, that is, in the known measure of his faculties, the business he does, the positive guaranties he offers, the real credit he might reasonably have enjoyed under the old system." Every subscriber bound himself to receive the bank's paper at par in payment of all debts, and in settlement of all transactions, but the products thus to be bought by the holders of the paper were to be found in the stores and workshops of the subscribers, and to have no relation whatever to the bank. A full description of Proudhon's bank cannot be given here. Suffice it to say that it is simply an institution for exchanging at cost — that is, at one per cent. or less — its own widely known credit for the narrowly but certainly known credit of individuals, in order to facilitate exchanges, make cash payments the custom, and enable honest and industrious people to procure capital on terms that will not rob them of what they produce with it. But one would suppose from Professor Ely's account of it, on the contrary, that it is an enormous central storehouse for all products under the sun, whither all people may go, unquestioned, with their own products and barter them on the spot. Is this the sort of man to place in our universities to complete the education of what ought to be the flower of the nation's youth?

We have said enough. Some good people may complain that we have done wrong in accusing Professor Ely's intentions, when he may be, as he says the socialists are, honest though mistaken. Such an hypothesis, to be sure, is possible, but we have preferred to impale him on the other horn of the dilemma, feeling that it would be less cruel than to wound a college professor in his tenderest part by accusing him of ignorance and stupidity. If, however, the latter be the true explanation, attention should be called to a typographical error on the title-page. There the book purports to have been written by "Richard T. Ely, Ph.D" Evidently it should read "Richard T. Ely, D.Ph.," mystic letters which the orthography of Artemas Ward explains as generally standing after the names of those who have earned the degree of Dam Phool.

Note. — After the above was in type, we were furnished good evidence of its timeliness by the arrival of the San Francisco "Truth" containing a highly complimentary review of Professor Ely's book. Delighted by the professor's admission that socialists are honest, the editor immediately describes the professor as "honest, truthful, and just." You tickle me, and I'll tickle you. Has a man, then, only to admit his opponent's honesty and good intentions in order to obtain a license to misrepresent his views to the public in the most reckless manner? The presumption is that the editor of "Truth" has never looked beneath Professor Ely's compliments to find out whether his substantial statements are accurate and just, and the probability is that, had he done so, he would not have been able to decide. Just there lies the most sorrowful feature of the matter, — in the fact that a man who appears before the public as a teacher of socialism does not know enough about it to tell when it is misrepresented and when it is treated fairly.

Beecher said on Thanksgiving Day that the government must pursue one of two policies towards the Mormons, — either utter extermination or no interference whatever. He favors the latter. Beecher, although a contemptible hypocrite, is gifted with more than the usual measure of common sense.

Individual Sovereignty.*

The writer of this article is not the editor of Liberty. He is simply an editorial contributor. Whatever he writes in this capacity stands for the opinions, heresies, and mistakes of the editor, and the latter must therefore necessarily shoulder the costs. On the "cost principle," therefore, which everywhere acts as solvent between confronting individual rights of assertion, the writer's literary product is unconditionally subject to alteration, abridgment, mutilation, or whatsoever else may suit the judgment or caprice of the cost-bearing editor. His will is supreme, unquestionable, and beyond appeal in the matter. His right of individual assertion is absolute.

But the writer peremptorily declines to have his articles mutilated. To disfigure, "blue-pencil," or qualify what to him seems his best thought and most righteous sentiment is to him next to an assault upon his mental integrity. He emphatically forbids it, and his right of assertion *per se* as to what shall not be done with his mental product is equally sacred with that of the editor.

Here then are two Anarchists, each asserting his inalienable individual sovereignty in direct opposition. It is at this point that the defender of what now falsely passes for government will step in and say: "I told you so! The unqualified exercise of individual sovereignty immediately ends in chaos. It is simply impossible. It arbitrarily cuts off human activity and associate co-operation. It forbids compromise, that only bridge which makes civilization and effective association possible. It is fanaticism run mad."

Not so, friends. True, there is no compromise of the right of individual sovereignty, as regulated by the cost principle, permissible under our system; but this is not saying that all means of adjustment are thereby cut off. An almost inexhaustible field of expedients remains, after each party has asserted his sovereignty in direct opposition, whereby they may still co-operate with no compromise or violation of individual integrity.

And what we wish most forcibly to impress upon the reader is the fact that it is only as individual sovereignty is made absolute and inviolable that the possibility of honorable and effective adjustments is opened. The adjustment between the editorial contributor and the editor suggests itself at a glance. The former has simply to put his own name at the bottom of his article, and then the editor of "Liberty" has no more right to mutilate it than he has to mutilate the writer's nose or shorten his ears; which means that by subscribing his own name to his literary product he thereby individually assumes the costs of his own acts.

But under the State everything worthy the name of voluntary adjustment is in the nature of the case cut off. If the politicians who rob me decree that I shall pay taxes to perpetuate their machine, which I do not want and in whose making I had no voice, my opposing individual assertion is answered by the jail or the forcible confiscation of my substance. When a majority beats a minority of one at the polls, it straightway pounces jeeringly and despotically upon the defeated party like some infuriated beast that has finally fastened the death grip into the vitals of the victim, even though the rights and interests of millions of sovereign individuals are involved. This is not an adjustment. It is savagery pure and simple, gilded by the forms of law and custom.

Anarchy calls for voluntary adjustments in the

* This article is written by a dear friend of ours, living in another city, who frequently contributes to Liberty's editorial columns with great effect. It is suggested by the fact that we have sometimes felt obliged to modify his articles in minor particulars, not caring to be held responsible for that which we did not really endorse, although we do not remember an instance, so nearly do we agree, when his central thought or main argument has been altered. He has often been urged to write over his own signature, but as yet declines to do so. These circumstances have inspired in him the happy thought of making them an illustration of the harmonious working of the Anarchistic principle. In so doing he has written an article which we should not have wished to modify, even had he not taken away our right to do so by relieving us, in his opening sentence, of responsibility for it. — Editor Liberty.

place of arbitrary brute force. It finds the only possible basis of such adjustments in the complete and universal recognition of the sovereignty of each and every individual. Anarchy leads in the direct path of peace, love, and brotherhood, while the State is poised upon strife, blood, and despotic coercion. Choose which shall be your idol, reader, as you penetrate farther and farther into the true inwardness of our system.

Yes, "Truth" Has Become a Liar.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL,
Editor of the San Francisco "Truth."

SIR,—In the last issue of Liberty I had occasion to address to you an open letter, in which, basing my charges upon a succinct statement of facts, I arraigned you for conduct and methods of very questionable morality. To this letter you have made answer in your paper with a broadside which would fill a whole issue of Liberty. In it, however, you do not, because you cannot, meet the essential facts which I have stated. But, finding yourself in a corner and feeling that you must do something, you meet my facts with falsehoods and my conclusions with a vituperation which, being supported by falsehoods instead of facts, is wholly unjustifiable and outrageous. Such a flood of lies, such an avalanche of abuse, such a torrent of "hifalutin" rhetoric as is contained in your rejoinder I have never seen elsewhere. Against such wantonness it is useless to argue. It defeats itself among all right-minded persons. So I propose simply to brand you as a liar, show it by one illustration, and pass on.

In the body of your reply I find these words addressed to me:

> This journal is not a private enterprise as is yours. This paper is no profit making scheme as is yours. Here all money goes to propaganda. From your office you publish words of light and make a profit on their sale. From "Truth" within the past year thousands of socialistic tracts have been published and scattered far and wide among the people free as air. Bakounine's picture costs you three cents, and you sell it for fifty; Proudhon's portrait costs you the same, and you vend it for seventy-five! With you, sir, obtains the unworthy practices of ecclesiasticism. You deify an individual, and grow wealthy upon the coin received by selling to blind worshippers his saintly picture or his plaster cast. The Priests who began thus ended by selling even the bones of their dead saints.

No one but myself can fully appreciate the amusing nature of this charge. Whenever I read it and then look at my pocket-book, a sense of that incongruity which is said to be the essence of humor takes full possession of me, and I explode into a loud guffaw. This, however, is neither here nor there. Whatever sacrifices I have made for the cause in which I am working, it is not my intention to parade them before the public unless compelled to it by more exacting needs than the present. So, leaving the question whether I am growing rich or poor, I deal here only with your specific assertions concerning the pictures of Bakounine and Proudhon as showing your disregard for the truth. You say that Bakounine's picture costs me three cents, and I sell it for fifty. The facts are these. Bakounine's picture is a photo-lithograph, and is printed from an electrotype which was produced by a mechanical process from a pen-and-ink drawing made by the artist from a photograph. It is a comparatively cheap method of getting a comparatively fine picture, but nevertheless the electrotype alone cost me either nine or eleven dollars (I forget which) before a single picture was printed. Each copy printed involves an *additional* cost for paper and presswork of *five* cents. And yet you audaciously charged that the *total* cost of these pictures is but *three* cents each. As a matter of fact I have not got back one-third of my outlay. But more enormous still is your other statement that Proudhon's portrait costs me the same as Bakounine's and I sell it for seventy-five cents. Proudhon's portrait is a steel engraving, and one of the very finest. To get the plate alone cost me just one hundred dollars. Each copy printed for it costs me twelve cents extra for paper and presswork, and of my outlay of this picture I have got back much less than one-third. You dare not dispute these figures. I can prove them, if necessary, by my printers and engravers. And until they are disputed and disproved, you stand in the pillory before the public as a deliberate liar. For it will not do to answer that you did not know these things. That would only prove you to be worse than a liar, a reckless slanderer. This lie of yours is but one of many contained in your reply, and is a fair sample of them. *Ex uno disce omnes.* From one learn all.

Before dropping this subject altogether, I must accord to Mr. H. W. Brown an explanation which I owe him. In a postscript to my letter I charged you with signing Mr. Brown's name to a communication in your paper which he never wrote. I made this charge on the strength of Mr. Brown's own statement to me. He has since published in your paper a statement that I have "betrayed his confidence." At least he *appears* to have done so, although I have no evidence that this second communication is not a forgery like the first. But assuming it to be genuine, I have to say that Mr. Brown told me what he did in a loud tone of voice, at the same time vehemently expressing his disgust at the manner in which "Truth" is conducted; that he has told it to at least one other person; and that he gave me no reason, either by his manner or by any direct caution, to believe that he was confiding a secret to me. But no man holds confidences more sacred than I do, and, if I have unwittingly betrayed Mr. Brown's, I am exceedingly sorry for it, and herewith tender him my sincere apology. It is a little singular, to say the least, that he has never complained to me of my conduct, and that he has met me several times since the alleged betrayal precisely as he always met me and as one good friend meets another. Mr. Brown's later letters in "Truth" (always assuming them not to be forgeries), in which he speaks bitterly of me and even says things which are not true, show that, probably without realizing it, he has parted with his honor to save his friends. An enthusiastic devotee of State Socialism, he could not bear to see a State Socialist convicted of misconduct by an Anarchist. I much regret that he has thus done injustice to the essential integrity of his character. One of these days he will regret it himself, and then will come to tell me so. I know him well enough to believe this of him. It is to be noticed, further, that neither Mr. Brown nor you have denied my statement that you printed Mr. Brown's signature to a letter, parts of which at least he never wrote.

One word more. You ask me to print your reply to me in the columns of Liberty, or else to send you a list of Liberty's subscribers that you may send copies to them. I decline to do either, having no space for the former and no time for the latter. But, that no injustice may be done you, I hereby urge every reader of Liberty who feels an interest in the matter to send to you for a copy of "Truth" containing your reply. Your address is "916 Valencia Street, San Francisco," and you propose, I believe, to send the paper to all such free of cost. I ask nothing better than to abide by the verdict of my own readers on the extraordinary document which you are so anxious to get into their hands.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Our edition of "God and the State" can be obtained in England from The Science Library, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, or from George Standring, 8 & 9 Finsbury Street, London. Thus the English people will be supplied with Bakounine's work, despite the failure of English publishers to issue it. Concerning their failure in this regard, we are in receipt of the following from our faithful friend, Tchaykovsky: "Dear Comrade—Having read in your last your letters against 'Truth,' I feel obliged to inform you immediately that Miss Le Compte's translation of *Dieu et l'Etat* was trusted to my care to be published in England, but still lies in my portfolio without any use on account of want of a courageous publisher in this country. Please mention this my communication in your next. Yours as ever, N. TCHAYKOVSKY."

Two Reformers Contrasted.

(*Continued from first page.*)

Several times Munzer gathered regiments of peasants numbering from five to ten thousand men; they fought victorious battles with the princes, but the enemy with its innumerable forces was stronger, and Munzer was taken prisoner. The princes submitted him to torture, and amused themselves over the contortions and grimaces which the instrument of torment imprinted upon his dislocated body and martyr's face. Once, after the torture, such an attack of fever seized him that he drank twelve pitchers of water without succeeding in quenching his thirst. These acts of barbarism were repeated at intervals for six months, and, when the princes discovered that they could draw nothing from him, they had him beheaded.

And Luther?

He applauded at the defeat of the peasants and at the torture of his rival, Munzer.

And that is why the *bourgeois* celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of their favorite reformer.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 16. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884. Whole No. 42.

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Dead, are we?

The New York "Herald" says so.

Rather a lively corpse you'll find us, I imagine.

Liberty simply "let go to get a better hold." She's got it.

Charles O'Conor, who died in Nantucket the other day, was almost an Anarchist. If he could have had his way, there would have been very little government in this world. Extracts from his writings in proof of this assertion will appear hereafter in Liberty.

On April 12 a new journal, entitled "Proudhon," was started in Paris. M. Lesverdays is the editor. I have not seen a copy yet, and do not know its character or how often it is published, but I hope to report favorably upon it in a later issue. May it prove as good as its name!

Joseph Henry is progressing steadily but slowly in the publication of his "Essays on Death and Funerals," issuing them in parts. They have attracted a great deal of attention from the Liberal press, and have received, as they deserve, high praise from eminent men. He needs assistance in their publication and should have it. He can be addressed at Salina, Kansas.

J. P. Mendum, Boston, has issued in pamphlet form an address recently delivered in this city by James W. Stillman on "The Mormon Question." It is a clear exposition of the rights of citizens of Utah under the constitution and over it, and a timely protest against the shameful crusade now organizing against a people who can boast a civilization in not a few respects immeasurably superior to our own.

John Swinton tells me that his "Paper" is doing famously in the West. Good! I'm glad of it. Our beliefs regarding many things are diametrically opposite, but his manly sympathy with the oppressed and denunciation of the oppressor command my hearty admiration. "You see we've stolen your name," said he to me the other day in New York, referring to the new Liberty League. Why didn't he take the idea with it? Then I would not complain. But I find myself distinctly disagreeing to almost every plank in his platform because it is in flat violation of Liberty. Liberty is a name on every tongue. Strange that so few know what it means! Nevertheless "John Swinton's Paper" is telling lots of truth, just as I said it would.

Dr. M. E. Lazarus, of Guntersville, Alabama, who used to be among the foremost and the ablest in reformatory work, but has been very quiet of late years, has begun writing again, and his pen is doing fine service in more than one liberal journal. Liberty hopes to be favored ere long. Meanwhile he sends the following message of encouragement, after receiving and reading a package of sample copies: "Your pen is the echo of my inmost thoughts, which for thirty years have been my despair for want of a fitting medium through which to popularize them and achieve their social fruition. You relieve me of the painful conviction that mine is the only sane mind in a world of fools. I hail the star which radiates from Boston, a city whose keen air is helpful to the spontaneous creation of the humanitarian ideal. You find there, I hope, true *confrères*."

Johann Most is saying some curious things in his "Freiheit" about Proudhon and the Anarchists. It seems that Proudhon called himself an Anarchist, but really was not one; that he only has about two hundred followers left in the whole world; and that the great Revolutionary army has marched on ahead of him. Well! well! well! This doesn't agree very well with what Most (so I hear) says in private,—namely, that Tucker is right, but has gone too far ahead. Most one day complained to me of my obstinate and bitter antagonism to Communism, claiming that Communism is perfectly consistent with Anarchism. "But suppose," said I, "that, instead of working in your Communistic organization, I prefer to work for John Smith for wages." "Oh!" in that case," he answered, "we should have to use force to prevent you." That's the kind of an Anarchist Most is. It's the kind that Proudhon wasn't.

Liberty had something to say in its last issue about that humbug, Richard T. Ely, and his book on French and German Socialism. It mercilessly exposed his pretence of fairness and impartiality, and showed him to be a liar and a slanderer. That the hypocritical villain was successfully unmasked is shown by a recent series of three articles written by him for the "Christian Union" on "Recent Phases of Socialism in the United States" His honeyed words have given place to extravagant and outrageous denunciation, and he foams at the mouth like a raging maniac. One feature of his ravings is exceedingly rich. It will be remembered that the San Francisco "Truth," captivated by the "taffy" in Ely's book, puffed it tremendously, and began to sell it as a part of its propagandism, for which stupidity Liberty took occasion to rebuke it. Ely in his "Christian Union" articles, referring to the editors of "Truth," "Freiheit," and the Chicago "Vorbote," says that "their god is their belly." I wish "Truth" joy of its chosen champion.

Liberty is ever ready to welcome the appearance of an honest, indignant enemy to sham, even though the warrior aim his shots a little short of the citadel of authority, and devote himself to breaking through the outer works. The "San Franciscan," a new weekly journal of the Pacific Coast, is doing good work on the skirmish line of the Revolution by showing the people of California the utter futility of their efforts to check corporate rapacity by the use of the ballot. Liberty's new ally says: "The railroad tax, like the tariff tax, taps the property-owning class lightly as it passes on its way to the hapless wage-earner, whom it throttles and robs All wealth comes from productive labor, and, necessarily, all taxes fall upon it. The productive labor is done by men not one in a hundred of whom is a property-owner. Therefore it is the propertyless class who have most cause to complain of railroad extortion, as well as of every governmental abuse and extravagance that increases the cost of living. The active interest in the railroad question which the non-property-owning class is showing, proves that the cart-horses of society are awaking to the fact that they ought, in justice, to have something to say about the size of the loads which they are expected to drag."

The New York "Herald" appeared last Sunday with a broadside detailing a huge Anarchistic conspiracy in this country for purposes of assassination. If the rest of it is as inaccurate as the following extract, not much attention need be paid to it: "Proudhon's theory that 'property is robbery' has found half a dozen admirers in the New England States. Three years ago, Dr. E. Nathan Ganz tried to popularize Proudhonism and Bakounism in his monthly, the *Anarchist*, published in Boston, in a black cover with a red title. His arrest, on a charge of swindling, killed the paper after the first number. His former friend, Benjamin R. Tucker, propagated pure Proudhonism by the fortnightly, *Liberty*, which lately ceased to appear for want of subscribers." This effort to blacken Liberty with the stain of Ganz's exploits has gone on about long enough. Ganz was by no means a thorough-going Proudhonian Anarchist. He was in full sympathy with Most, "Le Révolté," and the whole school of anarchistic communists. If the odium of his sins is to fall on any section of the Revolutionary party, it must be that section to which he belonged. I refuse to bear it any longer in silence. As for the statement about Liberty, of course it is false. Liberty never died at all, and its subscription list has steadily grown from the day it started.

Mr. Ivan Panin comes tardily to the front with an answer to a criticism long ago passed upon him by Liberty. In a letter received not long since he says: "In 1881 you raked me over the coals in your Liberty for expressing the *opinion* (though to me it was *knowledge*) that the Executive Committee of the Russian Revolutionary Party were not Anarchists. You cited Bakounine and Lavroff as proofs of my misstatement. Neither of these two were ever members of the Executive Committee. Lavroff, moreover, in a statement *under his own signature* which lies before me, says that not only is he himself no Anarchist, but no Anarchistic fraction ever even claimed him as such. I do not see Liberty now. As it was there you attacked me, I will ask you to send me a copy, should you think it fair to print this correction." Let us see about this. It was not in 1881 that I raked Mr. Panin over the coals, but on May 13, 1882. I said nothing about his "opinion." I said nothing about the Executive Committee. I did not charge him with saying anything about the Executive Committee. I charged him with making the false assertion in private that Anarchists in general and Bakounine in particular were persons of no influence and no importance, unrecognized by intelligent revolutionists and frowned upon by Nihilists. To controvert him on this I cited the names of Kropotkine, Lavroff, and others. Possibly I have been misled concerning Lavroff, and Mr. Panin has the benefit of his evidence on that point. Does that alone suffice to vindicate Mr. Panin and put me to shame? How about Kropotkine and Bakounine? Has Mr. Panin any "knowledge" about *them* which conflicts with my statement of their position? If so, Liberty's columns are open to him. If not, was I not justified in attacking him? I shall send him this issue of Liberty with pleasure, and, if he will keep me informed as to his address, every issue thereafter until his subscription has expired.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWKSY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

This romance, the last work and only novel from Tchernychewsky's pen, originally appeared in 1863 in a St. Petersburg magazine, the author writing it at that time in a St. Petersburg dungeon, where he was confined for twenty-two months prior to being sent into exile in Siberia by the cruel Czar who has since paid the penalty of this crime and many others. This martyr-hero of the modern Revolution still languishes in a remote corner of that cheerless country, his health ruined and — if report be true — his mind shattered by his long solitude and enforced abstention from literary and revolutionary work. The present Czar, true son of his father, persistently refuses to mitigate his sentence, despite the petition for Tchernychewsky's freedom sent not long ago to Alexander III. by the literary celebrities of the world gathered in international congress at Vienna.

The Russian Nihilists regard the present work as a faithful portraiture of themselves and their movement, and as such they contrast it with the celebrated "Fathers and Sons" of Tourguénéff, which they consider rather as a caricature. The fundamental idea of Tchernychewsky's work is that woman is a human being and not an animal created for man's benefit, and its chief purpose is to show the superiority of free unions between men and women over the indissoluble marriage sanctioned by Church and State. It may almost be considered a continuation of the great Herzen's novel, "Who Is To Blame?" written fifteen years before on the same subject. If the reader should find the work singular in form and sometimes obscure, he must remember that it was written under the eye of an autocrat, who punished with terrific severity any one who wrote against "the doctrines of the Orthodox Church, its traditions and ceremonies, or the truths and dogmas of Christian faith in general," against "the inviolability of the Supreme Autocratic Power or the respect due to the Imperial Family," anything contrary to "the fundamental regulations of the State," or anything tending to "shock good morals and propriety."

As a work of art "What's To Be Done?" speaks for itself. Nevertheless, the words of a European writer regarding it may not be amiss. "In the author's view the object of art is not to embellish and idealize nature, but to reproduce her interesting phases; and poetry — verse, the drama, the novel — should explain nature in reproducing her; the poet must pronounce sentence. He must represent human beings as they really are, and not incarnate in them an abstract principle, good or bad; that is why in this romance men indisputably good have faults, as reality shows them to us, while bad people possess at the same time some good qualities, as is almost always the case in real life."

Tyranny knows no better use for such an author than to exile him. But Liberty can still utilize his work. Tyranny, torture Truth's heralds as it may, cannot kill Truth itself, — nay, can only add to its vitality. Tchernychewsky is in isolation, but his glad tidings to the poor and the oppressed are spreading among the peoples of the earth, and now in this translation for the first time find their way across the ocean to enlighten our New World.

B. R. T.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

An Imbecile.

On the morning of the eleventh of July, 1856, the *attachés* of one of the principal hotels in St. Petersburg, situated near the Moscow railway station, became greatly perplexed and even somewhat alarmed. The night before, after eight o'clock, a traveller had arrived, carrying a valise, who, after having given up his passport that it might be taken to the police to be viséed, had ordered a cutlet and some tea, and then, pleading fatigue and need of sleep as a pretext, had asked that he might be disturbed no further, notifying them at the same time to awaken him without fail at exactly eight o'clock in the morning, as he had pressing business.

As soon as he was alone, he had locked his door. For a while was heard the noise of the knife, fork, and tea-service; then all became silent again: the man doubtless had gone to sleep.

In the morning, at eight o'clock, the waiter did not fail to knock at the new-comer's door.

But the new-comer did not respond. The waiter knocked louder, and louder yet. Still the new-comer did not respond: he probably was very tired. The waiter waited a quarter of an hour, then began again to knock and call, but with no better success. Then he went to consult the other waiters and the butler.

"May not something have happened to the traveller?"

"We must burst open the door," he concluded.

"No," said another, "the door can be burst open only in presence of the police."

They decided to try once more, and with greater energy, to awaken the obstinate traveller, and, in case they should not succeed, to send for the police.

Which they had to do. While waiting for the police, they looked at each other anxiously, saying: "What can have happened?"

Towards ten o'clock the commissioner of police arrived; he began by knocking at the door himself, and then ordered the waiters to knock a last time. The same success.

"There is nothing left but to burst open the door," said the official; "do so, my friends."

The door yielded; they entered; the room was empty.

"Look under the bed," said the official. At the same time, approaching the table, he saw a sheet of paper, unfolded, upon which were written these words:

"I leave at eleven o'clock in the evening and shall not return. I shall be heard on the Liteing Bridge between two and three o'clock in the morning. Suspect no one."

"Ah! the thing is clear now! at first we did not understand," said the official.

"What do you mean, Ivan Afanacievitch?" asked the butler.

"Give me some tea, and I will tell you."

The story of the commissioner of police was for a long time the subject of conversations and discussions; as for the adventure itself, this was it: At half-past two in the morning, the night being extremely dark, something like a flash was seen on the Liteing Bridge, and at the same time a pistol shot was heard. The guardians of the bridge and the few people who were passing ran to the spot, but found nobody.

"It is not a murder; some one has blown his brains out," they said; and some of the more generous offered to search the river. Hooks were brought and even a fisherman's net; but they pulled from the water only a few pieces of wood. Of the body no trace, and besides the night was very dark, and much time had elapsed: the body had had time to drift out to sea.

"Go search yonder!" said a group of carpers, who maintained that there was no body and that some drunkard or practical joker had simply fired a shot and fled; "perhaps he has even mingled with the crowd, now so anxious, and is laughing at the alarm which he has caused." These carpers were evidently *progressives*. But the majority, *conservative*, as it always is when it reasons prudently, held to the first explanation.

"A practical joker? Go to! Some one has really blown his brains out."

Being less numerous, the progressives were conquered. But the conquerors split at the very moment of victory.

He had blown his brains out, certainly, but why?

"*He* was drunk," said some.

"*He* had dissipated his fortune," thought others.

"Simply an imbecile!" observed somebody.

Upon this word *imbecile*, all agreed, even those who disputed suicide.

In short, whether it was a drunkard or a spendthrift who had blown his brains out or a practical joker who had made a pretence of killing himself (in the latter case the joke was a stupid one), he was an imbecile.

There ended the night's adventure. At the hotel was found the proof that it was no piece of nonsense, but a real suicide.

This conclusion satisfied the conservatives especially; for, said they, it proves that we are right. If it had been only a practical joker, we might have hesitated between the terms imbecile and insolent. But to blow one's brains out on a bridge! On a bridge, I ask you? Does one blow his brains out on a bridge? Why on a bridge? It would be stupid to do it on a bridge. Indisputably, then, he was an imbecile.

"Precisely," objected the progressives; "does one blow his brains out on a bridge?" And they in their turn disputed the reality of the suicide.

But that same evening the hotel *attachés*, being summoned to the police bureau to examine a cap pierced by a ball, which had been taken from the water, identified it as the actual cap worn by the traveller of the night before.

There had been a suicide, then, and the spirit of negation and progress was once more conquered.

Yes, it was really an imbecile; but suddenly a new thought struck them: to blow one's brains out on a bridge, — why, it is most adroit! In that way one avoids long suffering in case of a simple wound. *He* calculated wisely; he was prudent.

Now the mystification was complete. Imbecile and prudent!

First Consequence of the Imbecile Act.

The same day, towards eleven o'clock in the morning, in a little country-house on the island of Kamennoy,* a young woman sat sewing and humming a singularly bold French song:

Sous nos guenilles, nous sommes
De courageux travailleurs;
Nous voulons pour tous les hommes
Science et destins meilleurs.
Etudions, travaillons,
La force est à qui saura;
Etudions, travaillons,
L'abondance nous viendra!
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Le peuple en ce jour répète:
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Qui vivra verra!

Et qui de notre ignorance
Souffre donc? N'est-ce pas nous?
Qu'elle vienne, la science
Qui nous affranchira tous!
Nous plions sous la douleur;
Mais, par la fraternité,
Nous hâterons le bonheur
De toute l'humanité.
Ah! ça ira! &c.

Faisons l'union féconde
Du travail et du savoir;
Pour être heureux, en ce monde,
S'entr'aimer est un devoir.
Instruisons-nous, aimons-nous,
Nous sommes frères et sœurs;
Travaillons chacun pour tous;
Devenons toujours meilleurs.
Ah! ça ira! &c.

Oui, pour vaincre la misère,
Instruisons-nous, travaillons;
Un paradis de la terre,
En nous aimant, nous ferons.
Travaillons, aimons, chantons,
Tous les vrais biens nous aurons;
Un jour vient où nous serons
Tous heureux, instruits, et bons.
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Le peuple en ce jour répète:
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Qui vivra verra!
Donc vivons!
Ça bien vite ira!
Ça viendra!
Nous tous le verrons!

The melody of this audacious song was gay; there were two or three sad notes in it, but they were concealed beneath the general character of the motive; they entirely disappeared in the refrain and in the last couplet. But such was the condition of the mind of the songstress that these two or three sad notes sounded above the others in her song. She saw this herself, started, and tried to sustain the gay notes longer and glide over the others. Vain efforts! her thought dominated her in spite of herself, and the sad notes always prevailed over the others.

* An island in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, full of country-houses, where citizens of St. Petersburg go to spend their summers.

It was easy to see that the young woman was trying to repress the sadness which had taken possession of her, and when, from time to time, she succeeded and the song then took its joyous pace, her work doubled in rapidity; she seemed, moreover, to be an excellent seamstress. At this moment the maid, a young and pretty person, entered.

"See, Macha," * the young lady said to her, "how well I sew! I have almost finished the ruffles which I am embroidering to wear at your wedding"

"Oh! there is less work in them than in those which you desired me to embroider."

"I readily believe it! Should not the bride be more beautifully adorned than her guests?"

"I have brought you a letter, Véra Pavlovna"

Véra Pavlovna took the letter with an air of perplexity which depicted itself in her face. The envelope bore the city stamp.

"He is then at Moscow!" she whispered,—and she hastily broke open the letter and turned pale.

"It is not possible! . . . . . I did not read it right. . . . . The letter does not say that!" she cried, letting her arms fall by her sides.

Again she began to read. This time her eyes fixed themselves on the fatal paper, and those beautiful clear eyes became dimmer and dimmer. She let the letter fall upon her work-table, and, hiding her head in her hands, she burst into sobs.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done?"

"Vérotchka!" † suddenly exclaimed a young man, hurrying into the room; "Vérotchka! What has happened to you? And why these tears?"

"Read!" . . . She handed him the letter. Véra Pavlovna sobbed no longer, but remained motionless as if nailed to her seat, and scarcely breathing.

The young man took the letter; he grew pale, his hands trembled, and his eyes remained fixed for a long time upon the text, though it was brief. This letter was thus framed:

"I disturbed your tranquillity: I quit the scene. Do not pity me. I love you both so much that I am quite content in my resolution. Adieu."

Absorbed for a moment in his sadness, the young man then approached the young woman, who still was motionless and in a seeming lethargy, and, taking her hand:

"Vérotchka!" . . .

But the young woman uttered a cry of terror, and, rising, as if moved by an electric force, she convulsively repulsed the young man, separating herself from him.

"Back! Do not touch me! You are covered with blood! Leave me!"

She continued to recoil, making gestures of terror and waving her arms in space as if to repel an object of fear. Suddenly she staggered and sank into an arm-chair, her head in her hands.

"It is also on me, his blood! on me especially! You are not guilty . . . . it is I, I alone! What have I done? What have I done?"

And her sobs redoubled.

"Vérotchka," said the young man, timidly; "Vérotchka, my beloved!"

"No, leave me," she answered, with a trembling voice, as soon as she could get breath. "Do not speak to me! In a moment you will find me calmer; leave me."

He went into his study, and sat down again at the writing-table where a quarter of an hour before he had been so calm and happy. He took up his pen, and, after the article which he had begun, he permitted himself to write: "It is in such moments that one must retain self-possession. I have will, and it will all pass over, it will all pass over. But will she bear it? Oh! it is horrible! Happiness is lost!"

"Shall we talk together now, beloved?" said an altered voice, which tried to appear firm.

"We must separate," continued Véra Pavlovna, "we must separate! I have decided upon it. It is frightful; but it would be more frightful still to continue to live in each other's sight. Am I not his murderer? Have I not killed him for you?"

"But, Vérotchka, it is not your fault."

"Do not try to justify me, unless you wish me to hate you. I am guilty. Pardon me, my beloved, for taking a resolution so painful to you. To me also it is painful, but is the only one that we can take. You will soon recognize it yourself. So be it, then! I wish first to fly from this city, which would remind me too vividly of the past. The sale of my effects will afford me some resources. I will go to Tver, to Nijni, ‡ I know not where, and it matters little. I will seek a chance to give singing-lessons; being in a great city, I shall probably find one; or else I will become a governess. I can always earn what is necessary. But in case I should be unable to get enough, I will appeal to you. I count then on you; and let that prove to you that you are ever dear to me. And now we must say farewell . . . . farewell forever! Go away directly; I shall be better alone; and tomorrow you can come back, for I shall be here no longer. I go to Moscow; there I will find out what city is best adapted to my purpose. I forbid your presence at the depot at the time of my departure. Farewell, then, my beloved; give me your hand that I may press it a last time before we separate forever."

He desired to embrace her; but she thrust him back forcibly, saying:

"No! that would be an outrage upon him. Give me your hand; do you feel with what force I press it? But adieu!"

He kept her hand in his till she withdrew it, he not daring to resist.

"Enough! Go! Adieu!"

And after having encircled him with a look of ineffable tenderness, she retired with a firm step and without turning back her head.

He went about, dazed, like a drunken man, unable to find his hat, though he held it in his hand without knowing it; at last, however, he took his overcoat from the hall and started off. But he had not yet reached the gateway when he heard footsteps behind him. Doubtless it was Macha. Had *she* vanished? He turned around; it was —— Véra Pavlovna, who threw herself into his arms and said, embracing him with ardor:

"I could not resist, dear friend; and now farewell forever!"

She ran rapidly away, threw herself upon her bed, and burst into tears.

PREFACE.

Love is the subject of this novel; a young woman is its principal character.

"So far good, even though the novel should be bad," says the feminine reader; and she is right.

But the masculine reader does not praise so readily, thought in man being more intense and more developed than in woman. He says (what probably the feminine reader also thinks without considering it proper to say so, which excuses me from discussing the point with her),— the masculine reader says: "I know perfectly well that the man who is said to have blown his brains out is all right."

I attack him on this phrase *I know*, and say to him: "You *do not know it*, since it has not been told you. You know nothing, not even that by the way in which I have begun my novel I have made you my dupe. For have you not failed to perceive it?"

Know, then, that my first pages prove that I have a very poor opinion of the public. I have employed the ordinary trick of romancers. I have begun with dramatic scenes, taken from the middle or the end of my story, and have taken care to confuse and obscure them.

Public, you are good-natured, very good-natured, and consequently you are neither quick to see nor difficult to please. One may be sure that you will not see from the first pages whether a novel is worthy of being read. Your scent is not keen, and to aid you in deciding two things are necessary: the name of the author and such a style of writing as will produce an effect.

This is the first novel that I offer you, and you have not yet made up your mind whether or not I have talent and art (and yet this talent and art you grant liberally to so many authors!) My name does not yet attract you. I am obliged, therefore, to decoy you. Do not consider it a crime; for it is your own ingenuousness that compels me to stoop to this triviality. But now that I hold you in my hands, I can continue my story as I think proper, — that is, without subterfuge. There will be no more mystery; you will be able to foresee twenty pages in advance the climax of each situation, and I will even tell you that all will end gaily amid wine and song.

I do not desire to aid in spoiling you, kind public, you whose head is already so full of nonsense. How much useless trouble the confusion of your perceptions causes you! Truly, you are painful to look at; and yet I cannot help deriding you, the prejudices with which your head is crammed render you so base and wicked!

I am even angry with you, because you are so wicked towards men, of whom you nevertheless are a part. Why are you so wicked towards yourself? It is for your own good that I preach to you; for I desire to be useful to you, and am seeking the way. In the meantime you cry out:

"Who, then, is this insolent author, who addresses me in such a tone?"

Who am I? An author without talent who has not even a complete command of his own language. But it matters little. Read at any rate, kind public; truth is a good thing which compensates even for an author's faults. This reading will be useful to you, and you will experience no deception, since I have warned you that you will find in my romance neither talent nor art, only the truth.

For the rest, my kind public, however you may love to read between the lines, I prefer to tell you all. Because I have confessed that I have no shadow of talent and that my romance will lack in the telling, do not conclude that I am inferior to the story-tellers whom you accept and that this book is beneath their writings. That is not the purpose of my explanation. I merely mean that my story is very weak, so far as execution is concerned, in comparison with the works produced by real talent. But, as for the celebrated works of your favorite authors, you may, even in point of execution, put it on their level; you may even place it above them; for there is more art here than in the works aforesaid, you may be sure. And now, public, thank me! And since you love so well to bend the knee before him who disdains you, salute me!

Happily, scattered through your throngs, there exist, O public, persons more and more numerous, whom I esteem. If I have just been impudent, it was because I spoke only to the vast majority of you. Before the persons to whom I have just referred, on the contrary, I shall be modest and even timid. Only, with them, long explanations are useless; I know in advance that we shall get along together. Men of research and justice, intelligence and goodness, it is but yesterday that you arose among us; and already your number is great and ever greater. If you were the whole public, I should not need to write; if you did not exist, I could not write. But you are a part of the public, without yet being the whole public; and that is why it is possible, that is why it is necessary, for me to write.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The Life of Véra Pavlovna with her Parents.

I.

The education of Véra Pavlovna was very ordinary, and there was nothing peculiar in her life until she made the acquaintance of Lopoukhoff, the medical student.

Véra Pavlovna grew up in a fine house, situated on the Rue Gorokhovaïa between the Rue Sadovaïa and the Sémenovsky Bridge. This house is now duly labelled with a number, but in 1852, when numbers were not in use to designate the houses of any given street, it bore this inscription: —

House of Ivan Zakharovitch Storechnikoff, present Councillor of State.

So said the inscription, although Ivan Zakharovitch Storechnikoff died in 1837 After that, according to the legal title-deeds, the owner of the house was his son Mikhaïl Ivanytch. But the tenants knew that Mikhaïl Ivanytch was only the son of the mistress, and that the mistress of the house was Anna Petrovna.

The house was what it still is, large, with two carriage-ways, four flights of steps from the street, and three interior court-yards.

Then (as is still the case today) the mistress of the house and her son lived on the first and naturally the principal floor. Anna Petrovna has remained a beautiful lady, and Mikhaïl Ivanytch is to-day, as he was in 1852, an elegant and handsome officer. Who lives now in the dirtiest of the innumerable flats of the first court, fifth door on the right? I do not know. But in 1852 it was inhabited by the steward of the house, Pavel Konstantinytch Rosalsky, a robust and fine-looking man. His wife, Maria Alexevna, a slender person, tall and possessed of a strong constitution, his young and beautiful daughter (Véra Pavlovna), and his son Fédia, nine years old, made up the family.

Besides his position of steward, Pavel Konstantinytch was employed as chief deputy in I know not which ministerial bureau. As an employee he had no perquisites; his perquisites as steward were very moderate; for Pavel Konstantinytch, as he said to himself, had a conscience, which he valued at least as highly as the benevolence of the proprietor. In short, the worthy steward had amassed in fourteen years about ten thousand roubles, of which but three thousand had come from the proprietor's pocket. The rest was derived from a little business peculiarly his own: Pavel Konstantinytch combined with his other functions that of a pawn-broker. Maria Alexevna also had her little capital: almost five thousand roubles, she told the gossips, but really much more. She had begun

[Continued on page 6.]

* Macha is the diminutive of Maria. † Vérotchka is the diminutive of Véra. ‡ Nijni Novgorod.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 17, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

Taking a Fresh Start.

My readers, when we parted last December, I told you that I should try to meet you next in a twelve-page weekly. I find that at present I cannot compass that. But from this forth Liberty will greet you fortnightly, in form twice as large as of old,—eight pages instead of four. The four outside pages will be kept as nearly as possible like the original Liberty, to which so many have become almost lovingly attached. The inside pages will be given up to interesting serial stories of a radical tendency, and to single essays or short serial essays treating the various problems with which Liberty deals at greater length than has been possible heretofore in these columns. In the present issue appear the first instalment of Tchernychewsky's wonderful novel, "What's To Be Done?" which will run through some twenty-five issues, and a crushing letter from the veteran Lysander Spooner to Senator Bayard. Better than all, I shall henceforth have the earnest co-operation of A. P. Kelly, a young journalist whose brilliant articles in some of the most prominent daily newspapers of the country have attracted attention far and wide. For two or three years he has been studying the philosophy of Liberty, and, as a natural result, has become an enthusiastic believer in it. To its support he now brings a finely-equipped brain, a noble heart, and a blistering pen. Do any of you remember "Max," whom I used to quote so frequently in Liberty? "Max" and Mr. Kelly are one and the same. But I need not introduce him further. His articles in this issue speak for him much better than I can. The editorial writers for Liberty will hereafter speak to you in the first person singular over their signatures. The editorial "we" will be abandoned. This will encourage independence of thought and expression, and will lead people to see that the articles are only the words of men talking to men, to be taken for what they are worth and judged on their intrinsic merits, and not the authoritative utterances of some mysterious oracle, to be accepted without question.

I am able to carry out this programme through the financial aid of generous friends, one in especial. To him and all I give my heartfelt thanks. But they should not be made to bear this burden long. The growing band of Liberty's subscribers should consider themselves the elect, chosen for a mission, in which each should do his share. Therefore I suggest to each of you that, in renewing your subscriptions, the price of which hereafter will be one dollar a year instead of fifty cents, you pay an extra fifty cents, one dollar, two dollars, five dollars, or whatever you can spare in addition to the specific sum charged. If you will all do something of this kind, Liberty in a year or two will need no further aid, but will stand firmly on her own feet. Now let us to work! T.

All unexpired subscriptions will be completed in each case on the receipt of just half as many issues of the enlarged paper as the subscriber was entitled to of the smaller paper at the time of the change

Socialism: What It Is.

"Do you like the word *socialism*?" said a lady to me the other day; "I fear I do not; somehow I shrink when I hear it. It is associated with so much that is bad! Ought we to keep it?"

The lady who asked this question is an earnest Anarchist, a firm friend of Liberty, and—it is almost superfluous to add—highly intelligent. Her words voice the feeling of many. But after all it is only a feeling, and will not stand the test of thought. "Yes," I answered, "it is a glorious word, much abused, violently distorted, stupidly misunderstood, but expressing better than any other the purpose of political and economic progress, the aim of the Revolution in this century, the recognition of the great truth that Liberty and Equality, through the law of Solidarity, will cause the welfare of each to contribute to the welfare of all. So good a word cannot be spared, must not be sacrificed, shall not be stolen."

How can it be saved? Only by lifting it out of the confusion which obscures it, so that all may see it clearly and definitely, and what it fundamentally means. Some writers make socialism inclusive of all efforts to ameliorate social conditions. Proudhon is reputed to have said something of the kind. However that may be, the definition seems too broad. Etymologically it is not unwarrantable, but derivatively the word has a more technical and definite meaning.

Today (pardon the paradox!) society is fundamentally anti-social. The whole so-called social fabric rests on privilege and power, and is disordered and strained in every direction by the inequalities that necessarily result therefrom. The welfare of each, instead of contributing to that of all, as it naturally should and would, almost invariably detracts from that of all. Wealth is made by legal privilege a hook with which to filch from labor's pockets. Every man who gets rich thereby makes his neighbor poor. The better off one is, the worse off the rest are. As Ruskin says, "every grain of calculated Increment to the rich is balanced by its mathematical equivalent of Decrement to the poor. The Laborer's Deficit is precisely equal to the Capitalist's Efficit."

Now, socialism wants to change all this. Socialism says that what's one man's meat must no longer be another's poison; that no man shall be able to add to his riches except by labor; that in adding to his riches by labor alone no man makes another man poorer; that on the contrary every man thus adding to his riches makes every other man richer; that increase and concentration of wealth through labor tend to increase, cheapen, and vary production; that every increase of capital in the hands of the laborer tends, in the absence of legal monopoly, to put more products, better products, cheaper products, and a greater variety of products within the reach of every man who works; and that this fact means the physical, mental, and moral perfecting of mankind, and the realization of human fraternity. Is not that glorious? Shall a word that means all that be cast aside simply because some have tried to wed it with authority? By no means. The man who subscribes to that, whatever he may think himself, whatever he may call himself, however bitterly he may attack the thing which he mistakes for socialism, is himself a Socialist, and the man who subscribes to its opposite, and acts upon its opposite, however benevolent he may be, however wealthy he may be, however pious he may be, whatever his station in society, whatever his standing in the Church, whatever his position in the State, is not a Socialist, but a Thief. For there are at bottom but two classes—the Socialists and the Thieves. Socialism, practically, is war upon usury in all its forms, the great Anti-Theft Movement of the nineteenth century; and Socialists are the only people to whom the preachers of morality have no right or occasion to cite the eighth commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!" That commandment is Socialism's flag. Only not as a commandment, but as a law of nature. Socialism does not order; it prophesies. It does not say: "Thou shalt not steal!" It says: "When all men have Liberty, thou wilt not steal."

Why, then, does my lady questioner shrink when she hears the word *socialism*? I will tell her. Because a large number of people, who see the evils of usury and are desirous of destroying them, foolishly imagine they can do so by authority, and accordingly are trying to abolish privilege by centering all production and activity in the State to the destruction of competition and its blessings, to the degradation of the individual, and to the putrefaction of society They are well-meaning but misguided people, and their efforts are bound to prove abortive. Their influence is mischievous principally in this,—that a large number of other people, who have not yet seen the evils of usury and do not know that Liberty will destroy them, but nevertheless earnestly believe in Liberty for Liberty's sake, are led to mistake this effort to make the State the be-all and end-all of society for the whole of socialism and the only socialism, and, rightly horrified at it, to hold it up as such to the deserved scorn of mankind. But the very reasonable and just criticisms of the individualists of this stripe upon State Socialism, when analyzed, are found to be directed, not against the Socialism, but against the State. So far Liberty is with them. But Liberty insists on Socialism nevertheless,—on true Socialism, Anarchistic Socialism, the prevalence on earth of Liberty, Equality, and Solidarity. From that my lady questioner will never shrink. T.

The Sin of Herbert Spencer.

Liberty welcomes and criticises in the same breath the series of papers by Herbert Spencer on "The New Toryism," "The Coming Slavery," "The Sins of Legislators," &c., now running in the "Popular Science Monthly" and the English "Contemporary Review." They are very true, very important, and very misleading. They are true for the most part in what they say, and false and misleading in what they fail to say. Mr. Spencer convicts legislators of undeniable and enormous sins in meddling with and curtailing and destroying the people's rights. Their sins are sins of commission. But Mr. Spencer's sin of omission is quite as grave. He is one of those persons referred to in the editorial preceding this who are making a wholesale onslaught on Socialism as the incarnation of the doctrine of State omnipotence carried to its highest power. And I am not sure that he is quite honest in this. I begin to be a little suspicious of him. It seems as if he had forgotten the teachings of his earlier writings, and had become a champion of the capitalistic class. It will be noticed that in these later articles, amid his multitudinous illustrations (of which he is as prodigal as ever) of the evils of legislation, he in every instance cites some law passed, ostensibly at least, to protect labor, alleviate suffering, or promote the people's welfare. He demonstrates beyond dispute the lamentable failure in this direction. But never once does he call attention to the far more deadly and deep-seated evils growing out of the innumerable laws creating privilege and sustaining monopoly. You must not protect the weak against the strong, he seems to say, but freely supply all the weapons needed by the strong to oppress the weak. He is greatly shocked that the rich should be directly taxed to support the poor, but that the poor should be indirectly taxed and bled to make the rich richer does not outrage his delicate sensibilities in the least. Poverty is increased by the poor laws, says Mr. Spencer. Granted; but what about the *rich* laws that caused and still cause the poverty to which the poor laws add? That is by far the more important question; yet Mr. Spencer tries to blink it out of sight.

A very acute criticism of Mr. Spencer's position has been made recently before the Manhattan Liberal Club by Stephen Pearl Andrews. Judging from the report in the New York "Truth Seeker," it is the best thing that Mr. Andrews has said in some time, and Liberty extends him her warmest thanks and congratulations. Room must be found for his remarks before long in these columns. He shows that Mr. Spencer has never once used the word "justice"; that he is not the radical *laissez faire* philosopher which

he pretends to be; that the only true believers in *laissez faire* are the Anarchists; that individualism must be supplemented by the doctrines of equity and courtesy; and that, while State Socialism is just as dangerous and tyrannical as Mr. Spencer pictures it, "there is a higher and nobler form of Socialism which is not only not slavery, but which is our only means of rescue from all sorts and degrees of slavery." All this is straight to the mark, — telling thrusts which Mr. Spencer can never parry.

But the English philosopher is doing good, after all. His disciples are men of independent mind, more numerous every day, who accept his fundamental truths and carry them to their logical conclusions. A notable instance is Auberon Herbert, formerly a member of the House of Commons but now retired from political life. He is, I believe, a member of the British nobility, but his wealth and position do not obscure his vision. While an enthusiastic adherent of the Spencerian philosophy, he is fast outstripping his master. In a recent essay entitled "A Politician in Sight of Haven," written, as the London "Spectator" says, with an unsurpassable charm of style, Mr. Herbert explodes the majority lie, ridicules physical force as a solution of social problems, strips government of every function except the police and recognizes even that only as an evil of brief necessity, and, in conclusion, proposes the adoption of *voluntary taxation* with a calmness and confidence which must have taken Mr. Spencer's breath away. To be sure, Mr Herbert is as violent as his master against socialism, but in his case only because he honestly supposes that compulsory socialism is the only socialism, and not at all from any sympathy with legal monopoly or capitalistic privilege in any form. Liberty will begin the publication of this essay in an early issue. T.

The Curse of California.

The railroad question in California has developed, to an extent unusual in so young a community, the evils and social disorders which grow out of all attempts to govern mankind with formulas and paper-constitution attorneyisms. Through the authority of the government, three or four men have been enabled to appropriate millions of acres of land and steal the labor of thousands of men in the building of railroads. Having stolen the results of this labor, they are protected in the enjoyment of their plunder by legislation and given an entire monopoly of the business of carrying, in order that they may extort tribute from the people of California. Without the aid of the railroad the farmer cannot get his products to market and the trader cannot get his wares to his customers. The three or four men who own the railroad take advantage of their peculiar power to compel the farmer and the merchant to share with them their profits. There is no pretence on the part of these railroad robbers that charges are based upon the cost of service. Their rule is to charge all the traffic will bear. The result is that they have accumulated millions upon millions, and ground the laborer down until he is afraid to compete with the Chinaman for day wages in a State where there is room for half the population of the United States to live and work.

The Californians see this clearly enough, but, when it comes to putting a stop to the robbing, they grope in utter darkness for the remedy. Having been taught by the politicians from early childhood that pitiful lie that the ballot is the righter of all wrongs, they put their trust in a representative government and expect authority to stay the hand of the robber monopoly. Year after year are they sold by their representatives, and yet they do not see that the ballot is a sham. With superstitious reverence for whatever is done in the name of authority, these plundered and betrayed people submit to the laws passed by rascals who break their pledges and vote directly opposite to the way in which they are instructed to vote. It never appears to occur to the people that they are under no obligation to abide or be bound by the actions of these so-called representatives. When one legislature, railroad commission, or governor sells them out to the railroad banditti they manifest their displeasure by electing another and thereby putting themselves upon the auction block to be sold again. The best remedy for all these things which suggests itself to the Californian mind is the hanging of a legislator or two; but hanging is bad business, and changes none of the conditions of the problem. The only true solution of the problem lies in refusal to submit to the dictates of lawmakers or to respect the privileges conferred by government upon Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, and Crocker. K.

Anarchy in Alaska.

"But what is to prevent people from stealing, fighting, and murdering, if you don't have a government?" That is the question which invariably occurs to one who hears of Anarchy for the first time, — yes, to many who hear the pleas of Liberty for the hundredth time and understand them not. Explaining that men are not born thieves and assassins, but that stealing, quarreling, and killing are fostered by authority and encouraged by law, is a labor of Sisyphus. It is useless to ask one of these believers in the total depravity of human nature if he would leave his work and turn burglar were he not restrained by fear of the law. He invariably says: "Of course not; you and I would not do those things, but there are others who would. Just look at the crimes committed even now in spite of the law, and see the class of people who live in the worst quarters of our great cities. Do you want to turn them loose with no restraint upon their passions?" It is hard to answer such an argument, because the answer involves the demonstration of all the truths upon which the idea of Liberty is founded, and, unless one sees clearly the justice of individual sovereignty, he can understand nothing of the answer. He will argue in a circle and end where he started, with thanking God that he is not as other men are and deploring the innate and invincible wickedness of the other men. It is clear to me that injustice is the cause of all crime, and that the idea of authority is at the bottom of all social injustice; but I find it difficult to make these things clear to one who persists in regarding "justice" and "authority" as one and the same thing. If I should have the mischance to find a man so dull as to be unable to detect the difference between water and fire, doubtless I should be quite unable to convince him by logic that water will put out fire. But it might be of some benefit to his understanding, should I take him to see the engines play upon a burning house.

Perhaps when our *bourgeois* friend sees that people do exist peaceably without the restraints of authority, he may admit that human nature is not essentially and incurably bad. Lieutenant Ray, who was in command at the Arctic colony on Point Barrow, tells some strange things about two tribes of natives living in that neighborhood. Neither tribe holds allegiance to any chief or ruler. No congresses or legislatures have as yet broken in upon the rude mode of living. They are Anarchists in the full sense of the word. Each man is his own chief, and, strange as it may seem, Lieutenant Ray pronounces them the best governed and happiest people in the world. There appears to be no clashing of interests among them, and no bully has ever yet come to the front and bulldozed the tribe by asserting that might made right. Fighting and quarrelling are unknown. Ray says he never saw a child punished in any form, and yet he reports the children as well-behaved, modest, and honest. As high as twenty-five children have visited the station at one time, and their deportment would be such that he could not help but notice the striking contrast between them and the children who had all the advantages of civilization. However small the child might be, it never intruded itself into uninvited places. No matter how many tools, articles of clothing, or provisions were scattered around, the lieutenant never saw them touch a thing, much less try to appropriate or steal them. If anything was given a child, it showed its appreciation thereat, sometimes in words, but more often in smiles, and by informing its playfellows that he or she had been shown especial favors by the great white captain. The only blow Ray ever saw struck in these tribes was by a husband, who boxed his wife's ears for supposed infidelity. Thieving is seldom known among the men or women of the tribes, and, when it does occur, there is no punishment for the crime. Possession appears to be nine points of law with them. A police court would soon become bankrupt there. Neither tribe appears to have any marriage ceremony. If the man is willing and the woman also, there is no legal impediment, and the twain are as one.

These Alaskans are benighted heathen; the light of the gospel has never illumined their unregenerate souls. Christian civilization has never extended its beneficent influence over their inhospitable land. Education, that *bourgeois* Balm of Gilead, has never been applied to their social system. They do not even belong to the better element. They are primitive men and women living under natural law and restrained by no paper constitutions nor attorney formulas. And yet, O my authority-worshipping, pharisaical friend, these poor, ignorant heathen neither lie, nor steal, nor murder, nor think themselves better than their neighbors. Do you think justice can reign nowhere on the face of this planet outside of the Arctic circle? K.

A Lesson to Apostates.

Never in the history of agrarian movements was a man crowned with greater opportunities or with more potent logic than Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League. Acting at first upon the verdict of his own native common sense, he walked forth with ever firmer and heavier tread heralding to the galled and disinherited tenants of Ireland the great truths that access to the soil is the common right of all, that usury is theft, and that the most grinding and immoral usury-tax of all is rent.

Armed with these potent inspirations and with the courage to give them voice, Davitt soon emerged from comparative obscurity to be the most "dangerous" man in Europe. Had he stood on his own individuality, rested his laurels solely upon the merits of truth and passive resistance, and ignored such truckling political frauds as Charles Stuart Parnell, he might have developed a bloodless revolt against rent tribute such as the world never before witnessed.

But scarcely did we see him mounted upon the radical wave that had begun to sweep home upon landlordism before he showed signs of that fatal weakness which stamped him a man inferior to the situation. Awed by the lineage and political glamor of Parnell, he began to barter away his integrity in a ridiculous and dishonest attempt to show that there was really no essential difference between himself and the latter, even condescending to the pitiable stultification of elevating Parnell to the first place by right and merit in the leadership of Ireland's cause.

It was while in this pasty and pliable condition that his real destroyer slipped in upon him, and frittered out what was left of mental sanity and integrity in poor Davitt. That man was Henry George, fresh from the capture of another deluded victim, Patrick Ford. Singular it is that Davitt and Ford, the authors and soul of the glorious Land League movement which culminated in the cry of "Pay No More Rent!" should have become so easy prey, body and soul, to the monstrous absurdities of George. But such was fate, and as a result Davitt is to-day ready in disgust to drop out of sight into exile, Ford is in a sickly sweat between somewhere and nowhere on the economic fence, and George himself is beginning to realize the utter failure of his silly scheme as the victims gradually wake up to a sober second thought.

The late pontifical speech of Parnell at Drogheda, in which he made hash of what was left of Davitt and threw it into the political swill-tub, is painful reading in view of the lingering sympathy which

(Continued on page 8.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

fifteen years before by the sale of a fur-lined pelisse, a poor lot of furniture, and an old coat left her by her brother, a deceased government employee.

These brought her one hundred and fifty roubles, which she lost no time in lending on security. Much bolder than her husband, she braved risks for the sake of greater gains. More than once she had been caught. One day a sharper pawned to her for five roubles a stolen passport, and Maria Alexevna not only lost the five roubles, but had to pay fifteen to get out of the scrape. Another time a swindler, in consideration of a loan of twenty roubles, left with her a gold watch, the proceeds of a murder followed by robbery, and Maria Alexevna had to pay heavily this time to get clear. But if she suffered losses which her more prudent husband had no occasion to fear, on the other hand she saw her profits rolling up more rapidly.

To make money she would stop at nothing.

One day — Véra Pavlovna was still small and her mother did not mistrust her ears — a somewhat strange event occurred. Vérotchka, indeed, would not have understood it, had not the cook, beaten by Maria Alexevna, been eager to explain to the little girl, in a very intelligible fashion, the matter in question.

Matroena was often beaten for indulging the passion of love, — notwithstanding which she always had a black eye given her really by her lover.

Maria Alexevna passed over this black eye because cooks of that character work for less money. Having said this, we come to the story.

A lady as beautiful as she was richly dressed stopped for some time at the house of Maria Alexevna.

This lady received the visits of a very fine-looking gentleman, who often gave bonbons to Vérotchka and even made her a present of two illustrated books. The engravings in one of these books represented animals and cities; as for the other, Maria Alexevna took it away from her daughter as soon as the visitor had gone, and the only time when Vérotchka saw the engravings was on that same day when he showed them to her.

While the lady remained, an unusual tranquillity prevailed in the apartments of the pawn-brokers; Maria Alexevna neglected the closet (of which she always carried the key) in which the decanter of brandy was kept; she whipped neither Matroena nor Vérotchka, and even ceased her continual vociferations. But one night the little girl was awakened and frightened by the cries of the tenant and by a great stir and uproar going on in the house. In the morning, nevertheless, Maria Alexevna, in better humor than ever, opened the famous closet and said between two draughts of brandy:

"Thank God! all has gone well." Then she called Matroena, and instead of abusing or beating her, as was generally the case when she had been drinking, she offered her a glass of brandy, saying:

"Go on! Drink! You too worked well."

After which she went to embrace her daughter and lie down. As for the tenant, she cried no more, did not even leave her room, and was not slow in taking her departure.

Two days after she had gone a captain of police, accompanied by two of his officers, came and roundly abused Maria Alexevna, who, it must be allowed, took no pains on her part, as the phrase goes, to keep her tongue in her pocket. Over and over again she repeated:

"I do not know what you mean. If you wish to find out, you will see by the books of the establishment that the woman who was here is named Savastianoff, one of my acquaintances, engaged in business at Pskow. And that is all."

After having redoubled his abuse, the captain of police finally went away.

That is what Vérotchka saw at the age of eight.

At the age of nine she received an explanation of the affair from Matroena. For the rest, there had been but one case of the kind in the house. Sometimes other adventures of a different sort, but not very numerous.

One day, as Vérotchka, then a girl of ten years, was accompanying her mother as usual to the old clothes shop, at the corner of the Rue Gorokhovaïa and the Rue Sadovaïa she was struck a blow on the neck, dealt her doubtless to make her heed this observation of her mother:

"Instead of sauntering, why do you not cross yourself as you go by the church? Do you not see that all respectable people do so?"

At twelve Vérotchka was sent to boarding-school, and received in addition lessons in piano-playing from a teacher who, though a great drunkard, was a worthy man and an excellent pianist, but, on account of his drunkenness, had to content himself with a very moderate reward for his services.

At fourteen Vérotchka did the sewing for the whole family, which, to be sure, was not a large one.

When she was fifteen, such remarks as this were daily addressed to her:

"Go wash your face cleaner! It is as black as a gypsy's. But you will wash t in vain; you have the face of a scarecrow; you are like nobody else."

The little girl, much mortified at her dark complexion, gradually came to consider herself very homely.

Nevertheless, her mother, who formerly covered her with nothing but rags, began to dress her up. When Vérotchka in fine array followed her mother to church, she said sadly to herself:

"Why this finery? For a gypsy's complexion like mine a dress of serge is as good as a dress of silk. This luxury would become others better. It must be very nice to be pretty! How I should like to be pretty!"

When she was sixteen, Vérotchka stopped taking music lessons, and became a piano-teacher herself in a boarding-school. In a short time Maria Alexevna found her other lessons.

Soon Vérotchka's mother stopped calling her gypsy and scare-crow; she dressed her even with greater care, and Matroena (this was a third Matroena, who, like her predecessors, always had a black eye and sometimes a swollen cheek), Matroena told Vérotchka that the chief of her father's bureau desired to ask her hand in marriage, and that this chief was a grave man, wearing a cross upon his neck.

In fact, the employees of the ministry had noticed the advances of the chief of the department towards his subordinate. And this chief said to one of his colleagues that he intended to marry and that the dowry was of little consequence, provided the woman was beautiful; he added that Pavel Konstantinytch was an excellent official.

What would have happened no one knows; but, while the chief of the department was in this frame of mind, an important event occurred:

The son of the mistress appeared at the steward's to say that his mother desired Pavel Konstantinytch to bring her several samples of wall paper, as she wished to newly furnish her apartments. Orders of this nature were generally transmitted by the major-domo. The intention was evident, and would have been to people of less experience than Vérotchka's parents. Moreover, the son of the proprietor remained more than half an hour to take tea.

The next day Maria Alexevna gave her daughter a bracelet which had not been redeemed and ordered new dresses for her. Vérotchka much admired both the bracelet and the dresses, and was given further occasion to rejoice by her mother's purchase for her at last of some glossy boots of admirable elegance. These toilet expenses were not lost, for Mikhaïl Ivanytch came every day to the steward's and found — it goes without saying — in Vérotchka's conversation a peculiar charm, which — and this too goes without saying — was not displeasing to the steward and his wife. At least the latter gave her daughter long instructions, which it is useless to detail.

"Dress yourself, Vérotchka," she said to her one evening, on rising from the table; "I have prepared a surprise for you. We are going to the opera, and I have taken a box in the second tier, where there are none but generals. All this is for you, little stupid. For it I do not hesitate to spend my last copecks, and your father on his side scatters his substance in foolish expenditures for your sake. To the governess, to the boarding-school, to the piano-teacher, what a sum we have paid! You know nothing of all that, ingrate that you are! You have neither soul nor sensibilities."

Maria Alexevna said nothing further; for she no longer abused her daughter, and, since the reports about the chief of the department, had even ceased to beat her.

So they went to the opera. After the first act the son of the mistress came in, followed by two friends, one of whom, dressed as a civilian, was very thin and very polite, while the other, a soldier, inclined to stoutness and had simple manners. Mikhaïl Ivanytch, I say, came into the box occupied by Vérotchka and her parents.

Without further ceremony, after the customary salutations, they sat down and began to converse in low tones in French, Mikhaïl Ivanytch and the civilian especially; the soldier talked little.

(To be continued.)

A SECOND LETTER
TO
THOMAS F. BAYARD,

CHALLENGING HIS RIGHT, AND THAT OF ALL OTHER SO-CALLED SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS, TO EXERCISE ANY LEGISLATIVE POWER WHATEVER OVER THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

To Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware:

SIR, — In your speech at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 5th of April last, in response to the toast, "*The Supreme Law of the Land*," you indulged in this astonishing flight of *unveracity:*

"Room for His majesty! Room for His majesty! Whose voice is the conscience of the American people, and whose throne is in the American heart! I speak now of the Supreme Law of this Land! What is it? *It is liberty*, clad in the words, and manifested in the forms, of the written charter of our government, ordained to secure it [liberty] for us, and for our posterity! I mean by this, that the Supreme Law of this Land, *declared so to be in the charter itself*, [What better proof can be required that it is the Supreme Law, than its own declaration that it is so!] is, by its observance, *the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land!* Neglect it, forget it, disregard it, disobey it, weary of its commands, and you neglect, you disregard, and you will lose, liberty itself! Obey it, cherish it, studiously respect it, and liberty will flourish, and bless us and our posterity! I don't think that these simple conditions can need more than this simple statement. [Oh, yes, they need a little proof.] They are sublime in their simplicity! They are incalculable in their value! They are mighty in their truth!"*

Don't you think, Sir, that your own "simplicity" is a little "sublime," when you tell us that this paper, the constitution, which nobody ever signed, which few people ever read, which the great body of the people never saw, and about whose meaning no two persons ever agreed, *is* "*The Supreme Law of this Land?*" That it is "the conscience of the American people?" That it is the voice of liberty itself? and that "*its observance is the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land?*"

Yet again and again, throughout your speech, you repeat the idea, that this so-called constitution, which nobody ever signed, which few people ever read, which the great body of the people never even saw, and about whose meaning no two persons ever agreed, is "*The Supreme Law of this Land!*"

Sir, where did this wonderful constitution come from, that you should describe it as "*The Supreme Law of this Land?*" Was it let down from the skies by a higher than human power? Was it a revelation from a higher than human wisdom? Did it originate with any body who had any rightful authority to impose it upon the people of this country? Was it not concocted in secret conclave, by some forty men, who had no more authority over the people of this country, than any other forty men in it? Was it originally sanctioned by any body but a few white, male adults, who had prescribed amounts of property? And who, by virtue of that property, presumed to announce themselves as "*We, the people of the United States;*" and to "*ordain and establish*" this constitution on their own authority alone? Was it not practically a conspiracy, on their part, to impose their arbitrary will upon a poor, ignorant, and scattered people, who were too weak to resist?

And is not this constitution kept in operation today solely by men — not more than one-fifth of the whole people — who give their votes in secret (by secret ballot), solely because they dare not give them in a way to make themselves personally responsible for the acts of their agents? And what are these votes, given in secret, interpreted to mean, other than that the whole fifty millions of people — four-fifths of whom are allowed no voice in the matter — surrender all their natural rights to life, liberty, and property into the hands of some four hundred men, who are to be held to no responsibility whatever for the disposal they make of them?

Sir, this declaration of yours, that the constitution (so-called) is "the Supreme Law of this Land," is utterly, flagrantly, shamefully false. *Justice alone is the Supreme Law of this land, and of all other lands.* And if you do not know it, your ignorance is so dense as to be pitiable. And if the audience that applauded your speech do not know that justice itself is the only supreme law of this, or any other, land, their ignorance is also so dense as to be pitiable.

And it is not because *your* "Supreme Law of the Land," the constitution — *but because the supreme law of justice* — is "neglected," "forgotten," "disregarded,"

* The above extract from your speech is taken from the Boston "Sunday Herald" of April 6, 1884.

and "disobeyed," that our liberty is lost; or, rather, never had an existence. And if you and your audience do not know that such is the truth, your and their ignorance is certainly deplorable

And let me repeat, what I have heretofore said to you, that justice is a science to be learned, like any other science, and not any thing that can be made, unmade, or altered, by constitutions, or Congresses, or any other human power. This is a fact, of which you and other legislators, as you call yourselves, are strangely oblivious.

In your speech, you attempted to picture to your audience how "the loss of liberty," in this land, and all the direful consequences of that loss, result from "the unbridled will of a congressional majority."

But for some reason, or another, you did not see fit to tell your audience where this "unbridled will of a congressional majority" had its origin. Perhaps you had forgotten it; although I had pointedly reminded you of it long ago. It will do you no harm, and may perhaps do you good, to be reminded of it again. Let me then say to you again, that all this "unbridled will of a congressional majority," which you hold up to our view as the sole cause of our "loss of liberty," had its origin — its fountain head — in that very constitution — that same "Supreme Law of this *Land*" — "whose observance," you tell us, "*is the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land!*"

In proof that such is the truth, I give you again the very words of the constitution itself. They are these:

> For any speech, or debate, [or vote] in either house, they [the senators and representatives] shall not be questioned [held to any legal accountability] in any other place. *Const., Art. I, Sec. 6.*

Here you see, Sir, that this "unbridled will of a congressional majority," of which you profess such a horror, is simply the legislative will of men, who, by *your* "Supreme Law," are made wholly irresponsible for the laws they make.

Do you expect men to act otherwise than according to their "unbridled will," when you have put into their hands all power over the property, liberty, and lives of their fellowmen, and guaranteed them against all responsibility for the disposal they make of them?

Do you not know that this freedom from all responsibility for their acts was guaranteed to them, solely that they might dispose of the property, liberty, and lives of their fellowmen, according to their own "unbridled will?"

Do you not know that this freedom from all accountability for the laws they make, is the one only reason why they dare put "their unbridled will" into the form of law, and impose it upon the people?

Plainly the one only motive, purpose, or effect of this provision of the constitution is to let loose upon the people "the unbridled will of a congressional majority;" that very "unbridled will," which you denounce, and truly denounce, as fatal to liberty.

Is it possible that you had forgotten this provision of the constitution, when you declared that "its observance" was "the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land?"

Have you yourself ever read the constitution; or are you as ignorant of it as are the people generally, who submit to it?

If you have ever read the constitution, what do you mean by telling us that it authorizes any legislation at all, except such as "the unbridled will of a congressional majority" may choose to enact? Can you tell us what other legislation it authorizes? Or what other purpose it has than simply to organize, and give effect to, "the unbridled will of a congressional majority?"

And yet you extol it, and fall down and worship it, as if it were the very oracle, the very soul, of liberty itself?

Sir, when you declare the constitution to be "the Supreme Law of this Land," and that "its observance is the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land," do you not see that you are saying, in effect, that abject submission to "the unbridled will of a congressional majority" is "the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land?"

Do you not see that you are declaring in the same breath, that abject submission to "the unbridled will of a congressional majority" is both liberty and slavery? And, consequently, that under the constitution, liberty and slavery are one and the same thing?

Have you lost your senses, that you can talk in this absurd and self-contradicting manner?

You talk of the "insolence" of this "unbridled will of a congressional majority," as if it were something at which you have reason to be surprised, amazed, or indignant. But are you really such a simpleton as to expect any thing but "insolence" from "the unbridled will" of men intrusted with unlimited power, and guaranteed against all responsibility for their acts?

You seem to be astonished at the recent decision of the supreme court, giving congress all powers not expressly prohibited; and especially all such [unlimited] powers as are exercised by "other civilized governments." But that decision is easily accounted for — in this wise: That court had read the constitution, and sworn to support it, (art. 1, sec. 6, as well as the rest); and they saw that it authorized no legislation at all, except such as "the unbridled will of a congressional majority" might choose to enact; that it authorized no government at all, except one by "the unbridled will of a congressional majority."

That court saw, too, that it was itself created and sustained only by "the unbridled will of a congressional majority;" that it owed its very existence to, and was a mere dependent creature of, that "unbridled will;" that it was suffered to exist for no other purpose than to give its sanction to that "unbridled will;" and that, so soon as it should cease to perform that function, its occupation would be gone.

Are you so blind as not to see all this? Why, then, are you surprised that this dependent creature should fail to attempt the absurd and impossible task of imposing restraints upon "the unbridled will" of its own creator, sustainer, and final judge? If that court ever should attempt to impose restraints upon "the unbridled will" of its creator, which do you think would be likely to get the worst of it, the creature or the creator?

But what is your remedy for "our loss of liberty?" and for our subjection to "the unbridled will of a congressional majority?"

Let the nation now open all its ears, and hear your remedy!

It is "State Rights! State Rights!"

And what are State Rights? Are they any thing else than subjection to "the unbridled will of *legislative* majorities?" Do not all, or very nearly all, the state constitutions expressly prescribe that their law-makers shall be exempt from all legal accountability for the laws they make? Do they not prescribe that all legislation shall be such, and only such, as "the unbridled wills of majorities" shall see fit to enact? Certainly they do. And is not "the unbridled will of majorities," in the state legislatures, just as inconsistent with liberty, and just as fatal to liberty, as is "the unbridled will of *congressional* majorities?" Certainly it is. Clearly there is no difference of principle between them. Your only remedy, therefore, for our loss of liberty, and our subjection to "the unbridled will of a *congressional* majority," is to put ourselves under subjection to "the unbridled will of majorities" in the state legislatures!

You do not propose to abolish outright the legislative power of these "unbridled *congressional* majorities." Oh, no; you only propose to hold them somewhat in check by opposing to them "the unbridled wills of legislative majorities" in the states!

You imagine that in the contests which these "unbridled majorities," in the states and the nation, will naturally get into with each other, over the people — the carcass they are all fighting for — the carcass itself will escape unhurt!

Oh, Sapient Senator! Can the world ever pay you for giving it such wisdom! Such an infallible recipe for saving to mankind their liberty! Such a miraculous safeguard against "the unbridled will of a congressional majority!"

Sapient, Oracular Senator, your remedy is absurd and spurious altogether. It is utterly inadequate — it has no tendency whatever — to save us from "the unbridled will of *legislative* majorities." It only multiplies the number of such majorities, without at all altering their character. If you cannot see this, I repeat that you are mentally an object of pity.

What, then, is the remedy? Is "the unbridled will" of a legislative *minority* any less inconsistent with, or any less fatal to, liberty, than is "the unbridled will of a *majority*?" Plainly not at all.

But all legislation must necessarily proceed from "the unbridled will" of either a majority, or minority; for there are on earth no other lawmakers than majorities and minorities.

Do you not see, Sir, that you are in a dilemma? And that there is only one door of escape from it? It is this: *We want no legislation at all.* We want only justice and liberty; and justice and liberty are one.

Justice, I repeat, is the supreme law of this land, and of all other lands. And being everywhere and always the supreme law, it is necessarily everywhere and always the only law. And justice is a science to be learned; and not any thing that majorities, or minorities, or any other human power, can make, unmake, or alter. It is also so easily learned that mankind have no valid excuse for attempting to set up any other in its stead.

Sir, this constitution, which you declare to be "the Supreme Law of this Land," had its origin solely in "the unbridled will" of some majority, or minority — neither of which had any right to establish it. And neither you yourself, nor any one of your associate senators or representatives, has any authority whatever under it, except such as you have derived from "the unbridled will" of some majority, or minority, who had no right to delegate to you any such power, but who took it upon themselves to destroy the liberty of their fellow-men, and usurp an irresponsible dominion over them. And you and all your associate legislators in congress are today nothing else than the servile and criminal agents of "the unbridled wills" of the majorities, or minorities — no matter which — that selected you to do their bidding; and that will discard you, and put others in your places, the moment you fail to do it.

Was it necessary for me to tell you this, to make it clear to your own mind?

But, Sir, notwithstanding all the absurdities and self-contradictions, by which you had stultified yourself, you could not close your speech without making a still further attack upon the credulity of your audience. This you did by your assertion, that "*Politics is not a trick! Government is not a swindle!*" *

This declaration is certainly "important, if true." And I do not wonder that you felt the necessity of uttering it. But if it be true, perhaps you can tell us by what power, or what process, fifty millions of people became divested of all their natural, inherent, inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and all these rights became transferred to, and vested in, four hundred men, to be disposed of by "the unbridled will of a majority" of them. Do you think that any jugglery of votes, by even ten millions of men, can have really accomplished such an astonishing and wholesale transfer of men's natural, inherent, and inalienable rights? Just mark the words, *natural, inherent, and inalienable*, if you wish to comprehend the impossibility of what you assert. Yet you are bound to say that all this was possible, if you say that the four hundred have now any valid authority whatever for even trespassing upon the least of all these natural, inherent, inalienable rights; for, if they have any valid authority for trespassing upon the least of them, they have an equally valid authority for striking the whole of them out of existence. And this is really the theory on which our government now acts. It acknowledges no limits to its own power; and consequently denies the existence of any natural rights whatever remaining in the people. If, in all this alleged transfer of rights, from the people to the government, there has been no "trick," and no "swindle," it is because the whole transaction has been a simple, open, naked, undisguised usurpation and robbery.

I hope you are not so blind as not to see this.

If, Sir, you should ever again pay your adoration to "*The Supreme Law of this Land*," and should call upon the rest of mankind to kneel with you, let me advise that — to prevent any confusion of ideas, and avoid any apparent contradictions — while expressing the same sentiments, you make some slight changes in your phraseology. I would suggest the following, as being more simple, more clear, and therefore preferable:

> Room for their Majesties! Room for their Majesties! Room for the unbridled wills of all legislative majorities, state and national! The more we have of them the better! They are the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land! Neglect them, forget them, disregard them, disobey them, weary of their commands, and you neglect, you disregard, and you will lose liberty itself! Obey them, cherish them, studiously respect them, recognize them as the Supreme Laws of this Land, accept them as the conscience of the American people, make your hearts their thrones, and liberty will flourish, and bless us and our posterity! I don't think that these simple conditions need more than this simple statement. They are sublime in their simplicity! They are incalculable in their value! They are mighty in their truth!

Here you will see, Sir, that your ideas have been scrupulously preserved, while the form of expression has been, I hope, a little improved.

But lest some persons, who may listen to your exhortations, should be so dull, or so perverse, as to imagine that all this "liberty," which you promise them, would be only slavery under another name, let me advise that you assure them, upon your honor as one of those legislators whose "unbridled wills" they are to be required to obey, that "POLITICS IS NOT A TRICK! GOVERNMENT IS NOT A SWINDLE!"

If they should be so stolid as not to see the truth, or feel the force, of these asseverations, so "sublime in their simplicity," so "incalculable in their value," so "mighty in their truth," let me advise that you throw no more gems of political wisdom before such unappreciative creatures, but turn your back on them, and leave them to "lose their liberty."

Frankly yours,

LYSANDER SPOONER.

BOSTON, MAY 17, 1884.

* This extract is taken from the report of your speech in the New York "Herald" of April 6.

A Lesson to Apostates.

(Continued from page 5.)

clings to Davitt and the contemptible shallowness and stealthy political cunning of Parnell. Yet whoever will read his speech will see that the career of Davitt, in sucking in the Henry George bait with a gulp and vomiting up all that made the Land League possible, lays him utterly helpless under Parnell's political scalpel, and logically bars him from any manner of affiliation with any branch of the recognized Irish movement.

When this fatal apostasy of Davitt and Patrick Ford appeared at a critical juncture, the dearest and deepest friends of both, foreseeing the inevitable result, attempted to save them by showing up the monstrous fallacies of George in the columns of the "Irish World." They were deliberately barred out, while praises of George filled from week to week the columns formerly headed by Davitt's old Land League cry of "Pay No More Rent!" To-day, with George come home in failure to roost and Davitt banished from the Irish movement, the editor of the "Irish World" may well indulge in some profitable reflections upon the dangers of swallowing with a gulp patent economic blubber, and then rashly fortifying himself against an antidote by the illiberal device of barring out honest criticism. X.

Thou Shalt Not Steal!

Joseph Cook, the new Boston oracle, had a partially lucid "interlude" recently, and attempted to wrestle with Henry George's theories on the land question. The oracle is quite right in rejecting Mr. George's scheme for the nationalization of land, but his Interludeship does not give any good reason for the faith that is in him. Mr. Cook regards with pious horror any proposition to take the land away from the landlords, because that would be an attack upon the institution of property, and so he does Henry George the wretched injustice of saying: "The trouble with him is that he is not enough conversant with the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal!'" Mistaken as Mr. George may be in his proposed solution of the social problem, anyone who knows him would trust to his honesty as confidently as to that of the oracular Jo Cook. In fact, the latter takes the more narrow view of the scope of the commandment. It has not yet dawned upon this eminent theologian's mind that rent is robbery and that all men have equal right to the use of the soil as they have to light and air. To take from landlords the privilege of levying taxes upon the occupants of the land would not be a violation of the commandment with which Mr. Cook professes to be so conversant. It would be substantial justice to the human race. Actual possession and use of land is one thing. Possession plus legal privilege is quite another thing. The first is a natural, equitable right. The other is robbery. The trouble with Henry George is that he thinks it would be right to substitute one great robber landlord for the many small robber landlords, and that it would change the merits of the case to call the plunder "taxes" instead of "rent." The trouble with Jo Cook is that he has a superstitious reverence for proprietorship, and thinks it stealing to compel a robber to make restitution. On the whole, brother Cook and brother George both need to inquire much deeper into the matter before they can understand the full significance of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!" K.

The Generation of the Horse-Leech.

The insatiable Grant family, having gone forth to shear the lambs of Wall street and come back shorn, again stands before the people in the attitude of an impudent and pertinacious beggar, demanding that the people shall be taxed for the General and his gambling progeny. When General Grant retired from office, his friends made up a purse of $250,000 for him, and upon that sum and numerous other gifts and spoils which he had accumulated, it was supposed he might manage to loaf during the remnant of his life. But he wanted more, and so he sent his sons into Wall street to run a gambling bank in company with a more experienced swindler. The nominal capital was a certain sum of money, but the real working capital was the name of Grant, and the plan of operations was similar to that of a dishonestly conducted faro bank. The firm obtained loans by falsely representing that through the influence of General Grant it was enabled to swindle the government on contracts, and could afford to divide the spoils with the lenders in the form of usury. In this the firm of Grant & Ward unconsciously showed its correct appreciation of the true nature of interest,—namely, plunder. But the scheme was at last exposed, and the Grant "brace game" collapsed. All the Grants are now pretending that they were entirely ignorant of the whole affair, and laying all the blame upon the shoulders of Ward, the wicked partner. It was Ward who put up all the jobs; Ward used the potent name of Grant to rope in the toadies; Ward did the responsible lying for the firm; Ward used all the money except $3,000 per month, upon which Grant eked out a frugal living; Ward deceived the confiding Grants; Ward did everything. Poor Grant has lost all his money—except a quarter of a million so placed that his creditors cannot get hold of it, and perhaps a house or two which his friend Vanderbilt, the most successful highwayman in the world, refrained from seizing. And so the Grants emerge once more into the light of day and cry out to the people, "Give! Give!" and senators and other official persons, with their hands deep in the pockets of the people, abate for a moment something of the zeal of their purely personal pilfering to remark that "something must be done for Grant." Granted that this is true in the sense that "something must be done for" several other diseases of the social system, including the diligently dishonest official persons aforesaid, toward whom society is getting deathly indisposed. K.

Demagogues.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Ever since the time of the serpent in Paradise, the world has been infested with demagogues. He tempted the people to eat the fruit of only *one* forbidden tree, but his descendants try to induce the people to bite at all the fruit they see in their neighbors' orchards.

You, Mr Liberty, oppose governments, laws, armies, and police-forces. Now, all sensible persons know we *must* have these institutions, or all the carpenters would saw each other's heads off, and all mothers would make mince-pies of their unprotected babies.

Our legislators are wise men; they are experts in their various professions of law, money-dealing, and fighting. These are our most important industries, and, therefore, cannot be too fully represented. Perhaps the grave-digging interest is not quite sufficiently represented in our legislative assemblies, and I admit that it might be well to have a few more sextons elected. Their profession would be greatly encouraged thereby, and they would work harmoniously with the lawyers, financiers, and soldiers.

Agriculturists, artisans, miners, artists, engineers, architects, and all other persons who follow the more common employments, of course are of little use, politically speaking, except to supply a suitable revenue for the useful professions, and to form the crowds at political meetings, &c. (Of course they are useful as voters, but the superior classes could easily dispense with the votes by abolishing the franchise.)

You people speak offensively about hangmen. Now, I think the hangman should rank as high as a general; indeed, and on second thought, I would say that the duty and luxury of hanging citizens should be performed and enjoyed only by our chief magistrate, — the president. (As for the demagogues, I don't care who hangs them, so that it is done swiftly and effectually.)

Down with all demagogues! The slaves did not bother their heads with thoughts about "Liberty" until the demagogues poisoned their minds with pestiferous notions. Birds that are born and educated in cages don't worry about "Liberty," but are content with the position in which God has placed them. Our free and enlightened citizens — and the women and others who are not citizens — are satisfied, serene, and happy, knowing that they are well governed, by the lawyers, bankers, soldiers, and other professional rulers. Yet *you*, forsooth, must imitate the old serpent, and persuade our citizens to eat of the forbidden fruit! — from the Tree of Knowledge. Out upon you! Read the Bible. Read the Koran. Read Watts's hymns. Read the Boston "Journal." Read *something* venerable, respectable, and pious, and don't waste your time in *thinking*. In the year 1,001,884 our political and social systems may, perhaps, be slightly improved, but not until then, sir, — not until then.

I am, yours prophetically,

WM. HARRISON RILEY.

THE DREAMER.

[Boston Globe.]

A *dreamer*, sneers the worker,
But the dreamer never sneers at him who works;
The dreamer thinks, that labor may be lighter,
That laws be juster and the world more free.
He stands upon the mountain top above the clouds,
And with the glass of reason sees afar and clearly;
While idly looking at the struggle of the world,
Within his mind the better world to come is being born.
The laborer gives us life by giving food,
But 'tis the dreamer that makes life worth living.
Today the people laugh his thought to scorn,
Tomorrow, with bared head, they'll pause beside his grave.
— *C. M. Hammond.*

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 17. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.** **Whole No. 43.**

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

One of the oldest Land Reformers living writes to Liberty, paradoxically but truly, that "Henry George could not have done great good if he had not been a great humbug."

"Were it left to me," said Thomas Jefferson, "to decide whether we should have a government, without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment "to prefer the latter." Jefferson came very near appraising government at its true value.

The lasters of Lewiston, Me., had the audacity to protest by strike against an additional robbery of 18 per cent., which their capitalistic proprietors proposed to commit last winter, and the law stepped in and indicted the strikers for unlawful assembly. Authority, as usual, on the side of the thief, and the victim stupidly voting to sustain authority when told to do so.

Liberty welcomes two more Anarchistic journals to its exchange list,—one Spanish, "Revista Social," published weekly at Madrid, the other in Roumian, "Budoucnost," published at 674 May Street, Chicago. Unfortunately I am able to read neither of them. The motto of "Budoucnost" is: *Zub za zub, oko za oko!* I don't know what that means, but I presume "them's my sentiments."

"I took a splendid spear and killed a great many wounded men with it; it went into their hearts like lightning, and their blood flowed out on the sand." Only an extract from a letter of an officer of the Forty-Second Regiment to a British service paper, but it shows how Christian England wages war upon people who worship the same god but believe in another prophet. It shows, also, how property collects interest on bonds.

The Vanderbilts never have enjoyed much reputation for eloquence or wit, but they have clothed two of the principles of civilized cannibalism in terse sentences which shall live in the memories of the people. "Billy," said old Commodore Vanderbilt to his son William, years ago, "the men who take their seven per cent. interest will have all the money in time." William remembered this, and when his opportunity for condensing the rule of his life into a sentence came, he said: "The public be damned." These words will live in history.

E. Peron, of the Icaria Community in Corning, Iowa, writes as follows: "We consider Liberty the very best English socialistic journal in the United States. The careful perusal of 'Le Révolté,' "Le Drapeau Noir,' 'L'Emeute,' and Liberty has greatly modified our views on 'the *rôle* of the individual in society,' and as a consequence we have rejected our old laws and regulations as one would reject worn-out clothes, and have adopted among ourselves a simple libertarian contract of association which consecrates the principle of individual autonomy. Yours in Anarchy!" Heretofore, if we understand it, Icaria has been governed in accordance with the rigid communistic teachings of Etienne Cabet. It is pleasant to know the truth and tell it; how infinitely it adds to the satisfaction to see it bear fruit promptly.

If you are a woman suffragist, read "Edgeworth's" forcible letter to Emma Schumm, printed in another column. It will show you what a bauble you are fighting for. But why does "Edgeworth" advise the people to wait until they are strong enough in numbers and then, once for all, use the ballot to abolish the government? Such a manifestation will be entirely superfluous. Before the Anarchists become a majority, they, as a large minority, will have crippled and killed the government with a far more potent weapon than the ballot. They will have starved it to death by stopping its supplies. Taxes are the food of despots, and States, no more than individuals, can live without their nourishment.

Illustrations of the misleading and deceptive influences of Herbert Spencer's writings are numerous. They can be found every day in the columns of journals generally intelligent, but misguided by so-called political economists. For instance, the Springfield "Union" says: "Socialism, disguised under the name of popular privileges, scores another advance in the decision of the Massachusetts supreme court that persons injured by the fireworks of a city celebration cannot recover damages against the city. So now it is understood that an individual has no rights that the community is bound to respect. The coming slavery that Herbert Spencer predicted is already here and full grown." O Socialism! What crimes of the mind are committed in thy name!

The march of what is called progress, starting from Europe and breaking up several peaceable nations en route, all for the glory of God and the elevation of humanity, has made nearly the compass of the earth and produced some results. The blessings of civilization and a horde of missionaries were foisted upon the unobtrusive Japanese some years ago, and the other day arrived in this country a special embassy from Japan to examine the latest American improvements in deadly weapons. The highest civilization being that which employs the most effective appliances for committing wholesale murder, Ambrose Beirce remarks that "Japan is now taking the last step upward to the light, and on the muster-roll of cultivated Christian nations her name will soon be inscribed in as red blood as the best of them"

General Butler has been contributing to the vast fund of misinformation already possessed by the senate labor committee, and making it more than ever impossible for that body of statesmen to arrive at any understanding of the things which it pretends to be investigating. He told the senators that the present suffering of the people was on account of overproduction, because we have a year's crop of grain on hand and are within three months of another crop. The General did not tell them how many people there are in this country lacking flour to make the daily bread which they vainly beseech an impotent god to send them. He said nothing about the ingenious contrivances which have brought about under-consumption by obstructing distribution. Is it possible that General Butler really knows nothing about these things?

I am indebted to the Boston "Post" for the following: "Mr. B. R. Tucker's 'Liberty,' which slept for a time, has roused up again as cranky as ever. Tucker is a good fellow and a bright fellow. It is a pity he should use his head for a football when rubber is so cheap." This is a marked advance, both in wit and courtesy, on the greeting which the "Post" gave Liberty on its first appearance in 1881. It is appreciated. The world moves so rapidly in these days that even the stiff old "Post," which loves so dearly to stay put, is forced to reluctantly hitch along a bit once in a while. Whenever the strain becomes too severe, I shall be happy to lend it a little of my superfluous elasticity. Cheap as rubber undoubtedly is, the "Post" cannot afford to put any on its heels until its old stock of lead is exhausted. The "Post," like Liberty, is poor. Poverty is a penalty that has to be paid alike by those too stupid to keep pace with the times and those active enough to outstrip the times. Ta-ta, dear "Post," ta-ta!

More significant of impending disaster than all the dynamite scares, real or imaginary, is the adoption in Providence by the city authorities, Mayor Doyle at their head, of periodical street drills of the militia in the evening. When the first drill was held, the troops were insulted by the citizens, as they should have been. In consequence, before the second, Mayor Doyle issued a proclamation warning citizens that they "must not interfere with or obstruct in any manner the movements of the soldiers, and 'all spectators or bystanders' are forbidden to abuse, molest, or strike any one when on parade or under arms.'" This shows that the capitalists are beginning to realize the growing belief of the laborers in their right to the products of their labor, and to tremble for the possession of their spoils. What a farce are our so-called "free institutions" which so oppress the industrious masses supporting them that they can only keep these masses from rising in revolt by intimidation and show of mere brute force! And what a provocation is this menace to the hastening of the bloody day, if bloody day there must be! Liberty stamps the blame in advance.

Let no enthusiastic believer in small families arise in his wrath against Proudhon's terrific indictment of the Malthusians, which appears in this issue. Proudhon was not especially a believer in large families. This telling blow was aimed simply at the economists who foster in the minds of the masses the delusion that they are poor because they are numerous, and thus distract their attention from the fact that they are poor because they are robbed. Proudhon believed that the population question will settle itself after the industrial question has been settled; that the healthful and moderate amount of labor which each person will then have to perform in order to his maintenance will keep the passions in a healthy and normal state, and prevent the immoderate excesses in which the rich now seek a relief from *ennui* and the poor a relief from fatigue; and that, while this influence is operating as a steady and natural check to a too rapid increase of population, the greater facilities for improvement and investigation afforded by the increased leisure of the masses will speedily result in devices which will increase the productive capacity of labor ten, a hundred, and a thousand fold; thus reversing the Malthusian ratio and causing production to outstrip population. How beautifully nature works when the marplots leave her alone! Proudhon is the man who has most satisfactorily answered Malthus.

AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.

By ELISÉE RECLUS.

[From the Contemporary Review.]

To most Englishmen the word Anarchy is so evil-sounding that ordinary readers of the "Contemporary Review" will probably turn from these pages with aversion, wondering how anybody could have the audacity to write them. With the crowd of commonplace chatterers we are already past praying for; no reproach is too bitter for us, no epithet too insulting. Public speakers on social and political subjects find that abuse of Anarchists is an unfailing passport to popular favor. Every conceivable crime is laid to our charge, and opinion, too indolent to learn the truth, is easily persuaded that Anarchy is but another name for wickedness and chaos. Overwhelmed with opprobrium and held up to hatred, we are treated on the principle that the surest way of hanging a dog is to give it a bad name.

There is nothing surprising in all this. The chorus of imprecations with which we are assailed is quite in the nature of things, for we speak in a tongue unhallowed by usage, and belong to none of the parties that dispute the possession of power. Like all innovators, whether they be violent or pacific, we bring not peace but a sword, and are in nowise astonished to be received as enemies.

Yet it is not with light hearts that we incur so much ill-will, nor are we satisfied with merely knowing that it is undeserved. To risk the loss of so precious an advantage as popular sympathy without first patiently searching out the truth and carefully considering our duty were an act of reckless folly. To a degree never dreamt of by men who are borne unresistingly on the great current of public opinion, are we bound to render to our conscience a reason for the faith that is in us, to strengthen our convictions by study of nature and mankind, and, above all, to compare them with that ideal justice which has been slowly elaborated by the untold generations of our race. This ideal is known to all, and is almost too trite to need repeating. It exists in the moral teaching of every people, civilized or savage; every religion has tried to adapt it to its dogmas and precepts, for it is the ideal of equality of rights and reciprocity of services. "We are all brethren," is a saying repeated from one end of the world to the other, and the principle of universal brotherhood expressed in this saying implies a complete solidarity of interests and efforts.

Accepted in its integrity by simple souls, does not this principle seem to imply as a necessary consequence the social state formulated by modern socialists: "To each according to his needs, from each according to his powers?"* Well, we are simple souls, and we hold firmly to this ideal of human morality. Of a surety there is much dross mixed with the pure metal, and the personal and collective egoisms of families, cities, castes, peoples, and parties have wrought on this groundwork some startling variations. But we have not to do here with the ethics of selfish interests, it is enough to identify the central point of convergence towards which all partial ideas more or less tend. This focus of gravitation is justice. If humanity be not a vain dream, if all our impressions, all our thoughts, are not pure hallucinations, one capital fact dominates the history of man — that every kindred and people yearns after justice. The very life of humanity is but one long cry for that fraternal equity which still remains unattained. Listen to the words, uttered nearly three thousand years ago, of old Hesiod, answering beforehand all those who contend that the struggle for existence dooms us to eternal strife. "Let fishes, the wild beasts and birds, devour one another — but our law is justice."

Yet how vast is the distance that still separates us from the justice invoked by the poet in the very dawn of history! How great is the progress we have still to make before we may rightfully cease comparing ourselves with wild creatures fighting for a morsel of carrion! It is in vain that we pretend to be civilized, if civilization be that which Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has described as "the harmony of individual liberty with the collective will." It is really too easy to criticise contemporary society, its morals, its conventions, and its laws, and to show how much its practices fall short of the ideal justice formulated by thinkers and desired by peoples. To repeat stale censures is to risk being called mere declaimers, scatterers of voices in the market-place. And yet so long as the truth is not heard, is it not our duty to go on speaking it in season and out of season? A sincere man owes it to himself to expose the frightful barbarity which still prevails in the hidden depths of a society so outwardly well-ordered. Take, for instance, our great cities, the leaders of civilization, especially the most populous, and, in many respects, the first of all — that immense London, which gathers to herself the riches of the world, whose every warehouse is worth a king's ransom; where are to be found enough, and more than enough, of food and clothing for the needs of the teeming millions that throng her streets in greater numbers than the ants which swarm in the never-ending labyrinth of their subterranean galleries. And yet the wretched who cast longing and hungry eyes on those hoards of wealth may be counted by the hundred thousand; by the side of untold splendors, want is consuming the vitals of entire populations, and it is only at times that the fortunate for whom these treasures are amassed hear, as a muffled wailing, the bitter cry which rises eternally from those unseen depths. Below the London of fashion is a London accursed, a London whose only food are dirt-stained fragments, whose only garments are filthy rags, and whose only dwellings are fetid dens. Have the disinherited the consolation of hope? No: they are deprived of all. There are some among them who live and die in dampness and gloom without once raising their eyes to the sun.

What boots it to the wretched outcast, burning with fever or craving for bread, that the Book of the Christians opens the doors of heaven more widely to him than to the rich! Beside his present misery all these promises of happiness, even if he heard them, would seem the bitterest irony. Does it not appear, moreover, — judging by the society in which the majority of preachers of the Gospel most delight, — that the words of Jesus are reversed, that the "Kingdom of God" is the guerdon of the fortunate of this world, — a world where spiritual and temporal government are on the best of terms, and religion leads as surely to earthly power as to heavenly bliss? "Religion is a cause for preferment, irreligion a bar to it," as a famous commentator of the Bible, speaking to his sovereign, said it ought to be.†

When ambition thus finds its account in piety, and hypocrites practise religion in order to give what they are pleased to call their conscience a higher mercantile value, is it surprising that the great army of the hopeless should forget the way to church? Do they deceive themselves in thinking that, despite official invitations, they would not always be well received in the "houses of God?" Without speaking here of churches whose sittings are sold at a price, where you may enter only purse in hand, is it nothing to the poor to feel themselves arrested on the threshold by the cold looks of well-clad men and the tightened lips of elegant women? True, no wall bars the passage, but an obstacle still more formidable stops the way, — the dark atmosphere of hatred and disgust which rises between the disinherited and the world's elect.

Yet the first word uttered by the minister when he stands up in the pulpit is "Brethren," a word which, by a characteristic differentiation, has come to mean no more than a sort of potential and theoretic fraternity without practical reality. Nevertheless, its primitive sense has not altogether perished, and if the outcast that hears it be not stupefied by hunger, if he be not one of those boneless beings who repeat idiotically all they hear, what bitter thoughts will be suggested by this word "brethren," coming from the lips of men who feel so little its force! The impressions of my childhood surge back into my mind. When I heard for the first time an earnest and eager voice beseech the "Father who is in heaven" to give us "our daily bread," it seemed to me that by a mysterious act a meal would descend from on high on all the tables of the world. I imagined that these words, repeated millions and milliards of times, were a cry of human brotherhood, and that each, in uttering them, thought of all. I deceived myself. With some the prayer is sincere; with the greater part it is but an empty sound, a gust of wind like that which passes through the reeds

Governments at least talk not to the poor about fraternity; they do not torment them with so sorry a jest. It is true that in some countries the jargon of courts compares the Sovereign to a father whose subjects are his children, and upon whom he pours the inexhaustible dews of his love; but this formula, which the hungry might abuse by asking for bread, is no longer taken seriously. So long as Governments were looked upon as direct representatives of a heavenly Sovereign, holding their powers by the grace of God, the comparison was legitimate; but there are very few now that make any claim to this *quasi*-divinity. Shorn of the sanctions of religion, they no longer hold themselves answerable for the general weal, contenting themselves instead with promising good administration, impartial justice, and strict economy in the administration of public affairs. Let history tell how these promises have been kept. Nobody can study contemporary politics without being struck by the truth of the words attributed alike to Oxenstjerna and Lord Chesterfield: "Go, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed!" It is now a matter of common knowledge that power, whether its nature be monarchic, aristocratic, or democratic, whether it be based on the right of the sword, of inheritance, or of election, is wielded by men neither better nor worse than their fellows, but whose position exposes them to greater temptations to do evil. Raised above the crowd, whom they soon learn to despise, they end by considering themselves essentially superior beings; solicited by ambition in a thousand forms, by vanity, greed, and caprice, they are all the more easily corrupted that a rabble of interested flatterers is ever on the watch to profit by their vices. And possessing as they do a preponderant influence in all things, holding the powerful lever whereby is moved the immense mechanism of the State — functionaries, soldiers, and police — every one of their oversights, their faults, or their crimes repeats itself to infinity and magnifies as it grows. It is only too true: a fit of impatience in a Sovereign, a crooked look, an equivocal word, may plunge nations into mourning and be fraught with disaster for mankind. English readers, brought up to a knowledge of Biblical lore, will remember the striking parable of the trees who wanted a king.* The peaceful trees and the strong, those who love work and whom man blesses; the olive that makes oil, the fig-tree that grows good fruit, the vine that produces wine, "which cheereth God and man," refuse to reign; the bramble accepts, and of that noxious briar is born the flame which devours the cedars of Lebanon

But these depositaries of power who are charged, whether by right divine or universal suffrage, with the august mission of dispensing justice, can they be considered as in any way more infallible, or even as impartial? Can it be said that the laws and their interpreters show towards all men the ideal equity as it exists in the popular conception? Are the judges blind when there come before them the wealthy and the poor — Shylock, with his murderous knife, and the unfortunate who has sold beforehand pounds of his flesh or ounces of his blood? Hold they always even scales between the king's son and the beggar's brat? That these magistrates should firmly believe in their own impartiality and think themselves incarnate right in human shape, is quite natural; every one puts on — sometimes without knowing it — the peculiar morality of his calling; yet judges, no more than priests, can withstand the influence of their surroundings. Their sense of what constitutes justice, derived from the average opinion of the age, is insensibly modified by the prejudices of their class. How honest soever they may be, they cannot forget that they belong to the rich and powerful, or to those, less fortunate, who are still on the look-out for preferment and honor. They are moreover blindly attached to precedent, and fancy that practices inherited from their forerunners must needs be right. Yet when we examine official justice without prejudice, how many iniquities do we find in legal procedures! Thus the English are scandalized — and rightly so — by the French fashion of examining prisoners, those sacred beings who in strict probity ought to be held innocent until they are proved guilty; while the French are disgusted, and not without reason, to see English justice, through the English Government, publicly encourage treachery by offers of impunity and money to the betrayer, thereby deepening the degradation of the debased and provoking acts of shameful meanness which children in their schools, more moral than their elders, regard with unfeigned horror.

Nevertheless law, like religion, plays only a secondary part in contemporary society. It is invoked but rarely to regulate the relations between the poor and the rich, the powerful and the weak. These relations are the outcome of economic laws and the evolution of a social system based on inequality of conditions.

Laissez faire! Let things alone! have said the judges of the camp. Careers are open; and although the field is covered with corpses, although the conqueror stamps on the bodies of the vanquished, although by supply and demand, and the combinations and monopolies in which they result, the greater part of society becomes enslaved to the few, let things alone — for thus has decreed fair play. It is by virtue of this beautiful system that a *parvenu*, without speaking of the great lord who receives counties as his heritage, is able to conquer with ready money thousands of acres, expel those who cultivate his domain, and replace men and their dwellings with wild animals and rare trees. It is thus that a tradesman, more cunning or intelligent, or, perhaps, more favored by luck than his fellows, is enabled to become master of an army of workers, and as often as not to starve them at his pleasure. In a word, commercial competition, under the paternal ægis of the law, lets the great majority of merchants — the fact is attested by numberless medical inquests — adulterate provisions and drink, sell pernicious substances as wholesome food, and kill by slow poisoning, without for one day neglecting their religious duties, their brothers in Jesus Christ. Let people say

*None but the communistic Anarchists accept this motto. The mutualistic Anarchists, who are the original Anarchists, hold to the simpler and more just rule: "To each according to his work."—*Editor Liberty.*

† Alexander Cruden, Preface to the "Concordance."

* Judges ix. 8.

what they will, slavery, which abolitionists strove so gallantly to extirpate in America, prevails in another form in every civilized country; for entire populations, placed between the alternatives of death by starvation and toils which they detest, are constrained to choose the latter. And if we would deal frankly with the barbarous society to which we belong, we must acknowledge that murder, albeit disguised under a thousand insidious and scientific forms, still, as in the times of primitive savagery, terminates the majority of lives. The economist sees around him but one vast field of carnage, and with the coldness of the statistician he counts the slain as on the evening after a great battle. Judge by these figures. The mean mortality among the well-to-do is, at the utmost, one in sixty. Now the population of Europe being a third of a thousand millions, the average deaths, according to the rate of mortality among the fortunate, should not exceed five millions. They are three times five millions! What have we done with these ten million human beings killed before their time? If it be true that we have duties, one towards the other, are we not responsible for the servitude, the cold, the hunger, the miseries of every sort, which doom the unfortunate to untimely deaths? Race of Cains, what have we done with our brothers?

[To be continued.]

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 42.

Maria Alexevna lent an attentive ear and tried to catch the conversation; but her knowledge of French was limited. However, she knew the meaning of certain words which perpetually recurred in the conversation: *beautiful*, *charming*, *love*, *happiness*.

Beautiful! Charming! Maria Alexevna has long heard those adjectives applied to her daughter. *Love!* She clearly sees that Mikhaïl Ivanytch is madly in love. Where there is *love* there is *happiness*. It is complete; but when will he speak of marriage?

"You are very ungrateful, Vérotchka," said Maria Alexevna in a low voice to her daughter; "why do you turn away your head? They certainly pay you enough attention, little stupid! Tell me the French for *engaged* and *marriage*. Have they said those words?"

"No, mamma."

"Perhaps you are not telling me the truth? Take care!"

"No; no such words have passed their lips. . . . Let us go; I can stay here no longer!"

"Go! What do you say, wretch?" muttered Maria Alexevna, into whose eyes the blood shot.

"Yes, let us go! Do with me what you will; but I stay here no longer. Later I will tell you why. Mamma," continued the young girl, in a loud voice, "I have too severe a headache; I can remain no longer. Let us go, I beg of you."

And at the same time Vérotchka rose.

"It is nothing," said Maria Alexevna, severely; "promenade in the corridor a little while with Mikhaïl Ivanytch, and it will pass away."

"Mamma, I feel very ill; come quickly, I beg of you."

The young people hastened to open the door and offered their arms to Vérotchka, who had the impoliteness to refuse. They placed the ladies in the carriage. Meanwhile Maria Alexevna looked upon the valets with an air which seemed to say: "See, rabble, how eager these fine gentlemen are in their attentions, and that one there will be my son-in-law, and soon I too shall have at my bidding wretches like you." Then mentally addressing her daughter:

"Must you be obstinate, stupid that you are! But I will put you on your good behavior. . . . Stay, stay, my future son-in-law is speaking to her; he arranges her in the carriage. Listen: *health*, *visit*, *permit* (he is asking her permission to call and inquire after her health.)" Without becoming any the less angry, Maria Alexevna took into consideration the words she had just heard.

"What did he say on leaving you?" she asked, as soon as the carriage had started.

"He told me that tomorrow morning he would come to our house to ask after my health."

"You are not lying? He really said tomorrow?"

Vérotchka said nothing.

"You have escaped finely," resumed her mother, who could not refrain from pulling her hair; "but once only and narrowly enough. I will not beat you," she continued, "but be gay tomorrow! Sleep tonight, stupid, and above all do not take it into your head to weep; for if tomorrow morning you are pale, if your eyes are red, beware! I shall be pitiless; your pretty face will be gone; but I shall have asserted myself!"

"I long since ceased to weep, as you well know."

"That's right! But talk with him a little more."

"I will try tomorrow."

"That's right! It is time to become reasonable. Fear God and have a little pity for your mother, boldface that you are!"

After a silence of ten minutes:

"Vérotchka, do not be angry with me; it is through love for you and for your good that I torment you. Children are so dear to their mothers. I carried you for nine months in my womb. I ask of you only gratitude and obedience. Do as I tell you, and tomorrow he will propose."

"You are mistaken, mamma; he does not dream of it. If you knew of what they talked!"

"I know it. If he does not think of marriage, I know of what he thinks. But he does not know the people with whom he has to deal. We will reduce him to servile obedience, and, if necessary, I will carry him to the altar in a sack, or I will drag him there by the hair, and still he will be content. But a truce to babbling! I have already said too much to you; young girls should not know so much. It is the business of their mothers. The daughters have only to obey. Tomorrow you will speak to him."

"Yes."

"And you, Pavel Konstantinytch, of what are you thinking with your chilly air? You tell her also, in the name of your paternal authority, that you order her to obey her mother in everything."

"Maria Alexevna, you are a wise woman; but the affair is difficult, and even dangerous. Can you carry it through?"

"Imbecile! That is very appropriate now! And before Vérotchka, too! The proverb is quite right: *do not stir up ordure if you fear its stench*. It is not your advice that I ask; only this: should a daughter obey her mother?"

"Certainly! Certainly! Maria Alexevna, that is just."

"Well, do you order her as a father?"

"Vérotchka, obey in all things your mother, who is a wise woman, an experienced woman. She will not teach you to do evil. This obedience I enjoin upon you as a father."

On stepping from the carriage Vérotchka said to her mother:

"It is well; I will talk with him tomorrow. But I am very tired, and I need rest."

"Yes, go to bed. I will not disturb you. Sleep well; you need to for tomorrow."

In order to keep her promise Maria Alexevna entered the house without making a disturbance. How much that cost her! How much it cost her also to see Vérotchka enter her room directly without stopping to take tea!

"Vérotchka, come here!" she said to her, pleasantly.

The young girl obeyed.

"Bow your little head; I wish to bless you. There! May God bless you, Vérotchka, as I bless you!"

Three times in succession she blessed her daughter, after which she offered her her hand to kiss.

"No, mamma. I long ago told you that I will not kiss your hand. Let me go now, for I really feel very ill."

The eyes of Maria Alexevna blazed with hatred, but she again restrained herself, and gently said:

"Go! Rest yourself!"

Vérotchka spent much time in undressing.

While taking off her dress and putting it in the closet, while taking off her bracelets and ear-rings, each of those simple operations was followed by a long reverie. It was some time before she discovered that she was very tired, and that she had sunk into an arm-chair, being unable to stand erect before the mirror. At last she perceived it, and made haste to get into bed.

She had scarcely lain down when her mother entered, carrying on a tray a large cup of tea and a number of biscuits.

"Come, eat, Vérotchka, it will do you good. You see that your mother does not forget you. I said to myself: Why has my daughter gone to bed without her tea? And I desired to bring it to you myself; help yourself, dear child."

This kind and gentle voice which Vérotchka had never heard surprised her very much, till, looking at her mother, she saw her cheeks inflamed and her eyes disordered.

"Eat!" continued Maria Alexevna; "when you have finished, I will go for more."

The tea and cream which she had brought aroused Vérotchka's appetite, and, raising herself on her elbow, she began to drink.

"Tea is really good when it is fresh and strong, with plenty of sugar and cream. When I get rich, I shall always drink it so; it is not like warmed-over, half-sweetened tea, which is so unpalatable. Thank you, mamma."

"Do not go to sleep; I am going to get you another cup. Drink," she continued, as she came back bearing an excellent cup of tea; "drink, my child; I wish to stay with you longer."

Accordingly she sat down, and, after a moment's silence, she began to talk in a somewhat confused voice, now slowly, now rapidly.

"Vérotchka, you just said 'Thank you' to me; it is a long time since those words escaped your lips. You think me wicked; well, yes, I am wicked! Can one help it?

"But, dear me! how weak I am! Three punches in succession — at my age! And then you vexed me; that is why I am weak.

"My life has been a very hard one, my daughter! I do not want you to live one like it. You shall live in luxury. How many torments I have endured! Oh, yes! how many torments!

"You do not remember the life that we lived before your father got his stewardship. We lived very poorly; I was virtuous then, Vérotchka. But now I am no longer so, and I will not burden my soul with a new sin by falsely telling you that I am still virtuous. I have not been for a long time, Vérotchka; you are educated, I am not; but I know all that is written in your books, and I know that it is written there that no one should be treated as I have been. They reproach me for not being virtuous, too! and your father the first, the imbecile!

"My little Nadinka was born; he was not her father. Well, what of it! What harm did that do him?

"Was it I who received the position of chief deputy?

"And was it not his fault as much as mine, and more?

"They took my child to put it with the foundlings, and I know not what became of her. Now I hardly care whether she is still living; but then I suffered much. I became wicked, and then all began to go well. I made your father chief deputy, I made him steward, and at last we were where we could live well. Now, how have I succeeded in doing that? By becoming dishonest; for it is written in your books, I know, Vérotchka, that none but rascals make any figure in the world. Is it not true?

"Now your fool of a father has money, thanks to me. And I too have money! Perhaps more than he. It was I who made it all!

"Your fool of a father has come to esteem me, and I have made him walk straight. When I was virtuous, he ill-treated me without reason, and just because I was good. I had to become wicked.

"It is written in your books that we should be good; but can one in the present arrangement of things? For it is necessary to live. Why do they not make society anew, and in accordance with the beautiful order which exists only in your books? It would be better, I know, but the people are so stupid! What can be done with such people? Let us live, then, according to the old order. The old order, your books say, is built on robbery and falsehood. The new order not existing, we must live according to the old. Steal and lie, my daughter; it is through love of you . . . that I speak . . . and . . ."

The voice of Maria Alexevna was extinguished in a loud snore.

[Continued on page 6.]

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 31, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

A Gratifying Discovery.

Liberty made its first appearance in August, 1881. Of that issue a great many sample copies were mailed to selected addresses all over the world. Not one of these, however, was sent from this office directly to Nantucket, for I had never heard of a radical on that island. But, through some channel or other, a copy found its way thither, for, before the second number had been issued, an envelope bearing the Nantucket postmark came to me containing a greeting for Liberty, than which the paper has had none since more warm, more hearty, more sympathetic, more intelligent, more appreciative.

But the letter was anonymous. Its style and language, however, showed its writer to be a very superior person, which fact, of course, added value to the substance of its contents. The writer expressed his unqualified approval of the political and social doctrines enunciated in the first number of Liberty (and certainly in no number since have those doctrines been stated more boldly and nakedly than in that one), saying that these views had been held by him for years and that the advent of an organ for their dissemination was what he had long been waiting for. He gently chided Liberty, nevertheless, for its anti-religious attitude, not so much apparently from any counter-attitude of his own or from any personal sensitiveness in that direction, as from a feeling that religious beliefs are essentially private in their nature and so peculiar to the individuals holding them as to exempt them from public consideration and criticism. After admonishing Liberty to abandon this objectionable feature of its policy, the letter closed by saying that I did not need to know the writer's name, but, for the dollar enclosed, I might send the paper regularly to "Post Office Box No. 22, Nantucket, Mass."

Only the substance of the letter is given above, the manuscript having been inadvertently destroyed with an accumulation of others some time ago. To the given address Liberty has regularly gone, and I never failed to wonder, when mailing-day came, as to the identity of the mysterious Nantucketer.

Lately came the revelation. It will be remembered that a death occurred in Nantucket a few weeks ago, which attracted the attention of the whole country and occasioned columns of newspaper tribute and comment. In reading the various obituaries of the deceased, I learned that he was a man who had thought much and written radically on political subjects with a most decided trend toward complete individual liberty; that, nevertheless, he had been brought up in the Roman Catholic church, and to the end of his life was outwardly connected with it, though refusing on his death-bed to admit the priests to his presence for the administration of the sacrament; and that, though a member of a profession which necessarily made him a public man, he had always shunned publicity and notoriety in every way possible.

As these facts simultaneously presented themselves, the thought suddenly flashed upon my mind that I had found the holder of Box No. 22. Through a relative visiting Nantucket I instituted inquiries at the post-office on that island, and was promptly notified that the box in question had been rented for the past few years by the late Charles O'Conor. It was as I expected. The text of his letter, alas! is gone, but not its substance from my memory. The extracts from his published writings soon to appear in these columns will show how extreme a radical he was in his attitude towards governments, although in them he never expressed the fundamental thought acknowledged in his letter to me. Perhaps he regarded that as too strong meat for babes.

I am no hero-worshipper in the usual sense of that term, and among the friends of Liberty there are a number of humbler men than Charles O'Conor whose approval I value even more highly than his; but none the less is it with extreme gratification that I now authoritatively record the fact that *the great lawyer whose wonderful eloquence and searching intellectual power kept him for two decades the acknowledged head of the American bar, far from being the Bourbon which an ignorant and dishonest press has pictured him, was* A THOROUGH-GOING ANARCHIST.

T.

The Cause of Crime.

My Dear Kelly:

It is with some trepidation that I venture to approach you with a doubt as to the completeness of your conclusion in "Anarchy in Alaska," under which caption I suspect you wrote in the last Liberty. I tremble, because I have found you dreadful Anarchists so fully equipped to disprove the results of my own reasoning, to upset the structures of my thought, and to show me for all my trouble a poor thinker. Yet it does seem as if you are rash in saying "injustice is the cause of all crime." While I abhor the doctrine of total depravity, I observe that man is rarely perfectly developed in all his features and characteristics. I see that all men, by reason simply of their imperfections, are constantly tending to wrong doing of one kind or other. I do not believe that the restrictions imposed by our social system are effective as a safeguard against crime: but, I ask, does the doctrine of Anarchy offer anything that will tend to protect man from his ignorance and weakness? Modern education is a humbug; but ignorance of self, and the ignoring of the laws of nature, which, *miserabile dictu*, exist and are accompanied by unerring results in their breaking, are responsible for many crimes against posterity and against the rights of the neighbor. Injustice and authority have nothing to do here, much as may be laid to their door. Will you show me that Anarchy presents an actual, effective help to erring, sinning humanity? That you know some ideal education that shall shame our accursed sham, and absolve individual liberty from its apparent devotion to self, and develop it to the grandest philosophy of unselfishness?

F. R. B.

The questions asked by F. R. B. are such as must occur to one whose nature revolts against the manifestly unjust conditions and relations of civilized society, but who has not studied the economic principles involved in Anarchy deeply enough to see their full significance and effects. It is precisely because Liberty does offer that which must emancipate man from ignorance and weakness that I believe it will abolish crime. I think it will be conceded by F. R. B. that poverty is the breeder of ignorance, avarice, and immorality, and that the worst traits of human nature have been produced by the conditions in which man has lived and the influences by which he has been surrounded. Ignorance of the rights and duties of men in their social relations leads to — is in itself indeed — violation of natural law. Inequality of conditions, opportunities, and fortunes is social disorder, of which crimes against possession are but manifestations. Crimes are committed from motives of avarice and revenge and through ignorance of the true principles of association. All this is practically admitted by F. R. B., although perhaps he did not follow out the idea in just this direction. Now, it is easy to prove that injustice is the cause and the sole cause of poverty, wealth, inequality, social disorder. It is clearly unjust that one man should live in idleness upon the product of another man's labor, but that is precisely what the institution of property, with its right of increase maintained by authority, permits the proprietor to do. Property thereby restricts production and consumption, makes labor competitive, forbids exchange, and finally destroys society and abolishes itself. Property — possession plus legal privilege — is injustice, and produces all the conditions which make crime possible. Under such conditions it is clearly impossible for man to reach perfect development in mind, morals, or body; or to advance perceptibly toward perfection. He can neither know himself nor understand the laws of nature. The restrictions imposed by our social no-system are not only ineffective as safeguards against crime, but are in a great measure incentives to crime. Man has been legislating against evils for thousands of years, and has not succeeded in curing a single one with all his statutes and prisons and gibbets. The pseudo-homœopathic method of treating diseases of the social system is a gigantic failure, for all this legislating has been in direct violation of natural law. The modern education of which F. R. B. speaks is a sham because it does not even aim to teach the truth or to point out the way to knowledge of the needs of society. If it did teach the truth and encourage man to think, there would be no need for such a journal as Liberty. If Anarchy did not present an actual, effective help to erring and sinning humanity, there would be no excuse for the publication of Liberty. Poverty, ignorance, misery, and crime will disappear when the science of Justice shall have been discovered, for it only needs to be understood to be applied. Natural law needs no authority for its enforcement. Recognition of the facts alone is necessary. The fundamental law of nature is Liberty, and the ideal education is that which leads to an understanding of this grandest of all philosophies.

It would require, it has required, volumes to show F. R. B. all that he asks for, and it has been shown much more clearly than I could hope to show if if I had volumes in which to explain it and the knowledge with which to fill the volumes. And yet one may discover much by diving beneath the surface of things. He may discover what the general character of the bottom of the sea is, even though he does not explore the entire bed and cannot describe every rock and shoal. If one but once realizes what equality of conditions means and what Liberty actually is, he has the foundation upon which to build an ideal and practicable social structure, in which every fact known to him may be used as building material and fitted into its proper place. Conceive a state of social organization in which all men are enabled to enjoy all the products of labor, in which it is more profitable to consume than to hoard, in which no man need labor more than three hours a day, and you will not find it so hard to believe in the possibility of the improvement of human nature.

K.

Misleaders of Public Opinion.

The ignorance of the men who pretend to instruct and advise the people through the daily press is the greatest obstruction to the advance of scientific knowledge of political economy. The people are in the habit of believing what the newspapers tell them, and when an editor assumes to speak *ex cathedrâ* on questions which he in no measure understands, he succeeds only in muddling the heads of his readers and propagating error. The Boston "Transcript" is one of the papers that gets an occasional glimmer of sense into its remarks on social questions, but its knowledge is so fragmentary and so tangled up with a mass of misinformation that it only confuses the questions it discusses. Misled perhaps by Herbert Spencer, the organ of Boston culture says: "The foreign elements of our working classes are the elements in which alone Socialism finds the soil it can flourish on in this country, and protection is Socialism. . . . Which is the safer principle to spread among our working classes, — that of European socialistic subsidy-giving paternal and protective government, or that of individual independence and equality of citizenship and manhood?"

What a curious mixture of race prejudice, pretentious ignorance, wrong conclusions, and instinctive love of liberty and equality is here presented! The able editor unconsciously furnishes an illustration of the truth of what was said in the last issue of Liberty about the misuse of the term "Socialism." He

attacks and condemns all socialism without knowing what it is that he condemns, and he advocates individual independence and equality without understanding the meaning of his words. If he will take the trouble to read Liberty and use his reasoning faculties, he may discover that true Socialism is the uncompromising enemy of "subsidy-giving paternal and protective government," whether European despotic monarchy or American despotic majority.

K.

The State is Social Suicide.

Traveling on an out-going Sound steamer from New York city a very wealthy Republican manufacturer deigned to recognize me. The conversation soon turned on the disgusting political condition of the great metropolis we had left behind us.

"The more I see and reflect," said the gentleman, "the more I am convinced that the imperative ultimatum will soon be forced upon decent American citizenship of either restricting the suffrage or allowing things to surge on into Anarchy. You Anarchists will soon have what you are after, as things are now drifting, in the matter of irresponsible popular suffrage."

"But we Anarchists," I replied, "are the very protestants who are armed to restrict popular suffrage, and since the grounds of restriction with us are based upon a logical, philosophical analysis of human rights, the maximum of restriction with us is naturally the abolition of all political suffrage. You great commercial and industrial leaders are only consistent till the line of restriction reaches your own toes, and then you would like to take the political machine in hand to the enslavement of the rest. It is the republican machine itself that we are after. We indict and condemn it as an artificial invention, wholly at war with Liberty and growth. If the machine itself is an engine of slavery and spoliation, then a monopoly in the running of it is simply an aggravated wrong. The machine was contrived in the understanding that, if worked at all, the masses should have a hand in operating it. You cannot at this late day attempt to drive the slums away from it without a bloody revolution, and yet, if you still continue to run it under the Declaration of Independence, it is bound sooner or later to drive society into revolt and chaos. The really conservative and consistent man, after all, is the scientific Anarchist, who voices a protest against the whole theory and practice of politics."

My casual companion shook his head, and turned away with a cold, cynical smile, as this kind of gentry usually do when mentally land-locked; yet it is to be hoped that he carried away a bone which he found well worth gnawing at. In this rapidly culminating dilemma of enlarging suffrage by the side of politics and official corruption running mad, the Anarchist is, after all, the real conservative protestant, from the very fact that he is logically radical. The opinion is growing with astonishing rapidity among thoughtful, educated men in all quarters that universal suffrage is a failure. These people have not deeply studied the sociological problem involved, and do not know why it is a failure; they only know and see the fact. And just as little as they understand the cause, even so little do they understand the radical remedy. The only remedy which seems to present itself to them is a restriction of the voting qualification through the particular kind of force afforded by the voting trick itself. This will most certainly never work without provoking a bloody rebellion on the part of the disfranchised, and even could it be made to work successfully, it would not abolish the radical evil, but simply intensify it by placing it in the hands of a monopoly just as irresponsible in the premises as the disfranchised slums.

The whole scheme of operating society through politics under any conditions of suffrage is radically false and unscientific. It is an invention which begins with denying Liberty. It is a fraudulent contrivance to enslave. *All government worthy the name is social and not political.* The great captain of industry who with will, motive, brain, and integrity moves the affairs of human growth does not propose that the voice of the gin-slinging loafer in Murderers' Alley shall count equally with his own. In social life this thing can never be, as it never ought to be, and under Liberty the gang in Murderers' Alley would never dream of the thing. Politically, however, the very corner-stone of republicanism is laid in the inalienable right of the loafer, the gambler, the rum-seller, and the mutton-head to have a voice which shall weigh as powerfully as that of the great executive leader whose lever moves the growth of a whole continent. The political structure is wholly at war with the social, and the real mission of politics is to crush out and forestall the operation of natural social law. It is, in short, a fraud and a swindle from top to bottom.

The work of the Anarchist is to make these points plain and to diffuse them. It is hard fighting against petrified superstitions and prejudices, but, taken for all in all, the doctrines of the Anarchists are taking a more rapid hold upon thinking minds, considering the time they have had to travel, than can be said of any other agitation yet set in motion over the world. History is playing into our hands every day, and the swindle of reigning politics is daily outpreaching to sober-minded people the capacity of our types and pockets.

X.

Liberty and Wealth.

I.

STARTING ON THE JOURNEY.

"Every man's brains are God-given for his own benefit."

This is the corner into which I beheld a capitalist driven. I say capitalist. But the man was only a day-laborer, and had found it difficult to keep a small family in ordinary comfort.

"Nobody is to blame but myself that I am not rich," he said; "I have neglected to pursue the proper course. But that course was open to me, as it is to everybody in *this* country. The way is before every man's eyes; it needs but the will and — the brains."

So, I said, he was a capitalist.

If he lay in the gutter and drank swill, he would still be a capitalist.

For "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," even with more oracular power than out of the abundance of gold.

What is a capitalist?

One who has capital?

Oh, no!

A capital*ist* is one who uses, or would use, his capital to get other people's capital, — taking good care to keep his own insured and solid.

Did he exchange one sort for another sort, the scales balancing, he would be no robber; so, not a capitalist.

"Ah!" cries my man in a corner, "that would be a pretty how-do-you-do. Where would be the stimulus, the inducement, the incitement?"

It is in vain to reply to this capitalist in a corner that the world is not bound to provide him out of its general welfare with stimulants, inducements, incitements to be other than an honest man, a fair and square man; measuring his fairness and squareness by the *equivalents of his own labor or capital he renders for the labor or capital of others.*

"For," he shouts, "that would be damned poor consolation. Besides, what's an equivalent? One man's hour of brains for another's hour of no brains?"

And now he is furious. He stands there maddened and gesticulating, his voice raised to a shriek.

"I tell you a man's brains are his own! A man's brains are for his own benefit! If he must be Socialist, Nihilist, Anarchist, — that is, be brains for all God's world, — he is no man, but a slave, — a damned slave!"

This capitalist is profane.

He is probably more profane than he would be if he had not his millions — to get.

He hopes, he expects, even yet to show that his brains are good for a few billions.

Then he will be rosy, fat, and jolly. He will smile at you blandly, when you "air your theories."

But now he rages if you but lay a straw across his path.

He can brook no slightest check to his ambition.

"You're a damned interfering lunatic," he cries, "and you ought to be locked up, you had. It ought not to be allowed in this country, endangering life and property. There's that Herr Most! I'd send him to hell quicker, if I had the chance."

And this man, — this poor man, — this capitalist, — this poor man who is a billionaire in his heart, — who would trample life, liberty, and all men's happiness but his own in the dust, if need be, to provide employment for his brains, — this poor man in the corner foamed at the mouth. He raved himself hoarse. He sank down exhausted, quiescent.

Then his tormentor said: "You say a man's brains are his own: you mean, a man's brains are the devil's."

The exhausted would-be billionaire whispered:

"You lie!"

"But I will show you I do not lie. What is a devil? A devil is the incarnation of ignorance, darkness, wrong, cruelty, murder; a destroyer, a glutton, and a gouger; a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour — for his own benefit: he is also — an ass.

"And for this last — which is but the sum and result of all his other attributes — he is doomed.

"All the brains in the world won't save him.

"There is a black drop in his heart, — a drop of poison.

"A little drop; but, as it mounts to his brain, it puts confusion there. The man sees as through a glass darkly, sees men as trees walking: sees so many trees to be chopped down and cast into the fire for *his* benefit.

"With all his brains he is a fool, an ass. He makes this fatal mistake. They are not trees, these men: they are also *selves*.

"Assailed, at length they turn and rend him.

"What did he expect?

"He expected that he could go on despoiling all mankind of life and property, and that this same mankind, despoiled and starving, would submit, subside, go placidly to perdition, and leave him alone to flourish.

"A more asinine conclusion could not be reached."

This champion of brains has regained his breath. He is also, in a measure, calmed.

He comes a little way from his corner.

He looks out of the window.

A neighbor, passing, nods to him.

"There goes a man, now, too honest to live. He's poor, but he don't seem to mind it. Or, at any rate, it don't fret him. You see he's not ambitious. He has plenty of brains, nevertheless. If you don't think so, just tackle him. But he's a deal sight better to other people than he is to himself. He's too fussy. Has too many 'principles,' crotchets, hobbies. It don't pay to have hobbies, — to be wiser and better than the rest of mortals. Your lot is cast with mankind as it is today, and you are bound, if you're in Rome, to do as the Romans do — or go under. But that man — I don't suppose he ever wronged anybody in his life."

"Astonishing! The miserable fellow! How he must suffer! Not to do as the Romans do! And he's going under, is he?"

"No, he isn't; because he's never been over. He's always stayed down."

"But he must be miserable?"

"Yes, but he don't know it."

"He never wronged any one! That's his sin, is it?"

"Well, yes, it's a sin to be too superstitious that way. I don't believe myself in deliberately wronging others, but one can spend all his time thinking how not to do it. He must go ahead, and keep an eye on business, — legitimate business."

"Oh!, your proposition now is this: a man's brains

(Continued on page 8.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

II.

Maria Alexevna, while she knew what had happened at the theatre, did not however know the sequel. While she was snoring on a chair, Storechnikoff, his two friends, and the officer's French mistress were finishing supper in one of the most fashionable restaurants.

"M'sieur Storechnik!"—Storechnikoff beamed, this being the third time that the young Frenchwoman had addressed him since the beginning of the supper.—"M'sieur Storechnik! let me call you so, it sounds better and is easier to pronounce; you did not tell me that I was to be the only lady in your society. I hoped to meet Adèle here; I should have been pleased, for I see her so rarely!"

"Adèle, unfortunately, has fallen out with me."

The officer started as if to speak; then, changing his mind, kept silent. It was the civilian who said:

"Do not believe him, Mademoiselle Julie. He is afraid to tell you the truth and confess that he has abandoned this Frenchwoman for a Russian."

"I do not clearly understand why we came here either," muttered the officer.

"But," replied Julie, "why not, Serge, since Jean invited us? I am very glad to make the acquaintance of M. Storechnik, though he has very bad taste, I admit. I should have nothing to say, M. Storechnik, if you had abandoned Adèle for the beautiful Georgian whom you visited in her box, but to exchange a Frenchwoman for a Russian! I can fancy her pale cheeks,—no, I beg pardon, that is not exactly the word; blood with cream in it, as you call it,—that is, a dish which only you Esquimaux are able to relish. Jean, hand me the cigar-ash tray to pass to M. Storechnik that he may humble his guilty head beneath the ashes."

"You have just said so many foolish things, Julie, that you are the one to humble your guilty head beneath the ashes. She whom you call Georgian is precisely the Russian in question." Thus spoke the officer.

"You are laughing at me."

"Not at all; she is a pure-blooded Russian."

"It is impossible."

"You are wrong in supposing, my dear Julie, that our country has but one type of beauty. Have you not brunettes and blondes in France? As for us, we are a mixture of tribes including blondes like the Finns ("Finns! that is it! that is it!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman) and brunettes darker than the Italians, the Tartars, and the Mongolians ("The Mongolians! very good!" again exclaimed the Frenchwoman). These different types are mingled, and our blondes whom you so hate are but a local type, very numerous, but not exclusive."

"That is astonishing! But she is splendid! Why does she not become an actress? But mind, gentlemen, I speak only of what I have seen; there is still an important question to be settled,—her foot? Has not your great poet Karassin said that in all Russia there could not be found five pairs of dainty little feet?"

"Julie, it was not Karassin who said that. Karassin, whom you would do better to call Kuramzine, is neither a Russian nor a poet; he is a Tartar historian. It was Pouchkine who spoke of the little feet. That poet's verses, very popular in his day, have lost a little of their value. As for the Esquimaux, they live in America, and our savages who drink stags' blood are called Samoyèdes."

"I thank you, Serge; Karamzine historian. Pouchkine: . . . I know. The Esquimaux in America, the Russians Samoyèdes . . . Samoyèdes, that name sounds well, Sa-mo-yèdes. I shall remember, gentlemen, and will make Serge repeat it all to me when we get home. These things are useful to know in a conversation. Besides, I have a passion for knowledge; I was born to be a Staël. But that is another affair. Let us come back to the question,—her foot?"

"If you will allow me to call upon you to-morrow, M'elle Julie, I shall have the honor to bring you her shoe."

"I hope so; I will try it on; that excites my curiosity."

Storechnikoff was enchanted. And how could he help it? Hitherto he had been the follower of Jean, who had been the follower of Serge, who had been the follower of Julie, one of the most elegant of the Frenchwomen in Serge's society. It was a great honor that they did him.

"The foot is satisfactory," said Jean; "I, as a positive man, am interested in that which is more essential; I looked at her neck."

"Her neck is very beautiful," answered Storechnikoff, flattered at the praises bestowed upon the object of his choice, and he added, to flatter Julie:

"Yes, ravishing! And I say it, though it be a sacrilege in this presence to praise the neck of another woman."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! He thinks to pay me a compliment! I am neither a hypocrite nor a liar, M. Storechnik; I do not praise myself, nor do I suffer others to praise me where I am unworthy. I have plenty of other charms left, thank God! But my neck! . . . Jean, tell him what it is. Give me your hand, M. Storechnik, and feel here, and there. You see that I wear a false neck, as I wear a dress, a petticoat, a chemise. Not that it pleases me; I do not like such hypocrisies; but it is admitted in society: a woman who has led the life that I have led—M. Storechnik, I am now an anchorite in comparison with what I have been—such a woman cannot preserve the beauty of her throat."

And Julie burst into tears, crying:

"O my youth! O my purity! O God! was it for so much infamy that I was born?"

"You lie, gentlemen," she cried, rising suddenly from her seat and striking her hand upon the table; "you slander this young girl; you are vile! She is not his mistress; I saw it all. He wishes to buy her of her mother. I saw her turn her back upon him, quivering with indignation. Your conduct is abominable! She is a pure and noble girl!"

"Yes," said Jean, languidly stretching himself. "My dear Storechnikoff, you must prove your words. You describe very well what you have not seen. What matters it, after all, whether it be a week before or a week after. For you will not be disenchanted, and the reality will surpass your imagination. I surveyed her; you will be content."

Storechnikoff held back no longer:

"Pardon, Mademoiselle Julie, you are mistaken in your conclusions; she is really my mistress. It was a cloud caused by jealousy. She had taken offence because during the first act I had remained in Mademoiselle Mathilde's box. That was all."

"You are lying, my dear," said Jean, yawning.

"No, truly!"

"Prove it! I am positive, and do not believe without proofs."

"What proof can I give you?"

"You yield already! What proof? This, for instance. Tomorrow we will take supper here again together. Mademoiselle Julie shall bring Serge, I will bring my little Berthe, and you shall bring the beauty in question. If you bring her, I lose, and will pay for the supper; if you do not bring her, we will banish you in shame from our circle."

While speaking Jean had rung, and a waiter had come.

"Simon," he said to him, "prepare a supper tomorrow for six persons. A supper such as we had here at the time of my marriage to Berthe. Do you remember it, before Christmas? In the same room."

"Ah, sir, could one forget such a supper? You shall have it."

"Abominable people!" resumed Julie; "do you not see that he will set some trap for her? I have been plunged in all the filth of Paris, and I never met three men like these! In what society must I live? for what crime do I deserve such ignominy?"

And falling on her knees:

"My God! I was only a poor and weak woman! I endured hunger and cold in Paris. But the cold was so intense, the temptations so irresistible. I wished to live; I wished to love! Was that, then, so great a crime that you punish me thus severely? Lift me from this mire! My old life in Paris! Rather that than live among such people!"

She rose suddenly and ran to the officer:

"Serge, are you like these people? No, you are better."

"*Better*," echoed the officer, phlegmatically.

"Is this not abominable?"

"Abominable! Julie."

"And you say nothing! You let them go on? You become an accomplice!"

"Come and sit on my knee, my girl." And he began to caress her until she grew calm:

"Come, now, you are a brave little woman; I adore you at such times. Why will you not marry me? I have asked you so often."

"Marriage! Yoke! Appearances! No, never! I have already forbidden you to talk to me of such nonsense. Do not vex me. But, my beloved Serge, defend her. He fears you; save her!"

"Be calm, Julie! What would you have me do? If it is not he, it will be another; it comes to the same thing. Do you not see that Jean, too, already dreams of capturing her? And people of his sort, you know, are to be found by thousands. One cannot defend her against everybody, especially when the mother desires to put her daughter into the market. As well might one butt his head against the wall, as the Russian proverb says. We are a wise people, Julie: see how calm my life is, because I know how to bow to fate."

"That is not the way of wisdom. I, a Frenchwoman, struggle; I may succumb, but I struggle. I, for my part, will not tolerate this infamy! Do you know who this young girl is and where she lives?"

"Perfectly well."

"Well, let us go to her home; I will warn her."

"To her home! And past midnight! Let us rather go to bed. *Au revoir*, Jean; *au revoir*, Storechnikoff. You will not look for me at your supper tomorrow. Julie is incensed, and this affair does not please me either. *Au revoir*."

"That Frenchwoman is a devil unchained," said Jean, yawning, when the officer and his mistress had gone. "She is very piquant; but she is getting stout already. Very agreeable to the eye is a beautiful woman in anger! All the same, I would not have lived with her four years, like Serge. Four years! Not even a quarter of an hour! But, at any rate, this little caprice shall not lose us our supper. Instead of them I will bring Paul and Mathilde. Now it is time to separate. I am going to see Berthe a moment, and then to the little Lotchen's, who is veritably charming."

III.

"It is well, Véra; your eyes are not red; hereafter you will be tractable, will you not?"

Vérotchka made a gesture of impatience.

"Come! come!" continued the mother, "do not get impatient; I am silent. Last night I fell asleep in your room; perhaps I said too much: but you see, I was drunk, so do not believe anything I told you. Believe none of it, do you understand?" she repeated, threateningly.

The young girl had concluded the night before that, beneath her wild beast's aspect, her mother had preserved some human feelings, and her hatred for her had changed into pity; suddenly she saw the wild beast reappear, and felt the hatred returning; but at least the pity remained.

"Dress yourself," resumed Maria Alexevna, "he will probably come soon." After a careful survey of her daughter's toilet, she added:

"If you behave yourself well, I will give you those beautiful emerald earrings left with me as security for one hundred and fifty roubles. That is to say, they are worth two hundred and fifty roubles, and cost over four hundred. Act accordingly, then!"

Storechnikoff had pondered as to the method of winning his wager and keeping his word, and for a long time sought in vain. But at last, while walking home from the restaurant, he had hit upon it, and it was with a tranquil mind that he entered the steward's apartments. Having inquired first as to the health of Véra Pavlovna, who answered him with a brief "I am well," Storechnikoff said that youth and health should be made the most of, and proposed to Véra Pavlovna and her mother to take a sleigh-ride that very evening in the fine frosty weather. Maria Alexevna consented; adding that she would make haste to prepare a breakfast of meat and coffee, Vérotchka meanwhile to sing something.

"Sing us something, Vérotchka," she said, in a tone that suffered no reply.

Vérotchka sang "Troika," * which describes, as we know, a girl of charming beauty all eyes to see an officer pass.

"Well, now, that's not so bad," murmured the old woman from the adjoining room. "When she likes, this Verka† can be very agreeable at least."

Soon Vérotchka stopped singing and began to talk with Storechnikoff, but in French.

"Imbecile that I am!" thought the old woman; "to think that I should have forgotten to tell her to speak Russian! But she talks in a low voice, she smiles; it's going well! it's going well! Why does he make such big eyes? It is easy to see that he is an imbecile, and that is what we are after. Good! she extends her hand to him. Is she not agreeable, this Verka?"

(To be continued.)

* A song by Nekrassoff.

† Verka is an ill-natured diminutive of Véra.

The Malthusians.

The following article, written by P. J. Proudhon, appeared August 11, 1848, in the journal of which he was then editor. It is one of the most famous of the shorter pieces from his brilliant pen:

Dr. Malthus, an economist, an Englishman, once wrote the following words:

"A man who is born into a world already occupied, his family unable to support him, and society not requiring his labor, such a man, I say, has not the least right to claim any nourishment whatever; he is really one too many on the earth. At the great banquet of Nature there is no plate laid for him. Nature commands him to take himself away, and she will not be slow to put her order into execution."

As a consequence of this great principle, Malthus recommends, with the most terrible threats, every man who has neither labor nor income upon which to live to *take himself away*, or at any rate to have no more children. A family, — that is, love, — like bread, is forbidden such a man by Malthus.

Dr. Malthus was, while living, a minister of the Holy Gospel, a mild-mannered philanthropist, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, believing in God as firmly as any man in France. He died (heaven grant him peace) in 1834. It may be said that he was the first, without doubt, to reduce to absurdity all political economy, and state the great revolutionary question, the question between labor and capital. With us, whose faith in Providence still lives, in spite of the century's indifference, it is proverbial — and herein consists the difference between the English and ourselves — that "everybody must live." And our people, in saying this, think themselves as truly Christian, as conservative of good morals and the family, as the late Malthus.

Now, what the people say in France, the economists deny; the lawyers and the *littérateurs* deny; the Church, which pretends to be Christian, and also Gallican, denies; the press denies; the large proprietors deny; the government, which endeavors to represent them, denies.

The press, the government, the Church, literature, economy, wealth, — everything in France has become English; everything is Malthusian. It is in the name of God and his holy providence, in the name of morality, in the name of the sacred interests of the family, that they maintain that there is not room in the country for all the children of the country, and that they warn our women to be less prolific. In France, in spite of the desire of the people, in spite of the national belief, eating and drinking are regarded as privileges, labor a privilege, family a privilege, country a privilege.

M. Antony Thouret said recently that property, without which there is neither country, nor family, nor labor, nor morality, would be irreproachable as soon as it should cease to be a privilege; a clear statement of the fact that, to abolish all the privileges which, so to speak, exclude a portion of the people from the law, from humanity, we must abolish, first of all, the fundamental privilege, and change the constitution of property.

M. A. Thouret, in saying that, agreed with us and with the people. The State, the press, political economy, do not view the matter in that light; they agree in the hope that property, without which, as M. Thouret says, there is no labor, no family, no Republic, may remain what it always has been, — a privilege.

All that has been done, said, and printed to-day and for the last twenty years, has been done, said, and printed in consequence of the theory of Malthus.

The theory of Malthus is the theory of political murder; of murder from motives of philanthropy and for love of God. There are too many people in the world; that is the first article of faith of all those who, at present, in the name of the people, reign and govern. It is for this reason that they use their best efforts to diminish the population. Those who best acquit themselves of this duty, who practice with piety, courage, and fraternity the maxims of Malthus, are good citizens, religious men; those who protest against such conduct are anarchists, socialists, atheists.

That the Revolution of February was the result of this protest constitutes its inexpiable crime. Consequently, it shall be taught its business, this Revolution which promised that all should live. The original, indelible stain on the Republic is that the people have pronounced it anti-Malthusian. That is why the Republic is so especially obnoxious to those who were, and would become again, the toadies and accomplices of kings, —*grand eaters of men*, as Cato called them. They would make a monarchy of your Republic; they would devour its children.

There lies the whole secret of the sufferings, the agitations, and the contradictions of our country.

The economists are the first among us, by an inconceivable blasphemy, to establish as a providential dogma the theory of Malthus. I do not reproach them; neither do I abuse them. On this point the economists act in good faith and from the best intentions in the world. They would ask nothing better than to make the human race happy; but they cannot conceive how, without some sort of an organization of homicide, a balance between population and production can exist.

Ask the Academy of Moral Sciences. One of its most honorable members, whose name I will not call, — though he is proud of his opinions, as every honest man should be, — being the prefect of I know not which department, saw fit one day, in a proclamation, to advise those within his province to have thenceforth fewer children by their wives. Great was the scandal among the priests and gossips, who looked upon this academic morality as the morality of swine! The *savant* of whom I speak was none the less, like all his fellows, a zealous defender of the family and of morality; but, he observed with Malthus, at the banquet of Nature there is not room for all.

M. Thiers, also a member of the Academy of Moral Sciences, lately told the committee on finance that, if he were minister, he would confine himself to *courageously and stoically passing through the crisis*, devoting himself to the expenses of his budget, enforcing a respect for order, and carefully guarding against every financial innovation, every socialistic idea, — especially such as the right to labor, — as well as every revolutionary expedient. And the whole committee applauded him.

In giving this declaration of the celebrated historian and statesman, I have no desire to accuse his intentions. In the present state of the public mind, I should succeed only in serving the ambition of M. Thiers, if he has any left. What I wish to call attention to is that M. Thiers, in expressing himself in this wise, testified, perhaps unconsciously, to his faith in Malthus.

Mark this well, I pray you. There are two millions, four millions of men who will die of misery and hunger, if some means be not found of giving them work. This is a great misfortune, surely, and we are the first to lament it, the Malthusians tell you; but what is to be done? It is better that four millions of men should die than that privilege should be compromised; it is not the fault of capital, if labor is idle; at the banquet of credit there is not room for all.

They are courageous, they are stoical, these statesmen of the school of Malthus, when it is a matter of sacrificing laborers by millions. Thou hast killed the poor man, said the prophet Elias to the king of Israel, and then thou hast taken away his inheritance. *Occidisti et possedisti.* To-day we must reverse the phrase, and say to those who possess and govern: You have the privilege of labor, the privilege of credit, the privilege of property, as M. Thouret says; and it is because you do not wish to be deprived of these privileges, that you shed the blood of the poor like water: *Possedisti et occidisti!*

And the people, under the pressure of bayonets, are being eaten slowly; they die without a sigh or a murmur; the sacrifice is effected in silence. Courage, laborers! sustain each other: Providence will finally conquer fate. Courage! the condition of your fathers, the soldiers of the republic, at the sieges of Gênes and Mayence, was even worse than yours.

M. Léon Faucher, in contending that journals should be forced to furnish securities and in favoring the maintenance of taxes on the press, reasoned also after the manner of Malthus. The serious journal, said he, the journal that deserves consideration and esteem, is that which is established on a capital of from four to five hundred thousand francs. The journalist who has only his pen is like the workman who has only his arms. If he can find no market for his services or get no credit with which to carry on his enterprise, it is a sign that public opinion is against him; he has not the least right to address the country: at the banquet of public life there is not room for all.

Listen to Lacordaire, that light of the Church, that chosen vessel of Catholicism. He will tell you that socialism is antichrist. And why is socialism antichrist? Because socialism is the enemy of Malthus, whereas Catholicism, by a final transformation, has become Malthusian.

The gospel tells us, cries the priest, that there will always be poor people, *Pauperes semper habebitis vobiscum;* and that property, consequently, in so far as it is a privilege and makes poor people, is sacred. Poverty is necessary to the exercise of evangelical charity; at the banquet of this world here below there cannot be room for all.

He feigns ignorance, the infidel, of the fact that *poverty*, in Biblical language, signified every sort of affliction and pain, not hard times and the condition of the proletaire. And how could he who went up and down Judæa crying, *Woe to the rich!* be understood differently? In the thought of Jesus Christ, woe to the rich meant woe to the Malthusians.

If Christ were living today, he would say to Lacordaire and his companions: "You are of the race of those who, in all ages, have shed the blood of the just, from Abel unto Zacharias. Your law is not my law; your God is not my God!" • • • And the Lacordaires would crucify Christ as a seditious person and an atheist.

Almost the whole of journalism is infected with the same ideas. Let "Le National," for example, tell us whether it has not always believed, whether it does not still believe, that pauperism is a permanent element of civilization; that the enslavement of one portion of humanity is necessary to the glory of another; that those who maintain the contrary are dangerous dreamers who deserve to be shot; that such is the basis of the State. For, if this is not the secret thought of "Le National," if "Le National" sincerely and resolutely desires the emancipation of laborers, why these anathemas against, why this anger with, the genuine socialists — those who, for ten and twenty years, have demanded this emancipation?

Further, let the Bohemians of literature, today the myrmidons of journalism, paid slanderers, courtiers of the privileged classes, eulogists of all the vices, parasites living upon other parasites, who prate so much of God only to dissemble their materialism, of the family only to conceal their adulteries, and whom we shall see, out of disgust for marriage, caressing monkeys when Malthusian women fail, — let these, I say, publish their economic creed, in order that the people may know them.

Faites des filles, nous les aimons, — beget girls, we love them, — sing these wretches, parodying the poet. But abstain from begetting boys; at the banquet of sensualism there is not room for all.

The government was inspired by Malthus when, having a hundred thousand laborers at its disposal, to whom it gave gratuitous support, it refused to employ them at useful labor, and when, after the civil war, it asked that a law be passed for their transportation. With the expenses of the pretended national workshops, with the costs of war, lawsuits, imprisonment, and transportation, it might have given the insurgents six months' labor, and thus changed our whole economic system. But labor is a monopoly; the government does not wish revolutionary industry to compete with privileged industry; at the work-bench of the nation there is not room for all.

Large industrial establishments ruin small ones; that is the law of capital, that is Malthus.

Wholesale trade gradually swallows the retail; again Malthus.

Large estates encroach upon and consolidate the smallest possessions; still Malthus.

Soon one half of the people will say to the other:

The earth and its products are my property.

Industry and its products are my property.

Commerce and transportation are my property.

The State is my property.

You who possess neither reserve nor property, who hold no public offices and whose labor is useless to us, TAKE YOURSELVES AWAY! You have really no business on the earth; beneath the sunshine of the Republic there is not room for all.

Who will tell me that the right to labor and to live is not the whole of the Revolution?

Who will tell me that the principle of Malthus is not the whole of the counter-Revolution?

And it is for having published such things as these, — for having exposed the evil boldly and sought the remedy in good faith, that speech has been forbidden me by the government, the government that represents the Revolution!

That is why I have been deluged with the slanders, treacheries, cowardice, hypocrisy, outrages, desertions, and failings of all those who hate or love the people! That is why I have been given over, for a whole month, to the mercy of the jackals of the press and the screech-owls of the platform! Never was a man, either in the past or in the present, the object of so much execration as I have become, for the simple reason that I wage war upon cannibals.

To slander one who could not reply was to shoot a prisoner. Malthusian carnivora, I discover you there! Go on, then; we have more than one account to settle yet. And, if calumny is not sufficient for you, use iron and lead. You may kill me; no one can avoid his fate, and I am at your discretion. But you shall not conquer me; you shall never persuade the people, while I live and hold a pen, that, with the exception of yourselves, there is one too many on the earth. I swear it before the people and in the name of the Republic!

Liberty and Wealth.

(Continued from page 5.)

are his own, and to be used for his own benefit, in doing *legitimate* business."

"Exactly! I supposed that was understood."

"You *will* be as honest, then, as the law allows you to be? Yours is a *legal* virtue?"

"As the law allows; as, also, public opinion allows. More than that I don't pretend."

"A man's brains, then, are to be used for his own benefit in such ways as public opinion and the laws do not forbid?"

"I'm willing to rest my case there."

"When you said God,—I believe you said God,—you meant to say God as interpreted by public opinion and the laws? That is, you take your God second-hand?"

"That's better than you reformers do. For you are one and all atheists."

"For that matter, we all practically stand on the same ground. Your public opinion is simply the popular idea of what is right, or somewhere near right. Other people know no more about God than you or I. When they say, 'Thus saith God,' it amounts to no more than if they said, 'Thus *we* say.' There may be a God; there may not be. All you get, if there be one, is your ability to see things,—power to investigate and to understand the natural world about you and the natural world of man which, it might not be amiss to say, is within you. Now, this ability, this power, increases with use. It grows like the muscular tissues of the body. Every age inherits the past, and adds to it by its own growth. If we are not wiser, we have more knowledge than our fathers.

"Well, now, there you stand, half-way out of your corner. You first said God gave you brains for your own benefit. But, if you sought your own benefit in the way you proposed, you would start on a war for the extermination of the rest of mankind. Your motto, written large, full size, would be: 'I want this earth. All but me must emigrate.' Of course, you would be aiming at the impossible and get tripped up. But you would in so far fall short of realizing your ideal benefit.

"Now, as I say, you have advanced so far that you say of course you don't believe in deliberately wronging others; you will do a legitimate, a *legal* business. You recognize public opinion and the laws. You assume you are thus on the side of substantial justice.

"Now, would you step out from the shadow entirely, you would see a new sight. You might, as it were, look in a mirror and contemplate yourself.

"Shall I tell you what you would see?"

"Yes, as you think you know all about it, go on!"

"No, you are mistaken. I don't think I know *all* about it; but I am confident I know a little,—a little more than you, for instance. You shall be my judge. I shall say nothing which I shall not expect you will agree to—when you have done considering it.

"When you turn your brain to look into the mirror I spoke of, you will see yourself, intellectually and morally, as one taking a journey. Already you have left the old devil-abode,—where you dreamed of crushing, enslaving, or annihilating a world for your own private benefit,—and have come to the abode of mortals whose motto is still, 'Every man for himself; the best man wins;' but now the stakes are not the world. That sort of dice-throwing has come to be illegitimate. You think with a few *billions* you ought to be contented and stop, and go give the rest of mankind a chance.

"Before, you were governed only by your wild greed, which roamed unchecked to devour the entire substance of kingdoms, principalities, and dominions.

"Ordained of God to be emperor, king, despot, demon, for your own benefit.

"But now look! You are in a realm where the motto is, 'Be greedy; but not too greedy.'

"You may devour widows' houses, afflict the fatherless and oppressed,—but you must do it legally, according to law, in harmony with public opinion.

"Will you call to your aid your imagination? It may be necessary for you to realize fully the picture you present in the shadowless mirror.

"You see a man who has said to himself:

"'What a boon to me is life! If to me, why not to others,—to *all* others?

"'What a charm for me has liberty! Am I alone in this? Is it not, also, dear to all? Nay, is it not essential for all? Could I possibly enjoy it alone? Must not *all* possess it for me to retain it?

"'Ah, me! If my brains are for my own benefit, is it not clear that they must help, and not hinder, the benefit so eagerly sought by each and all, this human world over?

"'Yes, yes; I see, I see; no man can live to himself alone.

"'The day of the aristocrat is passed.

"'Democracy is taking all things at the flood, and must ride on to fortune.

"'But what see I myself beholding?

"'A vast multitude,—the great public,—needy, lacking wisdom, lacking understanding.

"'And yet this public is speaking as with the authority of the Most High. Enacting laws in the name of liberty,—despotic laws,—and enforcing them by all the appliances known to tyranny.

"'It is this public that establishes *legality*.

"'It is to this public opinion I have bowed, and said, "It is good enough for me."

"'Is it?

"'No!

"'By God, I will cease being the thing this ignorance and superstition, massed in popular opinions, has fashioned me. My brains are for my own use to cut a highway of thought to the very throne of Truth and Justice!

"'Hitherto I have done no thinking.

"'Henceforth my path shall be Thought-clear.

"'I have read the poet who sang:

> The world was set to order,
> And the atoms marched in tune.

"'I see, to use my own brains for my own benefit is to find the *harmony* in which mankind may live, move, and have their being.

"'No legality shall suffice.

"'No public opinion shall deter me.

"'Onward to the new goal!'

"Such the picture of yourself you may behold in the mirror of light.

"On some other occasion I will ask you to permit me to accompany you upon the journey onward."

H.

Shall Woman Become a Slave-Maker?

To Mrs. Emma Schumm, of the "Radical Review":

The first choice from publications kindly selected by you has been your "Woman's View of the Woman Question," about which I will give you my impressions while fresh. You make a hit in citing the shoe-makers' union. A step of progress could be made there because both sexes were alike interested in it. Your personal attitude of co-operation with your husband in the industry of ideas is to the same purport. Successes in the co-education of the sexes tell in the same direction. Sympathies and rivalries, organized wisely, afford attractive forces needed for progressive evolution. Work upon the vantage ground of the natural interplay, interlocking, of sympathies and interests. Regard as social falsehoods those situations in which female labor would have to organize itself apart. This could be possible only for unmarried and childless women. Domestic complications defeat class movements requiring mutual devotion of their members and pinching sacrifices to their common aim, when wives and mothers are concerned. The same domestic ties add force to organizations embracing both sexes. It is desirable to know the arrangements made under the influence of the co-operative idea at Rochdale, at the *familistère* of Guise-sur-Aisne, and elsewhere, concerning female labor. The ballot, during a century's experience, has only served to sink labor deeper in the slough. Now the pressure is greater, the mass of ignorance greater, the morality lower, the control of votes by capital more complete, than ever before. Is it worth while to spend force so much needed for purposes directly practical upon the acquisition of an agency so deceptive? I have the acknowledged right to vote. I never use it, for I have no reason to think that measures I advocate would be advanced by any one I could vote for. The electoral machine is too cumbrous and stupid. To lighten and enlighten it the education of co-operative industries in the townships, respectively, is essential. The characters of candidates and the functions of office are now alike unknown to voters. To vote for a man I do not know, to do I know not what, is our game of political blind man's buff. Such promiscuous election (?) may go on for ever without advancing society an inch. It is simply a national mania. It is on a par with what medicine would be, if the sick man were presented with a catalogue of drugs and asked to choose a name among them for his healing. I am sixty-two years old. Ever since I could think, I have been trying to discern the advantage to myself and neighbors of any public office that has been instituted in this country. I have not yet succeeded. Perhaps I am an idiot. If I am sane, other folk must be crazy. When the will of majorities is galvanized up to a tension sufficient to control its "representatives-elect," it could just as well control any other form of government. Whenever the masses are ready for the question of *abolition;* when any and every government beyond the immediate organization of the farm and workshop, laboratory, or scientific institute, comes to be regarded as our natural enemy,—then, once for all, let us use the ballot, and so as to prevent the abuse of it for ever after. Every voter for a governing officer is an instrument for enslaving me and levying tribute on me for the support of privilege and other hateful purposes. I desire that woman should possess and exercise every civic right compatible with Liberty; but not to include her in the number of political slave-makers. Love attends to that in his own fashion, which is neither Republican or Democratic, and dispenses with the *ballot* for election.

EDGEWORTH.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 18. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.** **Whole No. 44.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Look out for man's rights, and his duties will take care of themselves.

The Boston " Herald " copies with commendation the following from a " Christian Union " editorial: " No honest man will desire to get money any faster than he earns it. Society is a joint stock corporation. The man who wants to take more value out than he puts in is essentially a dishonest man. He who consumes more than he produces is either a beggar or a thief, — that is, he lives either by charity or by dishonesty. The market gardener who makes the before weedy soil produce lettuce and cabbage for the food of man is a more valuable and honorable member of society than he who spends his life in shrewdly betting on the rise and fall of stocks, pork, or grain. All attempts to make money out of somebody else are dishonest; the desire to make it in that way is a dishonest desire. So long as that desire dominates men's hearts, rules, whether of the street or of the Legislature, will only be like patent locks while burglars live; every now and then they will be picked or blown open. All wealth is the product of honest industry. Any man who wants to get possession of wealth which he has not produced by honest industry — industry of hand or brain, of action or thought — wants to rob his neighbor. Rob is a short word; but it is a plain word, and it expresses exactly what we mean." That's exactly what Liberty says, no more, no less. But when Liberty says it, the Boston " Herald," instead of speaking of it as " a timely word on the financial panic," describes it as the ravings of a crank.

The Catholics of Providence, Pawtucket, and Rhode Island generally are very much excited, I understand, over my quotation of a newspaper statement that Charles O'Conor refused on his death-bed to admit the priests to his presence for the administration of the sacrament, and I am also informed that upon the truth or falsity of the report a number of wagers are depending. It is a matter of very little moment to me whether Mr. O'Conor received absolution or not, and I only mentioned it incidentally. But this is what I know about it. Before Mr. O'Conor died, one of the most reliable, painstaking, and expert reporters on the Boston press was sent to Nantucket to get the particulars of Mr. O'Conor's last sickness. There he was told by the most intimate friend that Mr. O'Conor had on the island that the Associated Press dispatch stating that Mr. O'Conor had received absolution was false, and that the sick man had refused to see the priests who came to administer it. This statement was independently corroborated shortly afterwards by the wife of Mr. O'Conor's physician. The reporter left the island on the day that Mr. O'Conor died. The fact was printed in the Boston " Globe," of May 13, and no one has ever publicly denied it so far as I know. If any priest or bishop whatsoever will certify that he granted absolution to Mr. O'Conor during his last sickness, Liberty will gladly print his statement, and, if unable to disprove it, will apologize for what it has said.

Charles O'Conor's Anarchism.

The New York "Herald" prints the following document as Charles O'Conor's last writing of a public nature. The assessment therein opposed was defeated at the Nantucket town meeting, probably much to the disappointment of the projectors of the job: —

NANTUCKETERS, ATTENTION!

1. The foremost object of all wise municipal laws is to preserve the private citizen from oppression.

2. The only positively dangerous persons in any of our modern civilized societies are those who devote or apply themselves to the making or administration of laws.

a. For the repression of all other evil-doers, the laws formulated against injustice may be employed and innocence be thereby defended.

b. The selfish and vicious lawmaker, aided by his ally, the law administrator, can oppress at pleasure.

c. The wrangles of government mongers among themselves concerning the spoils wrung from the community by unjust law afford no barrier against legalized oppression.

3. At the glorious uprising of 1776 in the new world these truths were not perceived. That uprising was directed against the cruel domination of a foreign tyranny. The efforts required to set aside the then present oppression, with its immediate evils, gave ample occupation to the fathers. They had not time for considering the evils incident to all government by mere mortals over their fellows in the exercise of undefined discretionary power, and which consequently were liable to be thereafter developed in our midst. The previous experience of mankind furnished them no guide, consequently no censure attaches to their memories for their not foreseeing the growth of evil practices or the inevitable effect of such practices in the ultimate establishment of evil principles.

4. The great oppression thus developed in our republic is the production at this day of a government-mongering horde. Though originally raised and nurtured in the slums of great cities, their evil example has captivated selfish and designing minds throughout the country, and our people are gradually becoming their slaves.

a. The dominant conceit of the government-mongering horde is to have everything done by the government, that is, by the agents whom they juggled into the offices.

b. The reputation of Nantucket as a healthful resort for our fellow-citizens in their leisure seasons has been greatly impaired by the publication that the inhabitants, by their vile habits, create a detestable stench, rendering life uncomfortable and endangering health. This is the work of our government mongers. Few in number, but active, designing, and selfish, they see an avenue to personal profit and advantage in making the purification of every filthy fellow's privy a public governmental job.

We must have public sewers! A lot of public officers to superintend them! ! A grand public debt to grind us with taxes for the redemption of its semi-annual coupons! ! ! How delightful! Nor is this enough.

c. Now a private company, at its own risk and cost, provide all who desire it with water. This brings no taxes upon us. It costs nothing except to those who wish for the luxury, and who, of course, should pay for it.

True, the town now pays for a supply of this water to extinguish fires. The institution of this practice was a preparatory trick of the government-mongers—an entering wedge for the achievement now in view—the town's purchase of the works. The company should have been compelled, as a compensation for using the public streets, to furnish water for the extinguishment of fires.

Here, too, must arise another gang of town officers and another parcel of town bonds. Huzza for our side! More taxes, more hangers-on for the office-mongering bosses, more interest-bearing coupons!

All this, too, for the men who scandalize our reputation as a healthful resort, thereby destroying the sole employment left us since the decline and extinction of the whale fishery. Instead of spreading forth the vile tale of our alleged nastiness to drive off in disgust those inclined to visit us, they should clean their own privies at their own expense, and if they have any neighbors more filthy than themselves, an indictment for the nuisance would obviate the evil. If any of these pretenders to public spirit possess influence—and some of them do—instead of ventilating the story of our alleged stinks to the destruction of our trade, they should give attention to the following reforms:—

1. By indictment and other coercive measures compel the dirty people, if any such there be, to clean out their privies, etc., at their own cost.

2. Open fire upon the railroad companies which, in the transportation of passengers to and fro from the south, discriminate against Nantucket and incommode, as far as possible, the travel hither and hence.

3. Establish at once that indispensable inducement to an active influx of summer visitors—a telegraphic cable.

INNKEEPERS OF NANTUCKET, BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS OF NANTUCKET, INDUSTRIOUS WORKERS OF NANTUCKET:—

Go to Town Meeting and vote down the selfish speculators who are seeking your ruin.

February 18, 1884. A TAXPAYER.

A Letter From Dr. Lazarus.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Liberty awaking from her nap on May 17 courteously salutes me. In returning the compliment, I would remind the young lady that French and English idioms, like the branches of the hyperbole, however intelligent of each other, never meet. Thus, what was in my letter only personal and piquant, looks arrogant and absurd in its translation. Besides, *fou*, you know, does not mean fool; that is *sot*. *Fou* is not impolite in its range of meanings between rash and cracked. Let me add that my acquaintance with radical literature is quite recent, with the opening of this spring. The " Index," indeed, pointed me that way some months earlier. Like " Thisbe," she is a "grey eye or so, but not to the purpose." But I find however, elsewhere, free comradeship, and here venture gratefully to express my high appreciation of the few articles which have lately appeared in " Man " from the pen of Courtlandt Palmer. I was prepared to expect something good in your Russian story, yet am none the less thrilled with surprise at its excellence. The illusion of reality is prompt and perfect, and your own work leaves nothing to be desired. I should never have supposed it a translation, unless you had told me so. The author employs the same artifice in his introduction, which experience has taught me, as a *reader*, to adopt for my own satisfaction, with that class of works.

Your and Liberty's friend,
M. E. LAZARUS.

Guntersville, Alabama, May 30, 1884.

Liberty Limited Only by Itself.

[Henry Maret in " Le Radical."]

The " République Française " thinks it has thrown me into confusion by asking me if liberty consists in doing everything that comes into any individual's head. This confusion is all a fine imagination of its own; I have not been confused for a second. My reply is prompt:

Yes, liberty consists in doing everything that comes into any individual's head, on the sole condition that that which comes into the head of any individual does not injure any other individual.

It is for this reason that murder and robbery may be forbidden, since to murder and robbery two are necessary, and with the liberty of the murderer and the robber coexists that of the murdered and the robbed. But I confess that I have never been able to see the propriety of regulating in any manner whatever the conduct of an isolated individual; I regard what is called public morality as nonsense; and I consider that everything should be permitted which does not injure a neighbor in an indisputable fashion.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 43.

This is what Vérotchka said to Storechnikoff:

"I must speak severely to you, sir; last evening at the theatre you told your friends that I was your mistress. I will not tell you that this lie was cowardly; for, if you had understood the whole import of your words, I do not think that you would have uttered them. But I warn you that if, at the theatre or in the street, you ever approach me, I will give you a blow. I know that my mother will kill me with ill-treatment [it was here that Vérotchka smiled], but what does that matter, since life is so little to me? This evening you will receive from my mother a note informing you that I am indisposed and unable to join you in the sleigh-ride."

He looked at her with big eyes, as Maria Alexevna had observed.

She resumed:

"I address you, sir, as a man of honor not yet utterly depraved. If I am right, I pray you to cease your attentions, and I, for my part, will pardon your calumny. If you accept, give me your hand."

He shook her hand without knowing what he did.

"Thank you," she added; "and now go. You can give as a pretext the necessity for ordering the horses."

He stood as one stupefied, while she began once more to sing "Troïka."

If connoisseurs had heard Vérotchka, they would have been astonished at the extraordinary feeling which she put into her song; in her, feeling surely dominated art.

Meanwhile Maria Alexevna was coming, followed by her cook carrying the breakfast and coffee on a tray. But Storechnikoff, pretending that he had orders to give concerning the preparation of the horses, withdrew toward the door instead of approaching, and, before the steward's wife could protest, the young man went out.

Maria Alexevna, pale with rage and fists lifted in the air, rushed into the parlor, crying:

"What have you done, wench? Wait for me!"

Vérotchka had hurried into her room. Thither the mother ran like a hurricane; but the door was locked. Beside herself, she tried to break down the door, and struck it heavy blows.

"If you break down the door," cried the young girl, "I will break the windows and call for help; in any case, I warn you that you shall not take me alive."

The calm and decided tone with which these words were uttered did not fail to make an impression on the mother, who contented herself with shouting and made no more attacks on the door.

As soon as she could make herself heard, Vérotchka said to her:

"I used to detest you, but since last night I have pitied you. You have suffered, and that has made you wicked. If you wish it, we will talk together pleasantly, as we have never talked together before."

These words did not go straight to the heart of Maria Alexevna, but her tired nerves demanded rest: she asked herself if, after all, it were not better to enter into negotiations. She will no longer obey, and yet she must be married to that fool of a Michka.* And then, one cannot tell exactly what has happened; they shook hands. . . . . no, one cannot tell. She was still hesitating between stratagem and ferocity, when a ring of the bell interrupted her reflections; it was Serge and Julie.

IV.

"Serge, does her mother speak French?" had been Julie's first word on waking.

"I know nothing about it. What! have you still that idea?"

"Still. But I do not believe she speaks French: you shall be my interpreter."

Had Véra's mother been Cardinal Mezzofanti,† Serge would have consented to go to her with Julie To follow Julie everywhere, as the confidant always follows the heroines of Corneille, had become his destiny, and we must add that he did not complain of it.

But Julie had waked late and had stopped at four or five stores on the way, so that Storechnikoff had time to explain himself and Maria Alexevna to rage and calm down again before their arrival.

"What horrible stairs! I never saw anything like them in Paris. And, by the way, what shall be our excuse for calling?"

"No matter what; the mother is a usurer; we will pawn your brooch. No, I have a better idea; the daughter gives piano lessons. We will say that you have a niece, etc."

At the sight of Serge's beautiful uniform and Julie's dazzling toilette Matroena blushed for the first time in her life; she had never seen such fine people. No less were the enthusiasm and awe of Maria Alexevna when Matroena announced Colonel X. and his wife.

And his wife!

The scandals which Maria Alexevna started or heard of concerned nobody higher in station than counsellors. Consequently she did not suspect that Serge's marriage might be only one of those so-called *Parisian* marriages, in which legality goes for nothing. Besides, Serge was brilliant; he explained to her that he was fortunate in having met them at the theatre, that his wife had a niece, etc., and that, his wife not speaking Russian, he had come to act as an interpreter.

"Oh yes! I may thank heaven; my daughter is a very talented musician, and were she to be appreciated in a house like yours I should be extremely happy; only, she is not very well; I do not know whether she can leave her room."

Maria Alexevna spoke purposely in a very loud voice in order that Vérotchka might hear and understand that an armistice was proposed. At the same time she devoured her callers with her eyes.

"Vérotchka, can you come, my dear?"

Why should she not go out? Her mother certainly would not dare to make a scene in public. So she opened her door; but at sight of Serge she blushed with shame and anger. This would have been noticed even by poor eyes, and Julie's eyes were very good; therefore, without indirection, she explained herself:

"My dear child, you are astonished and indignant at seeing here the man before whom last night you were so shamefully outraged. But though he be thoughtless, my husband at least is not wicked; he is better than the scamps who surround him. Forgive him for love of me; I have come with good intentions. This niece is but a pretext; but your mother must think it genuine. Play something, no matter what, provided it be very short, and then we will retire to your room to talk."

Is this the Julie known to all the rakes of the aristocracy, and whose jokes have often caused even the libidinous to blush? One would say, rather, a princess whose ear has never been soiled.

Vérotchka went to the piano; Julie sat near her, and Serge busied himself in sounding Maria Alexevna in order to ascertain the situation regarding Storechnikoff. A few minutes later Julie stopped Vérotchka, and, taking her around the waist, led her to her room. Serge explained that his wife wished to talk a little longer with Vérotchka in order to know her character, etc. Then he led the conversation back to Storechnikoff. All this might be charming; but Maria Alexevna, who was by no means innocent, began to cast suspicious looks about her. Meanwhile Julie went straight to the matter in hand.

"My dear child, your mother is certainly a very bad woman, but in order that I may know how to speak to you, tell me why you were taken to the theatre last evening. I know already from my husband; but I wish to get your view of the matter."

Vérotchka needed no urging, and, when she had finished, Julie cried:

"Yes, I may tell you all!"

And in the most fitting and chaste language she told her of the wager of the night before. To which Vérotchka answered by informing her of the invitation to a sleigh-ride.

"Did he intend to deceive your mother? Or were they in conspiracy?"

"Oh!" quickly cried Vérotchka, "my mother does not go as far as that."

"I shall know presently. Stay here; there you would be in the way."

Julie went back to the parlor.

"Serge," she said, "he has already invited this woman and her daughter to a sleigh-ride this evening. Tell her about the supper."

"Your daughter pleases my wife; it remains but to fix the price, and we shall be agreed. Let us come back to our mutual acquaintance, Storechnikoff. You praise him highly. Do you know what he says of his relations with your daughter? Do you know his object in inviting us into your box?"

Maria Alexevna's eyes flashed.

"I do not retail scandal, and seldom listen to it," she said, with restrained anger; "and besides," she added, while striving to appear humble, "the chatter of young people is of little consequence."

"Possibly! But what do you say to this?" And he told the story of the previous night's wager.

"Ah! the rascal, the wretch, the ruffian! That is why he desired to take us out of the city, — to get rid of me and dishonor my daughter."

Maria Alexevna continued a long time in this strain; then she thanked the colonel; she had seen clearly that the lessons sought were but a feint; she had suspected them of desiring to take Storechnikoff away from her; she had misjudged them; and humbly asked their pardon.

Julie, having heard all, hastened back to Vérotchka, and told her that her mother was not guilty, that she was full of indignation against the impostor, but that her thirst for lucre would soon lead her to look for a new suitor, which would at once subject Vérotchka to new annoyances. Then she asked her if she had relatives in St. Petersburg, and, being answered in the negative, Julie said further:

"That is a pity. Have you a lover?"

Vérotchka opened her eyes wide.

"Forgive me, forgive me! That is understood. But then you are without protection? What's to be done? But wait, I am not what you think me; I am not his wife, but his mistress; I cannot ask you to my house, I am not married: all St. Petersburg knows me. Your reputation would be lost; it is enough already that I should have come here; to come a second time would be to ruin you. But I must see you once more, and still again perhaps, — that is, if you have confidence in me? Yes? Good! At what hour shall you be free tomorrow?"

"At noon."

Noon was a little early for Julie; nevertheless she will arrange to be called and will meet Vérotchka by the side of the Gastinoï Dvor,* opposite the Nevsky.† There no one knows Julie.

"What a good idea!" continued the Frenchwoman. "Now give me some paper, that I may write to M. Storechnikoff."

The note which she wrote read as follows:

"Monsieur, you are probably very much disturbed by your position. If you wish me to aid you, call on me this evening at seven o'clock.

"Now, adieu.

"J. LETELLIER."

But instead of taking the hand which she extended, Vérotchka threw herself upon her neck and wept as she kissed her. Julie, also much moved, likewise could not restrain her tears, and with an outburst of extreme tenderness she kissed the young girl several times, while making a thousand protests of affection

"Dear child," she said at last, "you cannot understand my present feelings. For the first time in many years pure lips have touched mine. O my child, if you knew! . . . Never give a kiss without love! Choose death before such a calamity!"

V.

Storechnikoff's plan was not so black as Maria Alexevna had imagined, she having no reason to disbelieve in evil; but it was none the less infamous. They were to start off in a sleigh and get belated in the evening; the ladies soon becoming cold and hungry, Storechnikoff was to offer them some tea; in the mother's cup he was to put a little opium; then, taking advantage of the young girl's anxiety and fright, he was to conduct her to the supper-room, and the wager was won. What would happen then chance was to decide; perhaps Vérotchka, dazed and not clearly understanding, would remain a moment; if, on the contrary, she only entered and at once went out again, he would assert that it was the first time she had been out alone, and the wager would be won just the same. Finally he was to offer money to Maria Alexevna. . . . Yes, it was well planned. But now. . . . He cursed his presumption, and wished himself under the earth.

It was in this frame of mind that he received Julie's letter; it was like a sov-

* Michka is an ill-natured diminutive of Mikhaïl.
† Who spoke sixty languages, it is said.

* The Palais Royal of St. Petersburg.
† That is, the Perspective Nevsky, the finest street in St. Petersburg.

ereign elixir to a sick man, a ray of light in utter darkness, firm ground under the feet of one sinking. Storechnikoff rose at a bound to the most sanguine hope.

"She will save me, this generous woman. She is so intelligent that she can invent something imperative. O noble Julie!"

At ten minutes before seven, he stood at her door.

"Madame is waiting for you; please come in."

Julie received him without rising. What majesty in her mien! What severity in her look!

"I am very glad to see you; be seated," she said to him in answer to his respectful salutation.

Not a muscle of his face moved; Storechnikoff was about to receive a stern reprimand. What matter, provided she would save him?

"Monsieur Storechnikoff," began Julie, in a cold, slow voice, "you know my opinion of the affair which occasions our interview; it is useless to recall the details. I have seen the person in question, and I know the proposition that you made to her this morning. Therefore I know all, and am very glad to be relieved from questioning you. Your position is clear, to you and to me. ("God!" thought Storechnikoff. "I would rather be upbraided by far!") You can escape only through me. If you have any reply to make, I am waiting. . . . You do not reply? You believe, then, that I alone can come to your aid. I will tell you what I can do, and, if you deem it satisfactory, I will submit my conditions."

Storechnikoff having given sign of assent, she resumed:

"I have prepared here a letter for Jean, in which I tell him that, since the scene of last night, I have changed my mind, and that I will join in the supper, but not this evening, being engaged elsewhere; so I beg him to induce you to postpone the supper. I will make him understand that, having won your wager, it will be hard for you to put off your triumph. Does this letter suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"But I will send the letter only on two conditions. You can refuse to accept them, and in that case I will burn the letter.

"These two conditions," she continued, in a slow voice which tortured Storechnikoff, — "these two conditions are as follows:

"First, you shall stop persecuting this young person.

"Second, you shall never speak her name again in your conversations."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

A ray of joy illuminated Storechnikoff's countenance. "Only that," he thought. "It was hardly worth while to frighten me so. God knows how ready I was to grant it."

But Julie continued with the same solemnity and deliberation:

"The first is necessary for her, the second for her also, but still more for you; I will postpone the supper from week to week until it has been forgotten. And you must see that it will not be forgotten unless you speak the name of this young person no more."

Then, in the same tone, she went into the details of carrying out the plan. "Jean will receive the letter in season. I have found out that he is to dine at Bertha's. He will go to your house after smoking his cigar. We will send the letter, then. Do you wish to read it? Here is the envelope. I will ring . . . Pauline, you will take this letter. We have not seen each other today, Monsieur Storechnikoff and I. Do you understand?"

At last the letter is sent; Storechnikoff breathes more freely, and is quite overjoyed at his deliverance.

But Julie has not yet done.

"In a quarter of an hour you must be at home in order that Jean may find you there; you have a moment left, and I wish to take advantage of it to say a few words more. You will follow my advice, or not, as you please; but you will reflect upon it.

"I will not speak of the duties of an honest man toward a young girl whose reputation he has compromised. I know our worldly youth too well to think it useful to examine that side of the question at any length. Your marriage with this young person would seem to me a good thing for you. I will explain myself with my usual frankness, and though some of the things that I am going to say may wound you. If I go too far, a word from you will stop me short. Listen, then:

"You have a weak character, and, if you fall into the hands of a bad woman, you will be duped, deceived, and tortured into the bargain. *She* is good, and has a noble heart; in spite of her plebeian birth and poverty, she will aid you singularly in your career.

"Introduced into the world by you, she will shine and wield an influence there. The advantages which such a situation procure for a husband are easy to see. Besides these external advantages, there are others more intimate and precious still. You need a peaceful home and even a little watchful care. All this she can give you. I speak in all seriousness; my observations of this morning tell me that she is perfection. Think of what I have said to you.

"If she accepts, which I very much doubt, I shall consider the acceptance a great piece of good fortune for you.

"I keep you no longer; it is time for you to go."

VI.

Vérotchka was at least tranquil for the time being; her mother could not in fairness be angry with her for having escaped a trap so basely laid; consequently she was left free enough the next day to enable her to go to the Gastinoi Dvor without hindrance.

"It is very cold here, and I do not like the cold. But wait here a moment," said Julie, on arriving. She entered a store, where she bought a very thick veil.

"Put that on! Now you may come with me without being recognized. Pauline is very discreet; yet I do not wish her to see you, so jealous am I of your reputation; and, above all, do not lift your veil while we are together."

Julie was dressed in her servant's cloak and hat, and her face was hidden beneath a thick veil. First they were obliged to warm themselves; after which, being questioned by Julie, Vérotchka gave her the latest details.

"Good, my dear child; now be sure that he asks your hand in marriage. Men like him become madly amorous when their gallantries are received unfavorably. Do you know that you have dealt with him like an experienced coquette? Coquetry — I do not mean the affected and false imitation of this method of acting — coquetry is nothing but a high degree of wit and tact applied to the relations between man and woman. Thus it is that innocent young girls act like experienced coquettes without knowing it; all that they need is wit. Perhaps, too, my arguments will have some influence on him. But the principal thing is your firmness; however that may be, he is almost sure to make you a proposition of marriage, and I advise you to accept him."

"You! who told me yesterday that it was better to die than to give a kiss without love."

"My dear child, I said that in a moment of exaltation; it is right, but it is poetry, and life is made up of very prosaic interests."

"No! I will never marry him; he fills me with horror! I will never stoop to that! I would rather die, throw myself out of the window, ask alms! Yes, rather death than a man so debased!"

Julie, without being disconcerted, began to explain the advantages of the marriage which she had planned:

"You would be delivered from your mother's persecutions; you would run no more risk of being sold. As for him, he is rather stupid, but he is not such a wretch. A husband of that sort is what an intelligent woman like you needs; you would rule the household."

Then she told her in a lively way of the actresses and singers who, far from being made submissive to men through love, subjugate them, on the contrary.

"That is a fine position for a woman! and finer yet when she joins to such independence and power a legality of ties which commands the respect of society; that is, when she is married, and loved and admired by her husband, as the actress is by the lover whom she has subjugated."

The conversation grew more and more animated. Julie said much, and Vérotchka replied:

"You call me whimsical, and you ask me how I look upon life. I wish neither to dominate nor be dominated; I wish neither to dissimulate nor deceive; nor do I wish to exert myself to acquire that which I am told is necessary, but of which I do not feel the need. I do not desire wealth; why should I seek it? The world does not attract me; to shine in society is of little moment to me; why should I make efforts in that direction?

"Not only would I not sacrifice myself for those things of which the world boasts so loudly, but I would not even sacrifice one of my caprices. I wish to be independent and live in my own fashion. What I need I feel that I have the strength to earn; what I do not need I do not desire. You say that I am young, inexperienced, and that I shall change with time; that remains to be seen. For the present I have no concern with the wealth and splendor of the world.

"You will ask me what I desire. I do not know. If I need to be in love, I do not know it. Did I know, yesterday morning, that I was going to love you? that my heart was going to be taken possession of by friendship a few hours later? Certainly not. No more can I know how I shall feel toward a man when I shall be in love with him. What I do know is that I wish to be free; that I do not wish to be under obligations to any one, dependent on any one; I wish to act after my own fancy; let others do the same. I respect the liberty of others, as I wish them to respect mine."

Julie listened, moved and thoughtful, and several times she blushed.

"Oh! my dear child, how thoroughly right you are!" she cried, in a broken voice. "Ah! if I were not so depraved! They call me an immoral woman, my body has been polluted, I have suffered so much, — but that is not what I consider my depravity. My depravity consists in being habituated to luxury and idleness; in not being able to live without others . . . .

"Unfortunate that I am! I deprave you, poor child, and without intending it. Forgive me, and forget all that I have said. You are right in despising the world; it is vile and even more worthless than I.

"Wherever idleness is, there is vice and abomination; wherever luxury is, there also is vice and abomination. Adieu! Go quickly!"

VII.

Storechnikoff remained plunged in this thought, cherished more and more: *If indeed I should marry her.* Under these circumstances there happened to him what happens, not only to inconstant men like him, but also to men of firmer character. The history of peoples is full of similar cases: see the pages of Hume, Gibbon, Ranke, Thierry. Men drag themselves along in a beaten track simply because they have been told to do so; but tell them in a very loud voice to take another road, and, though they will not hear you at first, they will soon throw themselves into the new path with the same spirit. Storechnikoff had been told that, with a great fortune, a young man has only to choose among the poor the beauty whom he desires for a mistress, and that is why he had thought of making a mistress of Vérotchka. Now a new word had been thrown into his head: *Marriage!* And he pondered over this question: *Shall I marry her?* as before he had pondered over the other: *Shall I make her my mistress?*

That is the common trait by which Storechnikoff represented in his person, in a satisfactory manner, nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens of the world. Historians and psychologists tell us that in each special fact the common fact is *individualized* by local, temporary, individual elements, and that these particular elements are precisely those of most importance. Let us examine, then, our particular case. The main feature had been pointed out by Julie (as if she had taken it from Russian novels, which all speak of it): resistance excites desire. Storechnikoff had become accustomed to dream of the *possession* of Vérotchka. Like Julie I call things by their names, as, moreover, almost all of us do in current conversation. For some time his imagination had represented Vérotchka in poses each more voluptuous than its predecessor; these pictures had inflamed his mind, and, when he believed himself on the point of their realization, Vérotchka had blown upon his dream, and all had vanished. But if he could not have her as a mistress, he could have her as a wife; and what matters it which after all, provided his gross sensuality be satisfied, provided his wildest erotic dreams be realized? O human degradation! to *possess!* Who dares possess a human being? One may possess a pair of slippers, a dressing-gown. But what do I say? Each of us, men, *possesses* some one of you, our sisters! Are you, then, our sisters? You are our servants. There are, I know, some women who subjugate some men; but what of that? Many valets rule their masters, but that does not prevent valets from being valets.

These amorous images had developed in Storechnikoff's mind after the interview at the theatre; he had found her a hundred times more beautiful than at first he deemed her, and his polluted imagination was excited.

It is with beauty as with wit, as with all qualities; men value it by the judgment of general opinion. Every one sees that a beautiful face is beautiful, but how beautiful is it? It is at this point that the data of current opinion become necessary to classification. As long as Vérotchka sat in the galleries or in the back rows of the pit, she was not noticed; but when she appeared in one of the boxes of the second tier, several glasses were levelled at her; and how many were the expressions of admiration heard by Storechnikoff when he returned to the lobby after escorting her to the carriage!

"Serge," said Storechnikoff, "is a man of very fine taste! And Julie? how about her? But . . . when one has only to lay his hand on such a marvel, he does not ask himself by what title he shall *possess* her."

[To be continued.]

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 14, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Government is a Trick.

The expression, "*government is a trick*," carries a very irritating poison to the sensibilities of oily hypocrites who pose as recognized teachers and moralists in lauding the sanctity of the State. But putting the term "government" as the organized embodiment of the so-called science of politics, the plain word "*trick*" is of all others the one that fitly covers the situation.

A trick is a certain premeditated operation executed through pure deception whereby the uninitiated victim is made to lend credence and co-operation to the covert purpose in view. With the incubus of a lifetime of perverting prejudice in his mind, some reader may think this a very severe, if not an utterly fanatical, *exposé* of existing government, but I affirm it to be a truthful sifting of what politically goes by that name.

Nevertheless, in the realm of theology many a reader of Liberty has long since reduced the machine of popes, priests, and ecclesiastics generally to this last term, — *trick*. They see in it a cunning, ingenious, and labored conspiracy to get at the pockets and liberties of mankind through controlling certain integral longings and aspirations of the soul and electing themselves medial agents between man and the great mysterious unknown which overawes him.

Yet what is the essential difference between theology and politics in this respect, and is there any difference at all? The theologian, by a studied and audacious lie, gets between man and what he calls "God" and usurps the function of spiritual toll-gatherer. The politician, through some initial trick peculiar to his particular form of government, gets between the individual and the rest of mankind and usurps the function of material toll-gatherer, the spoils of which are divided between himself and the classes which make his calling and election sure. Now, the same analysis of spiritual relations which reduces the priest to a fraud and usurper, when applied to material relations, reduces the politician to exactly the same terms. The theologian is the twin brother of the politician. The two tricksters have ever in history played into each other's hands, and fortified each other in usurpation. It is impossible to separate Church and State. They never have been separated in any country, and they never can be. As the Church disintegrates and retreats towards one back door of society, the State disintegrates and makes for the other door. These two huge parasites are of one ilk and one hatching. They both stand or fall together, for they are both the creatures of one same inter-acting trick.

But to the "*trick*." What is it, and what is its essence? The trick, both in theology and politics, is a stealthy network of sophistry, supplemented by co-operating brute force, through which masses of pliant dupes are brought to believe that somebody outside of themselves is authoritatively constituted to supervise and dictate over their spiritual, material, and social relations. The central decoy is originally "God," graduating down to pope, cardinal, priest, council, saint, etc., through the whole machine. Then God and his lesser agents transfer their authority into the realm of material things, and we have anointed with divinity kings, emperors, presidents, councils, parliaments, constitutions, congresses, and all the collateral machinery which operates in theology. Finally republicanism falls upon a patent decoy adapted to progressive needs, made up in disordered proportions of national constitution, majority rule, and popular suffrage. Yet republicanism is no less a trick and usurpation than the rest, and in many respects has capacities for general demoralization not present in the older and simpler schemes.

The true inwardness of all these devices is the denial of individual liberty and the right of such spontaneous, free, natural organization among social groups of individuals as their interests and needs shall dictate. All governments, of whatever form or pretense, are artificial and fraudulent devices to defeat natural association and combination among individuals under *consent*, the pivotal basis of all arrangements worthy the name of government. Wherever individual consent is absent, the existing arrangement is the creature of trickery pure and simple. As consent is the one thing absent from every existing government on the earth, every existing government is a trick, — that and nothing less.

I like the word "*trick*" as applied to existing governments, and recommend its adoption by Anarchists as a very concise and comprehensive word to brand squarely upon the foreheads of gushing statesmen and scholarly hypocrites who largely owe the efficacy of their canting authority as publicists to the perpetuation of the trick itself. x.

Liberty and Wealth.

II.

SOCIAL WANTS CONSIDERED BY THE WAY.

My would-be capitalist was less impressed by my remarks than I imagined him to have been, for, when I called again, he exclaimed: —

"Your views are Utopian. The goal you would have all the world start for is an impossible goal. I read in my Bible, the poor are to be with us always. Riches and poverty are in ourselves. Property, houses and lands, and all visible wealth are the symbols of an inner and potent personality."

The man's wife had brought in her knitting, and, as she was picking up a dropped stitch, she at this point dropped the remark: —

"He's been posting up."

But Smith (I didn't intend to tell his name, but it is out now, and no matter; nobody will identify him), — Smith heard it not. He went on with his elucidation.

"In other words, wealth, — to borrow the phrase of our church, — wealth is an outward and visible sign of an inward, — I can hardly say *spiritual grace*, as the church does — of an inward intellectual virility and moral power. On the other hand, poverty, squalor, rags, are the signs of a humiliating incapacity. That's what galls me, to own the truth; I don't get on with business enterprises. I strive to persuade myself that the turning-point has not yet arrived, that tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Then, I fear it's passed, or that I'm naturally stupid. But either way I insist I've no one to blame but myself."

"I don't know," said the wife, "that you're to blame if you're naturally a fool. Nobody is. The blame lies higher up."

"You see my wife is Ingersollian," Smith responded.

"Yes," she replied, "John's got all the religion there is in *this* house."

"It's a singular house in that respect," said I; "religion usually is woman's prerogative. The men for the most part eschew it."

"They may think they do," said Smith, "but when disaster overwhelms them, they're quite as humble as the women. They get religion, or they suicide. *I* prefer religion."

Smith smiled.

The wife nodded her head, and looked wise.

"Now," he continued, "I admit the laboring class have grievances that call for redress. But let them put religion in the place of dynamite. Let them convert their oppressors, not blow them up Blowing up does no good. Another set is already to step into their shoes; they'll spring up out of the nature of the case over night, like mushrooms."

"They'll be afraid to, by and by," said Mrs. Smith.

"No, they won't. Men will risk all for wealth or power. Look at the Czar of Russia."

"His day will come yet," exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "I hope it will. There's no religion going to take hold of that despotism. It's got to be blown into shivers every time it shows its ugly head."

"Now, don't get excited."

"Don't get excited? Read Kropotkine, and if *you* don't get excited, there'll be no excuse for you. You ought to be blown up yourself. The horrors of Siberia and the journey there are infamous beyond comparison. Imagine the most terrible cruelty, the blackest crime, and compared with this reality, you will paint twilight for total midnight darkness. I'd like to read of a Czar's death in every morning's paper; 'twould give me a relish for breakfast."

Smith was not a little annoyed at this outburst. He would have replied sharply, but forced a smile into the hard lines of his mouth and said nothing.

I remarked that the Siberian exile had every reason to hate the cruel Czar, and the Russian people were justified in whatever method of revenge or relief they could devise. I had no doubt a despotism so grinding — itself a life-long assassin — deserved only assassination.

"A monstrous doctrine!" said Smith.

"True as gospel!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"But," I continued, "we are forced to leave Russia to itself, and attend to matters nearer.

"There is no discounting the liberalizing influence the American Republic has had on the political condition of Europe, in stimulating the aspirations of the people toward emancipation. They have idealized our situation, and through their imagination have no doubt pictured us as even better off than we are. They see liberty here carried to its fullest proportions, — I mean the mass of the people. There is a growing conviction with a steadily increasing number that the United States have halted in a precarious situation; that they cannot remain where they are; they must go forward or backward."

"Are we not going forward every year, increasing in population and wealth?" cried Smith.

"Who's got the wealth? you haven't," exclaimed the wife, rather snappishly.

"No doubt," said I, "but there has been an increase of wealth, and also of population; but the problem of the future remains. The wealth is insufficient, and the only contribution the increasing population brings is in the additional clamor made for a settlement. If affairs were rightly adjusted in a country like this, there could not be too many people; but the present system of things calls for a reduction of population. Not only is there an army of idlers here, but those employed are working at what may be called cut-throat wages. You see working people sticking to their places with desperation. For just across the road sit idlers by the hundreds, crying: 'Grumble if you dare! we're ready to step in, if you step out — for a crust of bread, if it comes to that.' The labor market is overstocked. 'There's room higher up,' said Webster. But if all people rushed to that 'higher up,' the same disproportion of supply to demand would ensue that now confronts the country lower down so to speak. This term 'higher up' is misleading, and needs comment, but not now.

"What do you say to the following as a statement of what society wants? But, remember, when I say that society wants this or that, I mean a society well and successfully constructed; that social state in which all people shall have the opportunities of liberty, wealth, and happiness."

"You do well to put in *opportunities*," said Smith, a smile of satisfaction flickering across his face; "if people improved the opportunities they *have*, they'd be tolerably well off."

Mrs. Smith looked up with wide-open eyes, and asked, solemnly, "Why don't you begin?"

I hastened to relieve the situation.

"I know," said I, "in a sense it's manly or womanly for one not to go through the world whining, berating circumstances and surroundings, and throwing blame on everybody else's shoulders but his or her own. Better cry with Hamlet, 'We're arrant knaves, all! Believe none of us.'

"And yet, we're *not* knaves, absolutely; the worst of us. The trouble with us all is that we do not find ourselves rightly related one to another. There's a barrier to harmonious social intercourse, a something nagging, irritating, stimulating us to individual antagonism.

"The question is, how to construct this society, the social welfare of all; how to carry it forward and upward to a high plane of intellectual development and physical comfort for all.

"Let me remind you that human nature is something somewhat marvellous to contemplate. Seward used to repeat, 'The study of human nature is the unending problem; the cause of human nature the one sacred theme.' I quote from memory; but that was substantially the idea. 'Our fathers,' he said, 'consecrated this country to the cause of human nature.' He might have added, as they understood it. Just as Jackson swore he would support the constitution as he understood it, so the fathers could only devote themselves to the cause of human nature as they understood it.

"But human nature is a flower that is unfolding.

"Who has seen the perfect blossom? If it has blossomed in individuals, it has not in the race.

"What we seek is a race-blossom.

"There is somewhat in the Old Testament idea of God's sparing a city for the sake of the ten good men found therein, and in the Orthodox idea of his forgiving sinners for Christ's sake, who is said to have been sinless.

"It is a feeling after a truth.

"The ten good, the one sinless, vindicate human nature, show its possibilities and its probable destiny in all human beings. And we may well enough suppose that, if there is a god, — who originally made human nature at a venture, but remained in ignorance of all the wonderful possibilities that lurked within it, — should he chance upon some very choice specimens of individuals in city or world, showing what the nature he had created and lodged in human beings was capable of, he might become very tolerant and patient with the so-to-speak many million buds not yet blossomed. Even *one* Christ-blossom would be an encouragement. He would neither destroy *that* world by flood or fire; but wait, — a thousand years in his sight being but as a day.

"Now, practically speaking, in the management and development of social character and social conditions on this our planet, we — the human nature that is in process of development — are set to exercise the same providential patience and forgiveness, but also to give the providential impetus.

"I will not say that human nature is a machine that runs itself; but rather, that it is a plant that has a self-conscious and self-directing growth.

"If there be a god revealing his will, it is only by his own incarnation in our natures. But I do not need to discuss that point. *Practically*, as I said, all the world believes it has its destiny in its own hands. Sane men everywhere know that no god will stay them if they will cast themselves from high mountains, or plunge into deep waters, or walk into a den of lions or a fiery furnace.

"Nor will he raise a spear of grass to their mouths if they are starving.

"Nor will he rush to the defence of the helpless against the oppressor.

"All, all, must go on as man himself ordains it.

"But! —

"He must pay the penalty for ordaining evil.

"The law of self-preservation is soon announced. The burnt child dreads the fire.

"Thus on the ladder of experience, one round after another, he mounts.

"How high up do you suppose he has climbed, Mr. Smith, in this year of grace, as you would say?"

Smith looked down thoughtfully a moment; then, raising his face with a smile, he said:

"High enough not to expect a millennium — day after to-morrow."

"Who said anything of a millennium day after to-morrow?" the wife quietly asked; "if he has to grow into a millennial state, there's no *expecting* about it. It isn't in its teens yet, let alone coming to a man's estate day after to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith! Her mind, Mr. Smith, is less encumbered than yours. She is not preoccupied with visions of a millionaire prosperity as you are. Hence, she isn't captious and disposed to saddle others with illegitimate inferences. I have said nothing about time, as to whether we are near or far from a millennium. See if you can't take a more dispassionate view; put self aside, and regard for a while the race. You'll find, let me tell you, that yourself will be quite as well provided for when other selves are respected and honored.

"I was asking merely how far up our experience had carried us? Have we reached the point where we realize that we must have regard for all men's interests in order to advance and secure our own? I think that idea has at least dawned, both for this country and the world.

"Humanity over the whole earth has come into close alliance and neighborhood.

"We have the word "universal" and are applying it in ways too numerous to mention.

"Now, our business is to find out what it means carried out in all directions honestly and fearlessly.

"It is the cause of *universal* human nature which the new era proclaims.

"We demand a social state founded in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

"But we have branched off from my original question in a strange, but perhaps not unprofitable way.

"What do you say to the following statement of what society wants?

"Society wants:

"*I. The just reward of labor.*

"*II. Security of person and property.*

"*III. The greatest practicable amount of freedom to each individual.*

"*IV. Economy in the production and uses of wealth.*

"*V. To open the way for each individual to the possession of land, and all other natural wealth.*

"*VI. To make the interests of all to co-operate with and assist each other, instead of clashing with and counteracting each other.*

"*VII. To withdraw the elements of discord, of war, of distrust, and repulsion, and to establish a prevailing spirit of peace, order, and social sympathy.* H.

(To be continued.)

The "Eternal" Republic.

A Boston paper, blindly enamored of government and paper constitutions, said a few days ago: "Truer than the poet sung of the brook is it of the great republic that 'men may come and men may go,' but it 'goes on forever.'"

It has now "gone on" about a hundred years, and has got into such a diseased condition that the quacks are at their wits' end to devise some nostrum of "reform" which shall delude men into the belief that a cure has been found. Other republics known to the world have gone on hundreds of years before getting hopelessly diseased, but there always has come an end to such going on. Things which go on toward confusion, disorder, and destruction must ultimately arrive — always have arrived and always shall arrive. The contrivers of every form of government yet seen on earth have dreamed of building for eternity, but they have builded upon unveracities, and their contrivances have gone down in the crash and wreck of revolution. The disinherited refuse to go on forever toiling, suffering, and starving, and when they turn in despair and rage upon the machine which grinds them, a sudden end comes to the "forever" of great republic, great monarchy, great empire, or whatsoever great lie may happen to be extant among men as the embodiment of authority.

The old republics of Greece and Rome were much more ingeniously contrived than this contemptible sham of a republic, but they were founded upon the privilege of property, the right of use and abuse, and property poisoned them all to death. Property was a slow poison in their day, but it did its work in time. In our day the privilege of property is swift in its action. The blood of nations circulates with the rapidity of the railroad and telegraph, and the ills of society are felt throughout the system with every pulsation of the electric current.

A financial panic on Wall Street becomes a commercial convulsion of the whole country in an hour. In the days of Solon property was opium to the social system and required centuries to produce dissolution. In these days it is prussic acid on the tongue. Does any sane man think it will need an eternity to destroy this great republic, which in one century has got into the hands of the quacks and is deathly sick of their drugs?

Without pretending to any greater gift of prophecy than is requisite to foretell the rising of the sun to-morrow morning, I predict that the constitution of the United States will not be in force another hundred years. Republics may come and Republics may go, but the great law of justice is eternal. K.

Misled by the Sciolists.

The "San Franciscan" discusses social problems in a spirit of intense earnestness and in a manner which shows that it is searching diligently for a true solution of the riddle propounded by the Sphynx of socialism, which man must answer or perish. But I fear the "San Franciscan" has been misled by John Stuart Mill, Henry George, and other social sciolists and is inclined to give them credit for sounder reasoning than any of them have ever been guilty of.

Proportional representation and land nationalization seem to have impressed the "San Franciscan" as being adequate remedies for the political and industrial diseases of the social system; but I feel confident that this impression will not last when Mr. McEwen [It is better to use the editor's name] comes to test the theories of the economists by his own reason. He sees plainly that communism is a delusion based upon false reasoning, and he says: "He who would place railroads, telegraphs, and other great monopolies under government control reasons equally faultily. He would only create the greatest, greediest monopoly the world has ever seen." That is true, and it would be equally true with "land" substituted for "railroads, telegraphs, and other great monopolies." Mr. George would only create by his land scheme the greatest, greediest, most inexorable landlord the world has ever seen. The government would exercise the right of exclusion, and would evict the delinquent taxpayer as the landlords of Ireland now evict rent-racked tenants. Man's right to the use of land would depend upon the payment to the government of a portion of his product. The institution of property would still exist, and the government would be the proprietor, the extent of whose extortion would be measured by the greed and power of the office-holders. Take away the legal privileges which make rent and interest possible, and the land question can be easily settled.

On the subject of representative government, Mr. McEwen says truly: "The majority rule is really mob rule under its most favorable aspects, and under existing conditions much worse. . . . A majority can, and does, enact any laws it sees fitting."

But he says the whole fraudulent system could be swept away as a morning mist before the rising sun by the plan of voting which gives each party a percentage of representation in proportion to its strength. He does not yet realize that the whole fault of governmental systems is that some men, whether they be majority, minority, rising-sun proportional representatives, kings, prime ministers, or czars, "can and do enact any laws they choose" for the government of other men.

All legislation being usurpation, it matters little

(Continued on page 8.)

AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.

By ELISÉE RECLUS.

[From the Contemporary Review.]

Continued from No. 43.

And what are the remedies proposed for the social ills which are consuming the very marrow of our bones? Can charity, as assert many good souls — who are answered in chorus by a crowd of egoists — can charity by any possibility deal with so vast an evil? True, we know some devoted ones who seem to live only that they may do good. In England, above all, is this the case. Among childless women who are constrained to lavish their love on their kind are to be found many of those admirable beings whose lives are passed in consoling the afflicted, visiting the sick, and ministering to the young. We cannot help being touched by the exquisite benevolence, the indefatigable solicitude shown by these ladies towards their unhappy fellow-creatures; but, taken even in their entirety, what economic value can be attached to these well-meant efforts? What sum represent the charities of a year in comparison with the gains which hucksters of money and hawkers of loans oftentimes make by the speculations of a single day? While ladies bountiful are giving a cup of tea to a pauper, or preparing a potion for the sick, a father or a brother, by a hardy stroke on the Stock Exchange or a successful transaction in produce, may reduce to ruin thousands of British workmen or Hindoo coolies. And how worthy of respect soever may be deeds of unostentatious charity, is it not the fact that the bestowal of alms is generally a matter of personal caprice, and that their distribution is too often influenced rather by the political and religious sympathies of the giver than by the moral worth of the recipient? Even were help always given to those who most need it, charity would be none the less tainted with the capital vice, that it infallibly constitutes relations of inequality between the benefited and the benefactor. The latter rejoices in the consciousness of doing a good thing, as if he were not simply discharging a debt; and the former asks bread as a favor, when he should demand work as a right, or, if helpless, human solidarity. Thus are created and developed hideous mendicity with its lies, its tricks, and its base, heart-breaking hypocrisy. How much nobler are the customs of some so-called "barbarous countries" where the hungry man simply stops by the side of those who eat, is welcomed by all, and then, when satisfied, with a friendly greeting withdraws — remaining in every respect the equal of his host, and fretting under no painful sense of obligation for favors received! But charity breeds patronage and platitudes — miserable fruits of a wretched system, yet the best which a society of capitalists has to offer us!

II.

Hence we may say that, in letting those whom they govern — and the responsibility for whose fate they thereby accept — waste by want, sink under exposure, and deteriorate by vice, the leaders of modern society have committed moral bankruptcy. But where the masters have come short, free men may, perchance, succeed. The failure of governments is no reason why we should be discouraged; on the contrary, it shows us the danger of entrusting to others the guardianship of our rights, and makes us all the more firmly resolved to take our own cause into our own care. We are not among those whom the practice of social hypocrisies, the long weariness of a crooked life, and the uncertainty of the future have reduced to the necessity of asking ourselves — without daring to answer it — the sad question: "Is life worth living?" Yes, to us life does seem worth living, but on condition that it has an end — not personal happiness, not a paradise, either in this world or the next — but the realization of a cherished wish, an ideal that belongs to us and springs from our innermost conscience. We are striving to draw nearer to that ideal equality which, century after century, has hovered before subject peoples like a heavenly dream. The little that each of us can do offers an ample recompense for the perils of the combat. On these terms life is good, even a life of suffering and sacrifice — even though it may be cut short by premature death.

The first condition of equality, without which any other progress is merest mockery — the object of all socialists without exception — is that every man shall have bread. To talk of duty, of renunciation, of ethereal virtues to the famishing, is nothing less than cowardice. Dives has no right to preach morality to the beggar at his gates. If it were true that civilized lands did not produce food enough for all, it might be said that, by virtue of vital competition, bread should be reserved for the strong, and that the weak must content themselves with the crumbs that fall from the feasters' tables. In a family where love prevails things are not ordered in this way; on the contrary, the small and the ailing receive the fullest measure; yet it is evident that dearth may strengthen the hands of the violent and make the powerful monopolizers of bread. But are our modern societies really reduced to these straits? On the contrary, whatever may be the value of Malthus's forecast as to the distant future, it is an actual, incontestable fact that in the civilized countries of Europe and America the sum total of provisions produced, or received in exchange for manufactures, is more than enough for the sustenance of the people. Even in times of partial dearth the granaries and warehouses have but to open their doors that every one may have a sufficient share. Notwithstanding waste and prodigality, despite the enormous losses arising from moving about and "handling" in warehouses and shops, there is always enough to feed generously all the world. And yet there are some who die of hunger! And yet there are fathers who kill their children because when the little ones cry for bread they have none to give them

Others may turn their eyes from these horrors; we socialists look them full in the face, and seek out their cause. That cause is the monopoly of the soil, the appropriation by a few of the land which belongs to all. We Anarchists are not the only ones to say it: the cry for nationalization of the land is rising so high that all may hear it who do not wilfully close their ears. The idea spreads fast, for private property, in its present form, has had its day, and historians are everywhere testifying that the old Roman law is not synonymous with eternal justice. Without doubt it were vain to hope that holders of the soil, saturated, so to speak, with ideas of caste, of privilege, and of inheritance, will voluntarily give back to all the bread-yielding furrows; the glory will not be theirs of joining as equals their fellow-citizens; but when public opinion is ripe — and day by day it grows — individuals will oppose in vain the general concourse of wills, and the axe will be applied to the upas tree's roots. Arable land will be held once more in common;* but instead of being ploughed and sown almost at hazard by ignorant hands, as it has hitherto been, science will aid us in the choice of climate, of soils, of methods of culture, of fertilizers, and of machinery. Husbandry will be guided by the same prescience as mechanical combinations and chemical operations; but the fruits of his toil will not be lost to the laborer. Many so-called savage societies hold their land in common, and humble though in our eyes they may seem, they are our betters in this: want among them is unknown. Are we, then, too ambitious in desiring to attain a social state which shall add to the conquests of civilization the privileges of these primitive tribes. Through the education of our children we may to some extent fashion the future?

After we have bread for all, we shall require something more — equality of rights; but this point will soon be realized, for a man who needs not incline himself before his fellows to crave a pittance is already their equal. Equality of conditions, which is in no way incompatible with the infinite diversity of human character, we ardently desire and look upon as indispensable, for it offers us the only means whereby a true public morality can be developed. A man can be truly moral only when he is his own master. From the moment when he awakens to a comprehension of that which is equitable and good it is for him to direct his own movements, to seek in his conscience reasons for his actions, and to perform them simply, without either fearing punishment or looking for reward. Nevertheless his will cannot fail to be strengthened when he sees other men, guided like himself by their own volition, following the same line of conduct. Mutual example will soon constitute a collective code of ethics to which all may conform without effort; but the moment that orders, enforced by legal penalties, replace the personal impulses of the conscience, there is an end to morality. Hence the saying of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "the law makes sin." Even more, it is sin itself, because, instead of appealing to man's better part, to his bold initiative, it appeals to his worst — it rules by fear. It thus behooves every one to resist laws that he has not made, and to defend his personal rights, which are also the rights of others. People often speak of the antagonism between rights and duties. It is an empty phrase; there is no such antagonism. Whoso vindicates his own rights fulfils at the same time his duty towards his fellow-men. Privilege, not right, is the converse of duty.

Besides the possession of a man's own person, sound morality involves yet another condition — mutual goodwill, which is likewise the outcome of equality. The time-honored words of Mahabarata are as true as ever: "The ignorant are not the friends of the wise; the man who has no cart is not the friend of him who has a cart. Friendship is the daughter of equality; it is never born of inequality." Without doubt it is given to some men, great by their thoughts, by sympathy, or by strength of will, to win the multitude; but if the attachment of their followers and admirers comes otherwise than of an enthusiastic affinity of idea to idea, or of heart to heart, it is speedily transformed either into fanaticism or servility. He who is hailed lord by the acclamations of the crowd must almost of necessity attribute to himself exceptional virtues, or a "grace of God," that marks him in his own estimation as a predestined being, and he usurps without hesitation or remorse privileges which he transmits as a heritage to his children. But, while in rank exalted, he is morally degraded, and his partisans and sycophants are more degraded still: they wait for the words of command which fall from the master's lips; when they hear in the depths of their conscience some faint note of dissent, it is stifled; they become practised liars, they stoop to flattery, and lose the power of looking honest men in the face. Between him who commands and him who obeys, and whose degradation deepens from generation to generation, there is no possibility of friendship. The virtues are transformed; brotherly frankness is destroyed; independence becomes a crime; above is either pitying condescension or haughty contempt, below either envious admiration or hidden hate. Let each of us recall the past and ask ourselves in all sincerity this question: "Who are the men in whose society we have experienced the most pleasure?" Are they personages who have "honored" us with their conversation, or the humble with whom we have "deigned" to associate? Are they not rather our equals, those whose looks neither implore nor command, and whom we may love with open hearts without afterthought or reserve?

It is to live in conditions of equality and escape from the falsehoods and hypocrisies of a society of superiors and inferiors, that so many men and women have formed themselves into close corporations and little worlds apart. America abounds in communities of this sort. But these societies, few of which prosper while many perish, are all ruled more or less by force; they carry within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution, and are reabsorbed by Nature's law of gravitation into the world which they have left. Yet even were they perfection, if man enjoyed in them the highest happiness of which his nature is capable, they would be none the less obnoxious to the charge of selfish isolation, of raising a wall between themselves and the rest of their race; their pleasures are egotistical, and devotion to the cause of humanity would draw back the best of them into the great struggle.

As for us Anarchists, never will we separate ourselves from the world to build a little church, hidden in some vast wilderness. Here is the fighting ground, and we remain in the ranks, ready to give our help wherever it may be most needed. We do not cherish premature hopes, but we know that our efforts will not be lost. Many of the ignorant, who either out of love of routine or simplicity of soul now anathematize us, will end by associating themselves with our cause. For every man whom circumstances permit to join us freely, hundreds are hindered by the hard necessities of life from openly avowing their opinions, but they listen from afar and cherish our words in the treasury of their hearts. We know that we are defending the cause of the poor, the disinherited, the suffering; we are seeking to restore to them the earth, personal rights, confidence in the future; and is it not natural that they should encourage us by look and gesture, even when they dare not come to us? In times of trouble, when the iron hand of might loosens its hold, and paralyzed rulers reel under the weight of their own power; when the "groups," freed for an instant from the pressure above, reform themselves according to their natural affinities, on which side will be the many? Though making no pretension to prophetic insight, may we not venture without temerity to say that the great multitude would join our ranks? Albeit they never weary of repeating that Anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not even our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects and machinations they impute to us, make an incessant propaganda in our favor? It is said that, when the magicians of the Middle Ages wanted to raise the devil, they began their incantations by painting his image on a wall. For a long time past modern exorcists have adopted a similar method for conjuring Anarchists.

Pending the great work of the coming time, and to the end that this work may be accomplished, it behooves us to utilize every opportunity for rede and deed. Meanwhile, although our object is to live without government and without law, we are obliged in many things to submit. On the other hand, how often are we enabled to disregard their behests and act on our own free will? Ours be it to let slip none of these occasions, and to accept tranquilly whatever personal consequences may result from doing that which we believe to be our duty. In no case will we strengthen authority by appeals or petitions, neither shall we sanction the law by demanding justice from the courts nor, by giving our votes and influence to any candidate whatsoever, become the authors of our own ill-fortune?

* Not preventing, however, each who may so desire from holding his share individually. — *Editor Liberty.*

It is also easy for us to accept nothing from power, to call no man "master," neither to be called "master" ourselves, to remain in the ranks as simple citizens and to maintain resolutely, and in every circumstance, our quality of equal among equals. Let our friends judge us by our deeds, and reject from among them those of us who falter.

There are unquestionably many kind-hearted men that, as yet, hold themselves aloof from us, and even view our efforts with a certain apprehension, who would nevertheless gladly lend us their help were they not repelled by fear of the violence which almost invariably accompanies revolution. And yet a close study of the present state of things would show them that the supposed period of tranquillity in which we live is really an age of cruelty and violence. Not to speak of war and its crimes, from the guilt of which no civilized State is free, can it be denied that chief among the consequences of the existing social system are murder, maladies, and death. Accustomed order is maintained by rude deeds and brute force, yet things that happen every day and every hour pass unperceived; we see in them a series of ordinary events no more phenomenal than times and seasons. It seems less than impious to rebel against the cycle of violence and repression which comes to us hallowed by the sanction of ages. Far from desiring to replace an era of happiness and peace by an age of disorder and warfare, our sole aim is to put an end to the endless series of calamities which has hitherto been called by common consent "The Progress of Civilization." On the other hand, vengeances are the inevitable incidents of a period of violent changes. It is in the nature of things that they should be. Albeit deeds of violence, prompted by a spirit of hatred, bespeak a feeble moral development, these deeds become fatal and necessary whenever the relations between man and man are not the relations of perfect equity. The original form of justice as understood by primitive peoples was that of retaliation, and by thousands of rude tribes this system is still observed. Nothing seemed more just than to offset one wrong by a like wrong. Eye for eye! Tooth for tooth! If the blood of one man has been shed, another must die! This was the barbarous form of justice. In our civilized societies it is forbidden to individuals to take the law into their own hands. Governments, in their quality of social delegates, are charged on behalf of the community with the enforcement of justice, a sort of retaliation somewhat more enlightened than that of the savage. It is on this condition that the individual renounces the right of personal vengeance; but if he be deceived by the mandatories to whom he entrusts the vindication of his rights, if he perceives that his agents betray his cause and league themselves with his oppressors, that official justice aggravates his wrongs; in a word, if whole classes and populations are unfairly used, and have no hope of finding in the society to which they belong a redresser of abuses, is it not certain that they will resume their inherent right of vengeance and execute it without pity? Is not this indeed an ordinance of Nature, a consequence of the physical law of shock and counter-shock? It were unphilosophic to be surprised by its existence. Oppression has always been answered by violence.

Nevertheless, if great human evolutions are always followed by sad outbreaks of personal hatreds, it is not to these bad passions that well-wishers of their kind appeal when they wish to rouse the motive virtues of enthusiasm, devotion, and generosity. If changes had no other result than to punish oppressors, to make them suffer in their turn, to repay evil with evil, the transformation would be only in seeming. What boots it to him who truly loves humanity and desires the happiness of all that the slave becomes master, that the master is reduced to servitude, that the whip changes hands, and that money passes from one pocket to another? It is not the rich and the powerful whom we devote to destruction, but the institutions which have favored the birth and growth of these malevolent beings. It is the medium which it behooves us to alter, and for this great work we must reserve all our strength; to waste it in personal vindications were merest puerility. "Vengeance is the pleasure of the gods," said the ancients; but it is not the pleasure of self-respecting mortals; for they know that to become their own avengers would be to lower themselves to the level of their former oppressors. If we would rise superior to our adversary, we must, after vanquishing him, make him bless his defeat. The revolutionary device, "For our liberty and for yours," must not be an empty word.

The people in all times have felt this; and after every temporary triumph the generosity of the victor has obliterated the menaces of the past. It is a constant fact that in all serious popular movements, made for an idea, hope of a better time, and above all, the sense of a new dignity, fills the soul with high and magnanimous sentiments. So soon as the police, both political and civil, cease their functions and the masses become masters of the streets, the moral atmosphere changes, each feels himself responsible for the prosperity and contentment of all; molestation of individuals is almost unheard of; even professional criminals pause in their sad career, for they too, feel that something great is passing through the air. Ah! if revolutionaries, instead of obeying a vague idea as they have almost always done, had formed a definite aim, a well-considered scheme of social conduct, if they had firmly willed the establishment of a new order of things in which every citizen might be assured bread, work, instruction, and the free development of his being, there would have been no danger in opening all prison-gates to their full width, and saying to the unfortunates whom they shut in, "Go, brothers, and sin no more."

It is always to the nobler part of man that we should address ourselves when we want to do great deeds. A general fighting for a bad cause stimulates his soldiers with promises of booty; a benevolent man who cherishes a noble object encourages his companions by the example of his own devotion and self-sacrifice. For him faith in his idea is enough. As says the proverb of the Danish peasants: "His will is his paradise." What matters it that he is treated as a visionary! Even though his undertaking were only a chimera, he knows nothing more beautiful and sweet than the desire to act rightly and do good; in comparison with this vulgar realities are for him but shadows, the apparitions of an instant.

But our ideal is not a chimera. This, public opinion well knows; for no question more preoccupies it than that of social transformation. Events are casting their shadows before. Among men who think is there one who in some fashion or another is not a socialist — that is to say, who has not his own little scheme for changes in economic relations? Even the orator who noisily denies that there is a social question affirms the contrary by a thousand propositions. And those who would lead us back to the Middle Ages, are they not also socialists? They think they have found in a past, restored after modern ideas, conditions of social justice which will establish for ever the brotherhood of man. All are awaiting the birth of a new order of things; all ask themselves, some with misgiving, others with hope, what the morrow will bring forth. It will not come with empty hands. The century which has witnessed so many grand discoveries in the world of science cannot pass away without giving us still greater conquests. Industrial appliances, that by a single electric impulse make the same thought vibrate through five continents, have distanced by far our social morals, which are yet in many regards the outcome of reciprocally hostile interests. The axis is displaced; the world must crack that its equilibrium may be restored. In spirit revolution is ready; it is already thought — it is already willed; it only remains to realize it, and this is not the most difficult part of the work. The Governments of Europe will soon have reached the limits to the expansion of their power and find themselves face to face with their increasing populations. The superabundant activity which wastes itself in distant wars must then find employment at home — unless in their folly the shepherds of the people should try to exhaust their energies by setting Europeans against Europeans, as they have so often done before. It is true that in this way they may retard the solution of the social problem, but it will rise again after each postponement, more formidable than before.

Let economists and rulers invent political constitutions or salaried organizations, whereby the workman may be made the friend of his master, the subject the brother of the potentate, we, "frightful Anarchists" as we are, know only one way of establishing peace and goodwill among men — the suppression of privilege and the recognition of right. Our ideal, as we have said, is that of the fraternal equity for which all yearn, but almost always as a dream; with us it takes form and becomes a concrete reality. It pleases us not to live if the enjoyments of life are to be for us alone; we protest against our good fortune if we may not share it with others; it is sweeter for us to wander with the wretched and the outcast than to sit, crowned with roses, at the banquets of the rich. We are weary of these inequalities which make us the enemies of each other; we would put an end to the furies which are ever bringing men into hostile collision, and all of which arise from the bondage of the weak to the strong under the form of slavery, serfage, and service. After so much hatred we long to love each other, and for this reason are we enemies of private property and despisers of the law.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD OF ELISÉE RECLUS.*

By E. VAUGHAN.

I.

The examining magistrate in the trials now in progress at Lyons appears to have abandoned the ingenious idea which he at first entertained, — of adding Elisée Reclus to his little collection of malefactors.

Elisée Reclus, nevertheless, placed himself at his disposition with perfect good grace. But it had been discovered, that, in the matter of conspicuous names, that of our friend Kropotkine sufficed for the moment. It is imprudent to put all one's eggs in the same basket, and it has been determined to save Elisée Reclus for the conspiracy that Devès † will not fail to discover next year.

Well! in my opinion, the Lyons magistrate, in this affair, has failed in all his duties. His mission is to protect society, and until he shall have laid hands on all the disturbers who are a menace to it, he will have done nothing. I point out this timorous judge to the implacable Devès.

But the audacious criminal — I do not mean the examining magistrate or Devès — shall not escape, through I know not what shameful compromises, being branded as he deserves.

At the risk of exposing my breast to the daggers of the Internationalists, of whom I should still be one if it were not forbidden, I will pitilessly draw up the criminal record of the hardened rascal whom the galleys claim, if not the scaffold.

Before all else the public safety!

Elisée Reclus was a precocious criminal. Brought up in detestable ideas of truth and justice, he was compelled to quit France, whose ruin he already plotted, at the time when Napoleon III. was trying to save her. At the *coup d'Etat* of 1851 Elisée Reclus was barely twenty-one years old. He went to live — and industriously, I will answer for it — in England first, then in the two Americas, finally in New Granada.

The various pursuits in which he was obliged to engage did not prevent him from studying these various countries. The precious notes which he brought back to France in 1857 alone sufficed to place him in one day in the front rank of our geographers.

During the war of secession he published in the "Revue des Deux-Mondes" some remarkable studies which threw complete light upon the question, and started the current of public opinion in favor of the generous cause upheld by Lincoln.

The United States minister, grateful for this service spontaneously rendered, offered Elisée Reclus a considerable sum, which the young *savant*, wrapping himself in his proud poverty, had the indelicacy to refuse. Did he intend to give the men of the Empire a lesson which the men of the present Republic take for them? I do not know. What I do know is that this affectation of disinterestedness was a deplorable example.

Elisée Reclus did not stop there Applying to his country and his fellow-citizens the marvellous processes of investigation in which he had been so successful elsewhere, he dared to find the economic and political system of imperial France not the best imaginable. An original *savant*, he did not separate, in his profound and luminous researches, effects from causes, men from the earth. It was not enough for him to determine the natural fertility of a soil; he bothered himself also about the conditions of the distribution of this common patrimony.

It was largely for that reason that in 1869 he joined the International. It was permissible then and even not unfashionable: no other proof is needed than the affiliation of that old crocodile, Jules Simon.

[To be continued.]

---

* The series of three articles printed under this head originally appeared in Henri Rochefort's journal, "L'Intransigeant," on January 11, January 30, and February 8, 1883, and were written apropos of the rumors then current regarding the French government's intention of arresting Elisée Reclus on a charge of conspiracy with Pierre Kropotkine, who was then on trial and shortly afterwards was sentenced to imprisonment for a long term. The following letter from M. Reclus himself had also just appeared: —

Monsieur Rigot, Examining Magistrate at Lyons:

SIR, — I read in the Lyons "Republican" of December 23 that, "according to the warrant," the two chiefs and organizers of the "revolutionary Anarchists" are Elisée Reclus and Prince Kropotkine, and that I do not share my friend's imprisonment for the sole reason that French justice cannot go beyond the frontier to arrest me.

You know, however, that it would have been very easy to arrest me, since I have just passed more than two months in France. Nor are you ignorant that I returned to Thonon to attend the burial of Ananieff the day after Kropotkine's arrest, and that I pronounced a few words over his grave. The officers who were stationed immediately behind me and who repeated my name had only to invite me to follow them.

But whether I reside in France or in Switzerland matters little. If you desire to institute proceedings against me, I will hasten to respond to your personal invitation.

Name the place, the day, and the hour.

At the appointed time I will knock at the door of the prison designated.

Accept, sir, my civilities.

ELISÉE RECLUS.

— *Editor Liberty.*

† Then French minister of justice. — *Editor Liberty.*

Misled by the Sciolists.

(Continued from page 5.)

who the legislators are. If the editor of the "San Franciscan" will inquire a little deeper, and consider the difference between the natural laws of justice and the enactments of legislators, he will find that laws are discoverable but not enactable, and that the true province of the law-giver is simply scientific search for facts and the logical demonstration of discovered laws governing the relations of men and the needs of society. Then he will see that the remedies of Mill and George are but quack nostrums. K.

Kicking a Dead Lion.

When Liberty authoritatively announced a fortnight ago that Charles O'Conor was an Anarchist, the Boston "Herald," in its usual petty and contemptible fashion, affected incredulity, and made the following comment: "Some of the people who have been gushing lately over Charles O'Conor will be surprised to see the declaration made by Mr. Tucker, the editor of Liberty, that Mr. O'Conor was a thorough-going sympathizer with the doctrines of the Anarchists as set forth in Mr. Tucker's paper. The distinguished lawyer who used to eulogize our constitution and government must have changed his mind after he went into retirement." Now, whoever is familiar with the political writings published by Charles O'Conor during the last ten years of his life (I do not know what he may have said previously) should be well aware that from the doctrines expressed in those writings to Anarchy is but a very short step, and that in them were proposed changes so radical that, had they been realized, "our constitution and government" would be scarcely recognizable. But the probability is that the editor of the "Herald" does not remember a word that Charles O'Conor ever wrote upon government. Fortunately, two days after the appearance of this reckless innuendo, the New York "Herald" printed the appeal lately made by Mr. O'Conor to the citizens of Nantucket to prevent the execution of a scheme of greedy office-seekers to fleece them through the financial mechanism of an alleged public improvement, — an appeal which may be found in another column of this paper. In this document Anarchistic doctrines are announced so flatly that the Boston "Herald" was obliged to admit the truth of Liberty's original assertion. But, feeling that it would never do to give the Anarchists the advantage of such an honorable name, what does this low-lived sheet do but straightway attempt to foully smirch it! Here is what it says: "It comes out at last. The reason why Charles O'Conor sympathized with the Nihilists and Anarchists appears to have been that he was disgusted at the danger of increased taxes in Nantucket from a proposed general system of drainage. It was a question of pocket, not principle, with the overestimated O'Conor." The generosity and gratitude of this paragraph are made beautifully manifest by the remembrance that Mr. O'Conor, at about the same time that he issued the appeal in question, paid out of his own pocket, wicked miser that he was, the entire debt of Nantucket, amounting to thousands on thousands of dollars. What a dirty, diabolical, damnable lie! Oh, Mr. Herald Editor, are you not ashamed of yourself? Or are you utterly shameless? The man who wrote the words which I have quoted is a wilful liar, and the man responsible for the editorial column in which he wrote them shares equally in his guilt. The name of the former I do not know; the name of the latter is E. B. Haskell. T.

"If the assertion of political economists is to be accepted, that the aim of governments is to maintain well the largest number of men to an acre of land, I think," says General Butler, "the Chinese have solved the problem." General Butler can say more foolish things than any other man of equal wisdom and intelligence, and this is one of his queer blunders. In the first place, he ought to know and probably does know that most of the assertions of the political economists are to be accepted with great caution and not without the most rigid examination. The political economists, as a rule, do not reason well. In the next place, General Butler knows that, owing to the manner in which the Chinese have solved the problem of government, periodical famines kill them off by the million. If the government which has existed the longest of any on earth and got the problem solved can arrive at nothing better than periodical famine, the world had better try getting along without governments, for a change.

The German consul at Boston sent a messenger to me a few days ago to get copies of the last three issues of Liberty. Is Bismarck making a collection of incendiary literature?

The commission sent by Japan to examine and report on the influence of Christianity upon the morals of England spent eighteen months in London, and concluded that it would be unwise to change the religion of Japan. But the good work of spreading the gospel among the heathen still calls for the pennies of the pious.

To the Radical Review.

Dear Radical, I stumble over one of your roots. In your last October 20, commenting on an excellent article of the "Times" with most sensible approbation, you conclude with the following monstrosity (if quoted from the "Times," so much the worse): "To establish itself, and against any policy based on divine authority, human government has not only the right, but the duty to call into requisition all the forces at its command."

Were that sentence isolated, as stating a general issue between "divine authority" and "human government," I should not object to it; for these are precisely the two Kilkenny cats that I should like to see tied together by the tails, until they had eliminated each other; for I think that about the time the last particle of fur disappeared on the wings of the breeze, perhaps Man might wake to life. It would be an interesting experiment. I only wish the combatants were more of a size; but not by making Utah any bigger. Here the evils of polygamy and the clerical invention which imposes it in the interest of a local theocracy fades into moonlight shadow beside the gigantic spectre of Uncle Sam marching at the head of his armies to moralize the universe. I believe in letting people make their own mistakes and abide by the consequences; free to correct them when they come to know better. I agree with you and the "Times," to send Colonel Ingersoll at the head of a missionary corps, two-thirds lady lecturers, to Utah (*i. e.*, if Barkis is willing). Were I eloquent enough, I would elect myself to such a mission, or — what would be more to the purpose — organize a corps of the world's greatest dramatists, authors, actors, and musicians, with a rear guard of novelists, against Mormondom. But the idea of the United States doing anything so rational!!! Why don't you see that, in proportion as this or any other great public use commends itself to reason, the more overwhelming becomes the absurdity of supposing a *government's* doing it? The natural function of governments is to blow people's brains out, not to put common sense into them. Make up a congress of such mental calibre as Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, throwing in Emersons, Phillipses, and Bismarcks, and out of these varieties of genius you shall evolve legislative idiocy. The mountain will still bring forth the mouse *in sæculâ sæculorum*.

The Mormons settled Utah. It belongs to them by moral right. Ethically, the United States' claim to interfere with them is no better than that to the possession of an island on which some ship captain has hoisted a flag. There is nothing but fanaticism, or might makes right, behind such claims. Here the natural right to the soil by personal occupation, labor, and improvements, carries with it the right to play the fool within that local circumscription. Ideas have the ethical right of invasion, for they extrude no settlers; they are seed that grow only where the soil pleases. Ideas, conjugated with sentiments, form the army of Liberty. The fine arts are sutlers that follow in its train. Ask that reign of terror which forfeited to France and to Humanity the results of unparalleled devotion to principle whether political fanaticism is any less hateful than religious fanaticism. Harness these two devils together, with Uncle Sam on the carriage box, and society will make rapid progress backward to the times of the Crusades. If I believed in any other than self-government and the spontaneous combination of wills to meet emergencies, I should regard local or state sovereignty as the only possible basis of a permanent Union. Unless we can agree to disagree, we must explode. Utah may prove a dynamite factory. Between two deaths give me rather dissolution into savagery than the despotism of a puritan government.

EDGEWORTH

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 19. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1884.** **Whole No. 45.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

COTTON MATHER'S MISSIONARY LABORS.

BY DR. SIMEON PALMER.

Author of " A Good Word for the Devil."

Who would be superstition's foe,
Walk o'er these barren hills with me
To where there stands a gallows-tree,
And view with me a scene of woe,
The saddest that our annals know.
What are these crowds assembled here,
And why do curses fill the air?
Four victims bound, both feet and hands,
And one of them, a mother, stands
Upon the scaffold! Heed the prayer
Of a soul wrung with agony;
Fated to hear, as we are told,
Her tortured daughter, six years old,
Unconscious swear her life away.
Some legend old, some nursery rhyme,
Or memory of a cradle song,
When o'er her babe the mother hung,—
This artless witness on the stand—
The highest judges in the land
Distort until it grows a crime.
In her unutterable woe,
With the black cap upon her brow,
She begs for but one breath of prayer
Of Boston's favorite minister:
His rampant hate he won't forego,
And leaves his victim to despair.
Than God, who doth not overrule
Crimes that so wreck a human soul,
The gallows is more merciful!
But there's a murmur; see, below,
That bowed old man with locks of snow,
Tottering on crutches; look at him!
With fourscore years his eyes are dim!
They raise him to the scaffold's deck!
Thank God, he's blind, and does not know
A noose is dangling from the beam.
He moves his lips as in a dream;
God pity him, if it be prayer!
What would the hangman at his neck?
Alas, he clips those white locks, see!

At evening, as the sun goes down,
A shadow falls on Salem town,—
Five corpses and the gallows-tree.

As Cotton Mather rode away
Upon his horse, he heard men say:
"He saved the Church of Christ to-day!"

Another Nut for Ivan Panin to Crack.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In connection with M. Ivan Panin's statement that Anarchistic ideas had no effect on the Russian movement, it appears strange to read, in the report against Bakounine issued by the committee appointed to investigate him at the La Haye congress, that the "true"—the Marxite—International never penetrated into Russia; that the movement there was organized by Netschaieff under the direction of Bakounine, the latter having artfully chosen a name—*Alliance Universelle*—for his association which in Russian would be rendered by the same words used in translating *Association Internationale*. The committee denies explicitly that the International can be held responsible for either the sentiments or the acts of the Russian party, and lays the whole "guilt" on Bakounine and Netschaieff, both of whom are declared to be *agents provocateurs*, the stock charge against active workers. Now, after Netschaieff has been a victim to the cruelty of the government of the holy Czar for years, the same people have the impudence to turn round and claim him as one of their martyrs. Cuno, the crusher of "egoisms," was the chairman of the committee to which I refer. Yours truly,

JOHN F. KELLY.

HOBOKEN, N. J., June 5, 1884.

On Picket Duty.

Mr. Vanderbilt frankly admits that he is an incubus on society. "I make a first-rate loafer, and I must say I like being one," he says. But the workers will get tired of supporting Mr. Vanderbilt and his coloafers some day.

No one should be deterred from reading Edgeworth's essay on "Organic Ideas," printed on another page, by the technical character of parts of it. It is a very witty and utterly unanswerable assault upon the theory that this universe was created and is governed by a being of beneficence.

If any demonstration of the fact that this is a government of thieves, by thieves, for thieves, were needed, it was given last month when the treasury officials held a conference with a view of devising some means of relief for the panic-stricken brokers of Wall street, and the Secretary proposed to go into the market and use forty millions of the people's money to buy bonds at a premium.

Liberty is glad to know and chronicle the fact that the Fowler & Wells Company has in press a new work by William Hanson of New York, in which that keen reasoner in the field of economics answers Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." Familiarity with Mr. Hanson's previous writings convinces us that he will rub the glitter off the fallacies of the California economist, after which there will be nothing left.

For the instruction of those who hold that property is a natural right and will not cease with the abolition of authority, I take pleasure in quoting from two eminent expounders of constitutional law. Judge T. M. Cooley says: "That is property which is recognized as such by the law, and nothing else is or can be." And then he quotes Bentham: "Property and law are born and must die together. Before the laws, there was no property; take away the laws, all property ceases." That is precisely what Liberty says, and she proposes to take away the laws.

I am about to publish, in one pamphlet, Elisée Reclus's "An Anarchist on Anarchy" and E. Vaughan's "Criminal Record of Elisée Reclus," concluded in the present issue. It will be sold at ten cents per copy, and orders should be sent in at once. Every one who has read these articles in Liberty will desire to possess them in more permanent and compact form, and doubtless many copies will be wanted for distribution. I commend Vaughan's account of Reclus's life to the editor of the Providence "Press," who recently said in his paper that "it is a pity that such men as Elisée Reclus cannot be promptly shot."

Rev. Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn, in a recent interview, said: "If the Democrats nominate Governor Cleveland, I think I shall vote for him. I don't remember whether I voted for him for governor or not. I think I voted for Folger." Oh! that pearl of great price, the ballot! The palladium of our liberties which our foremost citizens cannot remember from one year to another on what side they wielded! Imagine, if you can, John Brown forgetting whether he fought at Harper's Ferry to free the negro or enslave him, and perhaps you will form some idea of the vast difference between the vitality of an efficient conflict for right and the lifeless formality of a petty electoral squabble.

The editor of the "Boston Herald" quotes Liberty's charge that in his libel upon Charles O'Conor he was guilty of "a dirty, diabolical, damnable lie," but takes precious good care that his readers shall not see the refutation of the lie which warranted my words. Instead of doing this act of justice, he chides me for "losing temper." I decline to accept any lessons in deportment from the editor of the "Herald." A man like him, who knows no enthusiasm for truth, but discusses all things from the chilling standpoint of his own purse and reputation, can never appreciate the usefulness of a little righteous wrath.

Liberty looks at the political campaign now beginning very much as she would at a dog fight, and any sympathies excited in her by this struggle of thieves for spoils are necessarily of a low order. Between parties there is no choice. They are equal in greed and in dishonesty. Between the candidates there is a just perceptible difference. Of the men talked of for the presidency some are better than others, though not much. Butler, for instance, is a better man than Blaine; for Blaine is wholly selfish, while Butler is but partially selfish, and has, I believe, within his breast some genuine spark of love of fair play and of humanity. But both of these men, upon the whole, are evil geniuses. Both aim to rise to what the world considers glory at that world's expense. Each wishes a big army; each wishes a big navy; each would like nothing better than to plunge this nation into foreign war; neither of them has the slightest conception of justice, or even knows that there is such a thing; each is absolutely ignorant and regardless of the rights of the individual; to each might is right, and government the be-all and end-all of society. As for Cleveland, Bayard, and the others of that ilk, they are flaccid creatures of circumstance, whom men of the type of Butler and Blaine, or Gould and Cyrus Field and Vanderbilt, when they cannot or do not wish to seize the reins of power themselves, put forward as their tools. Their character consists of a dense substratum of stupidity laid over with the veneer of a superficial honesty which enables them, though essentially weak and despicable, to win the respect and applause of this shallow-pated world. There is, indeed, one man among the politicians who, if he were in the White House, might possibly do a little toward striking down the legal barriers between man and his prosperity, and certainly would erect no new ones. That man is Samuel J. Tilden. Those monopolists, the Anti-monopolists and Greenbackers, who do not know a monopoly when they see it, think that Mr. Tilden is a friend of monopoly. But he is not. He is a friend of liberty and competition, which the Anti-Monopolists and Greenbackers wish to outrage and violate. To be sure, he has been shrewd enough to reap many of the fruits of monopoly, and is by no means an ideal man. But, besides a politician, he is, as Charles O'Conor was, something of a student and philosopher. He knows that human progress has been and ever will be along the road of Liberty, and in the White House it would be his aim to make the journey easier. Just as Butler is two-thirds a State Socialist, so Tilden is two-thirds an Anarchist. Therefore, so far as Liberty entertains any hope at all regarding politics, it is that the Democrats, despite his declination, may nominate and reëlect Tilden to the presidency. But now as always it is the duty of Anarchists to VOTE NOT AT ALL.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD OF ELĪSÉE RECLUS.

By E. VAUGHAN.

Continued from No. 44.

The wretch — I still mean Elisée Reclus — whose talent and notoriety enabled him to gain the highest positions, made common cause with the wretched against the bloated, with the exploited against the exploiters.

After the war of 1870, during which he was hypocritical enough to do his duty valiantly, he naturally found himself mingled with the Communalist movement. Throwing off all shame, on March 25, 1871, he offered the Thiers, MacMahons, and Galliffets the supreme insult of appealing, in the "Cri du Peuple," to their sentiments of humanity, fraternity, and reconciliation.

On the fifth of April following he fell into the hands of the soldiers of order at Châtillon. For seven months he was detained at Brest. There, instead of devoting his time to asking pardon and making his *meâ culpâ* by beating the breasts of his accomplices, he formed the mad notion of teaching mathematics to his fellow-prisoners.

But the hour of punishment drew nigh. On November 15 Elisée Reclus was condemned to transportation by the seventh council of war sitting at Saint-Germain.

Thereby an unlooked-for scandal was created. The most illustrious *savants* of the entire world intervened. Such men as Darwin, Williamson, &c., addressed to the little Thiers a collective letter.

"We dare to think," they said, "that the life of a man like Elisée Reclus, whose services in the cause of literature and science seem to us but a promise of other and greater services yet, — we dare to think that this life belongs not only to the country which gave it birth, but to the entire world, and that, in thus silencing such a man or sending him to languish far from the centres of civilization, France would only mutilate herself and lessen her legitimate influence upon the world."

Thiers (Adolphe), whom one infamy more or less was not calculated to frighten (on the contrary!), did not dare nevertheless to refuse such a petition, and commuted the sentence of Elisée Reclus to banishment.

I will show you in a second article how little gratitude was shown by this recipient of mercy. By which the Lyons court will find its work all done.

II.

I thought I had said enough in my first article to call the attention of the magistracy to the crimes of Kropotkine's accomplice, and I expected to see him condemned, were it only in default, to imprisonment or hard labor for a respectable number of years.

This satisfaction has been refused me. That is no reason why I should lose courage. In pointing out, without insisting too strongly, the peril in which so hardened a disturber as Elisée Reclus places society, I fulfilled an imperative but painful duty. Though one were actuated by the best intentions in the world, the profession of informer is not exactly the most enviable of professions. Nevertheless, I am going to resume my thankless task, even though, a new Cassandra, I see my warnings perpetually ignored.

They have condemned the accomplices of Elisée Reclus for connection with an International Association, with the demonstration of whose existence they have supposed that they could dispense. It exists, no doubt, since the irremovable magistrates say so; nevertheless, to us profane beings, to whom the Holy Ghost refuses its light, a slight material proof would have been preferable to this affirmation.

But, once more, why not have included Elisée Reclus in the prosecutions? The evidence would have been overwhelming against him, for Elisée Reclus is internationalism incarnate in a great man.

As early as 1868 he published, thanks to the complicity of the firm of Hachette & Co., a superb work entitled "The Earth."

It was and is yet the most beautiful picture ever drawn of the phenomena of the globe's life. A critic who is an authority has given his appreciation of it in these words: "This work puts a mine of interesting information within the reach of all. It awakens our curiosity, kindles within us the desire of personal investigation. In calling our attention to the phenomena and changes which one may follow and observe without difficulty, at least in part, he invites us to undertake for ourselves the direct study of nature, to penetrate further into the sanctuary of this science whose revelations are an invigorating light."

All this is very true; but that which is no less so is that already there appears, in the author of these two fine and valuable volumes, the determination to consider at once all points of the globe instead of confining himself, wisely and particularly, to the study, for instance, of that portion of it which gave him birth.

Elisée Reclus, aggravating his offenses, wrote at the beginning of his work: "I can say it with the feeling of duty done: to preserve my clearness of vision and honesty of thought I have traversed the world as a free man, I have contemplated nature with a look at once candid and proud, remembering that the ancient Freya was at the same time the goddess of the earth and of liberty."

"The Earth," magnificently published and illustrated, was, it must be confessed, immediately translated into several languages, and established the reputation of its author. This success, the more dangerous because deserved, resulted in carrying to its paroxysm the international monomania of Elisée Reclus.

Scarcely restored, by the kindness of the little Thiers, to the comforts of an exile's life, he undertook a work before which any other man would have recoiled. I mean that "Universal Geography: A History of the Earth and its Inhabitants," the eighth volume of which has just appeared, and which will remain one of the most important books of our century.

Here again the complicity of Messrs Hachette & Co. is flagrant; they neglect nothing to propagate the substance of the offense. Looked at in the right light, are they not, after all, the guilty principals? For, indeed, if they had not taken it upon themselves . . . . . but let that pass.

It would be impossible for me, be it understood, to devote to the "Universal Geography" of Reclus the profound study of which it is worthy. Ten articles like this would not be enough. I will confine myself, then, to a summary indication of its principal features.

Elisée Reclus, who, as an Anarchist, does nothing as other people do, not even in geography, does not confine himself, like his predecessors, to describing the physical aspect of the various portions of the globe: from a historical, biological, and, above all, sociological standpoint, he describes the men who inhabit it and the institutions which they have created. He makes us witnesses of the formation of societies whose political transformations he explains to us. He makes us trace out race-relationships, initiates us into the origin and growth of languages, and all in a marvellous and entrancing style, at once colored and sober, showing that Elisée Reclus is no less a *littérateur* than a scientist.

Here is the language of the author in the introduction to his first volume: "The publication of a universal geography may seem a bold enterprise, but it is justified by the great progress recently made and still going on in the scientific conquest of the planet.

"The countries which have long been the domain of civilized man have allowed the penetration of a great portion of their mysteries; vast regions, which the European had never visited before, have been added to the known world, and the very laws which all terrestrial phenomena obey have been scrutinized with more rigorous precision. The acquisitions of science are too great and numerous to allow the introduction of a summary thereof into any old work, even one of the highest value, such as that of the illustrious Malte-Brun.

"A new period must have new books."

And farther on, giving an idea of what he intends to do, Elisée Reclus adds: "Conventional geography, which consists in giving longitudes and latitudes, in enumerating cities, villages, political and administrative divisions, will have but a secondary place in my work; the atlases, dictionaries, and official documents furnish all desirable information in this branch of geographical science."

Finally he ends with these eloquent and generous words:

"At least I can promise my readers careful work, honest judgments, and respect for the truth. That it is which permits me to confidently invite them to study with me this *beneficent earth* which bears us all and upon which it would be so pleasant to live as brothers."

An abominable programme, is it not? And I will show you that it was only too rigorously followed.

III.

It was not arbitrarily that Elisée Reclus chose Southern Europe as the starting-point of his patient and profound studies. It is in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean that he places, and rightly, the cradle of European civilization. Concerning that part of the globe we have twenty centuries of uninterrupted history and documents. No other offers with equal certainty, for so long a series of years, a view of the relation between the earth and its inhabitants.

Searching for the origins of European peoples, Elisée Reclus remarks that very few political frontiers are at the same time lines of separation between races and tongues. "Founded as it is upon the right of war and the rivalry of ambitions," he writes, "European equilibrium is necessarily unstable While on the one hand it separates by violence peoples made to live the same political life, elsewhere it associates by force those who feel no ties of natural affinity; it tries to blend in one nation oppressors and oppressed, whom the memories of bloody struggles and massacres separate."

Farther on he adds: "True equilibrium will not be established until all the peoples of the continent shall be able to decide their own destinies for themselves, disengage themselves from every pretended right of conquest, and freely associate themselves with their neighbors for the management of common interests."

Given these premises and the vast plan which he had mapped out, could Elisée Reclus avoid establishing the existence of the human afflictions to which, with more or less equity and good will, it would be so easy to put an end?

Studying Turkey, for instance, could he help getting indignant in describing the way in which taxes are collected there? In that country certain collectors of tithes oblige the cultivators to heap up along their fields the whole products of their harvest until the agents of the Treasury have abstracted every tenth sheaf. Often half the crop is lost without profit to any one, before the government collects its tithe.

The Slavonic, Albanian, or Bulgarian peasant keeps the soil in a good productive state only in spite of his masters, who seem to take pains to disgust him with all effort and all labor.

In Italy Elisée Reclus saw that the scourge by which millions of cultivators are crushed is poverty.

"Deprived of the lands which belong to them, uncertain of the wages to come to them, the peasants of the Abruzzi and of Molise have remained serfs, although legally free. They belong to the master just as in the good old times . . . . . The peasants live in frightful dens, which the air reaches only in a polluted state. All the diseases caused by lack of food are common, and the mortality of children is large . . . . . Ignorance, the usual companion of poverty, is still very dense in all the provinces of the Peninsula."

Do you wonder, then, O innocent *bourgeois!* that there are Socialists, Anarchists, rebels in short, in Italy?

In Spain, although progress is beginning to make itself felt there and labor is more respected than formerly, the Treasury, in spite of financial fictions, is in a state of permanent bankruptcy. In the country of the Cid public instruction is very much behindhand, while, on the other hand, the art of bull-fighting is still held in high honor.

The second volume is entirely devoted to France. The author shows that, although the nation since February 21, 1875, has been a regularly constituted republic, the institutions of the country are largely monarchical in origin and spirit.

Next taking up Switzerland (Central Europe, third volume), which has become, in proportion to its size, one of the most flourishing countries in Europe, he finds in the mountain pasture-lands either *almenden* — that is, common lands held by a town or village — or domains belonging to associations.

Material proofs that this individual property upon which we have based our institutions is not one of those holy principles without which a people cannot live.

In his fourth volume Elisée Reclus deals with Northwestern Europe, notably with England, which in many respects is still a feudal country.

He shows us in Ireland entire populations killed before their time by insufficiency of food and the impossibility of good hygiene.

The fifth volume is devoted to Scandinavian and Russian Europe. It is by no means the least saddening. We see there peasants, those of Saratow in 1873 for instance, obliged even in periods of famine to sell their wheat in order to pay their taxes. In the spring they are too poor to repurchase of others, and then they literally die of hunger.

The sixth volume gives us a masterly description of Russian Asia. It is at the end of this volume that complicity with Kropotkine is declared with extraordinary impudence.

Elisée Reclus, in fact, confesses that our friend has revived in his behalf the memories of his geological explorations in Oriental Siberia and Manchuria; he has given him his notes, and indicated the relative value of the articles printed in the Russian scientific journals.

Yet Kropotkine has been sentenced only to five years' imprisonment and ten years' police supervision! Truly, M. Devès's judges show an indulgence which borders on weakness.

The seventh volume is devoted to Oriental Asia; the eighth, and so far the last, deals with India and Indo-China. I have reviewed it elsewhere.

I shall have said all when I add that each of the volumes of the "Universal Geography" contains no less than a thousand quarto pages, and is illustrated with hundreds of maps in black and colors and with a large number of views and plans designed by our best and most conscientious artists.

Can the man of science and heart who shows that in all the countries of the world the situation of the most numerous classes of society is so intolerable counsel those who suffer thereby to tolerate it? Can he help wishing with all his heart and hastening with all his strength the advent of a better social organization?

Condemn, then, Elisée Reclus and his accomplices, myself included, Messrs. judges. Without suspecting it, you are aiding in the overthrow of the odious institutions which you pretend to sustain, and the revolutionary socialists have no more powerful auxiliaries than yourselves!

THE END.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 44.

His ambition was aroused as well as his desires. Julie's phrase, "I doubt very much whether she accepts you," excited him still more. "What! she will not accept me, with such a uniform and such a house! I will prove to you, Frenchwoman, that she will accept me; yes, she shall accept me!"

There was still another influence that tended to inflame Storechnikoff's passion: his mother would certainly oppose the marriage, and in this she represented the opinion of society. Now, heretofore Storechnikoff had feared his mother; but evidently this dependence was a burden to him. And the thought, "I do not fear her, I have a character of my own," was very well calculated to flatter the ambition of a man as devoid of character as he.

He was also urged on by the desire to advance a little in his career through the influence of his wife.

And to all this it must be added that Storechnikoff could not present himself before Vérotchka in his former *rôle*, and he desired so much to see her!

In short, he dreamed of the marriage more and more every day, and a week afterwards, on Sunday, while Maria Alexevna, after attending mass, was considering how she could best coax him back, he presented himself and formulated his request. Vérotchka remaining in her room, he had to address himself to Maria Alexevna, who answered that for her part the marriage would be a great honor, but that as an affectionate mother she wished to consult her daughter, and that he might return the next morning to get his answer.

"What an excellent daughter we have!" said Maria Alexevna to her husband a moment later. "How well she knew how to take him! And I who, not knowing how to reëntice him, thought that all was to begin over again! I even thought it a hopeless affair. But she, my Verka, did not spoil matters; she conducted them with perfect strategy. Good girl!"

"It is thus that the Lord inspires children," said Pavel Konstantinytch.

He rarely played a part in the family life. But Maria Alexevna was a strict observer of traditions, and in a case like this, of conveying to her daughter the proposition that had been made, she hastened to give her husband the *rôle* of honor which by right belongs to the head of the family and the master.

Pavel Konstantinytch and Maria Alexevna installed themselves upon the divan, the only place solemn enough for such a purpose, and sent Matroena to ask Mademoiselle to be good enough to come to them.

"Véra," began Pavel Konstantinytch, "Mikhaïl Ivanytch does us a great honor: he asks your hand. We have answered him that, as affectionate parents, we did not wish to coerce you, but that for our part we were pleased with his suit. Like the obedient and wise daughter that we have always found you to be, trust to our experience: we have never dared to ask of God such a suitor. Do you accept him, Véra?"

"No," said Vérotchka.

"What do I hear, Véra?" cried Pavel Konstantinytch (the thing was so clear that he could fall into a rage without asking his wife's advice).

"Are you mad or an idiot? Just dare to repeat what you said, detestable rag that you are!" cried Maria Alexevna, beside herself and her fists raised over her daughter.

"Calm yourself, Mamma," said Vérotchka, rising also. "If you touch me, I will leave the house; if you shut me up, I will throw myself out of the window. I knew how you would receive my refusal, and have considered well all that I have to do. Seat yourself, and be tranquil, or I go."

Maria Alexevna sat down again. "What stupidity!" she thought; "we did not lock the outer door. It takes but a second to push the bolt back. This mad creature will go, as she says, and no one will stop her."

"I will not be his wife," repeated the young girl, "and without my consent the marriage cannot take place."

"Véra, you are mad," insisted the mother with a stifled voice.

"Is it possible? What shall we say to him tomorrow?" added the father.

"It is not your fault; it is I who refuse."

The scene lasted nearly two hours. Maria Alexevna, furious, cried, and twenty times raised her tightly clenched fists: but at each outbreak Vérotchka said:

"Do not rise, or I go."

Thus they disputed without coming to any conclusion, when the entrance of Matroena to ask if it was time to serve dinner — the cake having been in the oven too long already — put an end to it all.

"Reflect until evening, Véra, there is yet time; reconsider your determination; it would be unspeakable foolishness."

Then Maria Alexevna said something in Matroena's ear.

"Mamma, you are trying to set some trap for me, to take the key from my chamber door, or something of that sort. Do nothing of the kind: it would be worse."

Again Maria Alexevna yielded.

"Do not do it," she said, addressing the cook. "This jade is a wild beast. Oh! if it were not that he wants her for her face, I would tear it to pieces. But if I touch her, she is capable of self-mutilation. Oh, wretch! Oh, serpent! If I could!"

They dined without saying a word. After dinner Vérotchka went back to her room. Pavel Konstantinytch lay down, according to his habit, to sleep a little; but he did not succeed, for hardly had he begun to doze when Matroena informed him that the servant of the mistress of the house had come to ask him to call upon her instantly.

Matroena trembled like a leaf.

Why?

VIII.

And why should she not tremble? Had she not, without loss of time, told the wife of the mistress's cook of the suit of Mikhaïl Ivanytch? The latter had complained to the second waiting-maid of the secrets that were kept from her. The second servant had protested her innocence: if she had known anything, she would have said so; she had no secrets, she told everything. The cook's wife then made apologies; but the second servant ran straight to the first servant and told her the great news.

"Is it possible?" cried the latter. "As I did not know it, then Madame does not; he has concealed his course from his mother." And she ran to warn Anna Petrovna.

See what a fuss Matroena had caused.

"O my wicked tongue!" said she, angrily. "Fine things are going to happen to me now! Maria Alexevna will make inquiries."

But the affair took such a turn that Maria Alexevna forgot to look for the origin of the indiscretion.

Anna Petrovna sighed and groaned; twice she fainted before her first waiting-maid. That showed that she was deeply afflicted. She sent in search of her son.

He came.

"Can what I have heard, Michel, be true?" she said to him in French in a voice at once broken and furious.

"What have you heard, Mamma?"

"That you have made a proposition of marriage to that . . . . . to that . . . to that . . . . . to the daughter of our steward."

"It is true, Mamma."

"Without asking your mother's advice?"

"I intended to wait, before asking your consent, until I had received hers."

"You ought to know, it seems to me, that it is easier to obtain her consent than mine."

"Mamma, it is now allowable to first ask the consent of the young girl and then speak to the parents."

"That is allowable, for you? Perhaps for you it is also allowable that sons of good family should marry a . . . . . one knows not what, and that mothers should give their consent!"

"Mamma, she is not a *one knows not what*; when you know her, you will approve my choice."

"When I know her! I shall never know her! Approve your choice! I forbid you to think of it any longer! I forbid you, do you understand?"

"Mamma, this parental absolutism is now somewhat out of date; I am not a little boy, to be led by the end of the nose. I know what I am about."

"Ah!" cried Anna Petrovna, closing her eyes.

Though to Maria Alexevna, Julie, and Vérotchka, Mikhaïl Ivanytch seemed stupid and irresolute, it was because they were women of mind and character: but here, so far as mind was concerned, the weapons were equal, and if, in point of character, the balance was in favor of the mother, the son had quite another advantage. Hitherto he had feared his mother from habit; but he had as good a memory as hers. They both knew that he, Mikhaïl Ivanytch, was the real proprietor of the establishment. This explains why Anna Petrovna, instead of coming straight to the decisive words, *I forbid you*, availed herself of expedients and prolonged the conversation. But Mikhaïl Ivanytch had already gone so far that he could not recoil.

"I assure you, Mamma, that you could not have a better daughter."

"Monster! Assassin of your mother!"

"Mamma, let us talk in cold blood. Sooner or later I must marry; now, a married man has more expenses than a bachelor. I could, if I chose, marry such a woman that all the revenues of the house would hardly be enough for us. If, on the contrary, I marry this girl, you will have a dutiful daughter, and you can live with us as in the past."

"Be silent, monster! Leave me!"

"Mamma, do not get angry, I beg of you; it is not my fault."

"You marry a plebeian, a servant, and it is not your fault!"

"Now, Mamma, I leave you without further solicitation, for I cannot suffer her to be thus characterized in my presence."

"Go, assassin!"

Anna Petrovna fainted, and Michel went away, quite content at having come off so well in this first skirmish, which in affairs of this sort is the most important.

When her son had gone, Anna Petrovna hastened to come out of her fainting fit. The situation was serious; her son was escaping her. In reply to "I forbid you," he had explained that the house belonged to him. After calming herself a little, she called her servant and confided her sorrow to her; the latter, who shared the contempt of her mistress for the steward's daughter, advised her to bring her influence to bear upon the parents. And that is why Anna Petrovna had just sent for her steward.

"Hitherto I have been very well satisfied with you, Pavel Konstantinytch, but intrigues, in which, I hope, you have no part, may set us seriously at variance."

"Your excellency, it is none of my doing, God is my witness."

"I already knew that Michel was paying court to your daughter. I did not prevent it, for a young man needs distraction. I am indulgent toward the follies of youth. But I will not allow the degradation of my family. How did your daughter come to entertain such hopes?"

"Your excellency, she has never entertained them. She is a respectful girl; we have brought her up in obedience."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She will never dare to thwart your will."

Anna Petrovna could not believe her ears. Was it possible? She could, then, relieve herself so easily!

"Listen to my will. I cannot consent to so strange, I should say so unfitting, a marriage."

"We feel that, your excellency, and Vérotchka feels it too. These are her own words: 'I dare not, for fear of offending her excellency.'"

"How did all this happen?"

"It happened in this wise, your excellency: Mikhaïl Ivanytch condescended to express his intentions to my wife, and my wife told him that she could not give him a reply before tomorrow morning. Now, my wife and I intended to speak to you first. But we did not dare to disturb your excellency at so late an hour. After the departure of Mikhaïl Ivanytch, we said as much to Vérotchka, who answered that she was of our opinion and that the thing was not to be thought of."

"Your daughter is, then, a prudent and honest girl?"

"Why, certainly, your excellency, she is a dutiful daughter!"

[Continued on page 6.]

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 28, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

An Indispensable Accident.

The persistent way in which Greenbackers dodge argument on the money question is very tiresome to a reasoning mortal. Let an Anarchist give a Greenbacker his idea of a good currency in the issue of which no government has any part, and it is ten to one that he will answer: "Oh, that's not money. It isn't legal tender. Money is that thing which the supreme law of the land declares to be legal tender for debts in the country where that law is supreme."

Brick Pomeroy made such an answer to Stephen Pearl Andrews recently, and appeared to think that he had said something final. Now, in the first place, this definition is not correct, for that is money which performs the functions of money, no matter who issues it. But even if it were correct, of what earthly consequence could it be? Names are nothing. Who cares whether the Anarchistic currency be called money or something else? Would it make exchange easy? Would it make production active? Would it measure prices accurately? Would it distribute wealth honestly? Those are the questions to be asked concerning it; not whether it meets the arbitrary definition adopted by a given school. A system of finance capable of supplying a currency satisfying the above requirements is a solution of what is generally known as the money question, and Greenbackers may as well quit now as later trying to blind people to this fact by paltry quibbling with words.

But after thus rebuking Brick Pomeroy's evasion of Mr. Andrews, something needs to be said in amendment of Mr. Andrews's position as stated by him in an admirable article on "The Nature of Money" published in the New York "Truth Seeker" of March 8, 1884. Mr. Andrews divides the properties of money into essentials, incidentals, and accidentals. The essential properties of money, he says, — those in the absence of which it is not money whatever else it may have, and in the possession of which it is money whatever else it may lack, — are those of measuring mutual estimates in an exchange, recording a commercial transaction, and inspiring confidence in a promise which it makes. All other properties of money Mr. Andrews considers either incidental or accidental, and among the accidental properties he mentions the security or "collateral" which may back up and guarantee money.

Now, as an analysis made for the purpose of arriving at a definition, this is entirely right. No exception can be taken to it. But it is seriously to be feared that nearly every person who reads it will infer that, because security or "collateral" is an accidental feature of money, it is an unimportant and well-nigh useless one. And that is where the reader will make a great mistake. It is true that money is money, with or without security, but it cannot be a perfect or reliable money in the absence of security; nay, it cannot be a money worth considering in this age. The advance from barter to unsecured money is a much shorter and less important step logically than that from unsecured money to secured money. The rude vessel in which primitive men first managed to float upon the water very likely had all the essentials of a boat, but it was much nearer to no boat at all than it was to the stanch, swift, and sumptuous Cunarder that now speeds its way across the Atlantic in a week. It was a boat, sure enough; but not a boat in which a very timid or even moderately cautious man would care to risk his life in more than five feet of water beyond swimming distance from the shore. It had all the essentials, but it lacked a great many accidentals. Among them, for instance, a compass. A compass is not an essential of a boat, but it is an essential of satisfactory navigation. So security is not an essential of money, but it is an essential of steady production and stable commerce. A boat without a compass is almost sure to strike upon the rocks. Likewise money without security is almost sure to precipitate the people using it into general bankruptcy. When products can be had for the writing of promises and the idea gets abroad that such promises are good money whether kept or not, the promisors are very likely to stop producing; and, if the process goes on long enough, it will be found at the end that there are plenty of promises with which to buy, but that there is nothing left to be bought, and that it will require an infinite number of promises to buy an infinitesimal amount of nothing. If, however, people find that their promises will not be accepted unless accompanied by evidence of an intention and ability to keep them, and if this evidence is kept definitely before all through some system of organized credit, the promisors will actively bestir themselves to create the means of keeping their promises, and the free circulation of these promises, far from checking production, will vastly stimulate it, the result being, not bankruptcy, but universal wealth. A money thus secured is fit for civilized people. Any other money, though it have all the essentials, belongs to barbarians, and is hardly fit to buy the Indian's dug-out.

T.

A Shadow in the Path.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In reading your article, "Anarchy in Alaska," I was in hopes I should learn how government could be abolished without being shortly reproduced. But I confess myself disappointed. Lieutenant Ray, whom you quote, was giving such a rose-colored account of the Alaskans that I thought nothing but its correctness remained to be settled; when, lo, I read that he saw "a husband box his wife's ears for supposed infidelity." I suppose that you will agree with me that the husband had no business to do that. But he did; though "neither tribe appears to have any marriage ceremony." Small as the incident is, it throws me back upon the old dilemma. It is not "the idea of authority," as you say, but unruly passion which is the cause of all injustice. Without law people can be jealous, and, being jealous, can box ears and break necks, even as under a system of law they can inflict other penalties for "supposed infidelity," — nay, the system of law has the advantage in the comparison, for law requires the "offence" to be proved, which lawlessness does not. Men having these unruly passions cannot stay free, for they will fight till the strongest establishes "authority;" which is not the cause, but the result, as proved by your own example, of his own low passions and high abilities. How these evils are to be remedied, except by the "*bourgeois* Balm of Gilead, Education," or by the still slower process of breeding a better race, I know not. Can you tell?

C. L. JAMES.

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN, June 1, 1884.

It is strange that most men will stumble over shadows in the path, and declare that they have found insurmountable obstacles to progress and cannot possibly go on; but who has ever discussed socialistic questions without observing such phenomena? I gave Lieutenant Ray's description of an Anarchistic society, existing in Alaska among ignorant, untaught barbarians, simply to show that absence of authority does not mean social chaos and disorder; and because an Alaskan boxed his wife's ears for doing that which civilized, government-controlled white men frequently punish with murder, Mr. James despairs of ever achieving social order through Anarchy. The facts that these Alaskans do not rob each other, do not fight, live peaceably, and enjoy the fruits of their own labor seem to be of no importance to Mr. James. A man boxed his wife's ears, and therefore the law of authority is better than the natural laws of human relations, and it is useless to attempt to destroy respect for governments. In other words, Mr. James would maintain a system which enables the few to rob the many, involves wholesale murder and social cannibalism, causes poverty and wealth, breeds crime and builds prisons, for the sake of informing that Alaskan through legislative enactment that he must not box his wife's ears. We have a condition of society which is bad and altogether wrong and which makes men bad. The unruly passions of man, his worst traits and vices, are stimulated, fostered, and exaggerated by the rule of authority and property, and the breeding of a better race under such conditions is an impossibility. Liberty shows us how to adjust the social balance and establish a condition of society which shall discourage avarice, remove the vicious stimulus, and make the breeding of a better race not only possible but inevitable; but because Liberty does not prove that in the absence of authority all men shall be Christ-like in disposition and utterly devoid of temper and other weaknesses of human nature, the mole-hill mountaineers ruefully shake their heads, declare Liberty a chimera, and refuse to accept any improvement that falls short of absolute perfection. There is a world full of injustice, poverty, misery, and crime seething and whirling around them, but they see only an Alaskan boxing the ears of his unfaithful wife. For answer to the questions concerning education, I refer Mr. James to the article headed "The Cause of Crime" in Liberty of May 31.

K.

Among the Daisies.

I have just returned from a performance known as "Commencement," an annual batch served by an ancient and honorable bureau of stultification called Brown University.

This yearly farce takes place as per decree of venerable custom in an aboriginal soft-shell Baptist church, whose every timber is seasoned with the traditions of the fathers and whose abiding demi-god is Dr. Wayland — he who out of the fullness of his biblical lore did stone the anti-slavery prophets, declaring that both holy writ and national constitution made human slavery a thing not to be molested by profane hands.

The audience ranged from petrified antediluvian conservatism in the front seats of honor down to the revolutionary Anarchist represented by myself, and it is a fair estimate to say that three-fourths of the whole assemblage was made up of half-hatched young damsels set in starch, laces, spring bonnets, and other accompaniments of learning. Charming indeed were the dainty white *jupons* of the daisy-decked maidens in contrast with the long and solemn academic petticoats of the graduating youths, while the tiny *chapeau* nestled on the top of Miss Pugg's back hair seemed to relieve that spacious mortar-board on the President's learned pate which custom has designated an Oxford hat.

But to my theme. Having learned through the programme that one of these robed graduating striplings was to orate on "The Development of the Individual," I stowed myself away in a corner of the gallery amid the perfumes of the daisies in the forlorn hope that perchance some phenomenal youth with the natural seeds of rebellion in him had slipped the academic halter and might let himself out a little. My hopes were not a little inspired by a knowledge of the fact that three of the professors of Brown are reading Liberty "on the sly"; and should just the right boy have slipped a copy out of the professor of rhetoric's tail pocket, who knows, thought I, what treason may be hurled among the daisies?

Upon the announcement of the President the youth was brought forth, — a goodly, beardless representative of classic Brown robed in sombre academic toga. He opened his sweet lips, but, alas! the sound of his voice did not reach me. At first I ascribed it to the profusion of daisies about me, though a change of base did not much relieve the situation. But caught up in the inspiration of the moment the mystery suddenly flashed upon me with saving light, through the mediumship of an old gentleman who stood beside me. Seeing my anxious endeavors to catch the sentences, he whispered gently in my ear: "The boy's hair is parted in the middle, and that splits the sound."

Snatching this bit of hoary intuition, I moved

farther down the gallery, and fortunately the speaker, warmed by his subject, had opened his bellows for louder talk. All unawares and unprepared, I suddenly received the following impassioned broadside right between the eyes: "The Communist and the Anarchist, those twin pests of society, may prate of the rights of individuals, but God has planted Church and State in society for the very purpose of fostering and developing the Individual and moulding his fallible conceits to the sovereign will of the collective whole."

I will not swear that I have penned the literal text of this sublime period, for I was too staggered to pull myself together for its exact transmission to paper. I hastily retreated for fresh air through the scented daisies and crackling starch of white petticoats, and was soon safe on *terra firma*, a wiser if not a better man.

Alas, degenerate Brown, my poor *alma mater!* with all thy trumpery and learning and prayers, thou canst not hatch out even one rebel a year in this living age of progress. The day is yet coming when such men as thy once petted but now despised and rebellious son, E. H. Heywood, will be all that shall remain to persuade posterity that thou ever hadst an honest and honorable use in a world groaning with injustice, where college learning, invariably yoked with the oppressor, skulked by on the other side. X.

Liberty and Wealth.

III.

LABOR UNDER ITS OWN VINE AND FIG TREE.

Smith saw nothing new or startling in the social problem as stated at the conclusion of the preceding chapter.

"It's as old as the Christian Gospel, at least," said he. "The angels sang 'peace on earth' at the birth of our Saviour. What a transformation Christian preaching has wrought in eighteen hundred years!"

"Yes, goodness knows," exclaimed the wife, "there's been enough of preaching to have made seven worlds over. But I never heard a Christian preacher that didn't smooth over whatever besetting sin his rich parishioners indulged in. Of course, that's where his bread and butter comes."

"They're not all that way."

Smith said this in a deprecating way as though he would be quite satisfied to avoid this and all other little tilts with his better half. Either he scorned to argue with a woman in the presence of others, or he knew by experience that Mrs. Smith had a way of attacking the weak point in his remarks, and was disinclined to encourage her in the practice. She, however, could not knit without thinking, nor think without an occasional outburst. In conversing with Smith one had to encounter a man with iron-clad opinions, which he had received ready-made. For himself he had done no thinking. He was, in fact, born on the premises, and had never moved off, or indulged himself even in the most harmless excursion. Mrs. Smith was not so equipped. She had a more original mind, and was disposed to see things through her own spectacles. "My grandmother's don't fit me; but John says he can see as well in grandfather's as in his own." Smith's business had forced him into the use of "specs" at an early age. This was one reason why he wished to get out of it, and become a millionaire.

I found, on returning to Smith's to learn what progress he had made, that Mrs. Smith had been studying the several propositions I had left with them more attentively than her husband.

"I think," said she, "that they have a sound ring. I think the pinch comes on the sixth. '*To make the interests of all to co-operate with and assist each other, instead of clashing with and contradicting each other.*' How are you going to do it?"

"Easy enough," said Smith, "or it would be easy enough if the laboring class would take rational views of the situation. They've only to allow capital and labor to work harmoniously; as you say, assist one another."

"You are making yourself more stupid than ever," retorted Mrs. Smith. "*Labor* allow! Labor has only to submit, — submit or starve. What is the purpose of capital? Plunder. I heard you not long since raging fearfully over the idea of some Frenchman —"

"Proudhon, you mean?"

"Yes, that was the name. You were enraged at his idea, quoted in the 'Herald,' that property was robbery. I see what he meant, and believe it's true as gospel. Property, that is, capital, *is* robbery. What is the capitalist at? His whole aim is to keep his help poor. Why? Because that is the way he gets rich."

"But doesn't he use his capital? Give them employment? What was their situation? They were starving. He takes his capital from other investments, puts it into a new business, says to the hundred idle and starving wretches about: 'Here, go to work.' He puts bread into their mouths, and clothes on their backs, and you call it plunder, do you? Oh, you see, sir, my wife is worse than you are. She's been studying your six propositions of peace, harmony, co-operation, withdrawal of discord, and so on and so on, with a sure millennium coming speedily, and this is the result: Every man who employs help is a robber. If he had said: 'I've enough to satisfy my needs to the end of my life; I'll sit under my own vine and fig tree and enjoy myself,' and left his fellows about him to starve, why, he'd have been a model man and no robber. Wonderful new views! Ha, ha, ha! What is the world coming to?"

"You see," said Mrs. Smith, "that is the way my husband raves. He will run on for an hour in the same fashion, never suspecting everybody else is not as stupid as himself."

"Thank you," said Smith.

"I say stupid, because he skims over the subject."

"And gets the cream," cried Smith, with the inimitable smile of satisfaction.

"A child could answer him. He thinks he's getting cream, but he's only taking the scum off a pan of chalk and water. Hence I say stupid. I went over this whole subject with him, yesterday. But he says himself he's an old dog and you can't learn him new tricks.

"'Now,' I said yesterday, 'there's nothing meaner than affecting a charity when you're filling your own pocket.' And that's just the game this wonderful philanthropist with capital is playing. He could sit under his own vine and fig tree, could he? How long? Won't the vine and the tree need tending? If he sits there and leaves nature to herself, he'll soon be overrun with weeds. His vines and fig trees are vines and fig trees because human labor has made them so, and human labor's got to keep them so. The man can't sit. He's got to work, — eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, — unless he has a few idle and starving neighbors. Then he can say, 'See here! I'm no hog. Come and do my work, and I'll see you don't starve.' Now he can sit under his own vine and fig tree. Labor will support capital and all capital's children. Yes, the whole family can sit under their own vine and fig tree, and plant new vines and new fig trees, and employ other idlers and keep them from starvation. And this can go on till Paradise opens, — in another world, — if labor will look at it reasonably and not disturb the harmony capital has established and is disposed to abide by forever."

"I don't see why it should not," said Smith, with emphasis.

"Simply because labor wants a vine and fig tree itself."

"Let it save up enough to make a start for itself."

"Turn itself into capital?"

"Of course, of course; why not?"

"And sit under its own vine and fig tree?"

"Exactly."

"And there shall be no more labor, — only capital?"

"Why, if it should come to that, yes. That is, if it be possible for capital to sit under its vine and fig tree, and have no demand for labor; but, you say, it can't; and it's true. The fig tree, so to speak, will turn to weeds. Labor is required to keep it productive. But you, as I have been seeing all along, have made one seemingly trifling mistake; but the mere mention of it will upset your whole theory."

"Now we approach a catastrophe," said Mrs. Smith, quietly. "Go on, my dear."

"Your dear has only to say that you have assumed that the man with capital who employs men without capital to help him keep his vine and fig tree in good producing condition is not himself also a laborer. He plans, superintends, studies ways and means, takes all the responsibility; his brain is always at work, and he is awake and troubled, more than likely, when they are asleep. Talk about his sitting! Why, he is always on his feet, and does more work than any three of them. A man with ten, twenty, fifty men at work for him has no time to idle away, I can tell you. That's your mistake in taking for granted that the capitalist who keeps his capital active and employs his fellow men can himself be an idler.."

Smith concluded triumphantly. You could see it was his opinion that he had crushed his wife. So he settled back in his chair with the air of one who thought nothing further could be said.

The wife, however, was not crushed. She was about to speak, when I interposed to say I was glad Smith had used the term capitalist instead of capital.

"He was driven to," exclaimed Mrs Smith. "You see that was just where I was bringing him. I agree with you. At this point capitalist is the better word. John was forced to use it to save his eloquence from confusion. I had only taken up his remark that the laboring class should allow labor and capital to work together harmoniously, and have brought him to this.

"1. Capital could sit under its own vine and fig tree and snap its fingers at labor. But no; out of the goodness of its heart it said to labor, 'Come and work in my vineyard.'

"2. When I show him that capital can't sit still and snap its fingers at labor, but is dependent on labor for its preservation, he turns and says that capital doesn't sit still, but is up and doing, — is itself a laborer. Instead, however, of saying capital labors, he says the capitalist labors. He puts in a plea for brain-labor, which, of course, I allow. The capitalist labors in planning and superintending the business

"Let me see if I can remember how I stated the case to myself yesterday. It was something like this:

"Capital perishing.

"Must be used, taken care of, or it will perish utterly.

"Nothing can do this but labor.

"If the capitalist, or owner, cannot care for it alone, he must *summon others to help him*. Twenty-nine others, say; himself making thirty.

"Now, whereas the capital without the aid of the twenty-nine, to say the best for it, would have remained as it was, but, with their help, has increased thirty fold, what proportion of this increase belongs to the capitalist and what to the laborers?

"If each man employed in securing this increase did the same amount of work, why would it not be just for each to claim his one-thirtieth?

"But capitalist does as much work as six others. Doubt it, but, for the argument, grant it.

"Then let him take one-fifth of the increase, and divide the remainder equally among the others.

"Here is equity, equality, fraternity. The salvation of the capitalist, who has provided himself with opportunity to work to advantage. He has saved what he had and added thereto by his own toil. It is also the salvation of the twenty-nine who have been enabled to save somewhat of the wealth they have produced.

"A mutual benefit, without charity, on strictly business principles.

"Why shall I not now quote your proposition VI?

"'*To make the interests of all to co-operate with and assist each other, instead of clashing with and counteracting each other.*'

"What now have we?

"LABOR UNDER ITS OWN VINE AND FIG TREE!"

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

"I am very glad that we can remain friends. I wish to reward you instantly. The large room on the second floor, facing on the street and now occupied by the tailor, will soon be vacant?"

"In three days, your excellency."

"Take it yourself, and you may spend up to a hundred roubles to put it in good order. Further, I add two hundred and forty roubles a year to your salary."

"Deign to let me kiss your hand, your excellency."

"Pshaw, pshaw! Tatiana!" The servant came running in.

"Bring me my blue velvet cloak. I make your wife a present of it. It cost one hundred and fifty roubles [it really cost only seventy-five], and I have worn it only twice [she had worn it more than twenty times]. This is for your daughter [Anna Petrovna handed the steward a small watch such as ladies carry]; I paid three hundred roubles for it [she paid one hundred and twenty]. You see, I know how to reward, and I shall always remember you, always! Do not forget that I am indulgent toward the foibles of the young."

When the steward had gone, Anna Petrovna again called Tatiana.

"Ask Mikhaïl Ivanytch to come and talk with me. . . . . But no, I will go myself instead." She feared that the ambassadress would tell her son's servant, and the servant her son, what had happened. She wished to have the pleasure of crushing her son's spirit with this unexpected news. She found Mikhaïl Ivanytch lying down and twirling his moustache, not without some inward satisfaction.

"What brings her here? I have no preventive of fainting fits," thought he, on seeing his mother enter. But he saw in her countenance an expression of disdainful triumph.

She took a seat and said:

"Sit up, Mikhaïl Ivanytch, and we will talk."

She looked at him a long time, with a smile upon her lips. At last she said slowly:

"I am very happy, Mikhaïl Ivanytch: guess at what."

"I do not know what to think, Mamma; your look is so strange."

"You will see that it is not strange at all; look closely and you will divine, perhaps."

A prolonged silence followed this fresh thrust of sarcasm. The son lost himself in conjectures; the mother delighted in her triumph.

"You cannot guess; I will tell you. It is very simple and very natural; if you had had a particle of elevated feeling, you would have guessed. Your mistress," — in the previous conversation Anna Petrovna had manœuvred; now it was no longer necessary, the enemy being disarmed, — "your mistress, — do not reply, Mikhaïl Ivanytch, you have loudly asserted on all sides yourself that she is your mistress, — your mistress, this creature of base extraction, base education, base conduct, this even contemptible creature" . . . .

"Mamma, my ear cannot tolerate such expressions applied to a young girl who is to be my wife."

"I would not have used them if I had had any idea that she could be your wife. I did so with the view of explaining to you that that will not occur and of telling you at the same time why it will not occur. Let me finish, then. Afterwards you can reproach me, if you like, for the expressions which I have used, supposing that you still believe them out of place. But meantime let me finish. I wish to say to you that your mistress, this creature without name or education, devoid of sentiment, has herself comprehended the utter impropriety of your designs. Is not that enough to cover you with shame?"

"What? What do you say? Finish!"

"You do not let me. I meant to say that even this creature — do you understand? even this creature! — comprehended and appreciated my feelings, and, after learning from her mother that you had made a proposition for her hand, she sent her father to tell me that she would never rise against my will and would not dishonor our family with her degraded name."

"Mamma, you deceive me."

"Fortunately for you and for me, I tell only the exact truth. She says that" . . . . .

But Mikhaïl Ivanytch was no longer in the room; he was putting on his cloak to go out.

"Hold him, Pœtre, hold him!" cried Anna Petrovna.

Pœtre opened his eyes wide at hearing so extraordinary an order. Meanwhile Mikhaïl Ivanytch rapidly descended the staircase.

IX.

"Well?" said Maria Alexevna, when her husband reëntered.

"All goes well, all goes well, little mother! She knew already, and said to me: 'How dare you?' and I told her; 'We do not dare, your excellency, and Vérotchka has already refused him."

"What? What? You were stupid enough to say that, ass that you are?"

"Maria Alexevna" . . . .

"Ass! Rascal! You have killed me, murdered me, you old stupid! There's one for you! [the husband received a blow.] And there's another! [the husband received a blow on the other cheek]. Wait. I will teach you, you old imbecile!" And she seized him by the hair and pulled him into the room. The lesson lasted sufficiently long, for Storechnikoff, reaching the room after the long pauses of his mother and the information which she gave him between them, found Maria Alexevna still actively engaged in her work of education.

"Why did you not close the door, you imbecile? A pretty state we are found in! Are you not ashamed, you old he-goat?" That was all that Maria Alexevna found to say.

"Where is Véra Pavlovna? I wish to see her directly. Is it true that she refuses me?" said Storechnikoff

The circumstances were so embarrassing that Maria Alexevna could do nothing but desist. Precisely like Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo, when he believed himself lost through the incapacity of Marshal Grouchy, though really the fault was his own, so Maria Alexevna believed her husband the author of the evil. Napoleon, too, struggled with tenacity, did marvels, and ended only with these words: "I abdicate; do what you will."

"It it true that you refuse me, Véra Pavlovna?"

"I leave it to you, could I do otherwise than refuse you?"

"Véra Pavlovna, I have outraged you in a cowardly manner; I am guilty; but your refusal kills me." And again he began his supplications.

Vérotchka listened for some minutes; then, to end the painful interview, she said:

"Mikhaïl Ivanytch, your entreaties are useless. You will never get my consent."

"At least grant me one favor. You still feel very keenly how deeply I outraged you. Do not give me a reply to-day; let me have time to become worthy of your pardon! I seem to you despicable, but wait a little: I wish to become better and more worthy; aid me, do not repel me, grant me time. I will obey you in all things! Perhaps at last you will find me worthy of pardon."

"I pity you; I see the sincerity of your love [it is not love, Vérotchka; it is a mixture of something low with something painful; one may be very unhappy and deeply mortified by a woman's refusal without really loving her; love is quite another thing, — but Vérotchka is still ignorant regarding these things, and she is moved], — you wish me to postpone my answer; so be it, then! But I warn you that the postponement will end in nothing; I shall never give you any other reply than that which I have given you to-day."

"I will become worthy of another answer; you save me!"

He seized her hand and kissed it rapturously.

Maria Alexevna entered the room, and in her enthusiasm blessed her dear children without the traditional formalities, — that is, without Pavel Konstantinytch; then she called her husband to bless them once more with proper solemnity. But Storechnikoff dampened her enthusiasm by explaining to her that Véra Pavlovna, though she had not consented, at least had not definitely refused, and that she had postponed her answer.

This was not altogether glorious, but after all, compared with the situation of a moment before, it was a step taken.

Consequently Storechnikoff went back to his house with an air of triumph, and Anna Petrovna had no resource left but fainting.

Maria Alexevna did not know exactly what to think of Vérotchka, who talked and seemed to act exactly against her mother's intentions, and who, after all, surmounted difficulties before which Maria Alexevna herself was powerless. Judging from the progress of affairs, it was clear that Vérotchka's wishes were the same as her mother's; only her plan of action was better laid and, above all, more effective. Yet, if this were the case, why did she not say to her mother: "Mamma, we have the same end in view; be tranquil." Was she so out of sorts with her mother that she wished to have nothing to do with her? This postponement, it was clear to Maria Alexevna, simply signified that her daughter wished to excite Storechnikoff's love and make it strong enough to break down the resistance of Anna Petrovna.

"She is certainly even shrewder than I," concluded Maria Alexevna after much reflection. But all that she saw and heard tended to prove the contrary.

"What, then, would have to be done," said she to herself, "if Véra really should not wish to be Storechnikoff's wife? She is so wild a beast that one does not know how to subdue her. Yes, it is altogether probable that this conceited creature does not wish Storechnikoff for a husband; in fact, it is indisputable."

For Maria Alexevna had too much common sense to be long deceived by artificial suppositions representing Vérotchka as an intriguer.

"All the same, one knows not what may happen, for the devil only knows what she has in her head; but, if she should marry Storechnikoff, she would control both son and mother. There is nothing to do, then, but wait. This spirited girl may come to a decision after a while, ... and we may aid her to it, but prudently, be it understood."

For the moment, at any rate, the only course was to wait, and so Maria Alexevna waited.

It was, moreover, very pleasant, this thought, which her common sense would not let her accept, that Vérotchka knew how to manœuvre in order to bring about her marriage; and everything except the young girl's words and actions supported this idea.

The suitor was as gentle as a lamb. His mother struggled for three weeks; then the son got the upper hand from the fact that he was the proprietor, and Anna Petrovna began to grow docile; she expressed a desire to make Vérotchka's acquaintance. The latter did not go to see her. Maria Alexevna thought at first that, in Vérotchka's place, she would have acted more wisely by going; but after a little reflection she saw that it was better not to go. "Oh! she is a shrewd rogue!"

A fortnight later Anna Petrovna came to the steward's herself, her pretext being to see if the new room was well arranged. Her manner was cold and her amiability biting; after enduring two or three of her caustic sentences, Vérotchka went to her room. While her daughter remained, Maria Alexevna did not think she was pursuing the best course; she thought that sarcasm should have been answered with sarcasm; but when Vérotchka withdrew, Maria Alexevna instantly concluded: "Yes, it was better to withdraw; leave her to her son, let him be the one to reprimand her; that is the best way."

Two weeks afterwards Anna Petrovna came again, this time without putting forward any pretext; she simply said that she had come to make a call; and nothing sarcastic did she say in Vérotchka's presence.

Such was the situation. The suitor made presents to Vérotchka through Maria Alexevna, and these presents very certainly remained in the latter's hands, as did Anna Petrovna's watch, always excepting the gifts of little value, which Maria Alexevna faithfully delivered to her daughter as articles which had been deposited with her and not redeemed; for it was necessary that the suitor should see some of these articles on his sweetheart. And, indeed, he did see them, and was convinced that Vérotchka was disposed to consent; otherwise she would not have accepted his gifts; but why, then, was she so slow about it? Perhaps she was waiting until Anna Petrovna should be thoroughly softened; this thought was whispered in his ear by Maria Alexevna. And he continued to break in his mother, as he would a saddle-horse, an occupation which was not without charm for him. Thus Vérotchka was left at rest, and everything was done to please her. This watch-dog kindness was repugnant to her; she tried to be with her mother as little as possible. The mother, on the other hand, no longer dared to enter her daughter's room, and when Vérotchka stayed there a large portion of the day, she was entirely undisturbed. Sometimes she allowed Mikhaïl Ivanytch to come and talk with her.

Then he was as obedient as a grandchild. She commanded him to read and he read with much zeal, as if he was preparing for an examination; he did not reap much profit from his reading, but nevertheless he reaped a little; she tried to aid him by conversation; conversation was much more intelligible to him than books, and thus he made some progress, slow, very slow, but real. He began by treating his mother a little better than before: instead of breaking her in like a saddle-horse, he preferred to hold her by the bridle.

Thus things went on for two or three months All was quiet, but only because of a truce agreed upon with the tempest liable to break forth again any day. Vérotchka viewed the future with a shrinking heart: some day or other would not Mikhaïl Ivanytch or Maria Alexevna press her to a decision? For their impatience would not put up long with this state of things.

[To be continued.]

Organic Ideas:

CORRELATING THE MATERIALIST WITH THE SPIRITUALIST HYPOTHESES.

I.

The germinal substance, or *punctum saliens*, of any given animal or plant eludes the eye, though armed with the microscope; not precisely from its smallness — but from its apparently amorphous character. Its potential evolution is divined only by knowledge of its medium, *i. e.*, of the collective organism in which it originated; elephant, mouse, man, rose, violet, etc., and following up this clue, we arrive at the ancient axiom: *All that is of the earth is conformable to the earth.* This vague phrase contains the sense of earth-life, soil-life, and the dependency of individuate life on its collective matrix. The differences which strike one's senses are effects, the potential causes of which are organic ideas. So it is again, in that secondary series of formations which occur within the sphere of a given organism. I am not aware that microscopists of to-day dissent from the statements of Beale, Lebert, and other histologists of twenty or thirty years ago, *viz.*, that to determine whether a certain particle is a pus corpuscle or lymph corpuscle, and if pus, whether benign or malignant, we must know whence it came and the condition of that part. Of course, I allow here for the more recent discovery of foreign organisms, such as the bacilli of tubercle or anthrax in particular forms of malignant disease. With regard to another malignant disease, cancer, microscopists were positive that they had discerned the characteristic cell, and this, which the late eminent histologist, Paul Broca, showed me under his own microscope in Paris, is of a form so curious and remarkable as not to be easily confounded with others; yet Velpeau proved that it is quite unreliable for diagnosis, not to be found in many cancers whose malignity was fatally verified, while others have found it in tumors which proved to be benignant. Here then again, it is the sphere, the medium, the collective life, which controls the particular form of local evolution. Whether it be the elementary germ of an organism, of a special tissue, or of a morbid product, which is in question, the materialist may remark that its organic idea is invariably associated with sensible matter. The spiritualist may remark: it is not the matter, but the form and the power that imports; the form is indiscernible, while the potency is latent, yet the event proves both in evolution. Ignoring the Paleyan mechanical supposition of a *Deus ex machinâ* for creation, spiritualism holds to the *vis insita*, the invisible modeler of forms, the intelligence of evolution, the Organic Idea. For cancer and other malignant diseases, this may trace back to a constitutional diathesis whose sensible signs are valueless without the discriminative coordination of reason.

For the tissues of an organ, or the organs of a body, the model traces back to a general type common to the species, and this model is the modeler, a living force.

For an organism, or the species which it exemplifies, the modeling principle traces back, beyond simple heredity, to organic ideas inherent to its characteristic sphere.

The dynamic intelligence evinced in the evolution *by* organic types, *of* their phenomenal organisms contrasts with animal or human intelligence, in that our mental faculties correspond to definiteness of structure, to the number of frontal convolutions and the depth of their vesicular cortex, whereas the organic type force is potent over undefined matter, the nebulous jelly of those organisms which it (itself invisible) initiates, either conformably to precedents, or deviating from them under local and spherical influences, and yet with faithful tendency, maintained through generations, to atavism, or identical reproduction of primitive forms. This intelligent and plastic energy, owning dependency on local sphere, traces back from organism to soil and climate, and from particled emanations to collective terra-solar origins never alien to matter, yet essentially dynamic. *Sic itur ad astra.*

II.

The *organic idea* is a child of the same family as *spontaneous evolution*, which, though controverted, with regard to dust-germs, by the careful experiments of Pasteur, Tyndall, and others, has been attested in a higher sense by those of Messrs. Cross and Weekes with the gentle and long-continued action of the galvanic current on metallic solutions in repose.

Academic orthodoxy (supplemental to the clerical) was of course very much exercised and scandalized about these heretical acari; but, after many years of discussion and repetition of the experiments, we find Messrs. Beard and Rockwell, who, in their historical section of electrical therapeutics, have, in the way of fish to fry, not the first spontaneous minnow, recording the facts as classical in the evolution of this branch of science. Thoroughly sifted by observation and experiment in the focus of medical curiosity, excited by the practical advances and useful applications of germ pathology in wine and blood, by Pasteur, Kock, Davaine, Klein, and many other microscopists, — we find the distinction between those classes of microphytes which, by inoculation, cause and reproduce given forms of disease, and the other class, putrefactive, which initiate nothing, but are always developed in the blood as coincidents and coefficients of the septicæmic process after inoculation of putrescent poisons, freed from germs by a prolonged baking heat.* While the former are attached by their spheres to the doctrine of *omne vivum ex ovo*, the latter protest in behalf of spontaneous evolution under the general formula — *Such as the sphere, so will be the life that comes to inhabit it.*

This subject possessed for me only the passing interest of a topic in scientific literature, until it came home to me quite unexpectedly, in the difficulty of indoctrinating a ribbon of soil before my door with my personal fancy for a sward of sweet vernal grass and certain flowers. I found that this soil had tastes and a will of its own, to which after months of fruitless weeding and watering, and sowing year after year seeds large and small, from Henderson's, Dreer's, Thornburn's, and Vick's, I finally surrendered.

This garden strip I had trenched and enriched with the cream of the virgin forest round me. The carbonaceous powder scooped out of decayed stumps, leaf-mould, and the droppings of my goats and kine, all nourished exclusively in the same virgin forest, contributed to form its soil. From this soil sprang neither what grew in the forest, nor what I had sown. Only a little of the grass came up and lived a little while by dint of constant attention, and so of several varieties of strawberry, one of which, per contra, quickly made itself at home, overran my grounds, and holds its own, even against the rankest sedge grass, bearing large fruit, where no other can live at all. Of the new growths, apparently spontaneous, wherever I manured, the most remarkable is purslane, the distinctive character of which could not fail to strike the eye in ten years of daily passage through the woods, if any of it grew there. For years I had but three neighbors within miles, and these recent settlers like myself, with woods between us, and whose cattle, like mine, fed only in these woods, with corn and cottonseed in winter. Purslane had small chance to grow in our little gardens, and if it did, the cattle had no access to it. Such observations, general, on a large scale, unvarying in their testimony, seem to me as conclusive as the crucial experiments of Pasteur or Tyndall in the dust field.

With regard to the purslane, moreover, there is not, as with the grave worm, the least chance for the hypothesis of a modification of type by sphere. Neither Darwinian æons nor analogous species had anything to do with it. The evolution is prompt, within a few weeks from the modification of the soil by culture, just as if the seed had been sown there; yet how could the seed get there? For birds the local food range was the same as for the cattle, and abundant. They had social and economical reasons for staying at home, and, besides, I never saw one peck at purslane, when I let it grow in constant view. Plants due to such an origin would be disseminated, whereas purslane always and exclusively grows in the spots richly manured.

The observations of Van Mons, grandfather of so many fine Pears, depose in the same sense, though bearing more directly on spontaneous organic evolutions of species from the soil, *when undisturbed in normal terra-solar conditions.* Of the spontaneous pear tree, he says: — *La racine trace dans la sens où elle est replée,*" — which is not clear to me; but the practical point is that he discerns a different form of root between the seedling and the spontaneous growth. Let botanists answer. *Non mihi vanitas componere lites.* Another curious thing that turned my thoughts toward the creative genius of the soil is Indian bread. I often turned up this substance during the first tillage of the clearing, but since then I never meet with it. It seems to be formed only in soils long undisturbed. It has no apparent plant organs, and is an analogue, I suppose, of the truffle, which I have never seen growing or complete. I tried planting the skins or rinds of my Indian bread, but nothing came of it.

Man is such a busybody that he gives himself very little chance to observe what would happen in Nature without his intervention.

I confess with Richard Owen, F. R. S., that, in pretending to the honors of a Simian ancestry, there are certain points about the skull and contents, where there is room to stick a?; but I thank my genealogists all the same for clearing away the *chevaux de frise* of prejudice which separated the organic from the inorganic forces, and so parted the child from his terra-solar parents.

III.

Spontaneous Evolution and Ethical Purpose.

As a doctrine, spontaneous evolution is probably as old as the faculty of reasoning on the evidence of the senses. In modern literature, Harriet Beecher Stowe announced it by the mouth of little Topsy. When asked who made her, she answered: "I specks I growed." Metagenesis, known to the comparative physiologist in the normal evolution of certain insect species, has received new interpretations and a wider field of play, unsettling the previously accepted boundaries of a few species, and suggesting, though not proving, permanent transmutations according with sphere, without break in the continuity of successive generations. In this sense is the conversion, reported to have been effected in her aquarium by a French lady in Mexico, of the breathing organ of the axolotl from the aquatic to the aerial type of structure and function.

Whatever eventually becomes of the hypothesis now taught as the theory of evolution, it will have kindled a prairie fire of opinion, in which the old theology is getting well roasted.

Whether the origin of organic forms, or only their modifications to the actual types, be in question, the really important point is their manifestation of intelligent tendency towards the useful and the beautiful, the increment of life's enjoyment. If Nature deserve credit for beneficent purpose, notwithstanding frequent failures and miscarriages, this hypothesis of purpose inevitably opens the question whether the intelligence and sentiment revealed are integrant of the specific or individuate life,— of the Rose, of the Lily, for instance,— or whether these plants are organic works of art, manifesting the genius of one or many artists, as do our paintings and statues. In a coarse way, the gardener is an artist of organic fabrics. Beyond, as well as within the limits of his administration, and even that of man, the vegetal power may perhaps own the plastic guidance of beings invisible to us, and whom, if we named, we might call fairies. The transcendent culture of flowers, their endowment with graceful forms, splendid colors, sweet aromas, seems a congenial occupation for young ladies who survive their bodies, and in which their spritely beaux may often aid them. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* There is no lack of evident purpose in Nature. To be sure, there are purposes and purposes. The difficulty is, there seem to be too many of them for consistency of purpose. This difficulty is ethical. We want to see the moral of them. *E. g.*, the tic, whose refined senses spontaneously and unerringly guide it to the juiciest and tenderest folds of my skin and where it is most difficult to seize and detach it, would be both stupid and ungrateful to deny a special providence for it in the existence of the human and bovine species. I make theology a present of this argument; it is a clincher; it will stick and hold on till the last stick of timber is cut in these woods. The flea, the mosquito, the louse, with their specific endowments and providential pasture, ought all to be of exemplary piety.

But the hyperbolic curve of the ideal never consents with the actual, always flies off at a tangent with fact, and some pessimist tics question God's supreme goodness in giving man finger nails! Such heresies justify thumb-screws and the stake. My lamp bears witness to them.

At the opposite extreme of the scale in parasitic animality, good King David of leonine piety tells us how "the young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God." "That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good."

How good Jay Gould and Vanderbilt must feel in such religious associations, — they who, for the social body, combine the tic and flea with the lion; who gorged with its blood — money — show the sagacity and tenacity of the tic, the omnipresent nimbleness of the flea in transfers by exchange, evading revolutionary squalls, and a portentous voracity that dwarfs into innocence the whole feral army, from the eagle to the shrike, and from the lion to the skunk! Oh! how they love their neighbor ('s goods)!!!

> Are *these* thy works, O Lord, parent of good?
> Almighty, *thine*, this universal frame?

Oh, yes, the fittest shall survive. The survival shows the fitness of them; otherwise we might not have suspected it. This is the beauty of reasoning in a circle. The dictionary has been an embarrassment to sound orthodoxy. Children form whimsical and heretical ideas of the meaning of such words as infinite wisdom and goodness, especially when these are unstintingly allied with infinite power. It is urgent to destroy the old dictionaries and to modify Sunday school teaching to the effect of defining these vague terms so that they shall convey to the mind the qualitative virtues of a general scrimmage. Struggle for existence in Nature. Such is the fact; now go baptize the factors accordingly. Brahmin wit and logic, in its Banyan hospitals for animals, where beggars are fed to feed fleas, shows great natural intelligence of the disciplines employed by supreme wisdom and goodness in the education of man, and which reconciles benignity towards the flea with humiliation of the paria caste below the point of effervescent rebellion. Order in Church and State! Honor to the Tiger, the Flea, and the Cholera microbe! The particular crow I have to pick with Nature, Duty & Co., is the distribution of sympathies at cross purposes. My perverse intelligence has never been able to reconcile beneficent wisdom, in the disciplines of human education to fit the soul for heaven and harmony, with that spiritual arrangement, by which, as a general rule, John loves Mary, who loves Thomas, who loves Betsey, who loves Peter, who loves Margaret, who loves Samuel, who loves nobody but himself, and so on, *in seculâ seculorum.* This capricious distribution of sympathies, which seems to mock at marriage, would do credit to Tari, the malicious goddess of the Khonds, for whose altars handsome youths are fattened. From the height of my morality I pro-

*M. Davaine had proved (*Comptes Rendus de l'Académie Française*) the uniformly and promptly fatal results of inoculation with non-specific putrid blood in quantities of the one-thousandth of a drop, or a third decimal attenuation. Herr Rosenberger, after repeating these experiments, showed like results from a cubic centimetre of putrid fluid, which had been heated to 140° centigrade during two hours, then injected, *with aseptic precautions.* Quickly afterwards, the microbes characteristic of putrefaction were discerned in the living blood, and appeared to be as numerous as in animals poisoned by inoculation with uncooked putrid fluids. Analogous facts of spontaneous evolution are declared by Dr. Bastian of London, *viz.*, the development of life in rich nitrogenous fluids, in hermetically sealed glass tubes, after heating to 302° Fahrenheit.

test against it as betraying love to orgigamy. Maria del Occidente reproaches it thus in her musical cadence:

"And as the dove from far Palmyra flying
To where her native founts of Antioch gleam,
Weary, exhausted, fainting, panting, dying,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;
So many a soul o'er life's dread desert faring,
Love's pure congenial stream unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
Of what it sought, descends and sips the nearest draught."

And then with what exquisite irony Society takes Nature at her word, and religiously reinforces orgigamic tendencies by its barriers of caste, of faiths, of fortunes, &c., thus reducing to extreme improbability the meeting of counterpart characters among the nobler types, and keeping them apart, when they do meet! The next time I happen to create and stock a world, I propose, in the interests of morality, to assort characters more with a view to that reciprocity of feeling which forms the ideal of our marriage custom. Marry the fact with the form, the ideal with the real, and the custom will need no legislation to protect it.

The quintessence of morality which points these pious aspirations is my feeling of the urgency that, instead of imagining Gods, we should, in fact, create and superpose on Nature that ideal of wisdom and goodness which is inmost to us, never mind how it came there. The ideal function of Man in Nature is to create God. Depolarize this word, if you can, and make of it a synonym with Harmony, — with the serial unison of varieties in organic completeness. EDGEWORTH.

Mr. Wakeman's Recipe for Law-making.

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

To the populace of Gods succeeds Yahveh; to Yahveh, Jesus, Buddha, and the Grand Lama. Coming nearer home, a political sprawl supersedes the psychologic, and the vanguard of mind, under banners of progress, prostrate themselves before the old clothes of the last century. To the populace of Gods now succeeds the Divine Populace, — Tahag, Rahag, and Bohoobtail, — enshrined in the temple of promiscuous suffrage; while the chivalrous T. B. W., editor of "Man," inspired by Mother Ann Lee or the charms of the Virgin Mary, finds salvation awaiting the equal divinity of Bridget and Gretchen and Vic. (Not the darling diminutive for Vice, but Victoria, never mind which of them.) To the manifest destiny of this bipopular sovereignty, there is but one slight objection, — it must come in too late for the present election and selection of the loaves and fishes.

So git out de way, old Dan Tucker,
You's too late to come to supper.

The ideal government, that harmony resulting from "anarchy plus the street constable," so preferable to "despotism tempered by assassination;" that rapid progress facilitated by gearing the cart before the horse, and the car of the State before the co-operative township; that linear certitude of direction, obtained by gearing horses all around the cart, each with an ear of corn fastened in front of his nose; all the loveliness, in short, of *being represented*, — wait upon the ballot, can all be had by voting, and, if two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative, how much more must twenty million ignorances be equivalent to knowledge, so many follies to wisdom, so many superstitions to religion, so many selfishnesses to love of the neighbor! Music proves it, you know, by the harmony of discords, but even music can never reach that sweet dominion over Nature and Humanity to which savages and cabbages yield a soft assent, until its notes are distributed by the ballot, and the audience elects the chords by universal suffrage.

The reason's plain, for Charon's angry barge
Running full tilt 'gainst the subjunctive mood,
Beckoned to a porpoise, and gave the nod,
To fatten padlocks on Antarctic food.

In making wine, the fruit is not always sweet enough for an effective fermentation. In making laws, the legislators are not always wise enough for a fruitful elaboration. To overcome the difficulty add in the vat, to one ton of half ripe trash, another of the same quality; add in congress, and first at the polls, as much feminine silliness and spite as we already have of the masculine article, and Q. E. D., Liberty and Order. The fermentation of ideas is rapidly completed, and the wine of social happiness gladdens the heart of Humanity.

EDGEWORTH.

(Private Secretary of the firm, Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, U. S. Grant & Co.)

No Free Trade Without Free Money.

The contributor to the "Essex Statesman" who wrote the following some months ago gets down to bottom truth on the tariff question:

There is something outside of the vexed question of Protection *vs.* Free Trade which has such intimate relation to it that to leave it out of the consideration is to fail in all calculations regarding it. Let us stop and ask why it is that Europe can manufacture so many things so much cheaper than we do that they can be imported at such rates as to destroy their production here? The first answer to this important question is that the European goods are the result of pauper labor. Analysis of this answer has proven it insufficient. It does not sustain the objection, since the rates of general wages received in England maintain the laborers quite as well as the same maintain the laborers in this country.

But this answer, though insufficient, points us in the right direction. It is in the costs attending manufacturing. Dismiss the wages question and the cost of raw material, and the cost of capital alone remains. And here we find the solution. Capital invested in manufacturing in this country in one form or another pays from twelve to twenty per cent. per annum interest, while that similarly invested in England pays two and a half per cent. per annum. And yet Free Traders never raise the question of interest, while it is all there is of their theory, since free trade is impossible of a country which maintains a money despotism.

Make money as cheap in this country as it is in England, and we can over-reach them in almost every kind of manufactured goods, while, if we were to make money free from cost, we could pay England off in her own coin, since we could manufacture all our raw material and undersell her in her own markets, which would compel her to resort to protection, which she would probably do, overlooking, as we have done, the vital point, — the money question.

Let our government inaugurate the free money system, and within twenty years the results flowing from it would dethrone every monarch in Europe; they subsist from the interest levied upon us. Make money free and plenty, and the tariff question will be at once and forever settled.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 20. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884.** **Whole No. 46.**

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The delay in the appearance of this issue was unavoidable, the death of my father having suddenly called me from the city for a week. By the same cause the publication in pamphlet of "An Anarchist on Anarchy" is also delayed for a few days.

Lawyers are perpetually boasting that the law is the very acme of human wisdom, the ultimate achievement of pure reason. They know better. The law is the embodiment of all the unreason of which the mind of man is capable. A veteran Queen's counsel said the other day of the verdict against Bradlaugh: "It is illogical, but is legal." He should have said: "It is legal because it is illogical."

A pretty specimen of a political campaign the country has before it! One party nominates for president its strongest man, who is a rascal; the other nominates nearly its weakest, who is a nonentity; and between this knave and this nobody the workers of the country expect and are expected to choose the way of their salvation from the prevailing economic chaos How long must such things be?

The Co-operative Publishing Company, of Princeton, Mass, has published, in a pamphlet of nearly fifty pages, a report of E. H. Heywood's defence made in April, 1883, in the United States Court in Boston, against Anthony Comstock's prosecution of him for mailing "Cupid's Yokes" and other alleged obscene literature. Judge Nelson's charge to the jury is printed with it. The interest attaching to both of these documents will grow as the years go on. The price of the pamphlet is twenty-five cents.

If there is anything in which Christian England finds supreme satisfaction and cause for self-congratulation, it is in spreading the light of the blessed gospel among the benighted heathen. I am forcibly reminded of this by the statement of a traveller in India that the shops in Benares are full of little cast-iron gods, which were made in Birmingham for the Indian market. Birmingham also manufactures other resources of civilization, such as guns, swords, and bayonets, but I think the cast-iron deities the noblest work of Christian England in these days.

"The study of the faces of an American crowd on a holiday," says the Boston "Advertiser," "is anything but enlivening. It will be a positive gain for our civilization when this hard work-day aspect of it shall give place to a cheery geniality, and the faces of the people will afford the best index of such a beneficial change." Why not help bring about the beneficial change and make the much-desired "cheery geniality" possible? You never will banish the hard work-day aspect or make any gain for civilization whatsoever by playing a part in the game of political trickery.

I regret to announce the death of the "San Franciscan." The paper was started by Joseph Goodman and Arthur McEwen in the belief that a community which has protested against railroad robbery and land monopoly more loudly than any other would gladly support an absolutely independent journal in the battle for liberty. It cost them $8,000 to discover that the merchants and business men of San Francisco are cowards, who deserve no sympathy in their slavery to Messrs. Huntington, Crocker, and Stanford. The "San Franciscan" did good work while it lived, thanks to the ability, sincerity, and radicalism of Mr. McEwen. It would have lived longer, perhaps, had the publishers ignored miscellaneous literature and printed a smaller paper devoted exclusively to the discussion of social problems and to literature of a radical tendency. I think the fate of the "San Franciscan" indicates that the days of eclectic journalism are disappearing, and that special journalism is coming to the front here as in France The people do not demand any longer that the pills of opinion shall be sugar-coated.

In attempted rebuke of Ingersoll's disposition to make sport of the Bible, Henry Ward Beecher recently said: "I would like to see the man who would bring down the cradle in which his children had been rocked and split it up for firewood and laugh to see it burn. What sort of a man would he be? When the child is gone and in some moment the mother finds in the drawer a little shoe that the child wore, she is bathed in tears, though the child has been dead for years and years; natural affection leads us to repeat the children's little broken language. The prattle becomes dear to us, and the little garments that would be absurd to put upon the grown man's back we hang up and look at as our children's heritage, as belonging to them." But this absurdity, Mr. Beecher, is just what the Christians are guilty of. Suppose the mother in question, instead of hanging up the garments of her child to cherish as mementos, should don them and parade the streets therein. Would she not cut a most ludicrous figure? And if her sanity were not questioned, would she not be rightly ridiculed? Yet you, Mr. Beecher, and your fellow-Christians, don the outgrown garments of a barbarian theology and persist in walking the streets at noonday; and then weep because infidels, clad in more modern garb, are forced to hold their sides with laughter. Put away your Bibles, read them in your closets as the childish prattle of your ancestors, and no smile of ours shall disturb your tender recollections.

General Butler, with his usual disregard for consistency and carelessness of human rights, introduced a resolution in the Democratic national convention at Chicago, favoring the establishment of labor tribunals for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor, with power to enforce their decrees. If such tribunals were established, what would be the result? Simply this: government would fix the wages of labor and the prices of its products. Thus we should have communism in a most objectionable form. Could anything be more arbitrary, meddlesome, and unscientific? True, it may be said that government has already invested a few persons with privileges which enable them to control wages and prices. I not only admit this, — I assert it; and I publish Liberty in order to assert and reassert it as the most grievous wrong under which the people suffer. But between this and General Butler's plan I can see little or nothing for anybody but thieves to choose. It makes little difference who fixes wages and prices; the evil is that they are fixed at all outside and in violation of free contract made and voluntary choice exercised in a perfectly free market. By a free market I mean one in which there is no privilege or monopoly of any kind, and especially no monopoly of the issuance of currency. In such a market wages and prices will be fixed, not by human will or caprice, but by the natural laws of commerce and in accordance with the principle of equivalence in exchange, thus rendering General Butler's labor tribunals as destitute then of excuse in fact as they are now of foundation in right.

Liberty prints in this issue a great poem, — such a poem as is not written oftener than once in a decade. It is long, and occupies a great deal of valuable space, but it is well worth every line of it. I am obliged in consequence to print a much smaller instalment than usual of Tchernychewsky's story, in which nearly all of Liberty's readers are so highly interested. For this, however, amends will be made in succeeding issues. The poem in question appeared in England last year, and by its extraordinary merit won high praise even from such organs of the policy it assails as the "Pall Mall Gazette." It is the work of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, a wealthy young Englishman, as I understand, who formed a great love for the Arabian horse and whose studies of that animal led him to spend much of his time in Egypt, where his interest gradually extended from Arabian horses to Arabian men, principally through his acquaintance with and admiration of their now exiled leader, Arabi Pasha. Finding the latter to be one of the heroes of the earth, unselfishly bent on securing the rights and promoting the welfare of his fellows, he became interested in his projects of reform, and was naturally highly indignant at their destruction by the English invasion of Egypt, which he did all he could to prevent. Failing in this, his influence, nevertheless, saved Arabi from execution and procured his exile instead to Colombo, where now he pays long visits to the Egyptian reformer. It was some time after the Egyptian defeat that he wrote this terrible poetical philippic, "The Wind and the Whirlwind," against the treacherous and cruel course of his native country towards her colonies. In it Gladstone is mercilessly pilloried for his betrayal of the cause which he had pretended to champion; the awakening of Egypt to the dawn of liberty and justice is glowingly pictured; the principles and purposes of Arabi are told in inspiring numbers, the fiery eloquence of which is seldom surpassed or equalled; the Khedive's baseness and corruption, and the treachery of England in using him as a tool for the oppression of his people and the filling of her purse, are denounced in figures that burn and metaphors that blister; the horrible bombardment of Alexandria and subsequent massacre of weak and defenceless Egyptians are branded as they deserve, and as only a poet can brand; the hypocrisy of the British Premier is likened to that of Pilate in one telling touch of art; England's career of crime is summed up in a terrific indictment, and a sentence passed upon her than which I have never seen in human language one more fearful or inexorable; and finally the poet becomes prophet as well as judge, and points courageously, confidently, and enthusiastically to the Orient as "the future of the world's sublime." And here I turn prophet also long enough to predict that this poem will be remembered in our literature for many centuries to come. It is with great joy that I place it before my readers. Soon I shall have it ready in pamphlet form and parchment covers, in the highest style of the printer's art and at a very low price.

THE WIND AND THE WHIRLWIND.

By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
I have a cause to plead. But to what ears?
How shall I move a world by lamentation—
A world which heeded not a Nation's tears?

How shall I speak of justice to the aggressors,—
Of right to Kings whose rights include all wrong,—
Of truth to Statecraft, true but in deceiving,—
Of peace to Prelates, pity to the Strong?

Where shall I find a hearing? In high places?
The voice of havoc drowns the voice of good.
On the throne's steps? The elders of the nation
Rise in their ranks and call aloud for blood.

Where? In the street? Alas for the world's reason!
Not Peers not Priests alone this deed have done.
The clothes of those high Hebrews stoning Stephen
Were held by all of us,—ay every one.

Yet none the less I speak. Nay, here by Heaven
This task at least a poet best may do,—
To stand alone against the mighty many,
To force a hearing for the weak and few.

Unthanked, unhonored,—yet a task of glory,—
Not in his day, but in an age more wise,
When those poor Chancellors have found their portion
And lie forgotten in their dust of lies.

And who shall say that this year's cause of freedom
Lost on the Nile has not as worthy proved
Of poet's hymning as the cause which Milton
Sang in his blindness or which Dante loved?

The fall of Guelph beneath the spears of Valois,
Freedom betrayed, the Ghibelline restored,
—Have we not seen it, we who caused this anguish,
Exile and fear, proscription and the sword?

Or shall God less avenge in their wild valley,
Where they lie slaughtered, those poor sheep whose fold
In the grey twilight of our wrath we carried
To serve the worshippers of stocks and gold?

This fails. That finds its hour. This fights. That falters.
Greece is stamped out beneath a Wolseley's heels.
Or Egypt is avenged of her long mourning,
And hurls her Persians back to their own keels.

'Tis not alone the victor who is noble.
'Tis not alone the wise man who is wise.
There is a voice of sorrow in all shouting,
And shame pursues not only him who flies.

To fight and conquer—'tis the boast of heroes.
To fight and fly—of this men do not speak.
Yet shall there come a day when men shall tremble
Rather than do misdeeds upon the weak,—

—A day when statesmen baffled in their daring
Shall rather fear to wield the sword in vain
Than to give back their charge to a hurt nation,
And own their frailties, and resign their reign,—

—A day of wrath when all fame shall remember
Of this year's work shall be the fall of one
Who, standing foremost in her paths of virtue,
Bent a fool's knee at War's red altar stone,

And left all virtue beggared in his falling,
A sign to England of new griefs to come,
Her priest of peace who sold his creed for glory
And marched to carnage at the tuck of drum.

Therefore I fear not. Rather let this record
Stand of the past, ere God's revenge shall chase
From place to punishment His sad vicegerents
Of power on Earth.—I fling it in their face.

. . . . . .

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
Out of the East a twilight had been born.
It was not day. Yet the long night was waning,
And the spent nations watched it less forlorn.

Out of the silence of the joyless ages
A voice had spoken, such as the first bird
Speaks to the woods, before the morning wakens,—
And the World starting to its feet had heard.

Men hailed it as a prophecy. Its utterance
Was in that tongue divine the Orient knew.
It spoke of hope. Men hailed it as a brother's.
It spoke of happiness. Men deemed it true.

There in the land of Death, where toil is cradled,
That tearful Nile, unknown to Liberty,
It spoke in passionate tones of human freedom,
And of those rights of Man which cannot die,—

—Till from the cavern of long fear, whose portals
Had backward rolled, and hardly yet aloud,
Men prisoned stole like ghosts and joined the chorus,
And chanted trembling, each man in his shroud.

Justice and peace, the brotherhood of nations,—
Love and goodwill of all mankind to man,—
These were the words they caught and echoed strangely,
Deeming them portions of some Godlike plan,—

A plan thus first to their own land imparted.
They did not know the irony of Fate,
The mockery of man's freedom, and the laughter
Which greets a brother's love from those that hate.

Oh for the beauty of hope's dreams! The childhood
Of that old land, long impotent in pain,
Cast off its slough of sorrow with its silence,
And laughed and shouted and grew new again.

And in the streets, where still the shade of Pharaoh
Stalked in his sons, the Mamelukian horde,
Youth greeted youth with words of exultation
And shook his chains and clutched as for a sword.

Student and merchant,—Jew, and Copt, and Moslem,—
All whose scarred backs had bent to the same rod,—
Fired with one mighty thought, their feuds forgotten,
Stood hand in hand and praising the same God.

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
As in the days of Moses in the land,
God sent a man of prayer before his people
To speak to Pharaoh, and to loose his hand.

Injustice, that hard step-mother of heroes,
Had taught him justice. Him the sight of pain
Moved into anger, and the voice of weeping
Made his eyes weep as for a comrade slain.

A soldier in the bands of his proud masters
It was his lot to serve. But of his soul
None owned allegiance save the Lord of Armies.
No worship from his God's might him cajole.

Strict was his service. In the law of Heaven
He comfort took and patience under wrong.
And all men loved him for his heart unquailing,
And for the words of pity on his tongue.

Knowledge had come to him in the night-watches,
And strength with fasting, eloquence with prayer.
He stood a judge from God before the strangers,
The one just man among his people there.

Strongly he spoke: 'Now, Heaven be our witness!
'Egypt this day has risen from her sleep.
'She has put off her mourning and her silence.
'It was no law of God that she should weep.

'It was no law of God nor of the Nations
'That in this land, alone of the fair Earth,
'The hand that sowed should reap not of its labor,
'The heart that grieved should profit not of mirth.

'How have we suffered at the hands of strangers,
'Binding their sheaves, and harvesting their wrath!
'Our service has been bitter, and our wages
'Hunger and pain and nakedness and drouth.

'Which of them pitied us? Of all our princes,
'Was there one Sultan listened to our cry?
'Their palaces we built, their tombs, their temples.
'What did they build but tombs for Liberty?

'To live in ignorance, to die by service;
'To pay our tribute and our stripes receive:
'This was the ransom of our toil in Eden,
'This, and our one sad liberty—to grieve.

'We have had enough of strangers and of princes
'Nursed on our knees and lords within our house.
'The bread which they have eaten was our children's,
'For them the feasting and the shame for us.

'The shadows of their palaces, fair dwellings
'Built with our blood and kneaded with our tears,
'Darkens the land with darkness of Gehennem,
'The lust, the crime, the infamy of years.

'Did ye not hear it? From those muffled windows
'A sound of women rises and of mirth.
'These are our daughters—ay our sons—in prison,
'Captives to shame with those who rule the Earth.

'The silent river by those gardens lapping
'To-night receives its burden of new dead,
'A man of age sent home with his lord's wages,
'Stones to his feet, a grave-cloth to his head.

'Walls infamous in beauty, gardens fragrant
'With rose and citron and the scent of blood.
'God shall blot out the memory of all laughter,
'Rather than leave you standing where you stood.

'We have had enough of princes and of strangers,
'Slaves that were Sultans, eunuchs that were kings,
'The shame of Sodom is on all their faces.
'The curse of Cain pursues them, and it clings.

'Is there no virtue? See the pale Greek smiling.
'Virtue for him is as a tale of old.
'Which be his gods? The cent per cent in silver.
'His God of gods? The world's creator, Gold.

'The Turk that plunders and the Frank that panders,
'These are our lords who ply with lust and fraud.
'The brothel and the winepress and the dancers
'Are gifts unneeded in the lands of God.

'We need them not. We heed them not. Our faces
'Are turned to a new Kebla, a new truth,
'Proclaimed by the one God of all the nations
'To save His people and renew their youth.

'A truth which is of knowledge and of reason;
'Which teaches men to mourn no more, and live;
'Which tells them of things good as well as evil,
'And gives what Liberty alone can give.

'The counsel to be strong, the will to conquer,
'The love of all things just and kind and wise,
'Freedom for slaves, fair rights for all as brothers,
'The triumph of things true, the scorn of lies.

'O men, who are my brethren, my soul's kindred!
'That which our fathers dreamed of as a dream,
'The sun of peace and justice, has arisen
'And God shall work in you His perfect scheme.

'The rulers of your Earth shall cease deceiving,
'The men of usury shall fly your land.
'Your princes shall be numbered with your servants,
'And peace shall guide the sword in your right hand.

'You shall become a nation with the nations.
'Lift up your voices, for the night is past.
'Stretch forth your hands. The hands of the free peoples
'Have beckoned you, the youngest and the last.

'And in the brotherhood of Man reposing,
'Joined to their hopes and nursed in their new day,
'The anguish of the years shall be forgotten
'And God, with these, shall wipe your tears away.'

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
How shall I tell the mystery of guile—
The fraud that fought—the treason that disbanded—
The gold that slew the children of the Nile?

The ways of violence are hard to reckon,
And men of right grow feeble in their will,
And Virtue of her sons has been forsaken,
And men of peace have turned aside to kill.

How shall I speak of them, the priests of Baal,
The men who sowed the wind for their ill ends?
The reapers of the whirlwind in that harvest
Were all my countrymen, were some my friends.

Friends, countrymen and lovers of fair freedom—
Souls to whom still my soul laments and cries.
I would not tell the shame of your false dealings,
Save for the blood which clamors to the skies.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY 12, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

"The Public Be Damned!"

The men who control the railroads of this country are doing their best to bring about a social revolution and get themselves hanged. They have seized, with the aid of the government, land enough for the support of all the poor people in North America, and what they have once got hold of even the government cannot force them to give up. With an appreciation of the true nature of the business and an aptness in characterization that rarely distinguish the legal mind, the inventors of this style of robbery speak of the land held by railroad men as having been "withdrawn from settlement." The people who want to use this land allow themselves to be excluded from it by this fiction of proprietorship, having superstitious reverence for the fetich known as "forms of law," but there are signs that titles to unoccupied land will not be respected much longer in this country.

But these robber barons of today are not content to exercise their power in the circuitous ways of the law. They are becoming as stupidly and fatuously arrogant as were the aristocrats of France a hundred years ago. Two notable illustrations of this have been given within the past few days. About two hundred laborers employed by the Lake Shore & Western Railway in Michigan arrived at Milwaukee in flat cars July 3, having travelled two days and nights without food. Going to the headquarters of the company, they demanded pay for their May work. Being refused, they attempted to break in the door, but police arrived and drove them off. The despatches telling this story went on to say: "They still hang about, having no money and desperate from hunger. The company's officers explain that the pay roll was late, but they are unable to settle with the men until the superintendents of the gangs certify to the rolls. These foremen are up in the woods. Paymaster Allibone got out at the back window, and took the pay car for the north. The men will not be paid until they go back to the woods." So the laborers must submit to the whims of their railroad masters or starve. But suppose these men, desperate from hunger and enraged by being robbed, should follow the paymaster, who climbed out at a back window and ran away with their money! There are no police in the woods to check the course of wild justice.

Another instance in Colorado. A telegram says: "Grand Junction, Col., having been cut off on the east by the washing out of the bridge in Black cañon, and on the west by the tearing up of the tracks by President Lovejoy, is badly off for supplies, and a famine is threatened. Mr. Bancroft, superintendent of the Denver & Rio Grande Western, had freight sent around this way, and was about furnishing relief, when President Lovejoy's move prevented him from doing so."

There is nothing like hunger to set men to thinking about their rights and revenging their wrongs. Violent revolution is not what Liberty's friends are striving for or want to see, but I fear these stupid railroad knaves are driving the disinherited to that desperate remedy. The public may be safely damned, but the workers may not be starved with impunity by King Vanderbilt and his barons.

K

Liberty and Wealth.

IV.

NEW HARMONY: DARKNESS—DAWN.

"Well!" cried Smith, "when I married my wife, I didn't suppose I was marrying a whole reform club, a Utopian dreamer, a comrade of Herr Most!"

"Who is Herr Most? What do you know about him?" the wife asked.

"Oh, I've seen plenty of squibs in the papers about him. He's the man who would set the world afire, if he could."

"I rather think," said I, "that you have no further relish for the argument, and so adopt the method of the "Herald" and other papers,—you fire silly squibs. Of Herr Most, I know little. He's infuriated, perchance, and may propose heroic treatment; but, while the condition of mankind remains as it is, one forgives the wildest proposition for its relief. I venture, on investigation, Herr Most turned inside out would present a far more interesting spectacle than Vanderbilt."

"Pshaw!" said Smith, with an air of disgust, "there ought to be a Bastile for such fellows as he."

Then he turned on me his red face, and said in suppressed tones:—

"Do you believe in assassination, in fire, in murder and arson, in reducing the world to ashes, laying it level to get a place to set up your thrones in?"

He was lapsing into one of his old-time fits of passion.

"For all the world," said his wife, looking up, "you look yourself at this moment the very embodiment of all evil. There's murder and arson in your eye. How many worlds you would upset and destroy, if you only had the power!"

Smith was mad and disgusted. He reached for his hat, but I checked him, and persuaded him to remain quiet, remarking:

"Let us put all else aside now, and consider what your wife was saying. Is there any objection to the proposition that labor should sit under its own vine and fig-tree?"

Smith calmed himself, and said:

"Everybody has a right to his own; to the honest, legitimate fruit of his labor. But you seem to think, if a man happens to be a capitalist, he forfeits that privilege."

"I see," I responded, "you do not begin yet to understand what I have been driving at. And I doubt if much is gained by discussion or controversy. It is a good deal this way. Two men start on a journey. They go a little way together, and then come to a fork in the road. The road divides and branches out right and left. One keeps to the right, the other cries 'this way,' and keeps to the left. While they are in hailing distance, they keep shouting to one another, disputing which is the right road."

"What *should* they do? Ought the fellow going left to whirl and go right, follow the other where he was pleased to lead, without a murmur?"

"Suppose the fellow going right should say: 'That road to the left is the old road. It is not only a poor road in itself, but it brings up at a poor place. It brings up at the old place of unsatisfied want, misery, and degradation. Come with me and I will show you a better road, and a goal of peace, prosperity, and happiness."

"In your mind's eye, you mean."

"Exactly," said I; "all things are first in the mind's eye. You believe in a Creator of the world. Before the world was, where *was* it? In His mind's eye. That is, believing as you profess, you should so say. The American Republic! where was it before the Revolution? Our fathers founded these institutions of freedom, we say. It was in their mind's eye. Yes, Mr. Smith, all things are first a dream. Gradually the dream takes form and shape, becomes a rational, practical, working reality. We are so constructed that we are at first afraid of our dreams, our prophetic fore-gleams, our New-world visions. Some Columbus, rapt and undissuadable, sails until fear and doubt and unbelief are annihilated. The new world that lay in his mind's eye is beneath his feet.

"Now, Mr. Smith, turn to the right with me, and let us see what has been discovered in this direction. Let us travel—in our mind's eye—to the new city, the Zion set on a hill, where Righteousness and Peace, in your Bible phrase, have kissed each other, where, in my own plain speech, Liberty and Wealth are universal, and the people rival one another only in great and beneficent achievements.

"To the city I speak of I have already been traveling this same road. Shall I tell you my experience?"

"Oh, certainly; it will doubtless be interesting," Smith replied, in a resigned sort of a way.

"I shall be delighted," said his wife.

This was encouragement enough. Smith might make wry faces to his heart's content. I continued:—

"When I drew near and came within view of the City, I turned and saw sitting by the wayside, on a boulder beneath a sheltering tree, an aged man. He was so simply and plainly dressed, I, at first, regarded him as a tramp, some outcast from the hive of industry beyond. But the peaceful face he turned to meet my gaze dispelled the thought. So I drew near and asked:—

"'What city lies yonder?'

"'The City of New Harmony,' was the quiet reply, given in soft and pleasing tones; "have you traveled far?'

"'Yes, from the City of Discord,' I replied.

"'Ah! a long way, indeed; sit down and rest yourself. There is a spring near by. I will give you a drink. It is the water of the river of life from which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst.'

"'You are a mystic,' I said, 'and clothe your thoughts in vagueness. But, if I catch your meaning, I am in truth weary in spirit, and my soul is athirst. I will rest me, as you invite, and you shall tell me of the city we see beyond. Why is it called New Harmony? Doubtless you know its history.'

"'O, yes, I know its whole history. You see I have passed the allotted time of life, and I was but twenty-five when I came to this place. I was here almost at the beginning. It is a long story, but there are two good hours till dark. I shall weary you, I doubt not, for it seems an endless theme to me. I never know when to stop. But I leave it to my listeners to stop me. Speak, ere you faint.'

"Smiling, I bade him go on without fear for me.

"And this is the story he related:—

"'I came hither almost at the beginning, responding in person to a chance summons from Robert Owen. A circular of his reached me in a distant part of the Union. To my wife I said: "It is what we have been dreaming of." We broke up our home; I left my business. We were surprised by the number of learned, refined, and generous-minded people we met here. Every profession was represented and all the trades. One common purpose seemed to animate men, women, and children. They had set themselves to found a common home,—a community of equal burdens, equal privileges, and universal happiness. Co-operation was their watchword. We were strangers, but we were received as human beings. "Husband, have we come to Paradise?" my wife asked. I replied: "We will wait and see" The company numbered in all some two hundred and fifty souls. They had brought provisions for the first six months, but they were generally poor. Owen was a man of wealth, and promised to help along the enterprise until it got into good working condition. When we arrived, they were holding daily sessions to form a Constitution of Liberty.

"'But, alas! weeks wore away, and finally months. The task seemed hopeless. At heart they were all in accord. But intellectually they were wide apart. They had had a good time; it was a sort of pic-nic. But no result in formulating a new society in which *despotism* should be an unknown factor could be shown. Neither had the ground been broken; no seed planted, no harvest could be reaped, and the summer was gone. Six months of fruitless discussion ended in their placing themselves under the absolute dictatorship of one man,—Robert Owen. Everybody was disappointed, of course; but they yielded

to the inevitable. No one felt a keener disappointment than Owen himself.

"'He took the helm bravely, and managed with an eye single to the common welfare. But it was to no purpose. No fault was found with him, but the people had failed even to go in the direction of their ideal, and they gradually fell off, returning, most of them, to their old homes.

"'Three years had passed, and I said to my wife: "Have we come to Paradise?" "Not exactly," she replied; "it is rather a prolonged pic-nic."

"'I was so depressed in spirit, I told Owen it seemed to me this world was made on a wrong plan. The author of it might have succeeded with other world-experiments, but he had certainly made a failure of this. Owen shook his head, and replied: "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves." He then announced his purpose of returning to England. He bade us goodbye, the few who remained, and took his leave. Wife and I sat down and cried like babies. I started out to calm my feelings, and found wherever I went that tears were in fashion. The whole neighborhood — sixty-one souls — sat in utter despondency. To make our desolation blacker, a three days' storm set in. The winds howled, the rain poured; the days were as dark almost as the nights.

"'But, when nature smiled again, our courage revived. A reaction set in, and we shook hands as we met each other from house to house.

"'"We're not dead yet," cried one man; "perhaps our number was too large for a start. There's *some* brains left. Let's use 'em. Put in a good crop now this spring, fence in our pasture land, fix up our houses, improve the roads, make sidewalks, work at our trades, keep up the school for the children, and use Sunday for reading and general improvement. Let the Constitution of Liberty *grow:* we never could make one in God's world."

"'We all laughed at this outburst. But it was sound advice. We did precisely as he had suggested. The result was the next autumn found us in a most hopeful and flourishing condition.

"'We had not a rule, a constitution, a by-law, a jail house, a poor house,—the last in no sense of the word,—nor an asylum for insane. But we had greatly improved our public building, and increased the library many volumes. Mind, we did not even have a *librarian;* everybody helped himself or herself. We established a reading-room. Owen sent us several periodicals with every mail. We gathered our harvest, and were amply provided for the winter.'

H.

[To be continued.]

Proprietors Needlessly Alarmed.

The amount of ignorant criticism passed upon Henry George by the dull, blustering daily press is almost enough to elevate his unscientific and illogical conclusion to the height of pure reason by sheer force of contrast. E. C. Stedman having said of George that "he is devoted in his efforts in behalf of the equal rights of man," the stupid Boston "Herald" declares that he must mean "that the author of 'Progress and Poverty' is devoted in his efforts in behalf of the equal rights of men to what they have never earned and could neither keep nor use wisely if they possessed."

In common with nearly all the ignorant, who oppose out of pure prejudice everything to which the name of Socialism can be applied or misapplied, the "Herald" assumes that anybody who seeks to abolish poverty must contemplate an arbitrary division of property equally among all men. It is the "timidity of capital," the panic of the proprietor, that speaks in all such arguments. The proprietor assures the laborer that it would be foolish for the latter to own property, because he is not wise enough to make good use of it and he could not keep it anyway. The proprietor says to the laborer: "You are only a poor foolish fellow, and it is necessary that you should have a wise guardian like me. You produce the wealth, and I will use it. You would only squander it and spend it for rum and injure yourself, and, besides, some sharp fellow with a talent for business would get it all away from you in a short time. It is much better that I should take half of your product, and use it to ingeniously swindle you out of the other half."

But the proprietor need have no fear. Henry George does not propose to deprive him of his property, but to make the cultivation of land the most unprofitable of occupations and the lending of capital the most lucrative. In other words, Mr. George seeks to perpetuate rent and interest, which is surely not alarming to the exploiters of labor. The "Herald" might have said with truth that Henry George is devoted in his efforts in behalf of the rights of a few men to what they have never earned and cannot use wisely.

Socialism does not seek to confiscate wealth and divide it proportionally among men. It does not desire to molest the proprietor or to rob him. It aims only to make it expedient for him to live honestly by doing as much work as shall procure for him the things he wants, and to give every man an opportunity to do the same. Socialism would relieve the proprietor of the burdensome responsibility for the moral and material welfare of the "lower classes," which he seems to think now rests upon him, and give him more time to devote to the improvement of himself. Socialism would abolish poverty, increase the actual wealth of society, banish ignorance and crime, and increase the happiness of all men. Is there anything so very terrible about that, Mr. Proprietor? You are now a thief, although usually unaware of your thievery. Would you not rather be an honest and just man?

K.

Fourth of July.

I am penning this on the eve of Independence Day.

If I have heard one, I have heard at least a dozen reputable citizens say within twenty-four hours that Fourth of July had got to be a regular nuisance.

"Nothing but infernal noise," they say, "and the vulgar demonstrations of the rabble; decent people get as far away from it as they can; it's a simple nuisance."

Yes, and I venture to say that in less then twenty-five years a great many decent people will have become sick of the whole job which grew out of '76. Not that the revolt from British rule and the Declaration of Independence were not righteous moves worth celebrating so far as they go, but that having cast off a foreign yoke, our fathers were only intent on fastening another of home make, but seasoned with the same evil genius, upon *their* victims.

Out of the bombastic platitudes and splendid rhetoric of the Declaration of Independence we have fostered the vile thing known as modern American politics. Out of the sublime lie that all men are born free and equal we have nurtured audacious thieves, scoundrels, bullies, and half-civilized wretches to invade our lives, liberties, and substance under cover of that sacred ark of the covenant known as the free ballot-box. That such scamps as Jay Gould and Cyrus Field should be born free and equal with honest men would be a libel on justice, even were it not a lie *per se*, and the doctrine that a thing like John Kelly, who came at least three generations too early into the world to be fully civilized, was born free and equal with Wendell Phillips and Gerrit Smith has made this celebrated ruffian political umpire of the nation in 1884.

Harbor not the delusion, reader, that it is simply an accident of our system which finds politics what they are. The political bosses and all that follows in their train are legitimate growths from the political spirit of '76. It is the idlest twaddle to talk of correcting an evil which is inherent in the system itself by inviting decent citizenship to step forward and purify the ballot.

There is but one radical cure, and that is to arraign and belittle the whole swindle of political government and its agents and abettors. How long it will take brave and manly people to find this out in such numbers as to tell on the approaching chaos I will not predict, but I fancy that, if we survive the present drift for ten years without civil war, you will meet an Anarchist at every step in your daily walks and find him in all the places where sober, thinking men are wont to assemble.

X.

A curse on Statecraft, not on you, my Country!
The men you slew were not more foully slain
Than was your honor at their hands you trusted.
They died, you conquered,—both alike in vain.

Crimes find accomplices, and Murder weapons.
The ways of Statesmen are an easy road.
All swords are theirs, the noblest with the neediest.
And those who serve them best are men of good.

What need to blush, to trifle with dissembling?
A score of honest tongues anon shall swear.
Blood flows. The Senate's self shall spread its mantle
In the world's face, nor own a Cæsar there.

'Silence! Who spoke?' 'The voice of one disclosing
'A truth untimely.' 'With what right to speak?
'Holds he the Queen's commission?' 'No, God's only.'
A hundred hands shall smite him on the cheek.

The 'truth' of Statesmen is the thing they publish,
Their 'falsehood' the thing done they do not say,
Their 'honor' what they win from the world's trouble,
Their 'shame' the 'ay' which reasons with their 'nay.'

Alas for Liberty, alas for Egypt!
What chance was yours in this ignoble strife?
Scorned and betrayed, dishonored and rejected,
What was there left you but to fight for life?

The men of honor sold you to dishonor.
The men of truth betrayed you with a kiss.
Your strategy of love too soon outplotted,
What was there left you of your dreams but this?

You thought to win a world by your fair dealing,
To conquer freedom with no drop of blood.
This was your crime. The world knows no such reasoning.
It neither bore with you nor understood.

Your Pharaoh with his chariots and his dancers,
Him they could understand as of their kin.
He spoke in their own tongue and as their servant,
And owned no virtue they could call a sin.

They took him for his pleasure and their purpose.
They fashioned him as clay to their own pride.
His name they made a cudgel to your hurting,
His treachery a spear-point to your side.

They knew him, and they scorned him and upheld him.
They strengthened him with honors and with ships.
They used him as a shadow for seditions.
They stabbed you with the lying of his lips.

Sad Egypt! Since that night of misadventure
Which slew your first-born for your Pharaoh's crime,
No plague like this has God decreed against you,
No punishment of all foredoomed in Time.

I have a thing to say. Oh how to say it!
One summer morning, at the hour of prayer,
And in the face of Man and Man's high Maker,
The thunder of their cannon rent the air.

The flames of death were on you, and destruction.
A hail of iron on your heads they poured.
You fought, you fell, you died until the sunset;
And then you fled forsaken of the Lord.

I care not if you fled. What men call courage
Is the least noble thing of which they boast.
Their victors always are great men of valor.
Find me the valor of the beaten host!

It may be you were cowards. Let them prove it,—
What matter? Were you women in the fight,
Your courage were the greater that a moment
You steeled your weakness in the cause of right.

Oh I would rather fly with the first craven
Who flung his arms away in your good cause,
Than head the hottest charge by England vaunted
In all the record of her unjust wars.

Poor sheep! they scattered you. Poor slaves! they bowed you.
You prayed for your dear lives with your mute hands.
They answered you with laughter and with shouting,
And slew you in your thousands on the sands.

They led you with arms bound to your betrayer—
His slaves, they said, recaptured for his will.
They bade him to take heart and fill his vengeance.
They gave him his lost sword that he might kill.

They filled for him his dungeons with your children.
They chartered him new gaolers from strange shores.
The Arnaout and the Cherkess for his minions,
Their soldiers for the sentries at his doors.

He plied you with the whip, the rope, the thumb-screw.
They plied you with the scourging of vain words.
He sent his slaves, his eunuchs, to insult you.
They sent you laughter on the lips of Lords.

They bound you to the pillar of their firmans.
They placed for sceptre in your hand a pen.
They cast lots for the garments of your treaties,
And brought you naked to the gaze of men.

They called on your High Priest for your death mandate.
They framed indictments on you from your laws.
For him men loved they offered a Barabbas.
They washed their hands and found you without cause.

They scoffed at you and pointed in derision,
Crowned with their thorns and nailed upon their tree.
And at your head their Pilate wrote the inscription—
'This is the land restored to Liberty.'

Oh insolence of strength! Oh boast of wisdom!
Oh poverty in all things truly wise!
Thinkest thou, England, God can be outwitted
For ever thus by him who sells and buys?

Thou sellest the sad nations to their ruin.
What hast thou bought? The child within the womb,
The son of him thou slayest to thy hurting,
Shall answer thee 'an Empire for thy tomb.'

Thou hast joined house to house for thy perdition.
Thou hast done evil in the name of right.
Thou hast made bitter sweet and the sweet bitter,
And called light darkness and the darkness light.

Thou art become a bye-word for dissembling,
A beacon to thy neighbors for all fraud.
Thy deeds of violence men count and reckon.
Who takes the sword shall perish by the sword.

Thou hast deserved men's hatred. They shall hate thee.
Thou hast deserved men's fear. Their fear shall kill.
Thou hast thy foot upon the weak. The weakest
With his bruised head shall strike thee on the heel.

Thou wentest to this Egypt for thy pleasure.
Thou shalt remain with her for thy sore pain.
Thou hast possessed her beauty. Thou wouldst leave her.
Nay. Thou shalt lie with her as thou hast lain.

She shall bring shame upon thy face with all men.
She shall disease thee with her grief and fear.
Thou shalt grow sick and feeble in her ruin.
Thou shalt repay her to the last sad tear.

Her kindred shall surround thee with strange clamors,
Dogging thy steps till thou shalt loathe their din.
The friends thou hast deceived shall watch in anger.
Thy children shall upbraid thee with thy sin.

All shall be counted thee a crime, — thy patience
With thy impatience. Thy best thought shall wound.
Thou shalt grow weary of thy work thus fashioned,
And walk in fear with eyes upon the ground.

The Empire thou didst build shall be divided.
Thou shalt be weighed in thine own balances
Of usury to peoples and to princes,
And be found wanting by the world and these.

They shall possess the lands by thee forsaken
And not regret thee. On their seas no more
Thy ships shall bear destruction to the nations,
Or thy guns thunder on a fenceless shore.

Thou hadst no pity in thy day of triumph.
These shall not pity thee. The world shall move
On its high course and leave thee to thy silence,
Scorned by the creatures that thou couldst not love.

Thy Empire shall be parted, and thy kingdom.
At thy own doors a kingdom shall arise,
Where freedom shall be preached and the wrong righted
Which thy unwisdom wrought in days unwise.

Truth yet shall triumph in a world of justice.
This is of faith. I swear it. East and west
The law of Man's progression shall accomplish
Even this last great marvel with the rest.

Thou wouldst not further it. Thou canst not hinder.
If thou shalt learn in time thou yet shalt live.
But God shall ease thy hand of its dominion,
And give to these the rights thou wouldst not give.

The nations of the East have left their childhood.
Thou art grown old. Their manhood is to come;
And they shall carry on Earth's high tradition
Through the long ages when thy lips are dumb,

Till all shall be wrought out. O Lands of weeping,
Lands watered by the rivers of old Time,
Ganges and Indus and the streams of Eden,
Yours is the future of the world's sublime.

Yours was the fount of man's first inspiration,
The well of wisdom whence he earliest drew.
And yours shall be the flood-time of his reason,
The stream of strength which shall his strength renew.

The wisdom of the West is but a madness,
The fret of shallow waters in their bed.
Yours is the flow, the fulness of Man's patience
The ocean of God's rest inherited.

And thou too, Egypt, mourner of the nations,
Though thou hast died to-day in all men's sight,
And though upon thy cross with thieves thou hangest,
Yet shall thy wrong be justified in right.

'Twas meet one man should die for the whole people.
Thou wert the victim chosen to retrieve
The sorrows of the Earth with full deliv'rance.
And, as thou diest, these shall surely live.

Thy prophets have been scattered through the cities.
The seed of martyrdom thy sons have sown
Shall make of thee a glory and a witness
In all men's hearts held captive with thine own.

Thou shalt not be forsaken in thy children.
Thy righteous blood shall fructify the Earth.
The virtuous of all lands shall be thy kindred,
And death shall be to thee a better birth.

Therefore I do not grieve. Oh hear me, Egypt!
Even in death thou art not wholly dead.
And hear me, England! Nay. Thou needs must hear me.
I had a thing to say. And it is said.

THEN AND NOW:

OR,

THE TRAVELS THROUGH TIME OF MISS JOSEPHINE D'AUJOURD'HUI AS TOLD BY HERSELF.

Fortunatus had a Wishing Hat, which when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Anywhere, *straightway to be* There! *Next to clap-on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were* Anywhen, *straightway to be* Then! *This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time! Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone.* — CARLYLE'S "SARTOR RESARTUS."

I.

BOSTON, July 12, 2084.

My Dear Louise:

So many things to write about crowd into my mind all at once that I really can't tell where to begin. Such a world! Such a country! Such a city! Such a journey as I had, too, from Boston of 1884! A journey of two hundred miles, or even two hundred leagues, through space is a very ordinary thing, and we can conceive of a journey of two hundred millions of miles or leagues, but to travel two hundred years through time! It is inconceivable to humanity. I was lifted into the sky, and time sped by, working the most wonderful changes so rapidly that my eyes seemed blurred. Decades flew past like minutes. When two centuries had wrought upon the universe, I descended again into Boston.

You know, Louise, we have often wondered what changes two hundred years would bring, what kind of hats, dresses, and cloaks the women would wear, and whether women would have the right to vote. Louise, one of the most astonishing facts of the thousands that I am going to tell you about is that no one votes in this, the year of our lord 2084. I just mention this to excite your curiosity.

I have been here now just one month, and am becoming somewhat acquainted with the people and customs of this strange world. I, of course, am a great curiosity. In fact, I am the sensation of the times. Newspapers use columns in describing me and commenting upon me. In connection with notices of my sudden and mysterious appearance are many very bitter attacks upon the world of your time. Let me give you a little instance of this feeling. A gentleman was introduced to me a few days ago as one of the most learned men of the times. His knowledge upon some subjects was surely astonishing, but I was shocked at many of his sentiments. In the course of our conversation I asked him to give his opinion of the leading men of the nineteenth century.

"A remarkably fine, strong, brave, clear-sighted set of men," said he; "what they did, under great difficulties, makes it possible for us to enjoy what we do to-day."

The names of Bismarck, Gladstone, Blaine, Garfield, Edmunds, Henry Cabot

Lodge, Jay Gould, John Roach, Mr. Vanderbilt, James Russell Lowell, Alfred Tennyson, H. W. Longfellow, Henry Ward Beecher, and a hundred others, leaders in government, politics, literature, finance, science, art, and music, came into my mind, and I began to mention them. This very learned man with whom I was talking looked puzzled I remarked that I was merely rehearsing their names.

"Whose names?" asked my acquaintance.

"Why, those of the leaders of the best thought and action of the nineteenth century!" said I, much surprised.

The man laughed, fairly roared with laughter, then apologized and looked serious.

"Some of those you have mentioned I have never heard of," said he. "The others I know to have been robbers, hypocritical thieves, charlatans, and narrow-minded men,—the dead weight that held back the nineteenth century."

"Why," said I, "you don't mean that Mr. Lodge and Mr. Edmunds were anything of this kind."

"I am sure I don't know. They may both have been great and good men. We never heard of either of them."

I was thunderstruck for a moment, and before I could reply, the man—I really can't call him gentleman—continued:

"I presume Messrs. Lodge and Edmunds were political jugglers, either shallow or designing men, who hoodwinked the people and stepped into power over them through the votes of the people, who were so near-sighted that they could not see the result of their own ballots. Politicians are forgotten, because the tribe has long since been cleared from the face of the earth. They could not exist long, you see, without governments.

"The names that we remember as the leaders of the best thought and action of the nineteenth century are"—and here he gave a long list, the most of which I never heard before. Those that I had heard made me shudder. They were names of Anarchists who plotted the destruction of kingdoms, the murder of czars and kings,— men who, I verily believe, were in league with the evil one when on earth and whose souls now suffer endless punishment,—if there is such. They were such as Bakounine, Kropotkine, and their terrible associates. I am afraid there must be something radically wrong about this world to-day, for all of its apparent happiness and prosperity, if it worships, as it appears to, the memory of such bad men.

I shall write again soon. JOSEPHINE.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 45.

Here I might have invented a tragic climax; in reality there was none. I might have put everything into confusion to allure the reader. But, a friend of truth and an enemy of subterfuge, I warn my readers in advance that there will be no tragic climax and that the clouds will roll away without lightning or thunder or tempest.

CHAPTER SECOND.

The First Love and Legal Marriage.

I.

We know how in former times such situations were brought to an issue: an amiable young girl was in a worthless family; and they imposed upon her a lover, disagreeable and brutal, whom she did not love. But constant association with his betrothed improved the wooer somewhat; he became an ordinary man, neither agreeable nor disagreeable; his obedience and gentleness were exemplary. After becoming accustomed to having him near her, always in a humble attitude, and after saying to herself that she was very unhappy in her family, and that this husband would be an improvement, she decided to take him.

She had to overcome a great deal of repugnance when she first learned what it was to give one's self without love; but, after all, the husband was not a bad man, and in the long run one gets accustomed to everything; she became an ordinarily good woman, — that is, a person who, intrinsically good, had reconciled herself to triviality and accommodated herself to a vegetative life. That is what became of young girls formerly.

It was almost the same with young men, who themselves became as comfortable inhabitants of this world as stupidity, selfishness, and triviality could desire.

That is why so few really human men were to be found; of these the harvest was so small that the ears were not within speaking distance of each other.*

Now, one cannot live alone all his life without consuming himself by his own force; truly human men wasted away and were submerged in material life.

In our day it is no longer the same; the number of these human beings grows continually, and from year to year the increase is perceptible. As a result they become acquainted with each other, and their number increases further on this account.

In time they will be the majority. In time, even, they will be the totality: then all will be well in the world.

Vérotchka in her individual life knew how to realize this ideal; and that is why (with her permission) I tell her story.

She, as I happen to know, is one of the first women whose life was thus ordered; now, beginnings are interesting to history. The first swallow is the dearest to dwellers in the North.

Let us return to Véra Pavlovna. The time came for preparing Vérotchka's little brother for college. Pavel Konstantinytch inquired among his colleagues to find a tutor whose prices were low; they recommended a medical student named Lopoukhoff.

Lopoukhoff came five or six times to give lessons to his new pupil before he met Vérotchka. He stayed with Fédia at one end of the apartments, while she remained in her room at the other end. But as the examinations at the Medico-Surgical Academy were approaching and he had to study in the morning, he came to give his lessons in the evening. This time, on his arrival, he found the whole family at tea: the father and mother, Fédia, and an unknown person, — a young girl of large and beautiful figure, bronzed complexion, black hair, and black eyes.

Her hair was beautiful and thick; her eyes were beautiful, very beautiful indeed, and quite of a southern type, as if she came from Little Russia. One would have said even a Caucasian type rather; an admirable countenance, which had no fault beyond indicating an extreme coldness, — which is not a southern trait.

She seemed beaming with health; the redness of her cheeks was wholesome; there would be no need of so many doctors, were there many such constitutions as hers.

When she enters society, she will make an impression But what is that to me? Such were Lopoukhoff's reflections as he looked at her.

She, too, threw her eyes upon the teacher who had just entered. The student was no longer a youth; he was a man of a little above the average height, with hair of a deep chestnut color, regular and even handsome features, the whole relieved by a proud and fearless bearing. "He is not bad, and ought to be good; but he must be too serious." She did not add in her thought: "But what is that to me?" and for the very simple reason that it had not occurred to her that he could interest her. Besides, Fédia had said so much to her of his teacher that she could no longer hear him spoken of without impatience.

"He is very good, my dear sister; only he is not a talker. And I told him, my dear sister, that you were a beauty in our house, and he answered: 'How does that concern me?' And I, my dear sister, replied: 'Why, everybody loves beauties,' and he said in return: 'All imbeciles love them,' and I said: 'And do you not love them, too?' And he answered me: 'I have not the time.' And I said to him, my dear sister: 'So you do not wish to make Vérotchka's acquaintance?' 'I have many acquaintances without her,' he answered me."

Such was Fédia's account. And it was not the only one; he told others of the same sort, such as this:

"I told him to-day, my dear sister, that everybody looks at you when you pass, and he replied: 'So much the better.' I said to him: 'And do you not wish to see her?' He answered: 'There is time enough for that.'"

Or like this other:

"I told him, my dear sister, what pretty little hands you have, and he answered me: 'You are bound to babble, so be it; but have you no other subjects more interesting?'"

Willy nilly, the teacher had learned from Fédia all that he could tell him on the subject of "his dear sister;" he always stopped the little fellow whenever he began to babble about family affairs; but how prevent a child of nine years from telling you everything, especially if he loves you more than he fears you. At the fifth word you may succeed in interrupting him, but it is already too late: children begin without preface, directly, at the essential; and among the bits of information of all sorts upon family affairs, the teacher had heard such things as these:

"My sister has a wealthy suitor! But Mamma says that he is very stupid." "Mamma also pays court to the suitor; she says that my sister has trapped him very adroitly." "Mamma says: 'I am shrewd, but Vérotchka is even shrewder than I!' Mamma says also: 'We will show his mother the door.'" And so on. It was natural that, hearing such things about each other, the young people should not feel any desire to become more intimately acquainted.

We know, moreover, that this reserve was natural on Vérotchka's side; the degree of her intellectual development did not permit her to attempt to *conquer this unsociable savage*, to *subdue this bear*. Further, for the time being she had something else to think of; she was content to be left tranquil; she was like a bruised and weary traveller, or like an invalid who has stretched himself out to rest and does not dare to make a movement for fear of reviving his pains Finally, it was not in accordance with her character to search for new acquaintances, especially among the young.

It was easy to see why Vérotchka should think thus. But what was he really? According to Fédia, a savage with head full of books and anatomical preparations, — all the things which make up the principal intellectual enjoyment of a good student of medicine. Or had Fédia slandered him?

II.

No, Fédia had not slandered him; Lopoukhoff was actually a student with *head full of books*, and what books? The bibliographical researches of Maria Alexevna will tell us that in due time. Lopoukhoff's head was also full of anatomical preparations, for he dreamed of a professorship. But, just as the information communicated by Fédia to Lopoukhoff concerning Vérotchka has given an imperfect knowledge of the young girl, there is reason to believe that the information imparted by the pupil as to his teacher needs to be completed

In regard to his pecuniary situation Lopoukhoff belonged to that small minority of day students not maintained by the crown, who suffer, nevertheless, neither from hunger nor cold. How and whereby do the great majority of these students live? God knows, of course; to men it is a mystery. But it is not agreeable to think so much about people who die of hunger; therefore we will only indicate the period during which Lopoukhoff found himself also in this embarrassing situation, and which lasted three years.

Before he entered the Academy of Medicine he was well supported by his father, a small *bourgeois* of Riazan, who lived well enough for his station: that is, his family had *stchi** on Sundays and meat and tea every day.

To maintain his son in college, starting at the age of fifteen, was difficult for the elder Lopoukhoff; his son had to aid him by giving lessons. If it was difficult in a provincial college, it was much more so in the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine

Lopoukhoff received, nevertheless, during the first two years, thirty-five roubles per year, and he earned almost as much more as a copyist in one of the quarters of the district of Wyborg without being an office-holder.

If he suffered still, it was his own fault.

He had been offered maintenance by the crown; but then had gotten into I know not what quarrel, which cost him a tolerably stern reprimand and a complete abandonment. In his third year his affairs began to take a better turn: the deputy head clerk of the police office offered him a chance to give lessons, and to these he added others, which for two years had given him at least the necessaries of life.

He and his friend Kirsanoff, a student like him, a laborer like him, occupied two adjacent rooms.

The two friends had early become accustomed to depending only on themselves; and in general they acted so much in concert that one meeting them separately would have taken them for men of the same character. But when one saw them together, it then became plain that, although both were very serious and very sincere, Lopoukhoff was a little more reserved, and his companion a little more open. For the present only Lopoukhoff is before us; Kirsanoff will appear much later.

[To be continued.]

* An old Russian saying.

* A soup peculiar to Russia.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 21. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.** **Whole No. 47.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Louise Michel is improving her time during her long imprisonment at Clermont by writing a school-book for young children.

From the first plank of the Prohibition platform: "The Prohibition party, in national convention assembled, acknowledge Almighty God as the rightful sovereign of all men, from whom the just powers of the government are derived." From the Declaration of Independence: "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." From the sixth plank of the Prohibition platform: "We repudiate Americans who hold opinions contrary to and subversive of the Declaration of Independence."

It is distasteful to me to print in Liberty compliments personal to myself, but the letter from Ireland in another column is so full of information that is encouraging to all Anarchists that I waive my repugnance. "Only two hundred followers of Proudhon in the whole world," quoth Johann Most. Is it not singular that fifty of them should be concentrated in the little parish of Brosna, County Kerry? If the same had been true of all the parishes in Ireland, the "Pay no rent" policy would have been carried to a successful issue.

A reduction of wages was made in the wire mills of New Jersey early in the year because the increased demand caused by the barbed-wire fence business had fallen away, resulting, the manufacturers said, in over-production. In this case I approve the use of the term "over-production." Barbed-wire fences are not useful products of industry. The people are kept off the land by them and prevented from earning a living by their labor, in order that a few capitalists may appropriate great stock ranches. The barbed-wire fence is a mischievous contrivance, and has been over-produced.

Liberty's experiment in publishing a radical serial story proves satisfactory in more ways than one. It affords the editor an interesting study of human nature. Dr. Lazarus, as my readers know, was "thrilled with surprise at its excellence;" another sends ten dollars in support of the paper, but does n't know whether he will read the story; a third complains because larger instalments are not given; nearly every new subscriber straightway sends for the back numbers, that he may lose none of Tchernychewsky's highly interesting novel; and now comes the following protest from an old subscriber in Morris, Illinois: "Please stop Liberty when my subscription expires. I want something more than stories. I can pick up stories anywhere. I am interested in your writings and in many of your contributors, but stories are most too thick. Respectfully, J. WOOD PORTER." I fear that's what's the matter with Mr. Porter, — he's "most too thick." Well, individualism is Liberty's doctrine, and it accepts the results. "Every one to his taste!" as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. I believe it was Goethe who wrote:

One thing will not do for all.
Each one take what he can carry;
Each one say where he shall tarry;
And take heed lest he should fall!

Readers are asked to note the following corrections of errors that occurred in "Edgeworth's" articles in Liberty of June 28: "*Non mihi tantas componere lites*," instead of "*Non mihi vanitas componere lites*;" "first tillage after clearing," instead of "first tillage of the clearing;" "Nature, Deity & Co.," instead of Nature, Duty & Co.;" "Beckoned to a porpoise, and gave the charge," instead of "Beckoned to a porpoise, and gave the nod."

I suppose Beacon Street and the Back Bay would be surprised, if not greatly amused, to hear anybody say that slavery exists in Boston today as an established institution. Nevertheless it is true. The principal dry goods houses have a compact not to hire help from each other or to encourage any advance of salary. The daily papers report that a Philadelphia house sent an agent to Boston recently to engage men, and of course many Boston clerks were anxious to apply. The large dry goods houses sent out floor walkers and deputy managers to stand at the office of application and spot all clerks. The result was a big black list and a number of dismissals. If that is not slavery, it is something worse.

The excellently-written article by E. C. Walker printed in this issue sets forth considerations in favor of isolated communities for reformatory purposes which are forcible and weighty, especially that of preventing, by the avoidance of social ostracism, the constant and serious drain upon the radical forces. Nevertheless, Reclus is right, all things considered. It is just because Mr. Walker's earnest desire for a fair practical test of Anarchistic principles cannot be fulfilled elsewhere than in the very heart of existing industrial and social life that all these community attempts are unwise. Reform communities will either be recruited from the salt of the earth, and then their success will not be taken as conclusive, because it will be said that their principles are applicable only among men and women well-nigh perfect; or, with these elect, will be a large admixture of semi-lunatics among whom, when separated from the great mass of mankind and concentrated by themselves, society will be unendurable, practical work impossible, and Anarchy as chaotic as it is generally supposed to be. But in some large city fairly representative of the varied interests and characteristics of our heterogeneous civilization let a sufficiently large number of earnest and intelligent Anarchists, engaged in nearly all the different trades and professions, combine to carry on their production and distribution on the cost principle and to start a bank through which they can obtain a non-interest-bearing currency for the conduct of their commerce and dispose their steadily accumulating capital in new enterprises, the advantages of this system of affairs being open to all who should choose to offer their patronage, — what would be the result? Why, soon the whole composite population, wise and unwise, good, bad, and indifferent, would become interested in what was going on under their very eyes, more and more of them would actually take part in it, and in a few years, each man reaping the fruit of his labor and no man able to live in idleness on an income from capital, the whole city would become a great hive of Anarchistic workers, prosperous and free individuals. It is such results as this that I look forward to, and it is for the accomplishment of such that I work. Social landscape gardening can come later if it will. It has no interest for me now. I care nothing for any reform that cannot be effected right here in Boston among the every-day people whom I meet upon the streets.

I am indebted to Lysander Spooner for a copy of a very able and interesting pamphlet, written by him and recently published by Cupples, Upham & Co., entitled "A Letter to Scientists and Inventors, on the Science of Justice, and their Right of Perpetual Property in their Discoveries and Inventions." The author's object is to show that scientists and inventors have a right of property in their discoveries and inventions the world over and for all time, and that they should not only take measures to vindicate their own rights, but should see to it that a right of property in all the discoveries and inventions of the past be forthwith restored to the heirs of the men who discovered and invented them, so far as they can be found and identified. So profound is my respect for Mr. Spooner's enthusiasm and intellectual acumen that I always think twice before disputing whatever proposition he may put forward, but, having thought much more than twice upon that above stated, I must frankly say that I can conceive nothing more unreasonable. *Nobody has any right to monopolize a fact of nature.* That is fundamental and axiomatic. That the fact that some individual, perhaps by industrious exercise of his ingenuity, perhaps by sheer good luck, has discovered some fact of nature which some one else would have discovered sooner or later if he had not, should debar all other individuals for all time from using said fact of nature without his consent or only on payment of such price as he may exact seems to me too patently false and outrageous to be refuted by argument. Why, if such were the case, and the heirs of James Watt could be found, they would be justified in taking possession of pretty nearly all the wealth now existing in civilized countries, for there is precious little of it in the production of which the steam-engine did not play a part. A *reductio ad absurdum*, indeed! Every discoverer of a fact in nature has a right to decent pay for his labor in discovering it, and all decent people who benefit by it will contribute their share of his reward, and such indecent people as refuse to do so may be rightfully compelled by whatever means of enforcing justice are in vogue. Farther than this, all patents and copyrights are robberies. But Mr. Spooner will answer that this doctrine would strike down the greatest stimulus to invention. Not at all. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the most valuable inventions are achieved by men who work at them less from hope of reward than from love of knowledge and investigation. How much more would this be the case if the great mass of mankind, under the absolute freedom of commerce and banking in which Mr. Spooner and I both so heartily believe, had leisure for something more than the mere struggle for their daily bread and butter! Then nature's secrets would be wrested from her much faster than ever before, and the world's wealth would be increased a thousand fold. Free money will secure the rights of all, those of scientists and inventors with the rest. It is almost needless to say, in conclusion, when addressing the readers of Liberty, who are also the readers of Mr. Spooner, that his new pamphlet abounds incidentally in heavy blows at shams and frauds and superstitions delivered in the author's inimitable and crushing style.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 46.

All that may be said of Lopoukhoff can be repeated of Kirsanoff.

At the present stage of our story Lopoukhoff was absorbed by this thought: How to arrange his life after ending his studies? It was time to think about that: there were but a few months left. Their projects differed little.

Lopoukhoff felt sure of being received as a doctor in one of the military hospitals of St. Petersburg (that is considered a great piece of good fortune) and of obtaining a chair in the Academy of Medicine.

As for being simply a practitioner, he did not dream of it.

It is a very curious trait, this resolution of the medical students of these last ten years not to engage in practice. Even the best disdained this precious resource of the exercise of their art, which alone would have assured their existence, or accepted it only provisionally, being always ready to abandon medicine, as soon as possible, for some auxiliary science, like physiology, chemistry, or something similar. Moreover, each of them knew that by practice he could have made a reputation at the age of thirty, assured himself a more than comfortable existence at the age of thirty-five, and attained wealth at forty-five.

But our young people reason otherwise. To them the medical art is in its infancy, and they busy themselves less with the art of attending the sick than with gathering scientific materials for future physicians. They busy themselves less with the practice of their art than with the progress of beloved science.

They cry out against medicine, and to it devote all their powers; for it they renounce wealth and even comfort, and stay in the hospitals to make observations interesting to science; they cut up frogs; they dissect hundreds of bodies every year, and, as soon as possible, fit themselves out with chemical laboratories.

Of their own poverty they think little. Only when their families are in straitened circumstances do they practice, and then just enough to afford them necessary aid without abandoning science; that is, they practice on a very small scale, and attend only such people as are really sick and as they can treat effectively in the present deplorable state of science, — not very profitable patients as a general thing. It was precisely to this class of students that Lopoukhoff and Kirsanoff belonged. As we know, they were to finish their studies in the current year, and were preparing to be examined for their degrees; they were at work upon their theses. For that purpose they had exterminated an enormous quantity of frogs.

Both had chosen the nervous system as a specialty. Properly speaking, they worked together, mutually aiding each other. Each registered in the materials of his thesis the facts observed by both and relating to the question under consideration

But for the present we are to speak of Lopoukhoff only.

At the time when he went without tea and often without boots, he gave himself up to some excesses in the matter of drinking

Such a situation is very favorable to these excesses: to say nothing of the fact that one is then more disposed to them, one is influenced by the further fact that it is cheaper to drink than to eat or dress, and Lopoukhoff's excesses had no other causes. Now he led a life of exemplary sobriety and strictness.

Likewise he had had many gallant adventures. Once, for example, he became enamored of a dancing girl. What should he do? He reflected, reflected again, and for a long time reflected, and at last went to find the beauty at her house. "What do you want?" he was asked. "I am sent by Count X with a letter."

His student's costume was easily mistaken by the servant for that of an officer's amanuensis or attendant.

"Give me the letter. Will you wait for a reply?"

"Such was the Count's order."

The servant came back, and said to him with an astonished air:

"I am ordered to ask you to come in."

"Ah! is it you," said the dancing girl; "you, my ardent applauder! I often hear your voice, even from my dressing room. How many times have you been taken to the police station for your excess of zeal in my honor?"

"Twice"

"That is not often. And why are you here?"

"To see you."

"Exactly; and what then?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I know what I want; I want some breakfast. See, the table is laid. Sit you down, too."

Another plate was brought. She laughed at him, and he could not help following her example. But he was young, good-looking, and had an air of intelligence; his bearing was original; so many advantages conquered the dancing girl, who for him was very willing to add another to her list of adventures.

A fortnight later she said to him:

"Now are you going?"

"I was already desirous of doing so, but I did not dare."

"Well, then, we part friends?"

Once more they embraced each other, and separated in content.

But that was three years ago, and it was already two years since Lopoukhoff had entirely given up adventures of that sort

Except his comrades, and two or three professors who foresaw in him a true man of science, he saw no one outside the families where he gave lessons. And among them with what reserve! He avoided familiarity as he would the fire, and was very dry and cold with all the members of these families, his pupils of course excepted.

III.

Thus, then, Lopoukhoff entered the room where he found at the tea-table a company of which Vérotchka was one.

"Take a seat at the table, please," said Maria Alexevna; "Matrœna, another cup."

"If it is for me, I do not care for anything, thank you."

"Matrœna, we do not want the cup. (What a well-brought-up young man!) Why do you not take something? It would not hurt you."

He looked at Maria Alexevna; but at the same moment, as if intentionally, his eyes fell on Vérotchka, and indeed perhaps it was intentional. Perhaps even he noticed that she made a motion, which in Vérotchka meant: Could he have seen me blush?

"Thank you, I take tea only at home," he answered.

At bottom he was not such a barbarian; he entered and bowed with ease.

"This girl's morality may be doubtful," thought Lopoukhoff, "but she certainly blushed at her mother's lack of good-breeding."

Fédia finished his tea and went out with his tutor to take his lesson.

The chief result of this first interview was that Maria Alexevna formed a favorable opinion of the young man, seeing that her sugar-bowl probably would not suffer much by the change of lessons from morning to evening.

Two days later Lopoukhoff again found the family at tea and again refused a cup, a resolution which drove the last trace of anxiety from Maria Alexevna's mind. But this time he saw at the table a new personage, an officer, in whose presence Maria Alexevna was very humble.

"Ah! this is the suitor!" thought he.

The suitor, in accordance with the custom of his station and house, deemed it necessary, not simply to look at the student, but to examine him from head to foot with that slow and disdainful look which is permitted in people of high society.

But he was embarrassed in his inspection by the fixed and penetrating gaze of the young tutor. Wholly disconcerted, he hastened to say:

"The medical profession is a difficult one, is it not, Monsieur Lopoukhoff?"

"Very difficult, sir." And Lopoukhoff continued to look the officer in the eye.

Storechnikoff, for some inexplicable reason, placed his hand on the second and third buttons from the top of his tunic, which meant that he was so confused that he knew no other way out of his embarrassment than to finish his cup of tea as quickly as possible in order to ask Maria Alexevna for another.

"You wear, if I mistake not, the uniform of the S —— regiment?"

"Yes, I serve in that regiment."

"How long since?"

"Nine years."

"Did you enter the service in that same regiment?"

"The same."

"Have you a company?"

"Not yet. (But he is putting me through an examination as if I were under orders)."

"Do you hope to get a company soon?"

"Not so very soon."

Lopoukhoff thought that enough for once, and left the suitor alone, after having looked him again in the eye.

"'Tis curious," thought Vérotchka; "'tis curious; yes, 'tis curious!"

This *'tis curious* meant: "He behaves as Serge would behave, who once came here with the good Julie. Then he is not such a barbarian. But why does he talk so strangely of young girls? Why does he dare to say that none but imbeciles love them? And .... why, when they speak to him of me, does he say: 'That does not interest me.'"

"Vérotchka, will you go to the piano? Mikhaïl Ivanytch and I will take pleasure in listening to you," said Maria Alexevna, after Vérotchka had put her second cup back upon the table.

"Very well."

"I beg you to sing us something, Véra Pavlovna," added Mikhaïl Ivanytch, gently.

"Very well."

"This *very well* means: 'I will do it in order to be in peace,'" thought Lopoukhoff.

He had been there five minutes, and, without looking at her, he knew that she had not cast a single glance at her suitor except when obliged to answer him. Moreover, this look was like those which she gave her father and mother, — cold and not at all loving. Things were not entirely as Fédia had described them. "For the rest," said Lopoukhoff to himself, "probably the young girl is really proud and cold; she wishes to enter fashionable society to rule and shine there; she is displeased at not finding for that purpose a suitor more agreeable to her; but, while despising the suitor, she accepts his hand, because there is no other way for her to go where she wants to go. Nevertheless she is interesting."

"Fédia, make haste to finish your tea," said the mother.

"Do not hurry him, Maria Alexevna; I would like to listen a little while, if Véra Pavlovna will permit."

Vérotchka took the first book of music which fell under her hand, without even looking to see what it was, opened it at hazard, and began to play mechanically. Although she played thus mechanically and just to get rid as soon as possible of the attention of which she was the object, she executed the piece with singular art and perfect measure; before finishing she even put a little animation into her playing. As she rose, the officer said:

"But you promised to sing us something, Véra Pavlovna; if I dared, I would ask you to sing a motive from 'Rigoletto.'" That winter *la donna è mobile* was very popular.

"Very well," said Vérotchka, and she sang *la donna è mobile*, after which she rose and went to her room.

"No, she is not a cold and insensible young girl. She is interesting."

"Perfect! was it not?" said Mikhaïl Ivanytch to the student, simply and without any look of disdain; ("it is better not to be on a bad footing with spirited fellows who question you so coolly. Talk amicably with him. Why not address him without pretension, that he may not take offence?")

"Perfect!" answered Lopoukhoff.

"Are you versed in music?"

"Hm! Well enough."

"Are you a musician yourself?"

"In a small way."

A happy idea entered the head of Maria Alexevna, who was listening to the conversation.

"On what instrument do you play, Dmitry Serguéitch?" she asked.

"I play the piano."

"Might we ask you to favor us?"

"Certainly."

He played a piece, and sufficiently well. After the lesson Maria Alexevna approached him, told him that they were to have a little company the following evening in honor of her daughter's birthday, and asked him to be good enough to come.

"There are never very many at such companies," thought he; "they lack young people, and that is why I am invited; all the same, I will go, if only to see the young girl a little more closely. There is something in her, or out of her, that is interesting."

"I thank you," he answered, "I will be there."

But the student was mistaken as to the motive of this invitation: Maria Alexevna had an object much more important than he imagined.

Reader, you certainly know in advance that at this company an explanation will take place between Lopoukhoff and Vérotchka, and they will form an affection for each other.

IV.

It had been Maria Alexevna's desire to give a grand party on the evening of Vérotchka's birthday, but Vérotchka begged her to invite nobody; one wished to make a public show of the suitor; to the other such a show would have been distressing. It was agreed finally to give a small party and invite only a few intimate friends. They invited the colleagues of Pavel Konstantinytch (at least those of them whose grade and position were the highest), two friends of Maria Alexevna, and the three young girls with whom Vérotchka was most intimate.

Running his eyes over the assembled guests, Lopoukhoff saw that young people were not lacking. By the side of each lady was a young man, an aspirant for the title of suitor or perhaps an actual suitor. Lopoukhoff, then, had not been invited in order to get one dancer more. For what reason, then? After a little reflection, he remembered that the invitation had been preceded by a test of his skill with the piano. Perhaps he had been invited to save the expense of a pianist.

"I will upset your plan, Maria Alexevna," thought he; so approaching Pavel Konstantinytch, he said:

"Is it not time, Pavel Konstantinytch, to make up a game of cards; see how weary the old people are getting!"

"Of how many points?"

"As you prefer."

A game was forthwith made up, in which Lopoukhoff joined.

The Academy in the district of Wyborg is an institution in which card-playing is a classic. In any of the rooms occupied by the crown students it is no rare thing to see thirty-six hours' continuous playing. It must be allowed that, although the sums which change hands over the cloth are much smaller than those staked in English club-rooms, the players are much more skilful. At the time when Lopoukhoff was short of money, he played a great deal.

"Ladies, how shall we arrange ourselves?" said some one. "*Tour à tour* is good, but then there will be seven of us and either one dancer will be lacking, or a lady for the quadrille."

When the first game was over, one young lady, bolder than the others, came to the student and said:

"Monsieur Lopoukhoff, are you going to dance?"

"On one condition," said he, rising to salute her.

"What is it?"

"That I may dance the first quadrille with you."

"Alas! I am engaged; I am yours for the second."

Lopoukhoff bowed again profoundly. Two of the dancers played *tour à tour*. He danced the third quadrille with Vérotchka.

He studied the young girl, and became thoroughly convinced that he had done wrong in believing her a heartless girl, marrying for selfish purposes a man whom she despised.

Yet he was in the presence of a very ordinary young girl who danced and laughed with zest. Yes, to Vérotchka's shame it must be said that as yet she was only a young person fond of dancing. She had insisted that no party should be given, but, the party having been made,—a small party, without the public show which would have been repugnant to her,—she had forgotten her chagrin. Therefore, though Lopoukhoff was now more favorably disposed toward her, he did not exactly understand why, and sought to explain to himself the strange being before him.

"Monsieur Lopoukhoff, I should never have expected to see you dance."

"Why? Is it, then, so difficult to dance?"

"As a general thing, certainly not; for you evidently it is."

"Why is it difficult for me?"

"Because I know your secret, yours and Fédia's; you disdain women."

"Fédia has not a very clear idea of my secret: I do not disdain women, but I avoid them; and do you know why? I have a sweetheart extremely jealous, who, in order to make me avoid them, has told me their secret."

"You have a sweetheart?"

"Yes."

"I should hardly have expected that! Still a student and already engaged! Is she pretty? Do you love her?"

"Yes, she is a beauty, and I love her much."

"Is she a brunette or a blonde?"

"I cannot tell you. That is a secret."

"If it is a secret, keep it. But what is this secret of the women, which she has betrayed to you, and which makes you shun their society?"

"She had noticed that I do not like to be in low spirits; now, since she told me their secret, I cannot see a woman without being cast down; that is why I shun women."

"You cannot see a woman without being cast down! I see you are not a master of the art of gallantry."

"What would you have me say? Is not a feeling of pity calculated to cast one down?"

"Are we, then, so much to be pitied?"

"Certainly. You are a woman: do you wish me to tell you the deepest desire of your soul?"

"Tell it, tell it!"

"It is this: 'How I wish I were a man!' I never met a woman who had not that desire planted deep within her. How could it be otherwise? There are the facts of life, bruising and crushing woman every hour because she is woman. Consequently, she only has to come to a struggle with life to have occasion to cry out: *Poor beings that we are, what a misfortune that we are women!* or else: *With man it is not the same as with woman*, or, very simply: 'Ah, why am I not a man!'"

Vérotchka smiled: "It is true; every woman may be heard saying that."

"See, then, how far women are to be pitied, since, if the profoundest desire of each of them were to be realized, there would not remain a single woman in the world."

"It seems to be so," said Vérotchka.

"In the same way, there would not remain a single poor person, if the profoundest desire of each poor person were to be realized. Women, therefore, are to be pitied as much as the poor, since they have similar desires; now, who can feel pleasure at the sight of the poor? It is quite as disagreeable to me to see women, now that I have learned their secret from my jealous sweetheart, who told me on the very day of our engagement. Till then I had been very fond of the society of women; but since I have been cured of it. My sweetheart cured me."

"She is a good and wise girl, your sweetheart; yes, the rest of us poor women are beings worthy of pity. But who, then, is your sweetheart, of whom you speak so enigmatically?"

"That is a secret which Fédia will not reveal to you. Do you know that I share absolutely the desire of the poor,—that there may be no more poverty, and that a time may come, be it nearer or farther, when it will be abolished and when we shall know how to organize a system of justice which will not admit the existence of poor people?"

"No more poor people! And I too have that desire. How can it be realized? Tell me. My thought has given me no information on this subject."

"For my part I do not know; only my sweetheart can tell you that. I can only assure you that she is powerful, more powerful than all the world beside, and that she desires justice. But let us come back to the starting-point. Though I share the hopes of the poor concerning the abolition of poverty, I cannot share the desire of women, which is not capable of realization, for I cannot admit that which cannot be realized. But I have another desire: I would like women to be bound in ties of friendship with my sweetheart, who is concerned about them also, as she is concerned about many things, I might say, about all things. If women cultivated her acquaintance, I should no longer have to pity them, and their desire: 'Ah, why am I not a man!' would lose its justification. For, knowing her, women would not have a destiny worse than that of men."

"Monsieur Lopoukhoff! another quadrille! I desire it absolutely!"

"I am content." And the student pressed the young girl's hand, but in a manner as calm and serious as if Vérotchka had been his comrade or he her friend. "Which, then?" he added.

"The last."

"Good."

Maria Alexevna strolled around them several times during this quadrille.

What idea would she have formed of their conversation, if she had heard it? We who have heard it from end to end will declare frankly that such a conversation is a very strange one to occur during a quadrille.

Finally came the last quadrille.

"So far we have talked only of myself," began Lopoukhoff, "but that is not at all agreeable on my part. Now I wish to be agreeable; let us talk about you, Véra Pavlovna. Do you know that I had a still worse opinion of you than you had of me? But now . . . . . well, we will postpone that. Only there is one question I should like to put to you. When is your marriage to take place?"

"Never!"

"I have been certain of it for the last three hours, ever since I left the game to dance with you. But why is he treated as your affianced?"

"Why is he treated as my affianced? Why? The first reason I cannot tell you, for it would give me pain. But I can tell you the second: I pity him. He loves me so dearly. You will say that I ought to tell him frankly what I think of our projected marriage; but when I do that, he answers: 'Oh! do not say so! That kills me; do not say so!'"

"The first reason, which you cannot tell me, I know; it is that your family relations are horrible."

"For the present they are endurable; no one torments me; they wait, and almost always leave me alone."

"But that cannot last long. Soon they will press you. And then?"

"Do not be troubled. I have thought of that and have decided Then I will not stay here I will be an actress. It is a very desirable career. Independence! Independence!"

"And applause."

"Yes, that gives pleasure too. But the principal thing is independence. One does as she likes, one lives as she likes, without asking the advice of any one, without feeling the need of any one. That is how I should like to live!"

"Good, very good! Now I have a request to make of you,—that you will allow me to gather information which will aid you to an entrance."

"Thank you," said Vérotchka, pressing his hand. "Do so as quickly as possible. I so much wish to free myself from this humiliating and frightful situation. I said, indeed: 'I am tranquil, my situation is endurable;' but no, it is not so. Do I not see what they are doing with my name? Do I not know what those who are here think of me? An intriguer, schemer, greedy for wealth, she wishes to get into high society and shine there; her husband will be under her feet, she will turn him about at pleasure and deceive him. Yes, I know all that, and I wish to live so no longer, I wish it no longer!" Suddenly she became thoughtful, and added: "Do not laugh at what I am going to say: I pity him much, for he loves me so dearly!"

"He loves you? Does he look at you, as I do, for instance? Tell me"

"You look at me in a frank and simple way. No, your look does not offend me."

"See Véra Pavlovna, it is because. . . . But never mind. . . . And does he look at you in that way?"

Vérotchka blushed and said nothing.

"That means that he does not love you. That is not love, Véra Pavlovna."

"But". . . . Vérotchka did not dare to finish.

"You intended to say: 'But what is it, then, if it is not love?' What is it? What you will. But that it is not love you will say yourself. Whom do you like best? I do not refer now to love, but friendship."

"Really? No one. Ah, yes, I did happen to meet not long ago a very strange woman. She talked to me very disparagingly of herself, and forbade me to continue in her society; we saw each other for a special purpose, and she told me that, when I should have no hope left but in death, I might apply to her, but not otherwise. That woman I love much."

"Would you like to have her do something for you which would be disagreeable or injurious to her?"

Vérotchka smiled. "Of course not."

"No. Well, suppose it were necessary, absolutely necessary to you that she should do something for you, and she should say to you: 'If I do that, I shall be very miserable myself.' Would you renew your request? Would you insist?"

"I would die first."

"And you say that he loves you. Love! Such love is only a sentiment, not a passion. What distinguishes a passion from a simple sentiment? Intensity. Then, if a simple friendship makes you prefer to die rather than owe your life to troubles brought upon your friend,—if a simple friendship speaks thus, what, then, would passion say, which is a thousand times stronger? It would say: Rather die than owe happiness to the sorrow of the one I love! Rather die than cause her the slightest trouble or embarrass her in any way! A passion speaking thus would be true love. Otherwise, not. Now I must leave you, Véra Pavlovna; I have said all that I had to say."

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY 26, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

Which is the Heretic?

Some time ago one of Liberty's friends in Jersey City wrote to me asking for the addresses of men in various parts of the country whom I thought would be willing to canvass for subscriptions to "Le Révolté," the French Anarchistic journal published at Geneva, and suggesting that I keep the address and terms of "Le Révolté" standing in Liberty's advertising columns. It should be added that he disclaimed any authorization from "Le Révolté" to ask these favors of me. I sent him the addresses asked for, with this message,—that, whereas Liberty was the first paper to introduce the name of "Le Révolté" to the English-speaking citizens of America and had done all it could to commend it to them by ardent praise and long and continual quotations from its columns, "Le Révolté," so far as I could remember, had never even mentioned Liberty's name; that, while I greatly admired "Le Révolté," and was very much in sympathy with its teachings, I felt that it ought to be a little more observant of the principle of reciprocity in courtesy; and that Liberty would not print a regular advertisement of "Le Révolté" unless "Le Révolté" would do the same for Liberty. My Jersey City friend answered that he would communicate my message to "Le Révolté." He evidently did so, for "Le Révolté" of June 8 contained the following among its answers to correspondents:

E. S. of Jersey City.—Thanks for the addresses; we shall write to them at once. As for the journal in question, its ideas more nearly resembling those of *bourgeois* society than our own, we cannot recommend it as Anarchistic.

This result was what I expected, but I propose to examine, nevertheless, how far this judgment from "Le Révolté" is justifiable. Wherein do Liberty and "Le Révolté" agree? Wherein do they differ?

"Le Révolté" desires the abolition of the State.

So does Liberty.

"Le Révolté" desires the abolition of usury in all its forms.

So does Liberty.

"Le Révolté" would accomplish this revolution by armed insurrection and seizure of all existing wealth.

Liberty, believing that the revolution must take place very largely in ideas before it can become of permanent effect in actual life, would accomplish it by starting a new economic organization, independent of the State and in violation of its laws, which should gradually spread until it should absorb so large a portion of our industrial life that its organized refusal to contribute to the support of the State would cause the State to collapse, at the same time not denying the necessity of preceding this by forcible revolution in countries where power is so absolute that the course above outlined cannot be pursued until it has been shaken and weakened by dynamite.

"Le Révolté," after the revolution, would have all wealth held and administered in common by societies of working-people. Whether it would allow John Smith to produce and manufacture goods and sell them to whoever might wish to buy, and to hire John Brown to work for him for wages if it were John Brown's preference to be hired, or whether it would prevent these things by force, it has frequently been urged to say, but never has said. It asserts very loudly and frequently that it is in favor of absolute individual liberty, but it carefully and studiously avoids any specific declaration of belief in that liberty which its assertion of common property *seems at least* to deny.

Liberty, after the revolution, while doubting the advisability and practicability of the communistic life advocated by "Le Révolté," would stoutly maintain the right of that journal and its friends to live that life on a voluntary—that is, an Anarchistic—basis, and the right of all others to live by such other principles as might seem to them wise, believing at the same time that the final outcome of social endeavor will take the form of a mutualistic organism in which production and exchange will be effected on the cost principle to the exclusion of all forms of capitalistic increase.

Does not the parallel drawn above show that, if any suspicion is to be cast upon the orthodoxy of the Anarchism of either of the journals in question, it will not rightfully fall upon Liberty? Does it not also show that the charge of Liberty's sympathy with *bourgeois* life is false, since *bourgeois* life is entirely dependent upon that income from capital which Liberty would inevitably cut off, not by legislation, but by the repeal of privilege?

Having said thus much, I now desire to reconsider my determination not to further advertise "Le Révolté," and herewith urge every reader of French who may see this article to send $1.06 in United States postage stamps to "Le Révolté, Rue des Grottes, 24, Geneva, Switzerland," for a year's subscription to that journal. Disagreeing with it in some things as I do, I nevertheless sympathize much more than I differ, and cheerfully acknowledge that, in loftiness of tone, energy of propagandism, and ability of discussion, it stands head and shoulders above any other French socialistic journal that I know.

T.

A SELF-EXPLANATORY APPENDIX.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

I noticed in the last number of "Le Révolté" a note addressed to E. S. of Jersey City, calling an unnamed journal *bourgeois*, and refusing to recognize it as Anarchistic. I understand that Liberty is the paper to which reference is made. I look on this as narrow-mindedness on the part of the communists of "Le Révolté." They will not tolerate anything but entire agreement with their views. It matters not that the true individualists have the same aim as themselves, that their roads lie together for a long way, till the accomplishment of the revolution, and that after the revolution, the individualists as partisans of complete liberty would place no hindrances in the way of their organizing in whatsoever way they fancied, simply claiming the same right for themselves,—all this matters nothing to orthodox communists, the individualists are outside the fold, they are *bourgeois*, and must be damned; and as the next world has lost its terrors, care must be taken to make the damnation effective now.

Yours truly,
JOHN F. KELLY.

NEWARK, N. J., JUNE 24, 1884.

The Blessings of Poverty.

The stolid equanimity with which the average well-to-do man accepts the existing social conditions and the philosophy with which he views the poverty of others are the greatest and most exasperating obstacles in the way of social reform. Last winter I picked up one of the "better-element" Boston papers, and read this editorial paragraph: "An open winter is favorable to the very poor, as they can pick up their fuel while the ground is loose and the weather not extremely cold."

It made me tingle with indignation at first, it seemed so coldly cruel, so utterly heartless; but, after all, it may have been written by a kind-hearted man in a spirit of pity for the poor. Still, the sentence stands as an expression of the kind of thinking done by most persons on this subject of poverty; and it well illustrates the *bourgeois* interpretation of *laissez faire*. "Let things be as they always have been" is the dictum of the comfortable better-element philosophers. In political economy they have a creed based upon the doctrine of the total depravity of society. They believe in poverty as the providentially-ordained condition of a large portion of the human race, and they regard themselves as the elect. Of course they are sorry for the poor, just as they are sorry for those who are unable to shake off the burden of original sin and are drifting rapidly hellward. That poverty is a disease of the social system capable of being cured does not occur to them.

With the benevolent motive of making the unfortunate contented in the position in which they have been placed by an inscrutable but doubtless well-intentioned God, these good people preach the pleasures of destitution, the simple joys of unsatisfied hunger, the ecstasy of want, and piously exalt their voices in praise of the contented mind. The highest virtue in their estimation is stolid resignation to "the decrees of Providence," as they are pleased to term the consequences of social disorder and civilized cannibalism. Coal enough is mined to warm all the houses in the cities, but it is kept by the proprietors for a rise in the market, while the miners remain idle and hungry because of over-production. There is much coal, these political economists tell us, but "the poor can pick up their fuel while the ground is loose." An open winter is kinder to the poor than are the laws of supply and demand as misunderstood and hampered by society.

If our comfortable, well-to-do friends and able editors would try to understand why there are any poor and how poverty can be abolished, instead of congratulating the disinherited wretches on their splendid chances for picking up stray barrel-staves and shingles, while the ground is loose, to keep themselves from freezing, they might begin to entertain doubts about the providential origin of misery and want. But let an Anarchist begin to explain to them how poverty can be banished from the world, and they fall back upon their interpretation of *laissez faire*, and tell him that he must not tear down the barriers until he can put something better in place, as though it were not enough to get the barriers torn down and let men follow unobstructed paths. It is difficult to overcome this stolidity of the well-fed citizen and dull-witted newspaper editor, but it may be done in time. How a little experience in picking up fuel while the ground is loose would quicken the perceptions of some people!

K.

A Hireling's Measure of a Hero.

In the New York "Herald" of July 17 appeared the following editorial effusion:

A WHIMPERING ANARCHIST.

Prince Kropotkine complains that he is dying in jail and prays to be released. He should have taken counsel with his doctor before he wrote his anarchical tracts. There is something inexpressibly pitiful in this lament of a social outlaw. All over Europe his disciples are plotting murder. They are reading his works, and, when their courage fails them, are taking heart by reading them again. And while kings, statesmen, officers, are being marked down for assassination, the assassins' instigator complains that he is dying "of scurvy and anæmia." This is the natural end of nihilism. A little bluster, a little bravado, a little theatrical display. Then protests, tears, lamentations, and the death of a dog.

I believe in a certain system of eternal revendication which, for want of a more scientific nomenclature, I am willing to call the law of the moral universe. The man who starts out with a certain infernal contrivance called a newspaper and deliberately makes of it a literary brothel is a moral fiend against whom the ruling purposes of associative life are in natural conspiracy.

Such a man was the elder Bennett, a depraved and rotten moral monster who postulated the success of the "Herald" upon rotating lying and an utter abnegation of truth, honor, consistency, and integrity. The lawless and lustful loafer who figures as his son is of nothing so boastful as of the ancestral tablets on which the record is exposed for half a century of where the "Herald" could boldly unsay to-day what it said yesterday, and could traduce, malign, and destroy at random the many victims with whose welfare and reputations it saw fit to sport.

Anarchism is the natural and inevitable provision of Nature for her own vindication against a drift of moral rottenness of which the Bennetts have been among the chief promoters in American society. It is

the integrity of the moral universe itself in self-defence which some day, the nearness of which the "Herald" seems painfully to sense, will mark this vile scamp of a Bennett and his paid editorial whores as among the first and swiftest fruits of the revolution.

As for that noble and tender soul, Prince Kropotkine, his very mission involves the saving of such wretches as Bennett from the assassin's knife through the issuance of tracts and other moral agencies in which a plea for reason and justice is offered to avert a revolution of blood and violence. If the prostituted whelp who for hire wrote the above paragraph would read but a few lines of Kropotkine's "Letters to Young People," he would see that his cowardly assault is upon the very man who tried to rescue the "Herald" editorial mob and its chief from the lamp-posts which are waiting for their necks in the streets of New York.

It is not the disciples of Kropotkine who are plotting murder all over Europe. The true disciples of Kropotkine are plotting reason, passive resistance, and bloodless non-conformity, while simply asking to be let alone in the exercise of their natural rights. It is the desperate victims of a murderous social system which the "Herald" is trying to defend with lies and calumny that are plotting murder in Europe, and may yet be plotting it at an uncomfortable distance from Bennett's den of editorial liars and harlots if the voice of such moral saviours as Kropotkine continues to be brutally suppressed in dungeons.

Bluster, bravado, and theatrical display are terms which, when applied to the gentle and dignified Kropotkine, brand their author as a cowardly and infamous scoundrel upon whom it is not worth the while to waste any words outside the vocabulary of damnation. Yet Kropotkine would be the last to deny full liberty of speech and press to even such vile calumniators as this. Bennett and his prostituted tribe may yet wake up some morning and find out to whose lot the protests, tears, lamentations, and death of a dog will fall, and cowards of their stripe would be the first to call upon even the whimpering Anarchist to save them. x.

Liberty and Wealth.

V.

NEW HARMONY: LIGHT.

"The old man paused for a moment. A smile of satisfaction played across his face as he glanced in the direction of the city.

"'You will pardon me,' he resumed, 'if for a moment I indulge a feeling of pride. Never can I recur to the dawn of our long, bright day but the joy of that awakening moment thrills me again: rejuvenates me, so that I almost long for the divine elixir that I may become young, and live my life over again. It is so great and satisfying a pleasure to have lived and been associated with the greatest achievement the world has known. My dear sir, what can be nobler, what aim higher than that which seeks to place the whole human family on a pedestal of power, with mutual respect, a common prosperity, and liberty — that inspiration of all achievement that is great and glorious in human existence — assured to all, even the humblest!

"'But, enough of this! Let me stick to my story.

"'I said we were prosperously situated for the winter. Indeed, we had enough and to spare. But we were not idle. We all agreed it was best to put in at least four hours each day at what we might call work. The rest of the time we devoted to study, to pleasure, each, in fact, following his or her own inclination.

"'One day I said to my wife: "Is it *now* Paradise?"

"'"No," she replied, "Paradise ought to mean something possible for all the world. We get along so well because we are all so well acquainted, and have passed through a common experience. Our trials have united us as one family. But let Tom, Dick, and Harry — I mean the good, bad, and indifferent of all the world — come here, and I fear the whole of us would be by the ears again."

"'Something like this had been the thought running through my own mind. So I said to others, as I met them: "Isn't it about time to consider ourselves and our prospects a little further?" But it seemed to be the general opinion that we better let well enough alone. "Do the thing next needed," said the same man who had given us the suggestion that saved us the spring before, "and don't look ahead too far."

"'But it happened not long after that the thing next needed was to settle the very question wife and I had pondered. A party of twenty strangers came in upon us, and wanted to settle and live in New Harmony. We had done no advertising; no reporter had been to see us; but these people had heard of us, and came one thousand miles on faith. They wanted to see our constitution. They asked about our principles, our politics, and our religion.

"'I ought to confess that our happy family was thrown at once into a state of excitement. The old Adam cropped out in a number of ways. The croakers began. Evil days were before us; let them go by themselves, and form a community of their own, some said. This, however, was contrary to all our better instincts, and low prudence and caution soon gave way to a determination to solve the problem of expansion then and there. We needed a spokesman. All eyes turned to Joseph Warden. "Do the thing next needed, Joseph," I exclaimed. He invited the new comers to join us all in our public reading room. He took a seat, and we gathered about him. For a little time we sat in silence. Then Warden asked the visitors to state their purpose in coming. One of their number replied that they had understood that New Harmony was a place where the people had all things in common. It was Scripture doctrine, and they were Christians. They wanted to join a society in which private property was unknown.

"'At this point Warden smiled and said: "Then you have made a mistake in coming here, for we have somehow felt from the beginning that private individual property was a real and a sacred thing. I don't know that any of us ever said so before in so many words. The question has never arisen."

"'The man replied that he was somewhat astonished, in fact, much astonished, at such a declaration. But he would like to be instructed in regard to New Harmony and its institutions. He felt strongly that there must be some kind of a Providence in the journey of himself and friends. Perhaps their coming was not a mistake. If they knew just what the people of New Harmony did propose, what they believed in, they could judge the better.

"'Wife whispered to me: "He's the man to frame constitutions, and so on."

"'I smiled. Warden caught my eye, and looked himself much amused.

"'"Well," he said, the smile still lingering in the corners of his mouth, "we are in one sense, my friend, a poverty-stricken people. We haven't any institutions to speak of. All we can boast are certain outgrowths of our needs, which, for the most part, have taken care of themselves. We have, perhaps, an unwritten law, or general understanding, though no one to my knowledge has ever tried to state it. We all seem to know it when we meet it, and, as yet, have had no dispute about it. It may be said in a general way, however, as a matter of observation, that we are believers in liberty, in justice, in equality, in fraternity, in peace, progress, and in a state of happiness here on earth for one and all. What we mean by all this defines itself as we go along. It is a practical, working belief, we have. When we find an idea won't work, we don't decide against it; we let it rest; perhaps, later on, it will work all right. I don't know as there is much more to say."

"'The man was evidently disappointed. Warden's talk seemed trivial to him. It gave him the impression, he said, that the people had not taken hold of the great problem of life in a serious and scientific manner.

"'Warden replied that, if the gentleman would define what he meant by the terms serious and scientific, they would be better able to determine the matter. If he meant by serious anything sorrowful or agonizing, they would plead guilty; in that sense, they were not serious. If their life was declared not scientific in the sense that it was not cut and dried, planned, laid out in iron grooves, put into constitutions, established in set forms and ceremonies, he was right. They had neither seriousness nor science after those patterns. "But we have," he said, "a stability of purpose born of our mutual attractions and necessities, and a scientific adjustment, we think, of all our difficulties as well as of our varied enterprises. Always respecting each other's individuality, we apply common sense to every situation, so far as we are able."

"'The man responded that they were not there to question the earnestness of purpose or the practical intelligence of the citizens of New Harmony. Far otherwise. And yet, it did seem to him, so novel was their plan of organization, that it was little more than a rope of sand. There seemed to be nothing binding or stable in its character. In that respect he must say they were disappointed. But for one he should be very glad to dwell in New Harmony for a season, at least. He turned abruptly to his companions and said: "All who are with me in this, please raise your right hands." Every hand went up.

"'Warden smiled, and said he hoped their stay would be a common benefit.

"'There being no public house in the place, they had been entertained at private residences since their arrival.

"'It was the Rev. Mr. Sangerfield who had been put forward as their speaker. He was a large man with an iron cast of countenance, and spoke with great moderation and precision. Somehow we none of us quite fancied him, but then, he was in the world, as my wife said, and it was our business to be able to live on peaceable terms with all sorts of people. We couldn't expect our seclusion to be forever respected.

"'The reverend gentleman consulted awhile with the others, and then rose and said that he had a few questions to ask by way of information. In the first place, as they proposed to *settle*, for one year at least, he would like to inquire as to tenements. He had noticed several unoccupied houses; were they for rent? That was the first time the word had been used in our midst. It created quite a sensation. In fact, we all laughed. Sangerfield looked embarrassed, but Warden explained that the idea of *rent* was new to them. The parties who built the unoccupied houses had gone, and anybody was free to occupy them. It would be only right, though, to keep them in repair, and leave them in good condition.

"'Sangerfield said he should suppose that property left in that way would be appropriated by the town, become public property. That was the usual custom.

"'Warden replied with a smile that the usual custom had seldom been adopted in such matters at New Harmony. There was no public property.

"'"Indeed!" Sangerfield exclaimed. "Whose property is this building we are in? Is it not the property of the town?"

"'He was informed that it belonged to one Simeon Larger.

"'"Oh! you rent it of him?" said Sangerfield.

"'"No, not exactly;" said Warden. "He is paid for the wear and tear of the building, and for his trouble in taking care of it."

"'"Who pays him," Sangerfield asked, "if not the public? How do you raise the money? Impose a tax?"

"'"We tax ourselves voluntarily. There is no trouble in that respect. Everyone is free to contribute according to his or her means. It is *one* of the points we think we have *scored in behalf of Liberty*. And here let me say that *all* property in New Harmony is private property. Everything has an individual owner, and is under individual management. Everything represents so much labor. We know just what it has cost, and if the individual parts with it in any way, he is recompensed according to his sacrifice. He receives either so much other property, or a labor-note secured by property that has so much labor-value, or a note promising so much labor.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

Vérotchka shook his hand. "Well, *au revoir!* You do not congratulate me? Today is my birthday."

Lopoukhoff gave her a singular look. "Perhaps, perhaps!" he said; "if you are not mistaken, so much the better for me!"

V.

"What! so quickly, and against all expectation!" thought Vérotchka, on finding herself alone in her chamber after the guests had gone. "We have talked only once, half an hour ago we did not know each other, and already we are so intimate! How strange!" No, it is not strange at all, Vérotchka. Men like Lopoukhoff have magic words which draw to them every injured and outraged being. It is their *sweetheart* who whispers such words to them. And what is strange indeed, Vérotchka, is that you should be so calm. Love is thought to be a startling feeling Yet you will sleep as calmly and peacefully as a little child, and no painful dreams will trouble your slumbers; if you dream, it will be only of childish games or dances amid smiling faces.

To others it is strange; to me it is not. Trouble in love is not love itself; if there is trouble, that means that something is wrong; for love itself is gay and careless.

"Yes, it is very strange," still thought Vérotchka; "about the poor, about women, about love, he told me what I had already thought.

"Where did I find it? In books?

"No; for everything in them is expressed with so much doubt and reserve that one believes she is reading only dreams.

"These things seem to me simple, ordinary, inevitable in fact; it seems to me that without them life is impossible. Yet the best books present them as incapable of realization.

"Take Georges Sand, for instance; what goodness! what morality! but only dreams.

"Our novelists are sure to offer nothing of the kind. Dickens, too, has these aspirations; but he does not seem to hope for their realization; being a good man, he desires it, but as one who knows that it cannot come to pass. Why do they not see that life cannot continue without this new justice, which will tolerate neither poverty nor wretchedness, and that it is towards such justice that we must march? They deplore the present, but they believe in its eternity, or little short of it. If they had said what I thought, I should have known then that the good and wise think so too, whereas I thought myself alone, a poor dreamer and inexperienced young girl, in thus thinking and hoping for a better order!

"He told me that his sweetheart inspires all who know her with these ideas and urges them to labor for their realization. This sweetheart is quite right; but who is she? I must know her; yes, I must know her.

"Certainly, it will be very fine when there shall be no more poor people, no more servitude, and when everybody shall be gay, good, learned, and happy."

It was amid these thoughts that Vérotchka fell into a profound and dreamless sleep. No, it is not strange that you have conceived and cherished these sublime thoughts, good and inexperienced Vérotchka, although you have never even heard pronounced the names of the men who first taught justice and proved that it must be realized and inevitably will be. If books have not presented these ideas with clearness, it is because they are written by men who caught glimpses of these thoughts when they were but marvellous and ravishing utopias; now it has been demonstrated that they can be realized, and other books are written by other men, who show that these thoughts are good, with nothing of the marvellous about them. These thoughts, Vérotchka, float in the air, like the perfume in the fields when the flowers are in bloom; they penetrate everywhere, and you have even heard them from your drunken mother, telling you that one can live in this world only by falsehood and robbery; she meant to speak against your ideas, and, instead of that, she developed them; you have also heard them from the shameless and depraved Frenchwoman who drags her lover after her as if he were a servant, and does with him as she will. Yet, when she comes back to herself, she admits that she has no will of her own, that she has to indulge and restrain herself, and that such things are very painful. What more could she desire, living with her Serge, good, tender, and gentle? And yet she says: Even of me, unworthy as I am, such relations are unworthy. It is not difficult, Vérotchka, to share your ideas. But others have not taken them to heart as you have. It is well, but not at all strange. What can there be strange, indeed, in your wish to be free and happy? That desire is not an extraordinary discovery; it is not an act of heroism; it is natural. But what is strange, Vérotchka, is that there are men who have no such desire though they have all others, and who would, in fact, regard as strange the thoughts under the influence of which you fall asleep, my young friend, on the first evening of your love, and that, after questioning yourself as to him whom you love and as to your love itself, you think that all men should be happy and that we should aid them to become so as fast as possible. It is very natural, nevertheless; it is human; the simple words, "I wish joy and happiness," mean, "It would be pleasant to me if all men were joyous and happy;" yes, Vérotchka, it is human; these two thoughts are but one. You are good, you are intelligent; but excuse me for finding nothing extraordinary in you; half of the young girls whom I have known and whom I know, and perhaps even more than half—I have not counted them, and it matters little, there are so many of them—are not worse than you; some there are—pardon me for saying so—who are even better.

Lopoukhoff believes you a marvellous young girl. What is there astonishing in that? He loves you,—and that is not astonishing either. It is not astonishing that he loves you, for you are lovable, and if he loves you, he must necessarily believe you such.

VI.

Maria Alexevna had loitered about Lopoukhoff and Vérotchka during their first quadrille; during the second she could not do as much, for she was entirely absorbed in the preparation of a *repas à la fourchette*, a sort of improvised supper. When she had finished, she looked about for the tutor, but he had gone. Two days later he returned to give his lesson. The *samovar* was brought, as always during the lesson. Maria Alexevna entered the room where the tutor was busy with Fédia to call the latter, a duty which had hitherto been Matrœna's; the tutor, who, as we know, did not take tea, wished to remain to correct Fédia's copy-book; but Maria Alexevna insisted that he should come with them a moment, for she had something to say to him. He consented, and Maria Alexevna plied him with questions concerning Fédia's talents and the college at which it would be best to place him. These were very natural questions, but were they not asked a little early? While putting them, she begged the tutor to take some tea, and this time with so much cordiality and affability that Lopoukhoff consented to depart from his rule and took a cup. Vérotchka had not arrived; at last she came; she and Lopoukhoff saluted each other as if nothing had occurred between them, and Maria Alexevna continued to talk about Fédia. Then she suddenly turned the conversation to the subject of the tutor himself, and began to press him with questions. Who was he? What was he? What were his parents? Were they wealthy? How did he live? What did he think of doing? The tutor answered briefly and vaguely: He had parents; they lived in the country; they were not rich; he lived by teaching; he should remain in St. Petersburg as a doctor. Of all that nothing came. Finding him so stubborn, Maria Alexevna went straight to business.

"You say that you will remain here as a doctor (and doctors can live here, thank God!); do you not contemplate family life as yet? Or have you already a young girl in view?"

What should he say? Lopoukhoff had almost forgotten already the sweetheart of his fancy, and came near replying, "I have no one in view," when he said to himself: "Ah! but she was listening, then." He laughed at himself, and was somewhat vexed at having employed so useless an allegory. And they say that propagandism is useless! Go to, then!

See what an effect propagandism had had upon this pure soul disposed so little to evil! She was listening! Had she heard? Well, it was of little consequence.

"Yes, I have one," answered Lopoukhoff.

"And you are already engaged?"

"Yes."

"Formally? Or is it simply agreed upon between you?"

"Formally."

Poor Maria Alexevna! She had heard the words, "my sweetheart," "your sweetheart," "I love her much," "she is a beauty." She had heard them, and for the present was tranquil, believing that the tutor would not pay court to her daughter, and for this reason, the second quadrille not disturbing her, she had gone to prepare the supper. Nevertheless, she had a desire to know a little more circumstantially this tranquilizing story.

Lopoukhoff replied clearly, and, as usual, briefly.

"Is your sweetheart beautiful?"

"Of extraordinary beauty."

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 46.

II.

SHE FINDS A WORLD WITHOUT GOVERNMENTS.

BOSTON, July 26, 2084

My Dear Louise:

Since I last wrote you, I have been trying to solve the problem how these people get along without governments and statesmen. To one like you, so interested in the woman suffrage and temperance movements of your time, I am sure my researches will be entertaining and perhaps instructive.

My very learned man calls to see me often, and we have some very spirited discussions, but, although of course I will not own it, he usually gets the better *of* the argument. You see he has the advantage of practical illustration on his side. But in spite of the fact that he can prove that the world can get along without governments, he can't convince me that the people are as happy as they are in the dear old world in which you live. How can they be without the strong hand of the law to rely upon? How can they be without such great and good men as Mr. Arthur, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Long, Mr. Curtis, and others like them to look after the public welfare?

But when I say this to Mr. De Demain (for this is the name of my learned man, —Paul De Demain), he says, "Bosh!"

I asked him how the people get along without systems of government.

He said: "Five hundred years ago the world found it impossible to get along without strong religious government. The government of the priesthood was the governor of individuals and governments. It ruled states and kings and extended into the household, exerting its sway over all the minor affairs of life. It had, as you well know, such power in most 'civilized' countries that all were forced to submit to it or die. You cannot have forgotten how the Huguenots were treated, how the Puritans were exiled, and how they in turn exiled and murdered the Quakers. Have you any doubt that the religious government of five or six hundred years ago was as strong as the civil government of two hundred years ago?"

Of course, I am a reasonable creature, and I was forced to tell him that I had no doubt.

"But," he continued, "two hundred years ago you managed very nicely to do without any religious government,—that is, without any religious government that had power to control. You could believe the teachings of one man or set of men or not, as you pleased. There was no spiritual government except that of the individual, and that, too, in spite of a widespread sentiment in favor of religious things and forms. Your ancestors who first settled Boston and vicinity believed it was impossible for a people to exist without a strong religious government. They believed that happiness and prosperity both depended upon such a government. But their descendants in two hundred years found that they could live and be at least just as happy and just as prosperous without any religious control, and human nature had not improved to such a tremendous extent either. As you know, thought took a wider range as soon as religious governments were thrown over, and you became a greater, if not a happier, people."

"Yes, but," I replied, "as you acknowledge, religious feeling remained, and, if it did not govern with the outward forms of the olden time, it still governed"

"Certainly," said Mr. De Demain, "but religious feeling and religious government are things entirely different. One governs the individual through the individual alone (and such government is liberty), while the other governs the individual through the community (and such government is slavery).

"Yes," continued Mr. De Demain, in a half-soliloquy, "your forefathers thought the same about religious government that your people of 1884 thought about civil government. If it were given up, all sorts of crime would be committed, and the world would give itself up to all sorts of excesses. Murders, robberies, and rapes would be committed daily by the thousands, and there would be no remedy. But religious government passed away, and thoughtful people saw that the world was no worse; in fact, that it kept constantly getting better. People stopped wondering 'How shall we get along without religion?' We don't wonder now how we manage to get along without civil governments, but we do wonder how the people got along with them for so many centuries."

I suggested that religious government was necessary for the people during the

earlier centuries of the world, and that without it they would never have reached that state where such government would be unnecessary.

Mr. De Demain laughed at the paradox, and answered the sentiment. Said he: "You could as well say that it was a good thing for the world to believe for centuries that the earth was flat. Or you might argue that it was better for the world that the powers of steam and electricity were unknown for so many centuries. It was perhaps a splendid thing for humanity that the art of printing was unknown during the time when Greece was ages ahead of the rest of the world, but I am sure you do not believe it. Two hundred years ago the world said Anarchy would do for the Millennium. The world should have seen, as we have proved, that Anarchy would bring the Millennium."

I trust, Louise, that you may be able to find arguments that will answer those of Mr. De Demain. If you can, write them out for me, and I will hurl them at him. He is to explain to me how society exists under individual self-government. I will tell you about it in my future letters. JOSEPHINE.

[To be continued.]

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN.

By AUBERON HERBERT.

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

In a small but cheerful lodging overlooking the Thames, Angus found Markham. After a few words he began to pour out his old troubles. Was it possible to act honestly with party? Did it not lead to a constant sacrifice of convictions, or, indeed, learning to live without them? And then was party itself, morally speaking, better off; would not convictions, if simply and straightforwardly followed, place the party that so acted at a fatal disadvantage in its struggles with its rival? Were not politics an art in which a clever manipulation of the electors, and a nice opportunism in selecting measures that satisfied one portion of the people without too much offending another portion, possessed the first importance, while the high motives and great causes to which all politicians loved to appeal were as bits of broken mosaic that the Jew dealer throws in as a make-weight to complete the bargain?

"What course is open to a man," he asked, "who wishes, above all, to be honest and to speak the truth; who wishes neither himself to be corrupted nor to corrupt the people; who has no desire to preserve any privileges for the richer classes, but yet will not go one step beyond what he believes to be just in gaining the favor of the masses? The common theory of modern government seems to be that we have given power to the people, and therefore, whatever may be our own opinions, we must acquiesce in their wishes. We may dexterously pare a little off here and there, at this or that point, but having placed power in their hands, we must accept and act upon their views. Should it happen that we can add a little semi-spontaneous enthusiasm on our own account, why, so much the better. Now, with this theory I cannot come to terms. I stick at the old difficulty. Shall a man look first and foremost to his own sense of what is right, or shall he follow his party?"

"Does not the question answer itself when stated in words?" replied Markham. "If the world is to make any real improvement, does it not depend more upon the individual resolution to see what is true, and to do it, than upon any possible combination into which men may enter? Is not the great thing that we have to hope for that a man should cherish and respect his own opinions beyond every other thing in life, so that it should be impossible for him to act in disregard of them? What form of slavery can be more debasing than that which a man undergoes when he allows either a party or a Church to lead him to and fro when he is in no real agreement with it? Truth to your own self or faithful service to your party? Can you hesitate about the choice?"

"But might he not say," urged Angus, "'the highest truth to me personally is to follow faithfully my own party? I feel that I am doing the best of which I am capable when I act under and obey a man whose capacity and devotion to great ends I believe. I prefer his judgment to my own. I do not trust my own views as regards all these complicated questions of the day: but I have faith in those who lead us, and wish to strengthen their hands in all ways possible.'"

"Yes, a man might speak in that sense who accepts the Catholic theory; who is ready to hand himself over to authority, and believes that he need not solve great questions himself, but may leave others to do it for him. If he slavishly give up the attempt to bring this world and that higher part of himself, his own intelligence, into harmony with each other; if he be content to act without seeing the just and the true and the reasonable in all that he does, then he may use this language, and plead an easy faith and easy devotion in excuse for effacing his own reason and making default, as far as he is concerned, in the great plan of the world. Your words are well chosen to snare a man's soul, but they cannot alter the fact that you are born a reasonable being, and that there is no rightful deliverance from the use of your own reason."

"But is not party a necessity?" replied Angus. "Here are two great parties in existence, and is it not a 'counsel of perfection' to say that a man must follow his sense of right, and act in complete independence of party? Suppose all the clearer-sighted and nobler-minded men did this, and retired from party, would it improve matters?"

"Have a little faith, Mr. Bramston, in right for right's sake. More good will come from the best men being true to themselves than from any co-operation of theirs with others. Unless the good man keeps true to himself, you will get but little profit from his goodness which is sacrificed in order that he may work with others."

"But is not party," again urged Angus, "a reasonable thing in itself? Is not co-operation a natural and right means by which men unite their strength to obtain certain results?"

"Yes," replied Markham, "as an instrument, as a means toward a distinct end. A party organized for some common purpose in which men distinctly and definitely agree, in which each unit preserves his own consciousness and volition, is a natural and right instrument for men to use. But you politicians, Mr. Bramston, make party an end and not a means. You do not strive to live in real harmony with your opinions; you care far more to be one of a party to shout with it, fight with it, win with it."

"But suppose for a moment," said Angus, "that my sense of right went entirely with the most popular measures of the party; supposing that I sincerely approved of every gift which it was possible to take from the richer and give to the poorer. Suppose that I were Bastian—you probably know Bastian—with only this difference, that I believed heart and soul in what I promised, and so long as these services were done for the people I cared but little what was the exact form that they took?"

"And suppose the party were divided by two rival schemes for endowing the people?"

"I probably should be guided by the wishes of the people," said Angus, hesitatingly.

"Yes; that is pretty nearly the only answer which is left you. As you have dismissed your own intelligence as your guide, what else can you do but follow the wishes of the people? And now please to say, Mr. Bramston, however good may be your intentions, is this a true position for any man to hold? Has he the right as regards himself to give others the keeping of his intelligence, to become in consciousness as a polype that leads but a semi-detached life in the polype group? Can he really help his fellow-men by such mental subservience and denial of his own reason? Do you think that progress lies before us if we simply exchange holy mother Church for holy mother Party?"

"And yet," said Angus, hesitating, "granted that men ought not to accept a party programme any more than they accept a Thirty-nine Articles, granted that no man who has freed his mind can take either his theology or his politics in a lump from others, still practically if any Government is to do great services for the people, if it is to educate them, if it is to give them decent dwellings, to improve their sanitary condition, and on all sides to soften and improve the circumstances of life, I cannot disguise from myself that I can do more towards this end by simply supporting the Government than by insisting on my own opinions."

"Ah, Mr. Bramston, you are introducing a large 'if.' You ask me *if* a body we call Government, enjoying certain honors and rewards at the expense of its rival, has for its object, in all the greatest matters that affect human life, to proclaim a certain number of universal schemes, be it for education, for regulating labor, for providing against distress, or for adding to the comforts of existence, whether in such a case we must not dismiss our separate intelligences to the second place, and simply support the Government against the rival that waits to dislodge it. To which question I at once answer 'yes;' as I should if you asked me whether the men who make up an army sent to conquer a neighboring country had better give up their own judgment in all things and be moved at will by the hands of their general. Defeating an enemy and defeating a political rival have only too many points in common; and in either case separate intelligences would be a great hindrance to success. It would be best in both cases — to use the mildest phrase — that they should be disciplined."

"Is it a fair comparison, Mr. Markham, between what men do in war and what they do in politics?" asked Angus, forgetting that he himself had often compared the two parties to two armies. "We almost all condemn war and its violence; you cannot compare these with the peaceful methods of discussing and voting."

"Are you sure," replied Markham, "that the two systems are so far apart? In war you use force, in politics you only imply force, but it is still there. What reason can you find why twelve millions of men should accept the views of sixteen millions after they have voted, except that it is taken for granted that the sixteen millions could smash up the twelve millions, or as many of them as was necessary, were it a trial of strength between them? You take numbers because they represent force, as conclusive of the verdict in what we call a constitutional country; but can you give me any moral reason that will bear five minutes' examination why you should do so, or why three men should compel two men to accept their views of life? Of course you cannot. Any moral scheme built upon numbers must break to pieces under its own inconsistencies and absurdities. There is only the one reason that superior numbers imply superior force. The sixteen millions are presumably stronger than the twelve, and therefore the twelve submit without having recourse to practical tests."

"But is it impossible," said Angus, "to defend the authority of numbers? May it not be right that if five men differ, the two should give way to the three? It would be absurd to ask the three to submit to the two."

"Why should either two men live at the discretion of three, or three at the discretion of two? Both propositions are absurd from a reasonable point of view. If being a slave and owning a slave are both wrong relations, what difference does it make whether there are a million slave-owners and one slave, or one slave-owner and a million slaves? Do robbery and murder cease to be what they are if done by ninety-nine per cent. of the population? Clear your ideas on the subject, Mr. Bramston, and see that numbers cannot affect the question of what is right and wrong. Suppose some man with the cunning brain of a Napoleon were to train and organize the Chinamen, and then should lead them to annex such parts of the West as they desired; on your theory of numbers, if they exceeded the population of the country they appropriated it would be all right."

"I do not say that it is a satisfactory answer; but might not a majority inside a country afford a right method of decision, without extending the rule to the case of one country against another?"

"On what ground?" said Markham. "From where are the rights to come which you have so suddenly discovered? Do you think that the moral laws that govern men are made to appear and disappear at our convenience? Forget that you are a politician, Mr. Bramston, and admit that if you can plead any moral law as against the numbers of a stronger race, you must be able to plead it equally against the stronger part of a nation, you must be able to plead it whether on behalf of two men against three, or of one man against a million. Either there are or are not moral conditions limiting force, but if they exist they cannot depend upon numbers."

"Then you would condemn the Birmingham doctrine of the sovereign rights of a majority, and refuse to treat it as the foundation-stone of democratic government," said Angus. "Bright preaches the doctrine eloquently, but I am continually doubting the easygoing philosophy which assumes that the majority will always be on the right side and will only ask for what is just."

"I share the common respect which England has for Mr. Bright," said Markham. "We all instinctively feel that he is more of a man with living beliefs, and less of a politician, than the rest. But can anything be less defensible than his position? He declares force to be no remedy; he declares war, which is force nakedly asserted, to be wrong; but he looks on the outcome of the ballot-box, which is as much force as the orders issued by a Prussian field-marshal, and is only obeyed because it involves the breaking of heads when necessary, almost as a divine and inspired thing. What is the difference between force calling itself force or wrapped up in platform phrases, so long as it has the same self?"

"Then you reject the rights of the majority, and with them the theory of democratic government?"

"I believe myself more democratic than your politicians," said Markham, "but I reject utterly their view of what democracy is. They have not the courage to bid the people to accept universal conditions, but wish, in imitation of departed kings and emperors, to build anew every sort of artificial privilege, as if such privileges, for whomsoever they are created, ever had lasted or could last in defiance of moral law. Well, Mr. Bramston, the world has lived through many lies; it has lived through the priestly lie, the kingly lie, the oligarchical lie, the ten-pound-householder lie, and it has now to live through the majority lie. These other lies are gone to their own place, and this last lie will follow after them. The law of equal freedom and equal justice knows none of them."

(To be continued.)

Thus you see what we do in all instances is to exchange equivalents of labor. What nature does we do not count in business exchanges. In nature we have common property. In labor each has what he does."

"'"I am only mystified," said Sangerfield, smiling. "I think we better take the houses, as you say, and then live and learn. I think we will promise you for six months, at least, to live here like children at school. We will put ourselves under your instruction. We thought we had somewhat to teach. But it is all based on communistic principles. Here we find you arriving apparently at the same results — peace, plenty, brotherly Christian love — on exactly opposite principles. Instead of having all things in common, you have all things separate, so to speak. I can see at once that you thereby avoid a certain confusion which, I confess, has already crept into our own affairs. We thought, to avoid strife and pauperism, we should hold all things as common property. But this has occurred in several instances. There has been a little feeling on the part of some that in all cases they had not received their just share. A dispute might easily have arisen under more pressing circumstances that would have been fanned into a flame of passion. This friction you seem to escape. If, now, you have also set the limit to individual greed, I do not see why you have not solved the problem."

"'At this point we of New Harmony broke into applause, rather demonstrative, I fear.

"'"*If*, I said," Sangerfield continued; "it may be a small if; there may be no if at all. We will wait and see."'

"At this point the old man said:

"'You see I am spinning the thing out at great length. Walk with me into the city, and tarry a few days, and if you will be interested in the continuation, we can talk at our leisure.'

"I readily assented to this proposition. The old man rose at once and led the way, taking my arm. As we went along he said: 'This is no experiment. It is a practical success. What we have done, all the world may do, *will* do, of its own accord, one day.'

[To be continued.] H.

Free Societies.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In the able article from the pen of Elisée Reclus which you republish from the "Contemporary Review," our author, speaking of the various small societies organized by reformers, says, among other things:

Yet even were they perfection, if man enjoyed in them the highest happiness of which his nature is capable, they would be none the less obnoxious to the charge of selfish isolation, of raising a wall between themselves and the rest of their race; their pleasures are egotistical, and devotion to the cause of humanity would draw back the best of them into the great struggle.

The fundamental error in the above is the idea that men who have become members of such societies have thereby ceased to participate in the "great struggle." So far is this from being true, that it is doubtful if there are any who have suffered more for the great cause than have those who have attempted the reorganization of some portion of society upon a basis more nearly approaching our ideal of liberty and equity. They may have erred — indeed, most of them have erred — in the methods chosen through which to realize their dreams of a bettered humanity, but theirs has been a rocky and thorn-strewn pathway, the labor has been arduous, the light of hope dim and flickering; the contumely, hatred, and persecuting opposition of the world have been theirs, and small indeed the reward they have earned by their "selfish isolation!"

Most cordially could I concur with Elisée Reclus in condemnation of any movement looking to the withdrawal of good brain and earnest purpose from the field of active conflict, for I keenly realize that there is needed in every community a portion of the leaven of Liberty, — a missionary of the gospel of Justice. But what we most need today is a practical application of the principles of Anarchy upon a scale that shall challenge the attention of the slothful masses. By this I do not mean a large organization, but small groups here and there formed upon the principles of voluntary mutualism, held together alone by the affinity of common interests and kindred aspirations. We believe that all forms of compulsive government are usurpations, that it is possible to have peace and order and prosperity where no man is called master and where Liberty compels the observance of all reciprocal duties by the force of its own beauty and desirableness alone. Theorizing is all well in its place, but practical application of principles is infinitely better. The apostle of Anarchy, in preaching that gospel, is doing a grand educative work, but the man who lives it in a free group of men and women exerts a tenfold power for good. In every department of human activity, in the gratification of every impulse of our mental, emotional, and physical natures, is needed an immediate exemplification of the beautiful truths of Anarchism, of self-government.

In no other way can such free groups be made immediately useful; in fact, it is the imperative necessity for free social life which forces them into existence. In ordinary society the companions and children of radicals are ostracised to the fullest possible extent. Their sensitive natures are wounded at every turn by the stinging gibes and cold neglect of those with whom they are compelled to associate if they have the companionship of their fellows at all. They are made to feel that they are the associates of social pariahs, of men who are at war with the cherished institutions of a barbaric past. There is no outlet for the current of human sympathies which wells from their hearts, save the channels polluted by the filth of superstitions and gross, all-prevailing tyrannies. These women and children must either starve their social natures or drift with the stream of popular prejudices, and so drifting they often — nay, in most instances — carry with them the men to whom they are bound by the various ties that build up and conserve the family life. It is this that has lost to the cause of reform the services of more men than can be easily numbered. It is safe to say that a vast majority of the men who at one time or another in their lives espouse the cause of radicalism are lost to us in a short time because the pressure brought to bear upon them through their families is too great to be endured. They must either give up their progressive work or sacrifice all home attractions and duties.

All this is sad, but it is all true. And the only possible remedy that I can see is in the formation of such societies as those condemned by Elisée Reclus, societies which shall be at once refuges for the non-combatants and coigns of vantage for the warriors of freedom.

E. C. WALKER.

KIOWA, KANSAS, June, 1884.

Washington Irving's Opinion of Laws.

[Knickerbocker's History of New York.]

In those days did this embryo city [New York] present the rare and noble spectacle of a community governed without laws; and thus, being left to its own course, and the fostering care of Providence, increased as rapidly as though it had been burthened with a dozen panniers-full of those sage laws that are usually heaped on the backs of young cities — in order to make them grow. And in this particular I greatly admire the wisdom and sound knowledge of human nature displayed by the sage Oloffe the Dreamer and his fellow legislators. For my part, I have not so bad an opinion of mankind as many of my brother philosophers. I do not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship as they would make it out to be, and, as far as I have observed, I am fully satisfied that man, if left to himself, would about as readily go right as wrong.

The Progress of Anarchy in Ireland.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

I enclose a letter from Ireland to show you how Liberty is received there. Brosna, from which place it comes, is a small place in Kerry, which is usually looked on as about the most backward county in Ireland. Yet it appears that Anarchistic ideas have only to be preached there in order to be adopted. The writer seems to have unbounded admiration for you and your associate. Yours truly,

JOHN F. KELLY.

NEWARK, N. J., July 1, 1884.

My Dear Mr. Kelly:

I have received two copies of Liberty of May 17 and 31, for which you will kindly accept our best thanks. I would have written long ago, but really there was nothing of any great importance to be noted. You will be glad to hear that the working-men everywhere are learning to take care of their own business, — never again to be the "cranks" they were. They want more knowledge, no doubt, but, as it is, I am of opinion their demand would have come to the front long ago were it not for government opposition.

All the county conventions yet held have been captured by the priests and the parliamentarian party. Just what had been expected. Working-men of course were not represented. I notice, however, that at the latest meetings held their cause has received considerable attention. It is very encouraging to see how Liberty has been enlarged, and a good prospect of having it issued regularly every fortnight. I presume that Mr. Kelly, assistant editor, is a friend of yours. [Yes, a friend because a comrade in the cause, but unfortunately not a personal acquaintance.] He is a wonderful man, and his articles are among the best I ever met.

We hear something of a great row which took place, it appears, in New York lately, — a fight between Messrs. Ford and Sheridan. I have not heard much about the affair yet, but our Irish leaders (?) enjoy it very well in this country.

We have started a Labor Brass Band in Brosna. Its members are all readers of Liberty. There are about fifty followers of Proudhon in this parish. The editors of the "Freiheit" and weathercock "Herald" might not believe so much, however. But the names of Liberty's editors will live in their works side by side with the immortal author of "What is Property," and will perpetuate themselves in the majesty of great memories when it won't be known if Messrs. Most and Bennett were ever born.

Arguing with a follower of Henry George a few days ago, a reader of Liberty was asked: "Why don't ye disciples of Liberty — true social and industrial reformers — bring forward *your* plan in book or pamphlet form like George and others, and show the world that your system is the best?" We give the best answers we can to all questioners, and will continue to spread the best light at our command.

I am yours for liberty and the just rights of all,

MICHAEL HICKEY.

BROSNA, COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND, June 15, 1884.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 22. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884. Whole No. 48.

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The man or woman who does not send me twenty-five cents for a copy of " The Wind and the Whirlwind," now ready in parchment covers, will miss an opportunity of getting the prettiest ornament for his or her library table that was ever offered in the market for that sum of money, to say nothing of the surpassing merit of the poem itself. The ordinary price for such a book is at least fifty cents.

The stupid brutality of the capitalist proprietor is marvellous. In Ohio he teaches the disinherited a most dangerous lesson by ordering three thousand hand grenades to be used against striking miners. Is it any wonder that the oppressed rent-payer regards dynamite as a legitimate weapon for use against the robber landlord? Does the idiot of a proprietor imagine that he can compete with the great mass of mankind in throwing hand grenades, that he sets the fashion of solving economic problems with such logic?

A friend and subscriber in the Empire State writes as follows: " Shall I give you another opportunity to 'study human nature,' and say my little say on the 'story' subject? J. W. P. certainly did 'cut off his own nose.' He might have forgiven the story for the sake of the rest. Not that even can spoil Liberty. I mean a story; generally they are especially to be shunned if they have a moral. Yet the one you are giving us is charming. We all know there are stories, and stories. I think whoever fails to read George Cable's 'Old Creole Days' loses a feast."

Lysander Spooner tells me that he is somewhat surprised to find many people whom he had regarded as rather old-fogyish in sympathy with his lately published " Letter to Scientists and Inventors." I cannot share his astonishment. It is just what I expected. The monopoly of knowledge is an old-fogy idea, and old fogies will indorse old-fogy ideas even when so progressive a man as Mr. Spooner puts them forth. On the other hand, of the people who indorse Mr. Spooner's views on freedom of banking I doubt if he will find one in fifty to approve his stand in favor of a " corner " in truth.

Imitating the attitude of the Pacific Coast people towards the Chinese, the citizens of Pennsylvania are becoming very much exercised in their minds anent the Hungarian laborers in that State. But these obnoxious people seem to be well thought of at home. So well, indeed, that the powers that be will not let them go away. It appears from the report of the United States consul-general at Vienna that seven peasants of Galicia sold their farms last February, and, being furnished by friends in this country with tickets to take them across the ocean, went to the railway station with their families to start. There they were met by government officials, who compelled them to return to their homes, after which the government declared the sale of their farms null and void. And so it goes. One government forbids certain people to come in, another forbids certain people to go out, and between them all the bewildered individual has a very pleasant time of it. What will be the next freak of tyranny, I wonder?

I notice that the " Transcript " foolishly indorses as sound political economy a mass of rubbish written by M. L. Scudder, Jr. A specimen of the " great, good sense " detected by the " Transcript " economist in the work is this: " Mr. Vanderbilt is receiving a proportionately small and a well-earned part of the profits of the greatest economical device of modern times." This is the most impudent thing I have had the bad luck to hear from a " political economist " recently.

The British usurers who hold the bonds which enslave Egypt want their interest, and the government, which exists only to protect robbers, has issued orders to the Egyptian tool called Minister of Finance to insist upon the immediate payment of arrears of taxes. This means simply ruin and starvation for the wretched fellaheen. Cultivators of the soil must sell their crops standing for whatever they can get. In the case of cotton the crop will have to be sold three months before the harvest, and at a sacrifice of forty per cent, below the normal value. Poor Egypt is but following the road to destruction over which Ireland and India have been driven by the robber landlords and money lenders of England.

What a splendid battle for Anarchy " Edgeworth " is waging all along the radical line! One can scarcely pick up a liberal paper without finding one or more telling broadsides from his pen, and what he says is almost sure to be the most interesting feature of the issue. The " Radical Review " is just now on the anxious seat regarding Anarchistic doctrines, and is advocating Democracy as preferable to Anarchy. Were it not for " Edgeworth," I should be obliged to steal a couple of hours from time that belongs to other duties and dispose of the criticisms brought forward by my fellow-journalist, Schumm; but " Edgeworth " has picked up the gauntlet, greatly to my joy, and I shall watch the contest from afar with perfect confidence as to the result. Meanwhile I recommend the editor of the " Radical Review " to follow the essay by Auberon Herbert now running through these columns, and find therefrom what true Democracy is.

The " Radical Review " favors me with a very pretty and handy little volume containing a collection of articles written from time to time for its columns over the signature of " Wheelbarrow." Its too clumsy title is " Signing the Document, The Laokoön of Labor, Chopping Sand, and Other Essays." It deals with various incidentals of the labor problem in a very homely and forcible style, and many of the positions taken are sound. But while workingmen will find many of their own foolish ideas refuted in this book, they will get from it little or no knowledge as to the principal methods by which they are robbed of the products of their labor or as to the possibility of stopping this robbery. The author seems to have " caught on " to a good many of the minor truths of the so-called " science " that passes for political economy, but has not detected its major fallacies. Until a writer has succeeded in the latter respect, he cannot treat the labor question fundamentally. Indeed, as a rule, he will say some very stupid things, and " Wheelbarrow " is not an exception. But his plain, pleasant, unpretentious manner of writing is very captivating, and those who send fifty cents for a copy to the " Radical Review, Chicago, Illinois," will receive in return a very enjoyable book.

THE MINER.

Deep beneath the firm-set earth
Where volcanoes have their birth,
Where, engraved on leaves of stone,
Are pictured ages past and gone,
Far from God's own blessed light,
There the miner toils in night!
Tenant of the depths below,
Working with his pick and crow.

Not for him the painted mead,
Sacrificed to serve man's need.
Not for him the sweet perfume
Of flowers in their spring-tide bloom;
From life's early morn a slave,
Earth 's to him a living grave.

First, a father tending well,
Next, a youthful sentinel;
Careful, watching day by day,
Close to keep his guarded way
When his lamp, with fitful blaze,
Tells of " choke-damp " in the ways!
Or, when flickering, it proclaims
Gas is oozing from the veins,
To be diligent on guard,
And with care keep watch and ward!
Tracer next, a human soul
Harnessed to a car of coal;
Last, a miner bold and brave,
Kin to Christ, but Mammon's slave!

Look upon him as he stands,
Picking coal with grimy hands.
Think, in all this world of strife,
Not for him the joys of life;
Yet his labors, stern and dire,
Furnish us with needed fire!
Is it not for us, in turn,
All his wants and woes to learn?
Is it not our duty true,
His hard path with flowers to strew?

With a shrug or with a sigh
Let the Pharisee reply:
" Ignorant, and low and mean,
Man or beast, or step between,
So he does his duty true,
What 's his lot to me or you?
He was to the manner born,
Let him to his task return!"

Man, beware the murd'rer's sin,
Have you your duty done by him?
He for us has wrought his best,
Let him in his turn be blest.
Sovereigns crowned with right to rule,
Free from despotism's school,
Here we know no great, no small,
" All for each, and each for all!"
Not forgotten in our plan
Any one who works for man!
Therefore, mark! In such as he
Lies our nation's destiny;
And, as such our cares engage,
We solve the problem of the age.
And, on basis firm and grand,
Plant the future of our land.

R. W. Hume.

A Tribute to an Unselfish Worker.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I was glad to see what my friend, John F. Kelly, is doing as a light-spreader in Ireland. No man in the Anarchistic movement is better able to do such work; and I must express my appreciation of this particular line of action on his part, as he knows the wants of those people, and has the supply. I am pleased to see him unselfish in this most necessary and holy work of dragging my countrymen from the heritage and bondage of savages, who, as Pope said, are wickedly wise and madly brave.

J. H. BAGGS.

NEW YORK, July 31, 1884.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 47.

"Has she a dowry?"
"Not at present; but she is to receive an inheritance."
"A large inheritance?"
"Very large."
"How much?"
"Very much."
"A hundred thousand?"
"Much more."
"Well, how much, then?"
"There is no occasion to say; it is enough that it is large."
"In money?"
"In money also."
"In lands perhaps, as well?"
"And in lands as well."
"Soon?"
"Soon."
"And when will the nuptials take place?"
"Soon."
"You do well, Dmitry Serguéitch, to marry her before she has received her inheritance; later she would be besieged by suitors."
"You are perfectly right."
"But how does it happen that God sends her such good fortune without any one having found it out?"
"So it is: scarcely any one knows that she is to receive an inheritance."
"And you are aware of it?"
"Yes."
"But how?"
"Why, certainly; I have examined the documents myself."
"Yourself?"
"Myself. It was there that I began."
"There?"
"Of course; no one in possession of his senses would venture far without authentic documents."
"Yes, you are right, Dmitry Serguéitch. But what good fortune! you owe it probably to the prayers of your parents?"
"Probably."

The tutor had pleased Maria Alexevna first by the fact that he did not take tea; he was a man of thoroughly good quality; he said little: hence he was not a giddy fellow; what he said, he said well, especially when money was in question; but after she found out that it was absolutely impossible for him to pay court to the daughters of the families where he gave lessons, he became a god-send incapable of over-estimation. Young people like him rarely have such characteristics. Hence he was entirely satisfactory to her. What a positive man! Far from boasting of having a rich sweetheart, he allowed, on the contrary, every word to be drawn from him as if by forceps. He had had to look long for this rich sweetheart. And one can well imagine how he had to court her. Yes, one may safely say that he knows how to manage his affairs. And he began by going straight to the documents. And how he talks! "No one in possession of his senses can act otherwise." He is a perfect man.

Vérotchka at first had difficulty in suppressing a smile, but little by little it dawned upon her — how could it have been otherwise — it dawned upon her that Lopoukhoff, although replying to Maria Alexevna, was talking to her, Vérotchka, and laughing at her mother. Was this an illusion on Vérotchka's part, or was it really so? He knew, and she found out later; to us it is of little consequence; we need nothing but facts. And the fact was that Vérotchka, listening to Lopoukhoff, began by smiling, and then went seriously to thinking whether he was talking not to Maria Alexevna, but to her, and whether, instead of joking, he was not telling the truth. Maria Alexevna, who had all the time listened seriously to Lopoukhoff, turned to Vérotchka and said:

"Vérotchka, are you going to remain forever absorbed and silent? Now that you know Dmitry Serguéitch, why do you not ask him to play an accompaniment while you sing?" These words meant: We esteem you highly, Dmitry Serguéitch, and we wish you to be the intimate friend of our family; and you, Vérotchka, do not be afraid of Dmitry Serguéitch; I will tell Mikhaïl Ivanytch that he already has a sweetheart, and Mikhaïl Ivanytch will not be jealous. That was the idea addressed to Vérotchka and Dmitry Serguéitch,— for already in Maria Alexevna's inner thoughts he was not "*the tutor*," but Dmitry Serguéitch,— and to Maria Alexevna herself these words had a third meaning, the most natural and real: We must be agreeable with him; this acquaintance may be useful to us in the future, when this rogue of a tutor shall be rich.

This was the general meaning of Maria Alexevna's words to Maria Alexevna, but besides the general meaning they had also a special one: After having flattered him, I will tell him that it is a burden upon us, who are not rich, to pay a rouble a lesson. Such are the different meanings that the words of Maria Alexevna had.

Dmitry Serguéitch answered that he was going to finish the lesson and that afterward he would willingly play on the piano.

VII.

Though the words of Maria Alexevna had different meanings, none the less did they have results. As regards their special meaning,— that is, as regards the reduction in the price of the lessons,— Maria Alexevna was more successful than she could hope; when, after two lessons more, she broached the subject of their poverty, Dmitry Serguéitch haggled; he did not wish to yield, and tried to get a *trekhroublovy* (at that time there were still trekhroublovys, coins worth seventy-five copecks, if you remember); Maria Alexevna herself did not count on a larger reduction; but, against all expectation, she succeeded in reducing the price to sixty copecks a lesson. It must be allowed that this hope of reduction did not seem consistent with the opinion she had formed of Dmitry Serguéitch (not of Lopoukhoff, but of Dmitry Serguéitch) as a crafty and avaricious fellow. A covetous individual does not yield so easily on a question of money simply because the people with whom he is dealing are poor. Dmitry Serguéitch had yielded; to be logical, then, she must disenchant herself and see in him nothing but an imprudent and consequently harmful man. Certainly she would have come to this conclusion in dealing with any one else. But the nature of man is such that it is very difficult to judge his conduct by any general rule: he is so fond of making exceptions in his own favor! When the college secretary, Ivanoff, assures the college councillor, Ivan Ivanytch, that he is devoted to him body and soul, Ivan Ivanytch knows, as he thinks, that absolute devotion can be found in no one, and he knows further that Ivanoff in particular has *five times sold his own father* and thus surpassed Ivan Ivanytch himself, who so far has succeeded in selling his father but three times; yet, in spite of all, Ivan Ivanytch believes that Ivanoff is devoted to him, or, more properly speaking, without believing him, he is inclined to look upon him with good-will; he believes him, while not believing in him. What would you? There is no remedy for this deplorable incapacity of accurately judging that which touches us personally. Maria Alexevna was not exempt from this defect, which especially distinguishes base, crafty, and greedy individuals. This law admits exceptions, but only in two extreme cases,—either when the individual is a consummate scamp, a transcendental scamp, so to speak, the eighth wonder of the world of rascality, like Ali Pasha of Janina, Jezzar Pasha of Syria, Mahomet Ali of Egypt, who imposed upon European diplomats (Jezzar on the great Napoleon himself) as if they had been children, or when knavishness has covered the man with a breast-plate so solid and compact that it leaves uncovered no human weakness, neither ambition, nor passion for power, nor self-love, nor anything else. But these heroes of knavishness are very rare, and in European countries scarcely to be found at all, the fine art of knavery being already spoiled there by many human weaknesses. Therefore, when any one shows you a crafty knave and says: "There is a man who cannot be imposed upon," bet him ten roubles to one, without hesitation, that, although you are not crafty, you can impose on him if you desire to; with equal promptness bet him a hundred roubles to one that for some special thing he can be led by the nose, for the most ordinary trait, a general trait, in the character of crafty men, is that of letting themselves be led by the nose in some special direction. Did not Louis Philippe and Metternich, for instance, who are said to have been the shrewdest politicians of their time, allow themselves nevertheless to be led to their ruin, like sheep to the pasture? Napoleon I was crafty, much craftier than they, and is said to have had genius. Was he not neatly stranded on the island of Elba? That was not enough for him; he wished to go further, and succeeded so well that that time he went to St. Helena. Read Charras's history of the campaign of 1815, and be moved by the zeal with which Napoleon deceived and destroyed himself! Alas! Maria Alexevna too was not exempt from this unfortunate tendency.

There are few people whom great perfection in the art of deceiving others prevents from being deceived themselves. There are others, on the contrary, and many of them, whom a simple honesty of heart serves to surely protect. Ask the Vidocqs and Vanka Cains of all sorts, and they will tell you that there is nothing more difficult than to deceive an honest and sincere man, provided he has intelligence and experience. Honest people who are not stupid cannot be seduced individually. But they have an equivalent defect,—that of being subject to seduction *en masse*. The knave cannot capture them individually, but collectively they are at his disposition. Knaves, on the contrary, so easy to deceive individually, cannot be duped as a body. That is the whole secret of universal history.

But this is not the place to make excursions into universal history. When one undertakes to write a romance, he must do that and nothing else.

The first result of Maria Alexevna's words was the reduction in the price of the lessons. The second result was that by this reduction Maria Alexevna was more than ever confirmed in the good opinion that she had formed of Lopoukhoff as a valuable man; she even thought that his conversations would be useful to Vérotchka in urging her to consent to marry Mikhaïl Ivanytch; this deduction was too difficult for Maria Alexevna ever to have arrived at it herself, but a speaking fact occurred to convince her. What was this fact? We shall see presently.

The third result of Maria Alexevna's words was that Vérotchka and Dmitry Serguéitch began, with her permission and encouragement, to spend much time together. After finishing his lesson at about eight o'clock, Lopoukhoff would stay with the Rosalskys two or three hours longer; he often played cards with the mother and father, talked with the suitor, or played Vérotchka's accompaniments on the piano; at other times Vérotchka played and he listened; sometimes he simply talked with the young girl, and Maria Alexevna did not interfere with them or look at them askance, though keeping a strict watch over them nevertheless.

Certainly she watched them, although Dmitry Serguéitch was a very good young man; for it is not for nothing that the proverb says: The occasion makes the thief. And Dmitry Serguéitch was a thief, — not in the blameworthy, but the praiseworthy sense; else there would have been no reason for esteeming him and cultivating his acquaintance. Must one associate with imbeciles? Yes, with them also, when there is profit in it. Now, Dmitry Serguéitch having nothing yet, association with him could be sought only for his qualities, — that is, for his wit, his tact, his address, and his calculating prudence.

If every man can plot harm, all the more a man so intelligent. It was necessary, then, to keep an eye on Dmitry Serguéitch, and that is what Maria Alexevna did, after keen reflection. All her observations only tended to confirm the idea that Dmitry Serguéitch was a positive man of good intentions. How, for instance, could any one see in him the propensities of love?

He did not look too closely at Vérotchka's bodice. There she is, playing; Dmitry Serguéitch listens, and Maria Alexevna watches to see if he does not cast indiscreet glances. No, he has not the least intention! He does not even look at Vérotchka at all; he casts his eyes about at random, sometimes upon her, but then so simply, openly, and coldly, as if he had no heart, that one sees in a moment that he looks at her only out of politeness, and that he is thinking of his sweetheart's dowry; his eyes do not inflame like those of Mikhaïl Ivanytch.

How else can one detect the existence of love between young people? When they speak of love. Now they are never heard to speak of love; moreover, they talk very little with each other; he talks more with Maria Alexevna. Later Lopoukhoff brought books for Vérotchka.

One day, while Mikhaïl Ivanytch was there, Vérotchka went to see one of her friends.

Maria Alexevna takes the books and shows them to Mikhaïl Ivanytch.

"Look here, Mikhaïl Ivanytch, this one, which is in French, I have almost made out myself: 'Gostinaïa.'* That means a manual of self-instruction in the usages of society. And here is one in German; I cannot read it."

"No, Maria Alexevna, it is not 'Gostinaïa;' it is destiny." He said the word in Russian.

"What, then, is this destiny? Is it a novel, a ladies' oracle, or a dream-book?"
"Let us see." Mikhaïl Ivanytch turned over a few pages.
"It deals with series;† it is a book for a *savant*."

* *Gostinaïa* is the Russian equivalent of the French word *salon*, meaning drawing-room primarily, and derivatively fashionable society.

† Series-paper-money at interest. The book was Considérant's "Social Destiny."

"Series? I understand. It treats of transfers of money."

"That's it."

"And this one in German?"

Mikhaïl Ivanytch read slowly: "On Religion, by Ludwig," — by Louis Fourteenth.* It is the work of Louis XIV; this Louis XIV was a king of France, father of the king whom the present Napoleon succeeded."

"Then it is a pious book."

"Pious, Maria Alexevna, you have said it."

"Very well, Mikhaïl Ivanytch; although I know that Dmitry Serguéitch is a good young man, I wish to see: it is necessary to distrust everybody!"

"Surely it is not love that is in his head: but in any case I thank you for this watchfulness."

"It could not be otherwise, Mikhaïl Ivanytch; to watch is the duty of a mother who wishes to preserve her daughter's purity. That is what I think. But of what religion was the king of France?"

"He was a Catholic, naturally."

"But his book may convert to the religion of the Papists?"

"I do not think so. If a Catholic archbishop had written it, he would try to convert, it is unnecessary to say, to the religion of the Papists. But a king cares nothing about that; a king, as a prince and wise politician, wishes piety simply."

That was enough for the moment. Maria Alexevna could not help seeing that Mikhaïl Ivanytch, while having a narrow mind, had reasoned with much justice; nevertheless, she wished to place the matter in the clearest light. Two or three days later she suddenly said to Lopoukhoff, who was playing cards with her and Mikhaïl Ivanytch:

"Say, Dmitry Serguéitch, I have a question that I wish to ask you: did the father of the last king of France, whom the present Napoleon succeeded, ordain baptism in the religion of the Papists?"

"Why, no, he did not ordain it, Maria Alexevna."

"And is the religion of the Papists good, Dmitry Serguéitch?"

"No, Maria Alexevna, it is not good. And I play the seven of diamonds."

"It was out of curiosity, Dmitry Serguéitch, that I asked you that; though not an educated woman, I am interested just the same in knowing things. And how much have you abstracted from the stakes, Dmitry Serguéitch?"

"Oh, that's all right, Maria Alexevna; we are taught that at the Academy. It is impossible for a doctor not to know how to play."

To Lopoukhoff these questions remained an enigma. Why did Maria Alexevna want to know whether Philippe Egalité ordained baptism in the religion of the Papists?

May not Maria Alexevna be excused if she ceases now to watch the student? He did not cast indiscreet glances; he confined himself to looking at Vérotchka openly and coldly, and he lent her pious books: what more could one ask? Yet Maria Alexevna tried still another test, as if she had read the "Logic" which I too learned by heart, and which says that "the observation of phenomena which appear of themselves should be verified by experiments made in accordance with a deliberate plan in order to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of their relations."

She arranged this test, as if she had read the story told by Saxon, the grammarian, of the way in which they put Hamlet to the test in a forest with a young girl.

VIII.

TEST À LA HAMLET.

One day Maria Alexevna said, while taking tea, that she had a severe headache; after having drank the tea and locked up the sugar-bowl, she went to lie down. Vérotchka and Lopoukhoff remained alone in the parlor, which adjoined Maria Alexevna's sleeping-chamber. A few moments later, the sick woman called Fédia.

"Tell your sister that their conversation prevents me from sleeping; let them go into another room; but say it politely, in order that Dmitry Serguéitch may not take offence; he takes such care of you!" Fédia did the errand.

"Let us go into my room, Dmitry Serguéitch," said Véra Pavlovna, "it is some distance from the chamber, and there we shall not prevent Mamma from sleeping."

That was precisely what Maria Alexevna expected. A quarter of an hour later she approached with stealthy step the door of Vérotchka's chamber. The door was partly open, and between it and the casing was a crack which left nothing to be desired. There Maria Alexevna applied her eyes and opened her ears.

And this is what she saw:

Vérotchka's room had two windows; between the windows was a writing-table. Near one window, at one end of the table, sat Vérotchka; she was knitting a worsted waistcoat for her father, thus strictly carrying out Maria Alexevna's recommendation. Near the other window, at the other end of the table, sat Lopoukhoff: supporting one elbow on the table, he held a cigar in his hand, and had thrust the other hand into his pocket; between him and Vérotchka was a distance of two *archines*,† if not more. Vérotchka looked principally at her knitting, and Lopoukhoff looked principally at his cigar. A disposition of affairs calculated to tranquilize.

And this is what she heard:

. . . "And is it thus, then, that life must be regarded?" Such were the first words that reached the ears of Maria Alexevna.

"Yes, Véra Pavlovna, precisely thus."

"Practical and cold men are therefore right in saying that man is governed exclusively by self-interest?"

"They are right. What are called elevated sentiments, ideal aspirations, — all that, in the general course of affairs, is absolutely null, and is eclipsed by individual interest; these very sentiments are nothing but self-interest clearly understood."

"But you, for example, — are you too thus governed?"

"How else should I be, Véra Pavlovna? Just consider what is the essential motive of my whole life. The essential business of my life so far has consisted in study; I was preparing to be a doctor. Why did my father send me to college? Over and over again he said to me: 'Learn, Mitia; when you have learned, you will become an office-holder; you will support us, myself and your mother, and you will be comfortable yourself.' That, then, was why I studied; if they had not had that interest in view, my father would not have sent me to school: the family needed a laborer. Now, for my part, although science interests me now, I should not have spent so much time upon it if I had not thought that this expense would be largely rewarded. My studies at college were drawing to an end; I influenced my father to allow me to enter the Academy of Medicine instead of becoming an office-holder. How did that happen? We saw, my father and I, that doctors live much better than government functionaries and heads of bureaus, above whom I could not expect to rise. That is the reason why I entered the Academy, — the hope of a bigger piece of bread. If I had not had that interest in view, I should not have entered."

"But you liked to learn at college, and the medical sciences attracted you?"

"Yes. But that is ornamental; it helps in the achievement of success; but success is ordinarily achieved without it; never without interest as a motive. Love of science is only a result; the cause is self-interest."

"Admit that you are right. All the actions that I understand can be explained by self-interest. But this theory seems to me very cold."

"Theory in itself should be cold. The mind should judge things coldly."

"But it is pitiless."

"For senseless and mischievous fancies."

"It is very prosaic."

"The poetic form is not suited to science."

"So this theory, which I do not see my way to accept, condemns men to a cold, pitiless, prosaic life?"

"No, Véra Pavlovna: this theory is cold, but it teaches man to procure warmth. Matches are cold, the side of the box against which we scratch them is cold, fagots are cold; but the fire which prepares warm nourishment for man and keeps him warm none the less springs from them; this theory is pitiless, but by following it men cease to be wretched objects of the compassion of the idle. The lancet must not yield; otherwise it would be necessary to pity the patient, who would be none the better for our compassion. This theory is prosaic, but it reveals the real motives of life; now, poetry is in the truth of life. Why is Shakspere a very great poet? Because he has sounded remoter depths of life than other poets."

"Well, I too shall be pitiless, Dmitry Serguéitch," said Vérotchka, smiling; "do not flatter yourself with the idea that you have had in me an obstinate opponent of your theory of self-interest, and that now you have gained a new disciple. For my part, I thought so long before I ever heard of you or read your book. But I believed that these thoughts were my own, and that the wise and learned thought differently; that is why my mind hesitated. All that I read was contrary to what went on within me and made my thought the object of blame and sarcasm. Nature, life, intelligence lead one way; books lead another, saying: This is bad, that is base. Do you know, the objections which I have raised seemed to me a little ridiculous."

"They are indeed ridiculous, Véra Pavlovna."

"But," said she, laughing, "we are paying each other very pretty compliments. On one side: Be not so proud, if you please, Dmitry Serguéitch. On the other: You are ridiculous with your doubts, Véra Pavlovna!"

"Ah! Yes!" said he, smiling also, "we have no interest in being polite to each other, and so we are not."

"Good, Dmitry Serguéitch; men are egoists, are they not? There, you have talked about yourself; now I wish to talk a little about myself."

"You are perfectly right; every one thinks of himself first."

"See if I do not entrap you in putting some questions to you about myself."

"So be it."

"I have a rich suitor. I do not like him. Should I accept his proposal?"

"Calculate that which is the most useful to you."

"That which is the most useful to me? You know I am poor enough. On the one hand, lack of sympathy with the man; on the other, domination over him, an enviable position in society, money, a multitude of adorers."

"Weigh all considerations, and choose the course most advantageous for you."

"And if I should choose the husband's wealth and a multitude of adorers?"

"I shall say that you have chosen that which seemed to you most in harmony with your interests."

"And what will it be necessary to say of me?"

"If you have acted in cold blood, after reasonable deliberation upon the whole subject, it will be necessary to say that you have acted in a reasonable manner, and that you probably will not complain."

"But will not my choice deserve blame?"

"People who talk nonsense may say what they will; but people who have a correct idea of life will say that you have acted as you had to act; if your action is such and such, that means that you are such an individual that you could not act otherwise under the circumstances; they will say that your action was dictated by the force of events, and that you had no other choice."

"And no blame will be cast upon my actions?"

"Who has a right to blame the consequences of a fact, if the fact exists? Your person under given circumstances is a fact; your actions are the necessary consequences of this fact, consequences arising from the nature of things. You are not responsible for them; therefore, to blame them would be stupid."

"So you do not recoil from the consequences of your theory. Then, I shall not deserve your blame, if I accept my suitor's proposal?"

"I should be stupid to blame you."

"So I have permission, perhaps even sanction, perhaps even direct advice to take the action of which I speak?"

"The advice is always the same: calculate that which is useful to you; provided you follow this advice, you will be sanctioned."

"I thank you. Now, my personal matters are settled. Let us return to the general question with which we started. We began with the proposition that man acts by the force of events, that his actions are determined by the influences under which they occur. If stronger influences overcome others, that shows that we have changed our reasoning; when the action is one of real importance, the motives are called interests and their play in man a combination or calculation of interests, and consequently man always acts by reason of his interest. Do I sum up your ideas correctly?"

"Correctly enough."

"See what a good scholar I am. Now this special question concerning actions of real importance is exhausted. But in regard to the general question some difficulties yet remain. Your book says that man acts from necessity. But there are cases where it depends upon my good pleasure whether I act in one way or another. For example, in playing, I turn the leaves of my music book; sometimes I turn them with the left hand, sometimes with the right. Suppose, now, that I turn with the right hand; might I not have turned them with the left? Does not that depend on my good pleasure?"

"No, Véra Pavlovna; if you turn without thinking about it, you turn with the hand which it is more convenient for you to use. There is no good pleasure in that. But if you say: 'I am going to turn with the right hand,' you will turn with the right hand under the influence of that idea; now that idea sprang not from your good pleasure, but necessarily from another thought."

Here Maria Alexevna stopped listening.

"Now they are going into learned questions; those are not what I am

Continued on page 6.

* Ludwig Feuerbach, whom the officer in his simplicity had identified with Louis XIV.

† Two and one-third feet.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 9, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

A Greenbacker in a Corner.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In Liberty of June 28 you refer to a writer in the "Essex Statesman," of whom you say that he "gets down to bottom truth" on the tariff question by averring that "Free Money" and "Free Trade" are corollaries of each other.

Every Greenbacker (I am one) of brains perceived this simple (I might say *axiomatic*) doctrine the moment he thought at all on it.

Monopoly of money is through interest; monopoly of trade is through taxing (tariffs): so, if you would overthrow all monopoly, you have only to secure currency unloaded with interest, and their doom is recorded.

There is no more rational reformer in existence than the "Greenbacker" who is a Greenbacker in the only rational sense of the word,—that is, a believer in "a non-interest-bearing currency."

It is amusing, this prating of "secured money"! Liberty ought to see that a currency "based" on any "security" other than its inherent function and non-discountableness would rob those who used it.

If the whole community co-operate in its issue and use, and "fix" no limit to its quantity or use, such currency would be perfect as to all qualities, and rob none; and such money is "full legal tender" under any name you choose to label it.

As I have taught this doctrine for more than ten years, I hope you will give a corner to this brief "brick" in Liberty.

E. H. BENTON.

WELLS MILLS (GEERE), NEBRASKA, July, 1884.

I have given Mr. Benton his "corner," and I think he will have difficulty in getting out of it. Let me suppose a case for him. A is a farmer, and owns a farm worth five thousand dollars. B keeps a bank of issue, and is known far and wide as a cautious and honest business man. C, D, E, &c., down to Z are each engaged in some one of the various pursuits of civilized life. A needs ready money. He mortgages his farm to B, and receives in return B's notes, in various denominations, to the amount of five thousand dollars, for which B charges A this transaction's just proportion of the expenses of running the bank, which would be a little less than one-half of one per cent. With these notes A buys various products which he needs of C, D, E, &c., down to Z, who in turn with the same notes buy products of each other and in course of time come back to A with them to buy his farm produce. A, thus regaining possession of B's notes, returns them to B, who then cancels his mortgage on A's farm. All these parties, from A to Z, have been using for the performance of innumerable transactions B's notes based on A's farm, — that is, a currency based on some security "other than its inherent function and non-discountableness." They were able to perform them only because they all knew that the notes were thus secured. A knew it because he gave the mortgage; B knew it because he took the mortgage; C, D, E, &c., down to Z knew it because they knew that B never issued notes unless they were secured in this or some similar way. Now, Liberty is ready to see, as Mr. Benton says it *ought* to see, that any or all of these parties have been robbed by the use of this money when Mr. Benton shall demonstrate it by valid fact and argument. Until then he must stay in his corner.

A word as to the phrase "legal tender." That only is legal tender which the government prescribes as valid for the discharge of debt. Any currency not so prescribed is not legal tender, no matter how universal its use or how unlimited its issue, and to label it so is a confusion of terms.

Another word as to the term "Greenbacker." He is a Greenbacker who subscribes to the platform of the Greenback party. The cardinal principle of that platform is that the government shall monopolize the manufacture of money, and that any one who, in rebellion against that sacred prerogative, may presume to issue currency on his own account shall therefor be taxed, or fined, or imprisoned, or hanged, or drawn and quartered, or submitted to any other punishment or torture which the government, in pursuit and exercise of its good pleasure, may see fit to impose upon him. Unless Mr. Benton believes in that, he is not a Greenbacker. And I am sure I am not, although, with Mr. Benton, I believe in a non-interest-bearing currency. T.

Worse and Worse.

It is well, perhaps, that my collaborator, "X.," before administering to James Gordon Bennett, Jr., for his shameful and cowardly abuse of Kropotkine in prison, the deserved castigation that appeared in the last number of Liberty, did not see the letter written by Kropotkine which occasioned the editorial in Mr. Bennett's "Herald." Had it met his eye in season, I fear his violence (somewhat immoderate I thought at first) would have become virulence, and not inexcusably either. That he and others may now appreciate the real enormity of the "Herald's" offence against truth and decency, I give below in parallel columns Kropotkine's "whimper" and what the "Herald" said about it:

From the London "Times."

A correspondent sends us the following extract from a letter received from Prince Kropotkine:

"I have not written to you all this time because I was compelled to write for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' with which I was in arrear on account of my illness; and I did not answer your question about my setting free because I know nothing about it. You know my opinion as to this. I submit to the force that rules, instead of right, and nothing more. I did not try to escape when I saw the arrests of my co-religionists, but remained quietly at Thonon. It is not my habit to avoid any responsibilities that may devolve upon me. When brought before the Court I did not defend myself — merely spoke out my opinions. When pressed to appeal I frankly refused, saying that I would never ask justice from any Court whatever. So also I shall never attempt to bring those who govern us to more reasonable opinions. I know nothing about my liberation beyond what is said in the newspapers, which my wife may read here. And these say that though the Commission has proposed to set me free, M. Jules Ferry personally opposed it.

"My own opinion is that so long as M. Ferry governs France, and the reports of his secret police are considered the best sources of information, we have merely to stay quietly at Clairvaux and do our best not to die of anemia and scurvy. My health is slowly improving; the acute phase of scurvy is passing away, and I feel my strength gradually returning. Accustomed in former times to work ten and twelve hours a day, I now esteem myself happy when I can write throughout a week two hours a day. If I do more, my gums begin to bleed again; they swell, and a fluxion of all the tissues in the mouth sets in. These continued swellings have produced *alvéolo-périostite*, and the doctors fear (I may have) *ostéo-périostite*. At any rate, my teeth are all dropping out. Last week I pushed out with my tongue a great canine tooth, quite sound, and the doctor says I shall lose in the same way all four teeth, which are also quite sound.

"However, autumn being near, my health may improve, and if no complications come, it may continue so until toward the end of winter, when the scurvy will come on again worse than ever. But all this is a bagatelle. We are so happy, my wife and myself, that we can work together for several hours per day, that we think and speak more about our literary undertakings than about other things."

From the New York "Herald."

Prince Kropotkine complains that he is dying in jail, and prays to be released. He should have taken counsel with his doctor before he wrote his anarchical tracts. There is something inexpressibly pitiful in this lament of a social outlaw. All over Europe his disciples are plotting murder. They are reading his works, and, when their courage fails them, are taking heart by reading them again. And while kings, statesmen, officers, are being marked down for assassination, the assassins' instigator complains that he is dying "of scurvy and anemia." This is the natural end of nihilism. A little bluster, a little bravado, a little theatrical display. Then protests, tears, lamentations, and the death of a dog.

Wilful ignorance and unspeakable malice find their lowest depth in the words of the "Herald" quoted above. It is not necessary that I should know the writer of such a thing to confidently declare that he is a knavish fool. If he does not know that Prince Kropotkine has done more to increase the common store of knowledge of the world than all the kings, statesmen, and officers of whom he speaks, it is because he is too stupid to read. But mere stupidity does not explain his false representation of the character of Kropotkine's works. Deliberate mendacity and malicious intent are his only excuses. He rejoices in the sufferings of one whose life has been devoted to the noblest works and hopes that he will "die like a dog." He knows nothing about the anarchical writings of Kropotkine, and yet he says they teach assassination, and he gloats like a ghoul over the prospects of a fellowman's death by scurvy. The "natural end of nihilism," he calls this rotting to death in a prison. Poor, contemptible, editorial fool! Fortunate for him and for all knaves and dastards, if the system of authority, of which Prince Kropotkine is a victim, shall come to a natural end, and not go down amid flame and tumult. K.

The Ballot as a Substitute for Brains.

Liberty sees no emancipation for the wage-working people of this country, until they get over the *political* craze. It is the jackass in their path which they ignorantly believe they must fall down and worship. They must learn to *think*. They *don't* think; they don't want to think. They let their minds run in the groove of habit, and imagine they are doing some tall thinking in a *practical* direction. They seem to say: "Now let us *do* something for ourselves. Let us take our grievances and cast them all into the ballot box. Then we'll wake up some fine morning, and find that our wrongs are all righted and we are in clover."

But I am told that this is unfair. The workingman votes for some well-understood practical reform. For instance, a workingman said to me: "We propose to limit the income of capitalists, and force them into sharing with us the profits. What we ask is a *fair* share of the profits."

"A fair share!" said I. "How do you know what a *fair* share is?"

"Ah! that is hard to tell; but *some* profits would be better than none."

Nor would he consider the question long enough to arrive at any idea beyond this: form a party, elect a congress of your own, and it will settle what a *fair* share is. That is, he refused to think; he could do better; he could vote, and elect some one to do his thinking for him. Yet all the time he was saying of the men already voted into office that they may think and act for the people, "What a set of damned rascals and thieves the politicians be!" But, oh, the men he would vote for would not be "either thieves or politicians; they would be honest men, — all; all honest, honorable men." I told him he was shiftless, lazy, stupid. It was his business to do his own thinking until he arrived at definite conclusions, and then, if he wanted any assistance in carrying those conclusions into practical life, it would be time enough to call on others for assistance. For instance, what ground had he to ask his employer for a share of his profits, little or large? He hadn't the slightest rational conception of the situation. He didn't *know* that his employer was cheating him: he only guessed so. "Of course," he said, "he has a right to be recompensed for the use of his capital, but he takes too much,— so much I can't well live." The "fair share" he was after was so much as would let him live in accordance with his desire. If he could only get a *law* passed to that effect! Foolish fellow! Foolish workingmen! If you have any rights you ought to be able to state them to your "bosses,"— the capitalists who are defrauding you. You should be able to run the line and show your employers in precise terms what your claim is. Now you measure all things by the size of your bellies. What is the response? "Your bellies be damned. Get smaller ones." No, your fair share is the *just* share, not of profits, but of the wealth produced. To find out that, you have got to do some

thinking. All the legislatures this side the kingdom won't help you. You must cudgel your own brains, and not go on shirking the responsibilities of freemen.

If ye are men, arise, *think*, and be free! H.

Morality and Purity Cranks.

When the spiritual soil of a human being is of such composition that bigotry and hypocrisy are native growths, it is immaterial what creed, doctrine, or system of religious thought he or she may happen to subscribe to. Even though such people publish themselves as agnostics, liberals, or Free Religionists, the essential instinct of spiritual despotism undergoes no further transformation than an added load of falsehood and deceit.

When such natural bigots secede from Orthodoxy and become advanced Unitarians or Free Religionists, the original Puritanic virus which formerly expended itself in Sunday-school gush and prayer-meeting conundrums is obliged to seek an outlet somewhere, and upon material too that is eminently respectable, as an atonement for the secession from Orthodoxy.

This most respectable, convenient, and accessible outlet is found in what they call "morality" coupled with that ever-present auxiliary, "purity." Of course it never occurs to them that morality and purity are unknown quantities, alone answerable to the tribunal of the individual judgment and conscience. With cool effrontery they set up standards, ways, and methods of conduct, and then simper, scold, and dictate over other people's ways and walks in life, while they never forget to inflict whatever penalties of social ostracism lie within their power to execute upon people who morally choose to mind their own business.

My reflections are called to this subject by a recent communication of Mrs. Elizabeth B Chace of Valley Falls, R I., to the Providence "Journal," calling for the suppression of a lately established show in that city. Not belonging to the order of *moral cranks* and having long ago turned my back upon their standards of respectability, I thought I would visit the show (a species of fairness which Mrs. Chace would not be guilty of) and see whereof the shocking immoralities consisted. In this high ethical principle of always scoring your fun out of any newly-discovered smut before going for it, I am sustained by the practice of a no less eminent moral authority than Anthony Comstock, the great American *ethicus* and defender of purity.

I found the show-place to be simply a capacious tent stretched upon a half-acre lot and filled, outside of the stage, with rows of seats, after the manner of an ordinary circus. Here some fifteen hundred people were gathered, not a few of whom were refined looking ladies. Mrs. Chace, in her communication, whines over the fact that the victims of this immoral show are chiefly young working people who are obliged to remain in the city through the Summer. Yet Mrs. Chace is one of the most prominent factory operators in the State. Her tenement houses are said to even outshame Fall River, while it is the uniform testimony of factory operatives that her mills are among the most despotic and poverty-breeding to be found in New England.

If Mrs. Chace had been generous enough to have visited the show in person, she would have heard it explained in a touching song from the stage entitled: "I'm but a poor working girl," why these people were obliged to stay in the city all Summer, while such as she can rusticate and recuperate upon their earnings, and why also they were obliged to patronize a ten-cent show. Nearly every piece brought out on the stage was a device in some form or other to protest against the unjust system of labor slavery by which the like of Mrs. Chace manage to get what does not belong to them. Every single sentimental song ended in an appeal from the robbery of industrial tyrants to the moral sense of the public. Verily, this show was immoral judged by the factory ethics of Valley Falls, but so far as any nasty hints or smutty language is concerned, there was not the slightest touch of it, and not a single woman appeared upon the stage whose legs were visible above the tops of her boots. When the show was over, the manager invited the most scrupulous parents to send their boys and daughters without hesitation, as the strictest propriety was scrupulously enforced upon the stage. I came away from the show with a mind much refreshed by the funny features of such an exhibition, and with a heightened sense of morality and purity such as will strengthen me in the battle for labor against its robbers. I only wished that Mrs. Chace might have been there.

The sickening gush and cant of some of these ethical cranks is not a whit less contemptible than the orthodox bigot's whining over the Blood of the Lamb and other insane trumpery. Morality is an individual concern, and its definition and pursuit belong to no one but the sovereign individual himself. Having read the ethical formulas of nearly all existing and extinct religions, I find the greatest morality and purity ever residing in that terse canon, the plain English of which is: *Mind your own business.* X.

Liberty and Wealth.

VI.

NEW HARMONY: SUCCESS.

"I noticed as I passed along the streets that there were few blocks of houses, or houses crowded together. Each had ample space surrounding it, but no fences anywhere appeared. Gardens, separated only by some slight hedge or path, were to be seen in the height of cultivation.

"My companion's home was on high ground overlooking the western slope of the city. He showed me at once the commanding view possible for all the dwellers on that side of the hill.

"The family consisted of himself and wife, and a young lady of intelligence who was introduced as his granddaughter. Tea over, we adjourned to the library, — a well-furnished room, the walls being lined with books.

"'I keep a sort of circulating library,' said he; 'those who wish come on certain days for what they want. It was accumulated gradually for my own needs, but I do not care to keep the books idle, as mere curiosities, and I have in a sense passed by them.'

"Miss Arkwright, the granddaughter, remarked: 'Grandfather isn't a bookworm himself, but he seems to prescribe books as a sovereign remedy for everybody else.'

"Further conversation followed, but soon the old gentleman desired to continue his story. His wife observed she had heard it the thousandth time, but kept up her interest, and she sometimes had to correct John in his facts.

"'And I,' said the granddaughter, 'have to watch them both to see that they don't improve upon it from year to year.'

"'Let me see,' he began, 'I had got where Sangerfield and his party proposed to settle with us, and occupy the houses as abandoned property. Somehow they didn't "catch on," as the boys say now-a-days, very well to our ways and customs. It took them some weeks to face about and see that we as a rule started from a standpoint almost the reverse of theirs. Individual sovereignty was so new an idea to them, even the logical Sangerfield was often far astray. And what astonished him more than all else was the fact that even our children could almost look over the sides of their cradles and put him right. He quoted the Scripture himself, "A little child shall lead them," and again, "He hath witheld it from the wise and prudent and revealed it unto babes and sucklings."

"'One day he went to Warden, and said he thought, as the community was growing, there would ere long be a pressing call for a criminal code. There should be a catalogue of crimes and penalties, so that, in the event of trespass, no one could plead ignorance of the law. In the nature of things there would undoubtedly appear at least one Judas to every twelve disciples, or some Cain who would compel the rest to drive him from the face of the earth. Why should we not be ready for all emergencies?

"'Warden smiled and replied quietly: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I would not catalogue either crimes or virtues. Let us, as Paul advised, avoid the snares of the law, and stand fast in the liberty wherewith we have been made free. Let us speak the truth from day to day in faith, trusting human nature under the sway of humane sentiments, expecting good results. Behold a new truth:

> A truth which is of knowledge and of reason;
> Which teaches men to mourn no more, and live;
> Which tells them of things good as well as evil,
> And gives what Liberty alone can give.
>
> The counsel to be strong, the will to conquer,
> The love of all things just and kind and wise,
> Freedom for slaves, fair rights for all as brothers,
> The triumph of things true, the scorn of lies.

"'"If we detail the vices and crimes of the ages past, we shall do more harm than good; offer suggestions to innocence. Prohibition will find antagonism, and create the disposition to do the very things that are forbidden. There is a great deal of philosophy in the old adage, 'forbidden fruit is the sweetest.'"

"'Sangerfield was always disturbing his own peace of mind with some vision of impending evil, and framing a law to avert it, or to punish the imaginary offender. Finally a case occurred. His own son, a youth of twenty years, grossly insulted a young lady, and would have proceeded to violence, but that he discovered some one approaching. Sangerfield's grief and dismay were soon drowned in a realization that the opportunity had arrived for him to vindicate and enforce his hobby. He came forward for a Roman father's triumph. He called for jail, courthouse, judge, and jury. The offender must be dealt with without mercy, and an example be set for the rising generation. He insisted so much that finally a meeting of all the people was summoned, a sort of general court. Sangerfield brought his prisoner, and made a great speech. The boy had struck at a father's heart; but that father, who could forgive an only son for almost any personal grievance, could in no case swerve one iota from his duty to society. Let the criminal be held to strictest account. Warden said he appreciated the readiness of Sangerfield to deliver his own son up to judgment, but he thought it was too late in the day. Judgment had already been passed. The young man, in a moment of passion, had lost his reason, and he must be aware that the act was universally condemned. Perhaps no one would more strongly denounce his conduct than he himself would. The punishment, too, was already being inflicted by the altered change of feeling toward him. Go where he would, meet whom he would, he would meet some one judging his deed and condemning it. It would be a work of time for him to reinstate himself in the friendly regard of the community. Shutting him up in a prison cell would be a release rather than a punishment. No, let him go free and face his act, and live it down. No one but would forgive him when he, to quote the Scripture, did "works meet for repentance."

"'The result was the young man went about his business, and gradually the affair was forgiven, if not forgotten. He is living now, and is one of the best, most earnest and influential men we have. But the old gentleman never got over his disappointment.

"'Our community now numbers seven thousand souls, and our government consists only of a few patrolmen for the evenings, who look after the boys, allay disturbance, or take some very unruly fellow to his own home. We have found this arrangement sufficient to serve all our needs. Society here is *protected* in other ways, — by our industries, our habits of forbearance, and the democratic respect for one another which our state of perfect freedom inspires. We make no professions, but we for some reason instinctively strive to stand well in one another's esteem. Our whole life is a constant school in that direction. About every kind of business known in a city of this size is carried on here. Our motto is: LABOR FOR LABOR. We have a bank which issues the money current in all our local transactions. In our dealings with the outside world we have of

(Continued on page 8.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

after, and furthermore I care nothing about them. What a wise, positive, I might say noble, young man! What prudent rules he instils in Vérotchka's mind! That is what a learned man can do: when I say these things, she does not listen, she is offended; she is very obstinate with me, because I cannot speak in a learned way. But when he speaks in this way, she listens, sees that he is right, and admits it. Yes, it is not for nothing that they say: 'Knowledge is light, and ignorance darkness.'* If I were a learned woman, should we be where we are? I should have lifted my husband to the rank of general; I should have obtained a position for him in the quartermaster's or some similar department; I should have made the contracts myself, for that is no business for him; he is too stupid. Would I have built such a house as this? I would have bought more than a thousand lives.

"As it is I cannot do it.

"One must first appear in the society of generals in a favorable light, — and I, how could I appear in a favorable light? I do not speak French!

"They would say: 'She has no manners; she is fit only to bandy insults on the Place Sennaia.' And they would be right. Ignorance is darkness. Knowledge is light. The proverb is a true one."

This conversation, to which Maria Alexevna had listened, produced in her, then, the definitive conviction that the interviews between the two young people were not only not dangerous to Vérotchka (she had been of that opinion for some time), but that they would be even useful to her in inducing her to abandon, as her mother desired, the foolish ideas which she had adopted as an inexperienced girl, and in thus hastening her marriage to Mikhail Ivanytch.

IX.

The attitude of Maria Alexevna towards Lopoukhoff is not without a certain comic side, and Maria Alexevna is represented here under a somewhat ridiculous light. But really it is against my will that things present themselves in this aspect. If I had seen fit to act in accordance with the rules of what we call art, I should have carefully glided over these incidents which give the romance a tinge of the *vaudeville*. To hide them would have been easy. The general progress of the story might well be explained without them. What would there have been astonishing if the teacher had had opportunities (without entering into relations with Maria Alexevna) to talk, were it only rarely and a little at a time, with the young girl, in the family where he gave lessons? Is it necessary to talk a great deal to make love spring up and grow? Maria Alexevna's aid has been wholly unnecessary to the results that have followed the meeting of the two young people. But I tell this story, not to win a reputation as a man of talent, but just as it happened. As a novelist, I am sorry to have written a few pages that touch the level of the comic.

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 47.

III.

INDIVIDUAL RULE INSTEAD OF MAJORITY RULE.

BOSTON, August 9, 2084.

My dear Louise:

Without governments, how can crime be prevented or suppressed? I know that this is the question which you most want answered. I will allow Mr. De Demain to tell you in the language, as near as I can remember, in which he told me:

"Did government ever prevent crime altogether, or even materially lessen it? Under the strongest governments does not history show that crimes have been most frequent? Hundreds, thousands, millions of laws, even the commands of gods, coupled with the threats of endless torture, have not prevented crimes. Some crimes it is perfectly natural for man to commit, and so long as man continues to be man, — that is, an animal, — he will continue to be an offender. The only excuse governments ever had for existing was that they were necessary to prevent crime and punish criminals. Ostensibly they were organized and maintained to protect the weaker as against the stronger, but you know well that a government that did this never existed. Governments are strong, and draw the strong about them; did a state ever protect the weak from itself?

"Let me read you from this book, which contains stories for the children, a little legend:

"'In the midst of a most beautiful country there was a mighty castle, from whose turrets one might watch the toiling, sweating, tired, and hungry people throughout the length and breadth of the land. The people called it the Strong Castle, or the Castle of State.

"'Tradition said that soon after the first conquest of the country a monster, half god and half beast, volunteered to protect the conquerors and their heirs and assigns forever in their possession of the country, — the land, its products, and their increase. This was a pleasing promise. The monster said: "Give up all you possess to me, and I will loan it to you for a small annual rental. This is merely that I may say to other monsters like myself, 'This is all mine,' when really, of course, it is yours." So all property was given up to him. Then he said to the people: "Now, upon the condition which I shall name, you may dwell upon these lands, but you must never forget that you are simply my slaves. You must give up to me, if I ask it, even your lives. Here is a list of the things you must not do at all, and another of the things you must not do without my consent. I shall add to both as often as it suits my convenience. As a reward for your generosity to me, I will see that you are properly punished when you do what I have commanded that you shall not do."

"'So ran the tradition. After a few generations men gathered about the Strong Castle and took upon themselves the work of mediators between the people and the monster. The monster was never seen, but these mediators, who were variously termed princes, lords, and statesmen, made known to the people his commands and gathered the tributes. For centuries, the people never questioned the right of the monster to command and rob them. These mediators were clever men, and they said to the people: "If this monster be killed, some other monster, still more terrible, will devour you, or you will devour each other. You are a bad lot." So he who said: "Let us pay no more tribute to this monster; let us slay him, and pull down his Strong Castle," was answered thus: "But these mediators, who are men of great brain, say we could not do without him; if he were killed, we should immediately be possessed of the desire to set upon and slay each other." And the people contented themselves with this answer, and worked on with the sweat streaming from their brows. But there were murmurings and muttered curses, and distrust and threats. Finally one morning the people formed into a body and marched up to the Strong Castle. The Mediators blew trumpets and flourished swords. They threatened, then argued, then pleaded, but to no avail. The people said: "We will slay the monster." They rushed upon the Castle and broke down the palisades and gates. "The monster! the monster!" they shouted, but there was no monster found. The mediators had thrown off their priestly garments and mixed with the people. The Castle was deserted and quiet. The monster was a myth, and the people saw how they had been duped. The Strong Castle was pulled down, and, when the sun set, the people had done the grandest day's work of all time.'

"Government was the great landlord, or rather the great all-lord," said Mr. De Demain, — "for it not only loaned the land, but all other privileges worth the having. It gathered to itself with its strong hand all rights pertaining to business, labor, capital, money, religion, marriage, morals, etc, etc., and farmed them out. The state, in some of its phases, was like a meddlesome old woman; in others, like a heartless robber; in others, like a scheming villain.

"There is a government today, but no governments. Instead of being governed by a despotic king, a despotic parliament, or a despotic republic, — a government of the people, by the people, for the people, — we have a government of the individual, by the individual, for the individual."

"But," I asked, "does not this prevent all harmonious action?"

"Just the opposite. All collective action under the system of individual rule is harmonious. Individuals with the same purpose in view act together and act as a unit. There is no ruling of minorities by majorities."

"But take a community of five thousand people. Four thousand desire to do something to which one thousand are opposed. The thing will benefit the four thousand in favor, but will injure the one thousand opposed. What is the result?"

"Such a state of affairs is very rare, but when it does occur, arbitration is resorted to. Government does not step in and say the majority is right, as was always the case under the old system. Why, man contains all of justice that exists between man and man. How absurd it is for man to set up an abstraction, and call upon it to decide the question of right or wrong. If the strong in numbers are given the power to rule the weak, they will do so, and call such rule right. If they are not given such power, such action becomes crime. In your time the State licensed majorities to commit crime; to rob, torture mentally and physically, and even to commit murder. Minorities were given over as fit prey to majorities. There was an absolute standard of right and wrong set up; the majority was right and the minority wrong. Now, the natural justice — that is, the man — decides."

"Suppose," asked I, "that in a town of five thousand inhabitants four thousand wish to construct and maintain a system of water works, and the remaining one thousand are opposed to the scheme, — what is the result?"

"Why, simply this, the four thousand construct and maintain the water works and reap the advantages. Under the government of majorities the one thousand people would be obliged to pay a tax for the building and working of something they did not want.

"This, I trust, shows you how Anarchy prevents thousands of crimes, and how, instead of producing discord and disorder, it produces harmony and freedom. Humanity is something like a dish of cane syrup; if you keep stirring it, it granulates; if you leave it alone, it crystallizes.

"The next time we meet I hope to explain further how Anarchy makes impossible most of the crimes that governments had to deal with. After that I will explain how it punishes," and I, Louise, will be faithful in my note-taking and in writing out those notes for you.

JOSEPHINE.

[To be continued.]

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN.

By AUBERON HERBERT.

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

Continued from No. 47.

"Do you then condemn the use of force for all purposes?" asked Angus.

"Will you undertake to define for me the purposes for which I am and for which I am not to use force? For myself I fail to be able to do it. I cannot suppose that three men have power to compel two men in some matters without finding myself presently obliged to conclude that the three men must decide what these matters are, and therefore that they have powers of applying force in all matters. Between the some purposes and the all purposes I can find no settled boundary. You cannot draw, and no man living can draw, a force-line. If you sat down with Mr. Gladstone to-day to do it, to-morrow his exigencies would have eaten out the line, and its authority would be gone, at all events for our planet. Do not let us play with these things, and build up pleasant fictions that are of no value. Either a state of liberty—that is, a state where no physical force is applied by man to man—is the moral one, or we must recognize force as rightly applied by those who possess it for all purposes that they think right."

"Now I become more and more puzzled," said Angus. "May not the majority apply force for what we call good, and not for bad purposes?"

"Please to define good and bad purposes. You will find that your definitions hold as much meaning as a sieve holds water. If you wish to see how hopeless is the task, read Sir F. Stephen's book, in which he tells us not to employ compulsion, even if calculated to obtain a good object, if it involves 'too great an expense.' What possible binding power is there in such a rule over the minds of men? Where is the common standard of measurement? Who sees with the same eyes the accompanying expense or the resulting good? It is far better to look the truth in the face and to say that when you sanction force for good purposes you sanction it for all occasions which the holders of power think good."

"But can one be sure that force is a bad thing in itself?" said Angus.

"Do you not see, first, that—as a mental abstract—physical force is directly opposed to morality; and, secondly, that it practically drives out of existence the moral forces? How can an act done under compulsion have any moral element in it, seeing that what is moral is the free act of an intelligent being? If you tie a man's hands there is nothing moral about his not committing murder. Such an abstaining from murder is a mechanical act; and just the same in kind, though less in degree, are all the acts which men are compelled to do under penalties imposed upon them by their fellow-men. Those who would drive their fellowmen into the performance of any good actions do not see that the very elements of morality—the free act following on the free choice—are as much absent in those upon whom they practice their legislation as in a flock of sheep penned in by hurdles. You cannot see too clearly that force and reason—which last is the

* A Russian proverb.

essence of the moral act—are at the two opposite poles. When you act by reason you are not acting under the compulsion of other men; when you act under compulsion you are not acting under the guidance of reason. The one is a force within you and the other is a force without. Moreover, physical force in a man's hand is an instrument of such brutal character that its very nature destroys and excludes the kindlier or better qualities of human nature. The man who compels his neighbor is not the man who reasons with and convinces him, who seeks to influence him by example, who rouses him to make exertions to save himself. He takes upon himself to treat him, not as a being with reason, but as an animal in whom reason is not. The old saying, that any fool can govern with bayonets, is one of the truest sayings which this generation has inherited and neglected. Any fool can reform the surface of things, can drive children by the hundreds of thousands into schools, can drive prostitutes out of public sight, can drive dram-drinking into cellars, can provide out of public funds pensions for the old, hospitals for the sick, and lodging-houses for the poor, can call into existence a public department and a population of officials and inspectors, provided that he has the handling of money that does not belong to him, and a people not trained to inquire beyond the present moment, and ready to applaud what has a surface look of philanthropy; but what is the good of it all when he has done it? To be compelled into virtue is only to live in order to die of dry rot."

"I see the conflict between reason and force," said Angus; "still, I hesitate in the matter. It is clear that I cannot use force to make people reasonable? Why may we not compel them to educate their children, to give up public-houses, to only work a certain number of hours in the day, and many other things of the same kind? May not force be the instrument of reason?"

"It would be false to call such acts reasonable. You may use your own reason when you say that compulsory education, or compulsory temperance, is good for certain people, and proceed to carry it out; but in so acting you disallow the existence of reason in those whom you compel. You have placed them in a lower rank to yourself, you retaining and using your reason, they being disfranchised of it. Now this unequal relation between men, in which the reason of some is replaced by the reason of others, is one that reason acting universally rejects as a denial of itself. Why should your reason be recognized and not that of the man you compel? Moreover, from a reasonable point of view, can you not see that the very idea of force necessarily involves a fatal absurdity? If A has power over B, you must assume that in the first instance he has power over himself; no man can be master of another man and not master of himself. But if so, then B (unless you assume unequal rights as the basis of social order) is also master of himself, which entirely destroys any rightful power on the part of A to be his master and to make him act against his will."

"I must confess, whether I agree or not with the abstract condemnation of force," said Angus, "that I sometimes regret to see the love of force and the belief in it growing so fast upon us. All our would-be reformers can only suggest compulsion of some kind. The word is always in their mouth."

"Yes, the mood is on us," said Markham, "and utterly debasing it is. We are filled with the Celtic spirit of wishing to govern and be governed; we creep into one pitiful refuge after another, as if anything could save us from our appointed heritage of the free reason and the free act. But I live in faith, Mr. Bramston. *Exoriare aliquis!* The time will come when some Englishman of sturdy common sense, a new *martellus monachorum*, will arise to rout these good gentlemen that wish to tie the English people to their apron-strings, to smash these pagan revivals of Catholicism, this blind submission to authority, to strip these 'cloistered virtues' of their seeming excellence, and bid the people live in a free world, gaining their own good, trampling on their own sins, and making their own terms with their own souls. But let me ask you, Mr. Bramston, have you read Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings? We shall do little good unless you have done so. We owe to him the placing of this great truth, that man must be free if he is to possess happiness on its deepest and truest foundations. No discursive talk of ours will really help you until you have felt the marvellous power with which he has read the wider and deeper meanings of the world, and given order to our disorderly conceptions of it."

"I must confess with shame that I have never read his writings. I have always believed him to be the great teacher of *laissez-faire*, and everybody to-day supposes that *laissez-faire* lies on the other side of the horizon behind us."

"Ah," said Markham, "I fear that all you political gentlemen live in a greater state of ignorance than most of us. How can it be otherwise? With your committees and debates, and speeches to prepare, you have but little time for watching the graver discussions that are going on. Like lawyers in busy practice, you have no mental energy left to give to abstract questions; and yet I do not notice that any of you are wanting in courage when you come to deal with the very foundation of social things. So the world believes in the failure of *laissez-faire*? No, Mr. Bramston, it is not *laissez-faire* that has failed. That would be an ill day for men. What has failed is the courage to see what is true and to speak it to the people, to point towards the true remedies away from the sham remedies. But read Mr. Spencer and see for yourself. Believe me, you are not fit to be exercising power over others until you have done so. You had better leave some of your Blue Books unread than remain in ignorance of his work."

"What is that work as regards politics?"

"He has made the splendid attempt," replied Markham, "to give fixity and order to our moral ideas, and to place the relation of men to each other on settled foundations. The love of disorder is so great in the human mind that probably men will yield but slowly to his teaching, perhaps not till they have passed through many troubles. But it is along the track that he has opened out to them, and that track only, that every nation must escape anarchy* and find its happiness."

"And the drift of his other work?"

"I should say that the result was to make the world, as a whole, reasonable to men. He has connected all human knowledge, establishing interdependence everywhere; he has taught us to see that everything in the world is part of a great growth, each part, like the different structures of a tree, developing to its own perfect form and special use, whilst it remains governed by the whole. He has helped us to rise everywhere from the reason that governs the part to the reason that governs the whole; and in tracing back this great growth of the past, compound form rising out of simple form, he has shown us the long, slow preparation towards perfection through which the world has travelled and yet has to travel. It is scarcely too much to say that he has given us a past and he has given us a future. In a time of sore need, when the old meanings were splintered to drift-wood, he has seen that the true meaning of the world was to be found, and in finding it he has restored to us the possibilities of a higher religious faith. The influence of modern science has been to make men too easily satisfied with their own separate and fragmentary knowledge. Each man has settled down in his niche in the vineyard, and there labored industriously and successfully, but with his eyes closed for the wider meanings. To read a learned paper before a learned society, to be the highest authority on some special subject, have been objects which have unduly influenced our generation: and it is only such a work as Mr. Spencer's that recalls us to the truth that the use of knowledge is not simply to annihilate a rival on some particular subject that we look on as our private property, but to lead men to understand the great whole in which they are included — to bring that whole into perfect agreement with human reason. Specialism, however necessary, is not the end of science. The end of science is to teach men to live by reason and by faith, by grasping the great meanings of life, and by seeing clearly the conditions under which they can give effect to those meanings. How little science yet helps us in our general conceptions of life you can see by the quiet ignoring amongst politicians of the vital meaning which Darwin's discoveries have for them. And hence it is that, great as has been the multiplication of scientific facts, they have done but comparatively little to reform the ideas and reshape the conduct of men. Our intellectual life still remains thoroughly disorderly, notwithstanding stray patches of science and order introduced into it. It is here that we have so much to gain from Mr. Spencer. We owe to him our power to realize the harmony and unity embracing all things, the perfect order and the perfect reason, and thus to walk confidently with sure aims; and instead of being content to leave science as the technical possession of a few, he has, in a true sense, given it to the people by insisting on the universal meanings and making them accessible to all men."

"On what foundation does Mr. Spencer place political liberty?" asked Angus.

"He founds it on the right of every man to use the faculties he possesses. It is evident, as he insists, that all sciences rest on certain axioms. You remember Euclid's axioms, such as 'a whole is greater than its parts,' and you can easily perceive that any science, however complicated it may be, owing to its dependence on other sciences that have preceded it, must rest on its own axioms. Now politics are the science of determining the relations in which men can live together with the greatest happiness, and you will find that the axioms on which they depend are, (1) that happiness consists in the exercise of faculties; (2) that as men have these faculties there must be freedom for their exercise; (3) that this freedom must rest on equal and universal conditions, no unequal conditions satisfying our moral sense."

"Why do you insist on my treating these truths, if truths they are, as axioms?" asked Angus."

"Because you cannot contradict them without involving yourself in what is inconsistent and absurd, without giving up the belief that the world is reasonable, and, therefore, that it is worth our while to try to discover what we ought to do. Place before your mind the opposites of these statements, and try to construct a definite social system out of them. Happiness is not the exercise of faculties; men having faculties ought not to exercise them; the conditions as regards their exercise should be unequal and varying. Can you seriously maintain any of these statements? When you propose unequal conditions of freedom do you offer a standing ground which men universally could accept, which they could look upon as the perfect condition of their existence?"

"But might I not claim greater freedom for the abler and better man, for the more civilized race?"

"Why should you? What does any man or any race want more than freedom for themselves? Admit that any one may take more than his share; that is, in other words, that he may restrain by force the exercise of the faculties of others, and in what a sea of moral confusion you are at once plunged. Who is to decide which is the better man or the more civilized race, or how much freedom is to be allowed or disallowed? To settle this question men must act as judges in their own case; and this means that the strongest will declare themselves the most civilized, and will assign such portions of freedom as they choose to the rest of the nation, or the rest of the world, as the case may be. Are you prepared for this?"

"I agree in some measure," said Angus; "but how can you persuade the strongest not to use their strength?"

"Only by strengthening human belief in reason, by bringing men to see that the moral system regulating their actions towards each other is as true and fixed as the system of the planets, its parts as orderly, its whole as reasonable; and that force — I mean in every case physical compulsion of one man by another — has no possible place in it."

"But can men see this reasonableness, this orderliness, of which you speak?"

"Surely," replied Markham. "Is it not plain that between the world, the outcome of the highest reason, and the human reason as it evolves, harmony is ever growing? The evolution of the human mind means that its power increases to read order everywhere; and it is only as it perceives order that it can gain perfect confidence in its own conclusions. You must remember that a science is not a mere mass of separate truths or conclusions which may, so to speak, lie anywhere as regards each other in the same heap. As Mr. Spencer has so well pointed out, men at first begin by learning the detached truths, and then in later stages see that each truth has its own place in an indissoluble and reasonable whole, which whole, as we learn to perceive it, gives certainty to the separate truths. The separate truths are like beads before they are strung on a string, and which do not gain their full meaning until the string is there. Take Mr. Spencer's example of astronomy. By countless observations you learn that the orbits of planets are ellipses of a certain kind, and then presently you learn the great central cause in obedience to which these forms are what they are; you have gained a master-key which, as you know, will unlock every fact, whether at present within or not within your observation, in the group that belongs to it. Hence it arises that a separate truth only becomes really known when you know the system of which it forms a part. Is it different in moral matters? Do you think that there are order and system for the facts that concern the planet and not for the facts that concern the human mind; for mineral and for plant, and not for the relations in which men are to live towards each other? Do you think that with order and system in every other part of the universe that here you suddenly enter a territory sacred to disorder and conflict, a sort of moral Alsatia, where alone the writ of the Great Power does not run? Surely you cannot defend such a belief. Surely you have some faith in the perfect reasonableness that underlies and over-arches everything. To the politician it may be torture to believe that social and political questions are parts of a reasonable whole, and can only be rightly dealt with in strict obedience to that whole. His own course is just so much easier as he may disregard this reason of the whole, as he may by turns plead the law or the exception, as he may ignore all fixed moral relations of men to each other, as he may urge plaintively that all is so uncertain and subject to change, and claim permission to deal with the circumstances that exist as the light of the moment and the ever-urgent personal interest may direct. The world does not see the impertinence and the danger of such claims. It will do so as the consequences of existing mental disorder thicken upon it."

[To be continued.]

*Wherever the words "anarchy" and "socialism" appear in this essay, they are used, the one in the ordinary sense of confusion, and the other in the limited sense of State socialism. The author either is not aware that there is a school of Anarchistic socialism, or has not discovered that its teachings in regard to liberty are almost identical with his own.—*Editor Liberty.*

Liberty and Wealth.

(Continued from page 5.)

course to use the world's money. You may be interested in our banking system. If so, I will tell you something about it.'

"I replied that I should like very much to know how their bank was managed; also how business generally was conducted, especially where a large number of hands were employed in one concern. In fact, I wanted to understand as thoroughly as I could the whole working of their industrial system.

"'Well,' he said, 'to-morrow you shall go and see for yourself. You can visit the banks, the several stores, and the large manufacturing establishment just down the river, where three hundred or more men and women are at work running the looms of the mill. It is what you would call a cotton factory.

"'What about your schools?' I asked. 'Have you a common school, or free school?'

"'Oh, no,' Miss Arkwright broke in, 'in this city of freedom there's nothing free, in *that* sense. Everybody pays for what he gets and takes his choice. The nearest approach to a common school is Phillip Morse's, and he gets so many pupils because his is the best managed and the cheapest. Some, however, like Sarah Baker's school best, and are willing to pay more, thinking it superior.'

"I said that I supposed they had established a uniformity of prices If it was 'labor for labor,' why should one school be dearer than another?

"The old gentleman turned to his granddaughter, as though he expected her to continue the conversation, and she responded: —

"'Oh, for that matter, everyone is perfectly free to set any price he pleases on his services, and so, on the other hand, everybody is free to call on him for his services or not.'"

"Why," Smith exclaimed, interrupting my recital for the first time that evening, "that is precisely as it is here and everywhere. Competition settles the thing."

I replied that the same thought was running through my mind, but that Miss Arkwright went on without any suggestions from me to explain that in the absence of laws securing monopoly as a privilege, competition being thus left free and unshackled, the equitable price was uniformly reached. H.

(To be continued).

"God" in Poetry.

To the Editor of Liberty:

You tell Mr. Beecher that he and his "fellow-Christians don the outgrown garments of a barbarian theology, and persist in walking the streets at noonday"; and you advise them to put away their Bibles, and read them in their closets as the "childish prattle" of their ancestors, etc. And when you published Robert Buchanan's "Freedom's Ahead," you took care to call attention to the poet's foolish error in speaking of Freedom as the "Lord's" handmaid.

I agree with you fully and heartily in these criticisms of Beecher and Buchanan; but what are we to think when we find Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, clothed in these same "outgrown garments," stalking through nearly four pages of Liberty, and repeating, not once merely, but thirty times, the offence against truth which you had justly laid at Buchanan's door?

The reformer of today has no business with the gods. To call on them is a sign of weakness, and mars the beauty of all that he says and does. The burden of Mr. Blunt's poem is that "God's" designs in regard to Egypt were thwarted by England, and that "he" will yet revenge her wrongs. What nonsense! And it is nonsense that is beginning to stick in the throat of the "common man" as well as in that of the thinker. His common sense asks, "Is England more powerful than 'God'? And why should Egypt's children be butchered *now*, even if *their* children are to be free and happy?" And thus half of the force of the poem is wasted.

Mr. Blunt writes well; but the utter falsehood of his central idea spoils his work largely, making its moral deceptive and misleading.

Let us apply the same rule to Blunt that we do to Buchanan.

Truly,

E. C. WALKER.

KIOWA, KANSAS, July, 1884.

[My Western friend and "son of the morning," who, bearing aloft his Luciferan torch, is dispelling the darkness of the prairies, is heartily welcome to his protest, the justice of which I freely admit, while not quite agreeing to its timeliness. When printing Mr. Buchanan's poem, I rebuked the author as I did, knowing that his work had already won, as it deserved, an enduring place on the scroll of literary fame, and that no criticism, however just, could endanger it or do aught but set it in a clearer light. Mr. Blunt's poem, on the contrary, though even greater than Buchanan's, is as yet scarcely heard of in the world. It is struggling up the stream of adverse criticism, and one voice added to the current might sweep it away forever, and deprive humanitarian literature of a priceless treasure. When we know the sun and the value of its rays, we can safely talk about the spots upon it. But the dawn of a new luminary of Mr. Blunt's brilliancy, I, for one, will greet only with a joyful "All hail!" Were I to do otherwise, however, I could not in this case see quite as black a blemish as Mr. Walker paints. The *burden* of Mr. Blunt's poem is not that God's design has been thwarted in Egypt, but that Liberty and Justice have been thwarted there. If the poet should be convinced that God's design is one thing and Liberty another thing, I am confident that he would quickly choose between them, and choose rightly. His "central idea" is not false, but true, and springs from the love of Liberty in his heart, of which his outgrown theological garments are but the wrappings. When Mr. Beecher shall make his face so inspiring that everybody but Mr. Walker will forget to laugh at his protruding extremities, he may "stalk" through four pages of Liberty and more, outgrown garments and all; and I'm not sure that in such a case it wouldn't be the graceful thing for Mr. Walker and myself, rationally clad though we may be, to withdraw for a while, and give him room. But to reassure my Western comrade of my sympathy with him and my appreciation of the luminous pathways which he is cutting in all directions through the wilds of frontier superstition, let him and all others understand that, when God is in question, I am "agin" him first, last, and always; and hereafter let every column of Liberty, in prose or rhyme, be read in the light of this declaration. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 23. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884.** **Whole No. 49.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Mr. Beecher, referring lately to Blaine's questionable character, said: "It is a truism to say that all public men should be above suspicion." In view of certain letters which have not yet passed into ancient history, it behooves Mr. Beecher to keep as quiet as possible upon the matter of suspicion. It is not unfair to presume that more men suspect Mr. Beecher than any other man living.

For myself at least, and for all Anarchists who in this instance will allow me to speak for them, I wish to make public acknowledgment to the editors of the Chicago "Radical Review" of our gratitude for their hospitality to Anarchistic ideas and the service which, not Anarchists themselves, they are nevertheless rendering to Anarchy by doing all that they can to secure it an impartial hearing. This expression of thanks is especially prompted by the space which they give to "Edgeworth's" contributions, their own discussions of Anarchism and editorial reviews of Anarchistic works, and their eagerness to do justice to Kropotkine by reprinting Liberty's recent editorial, "A Hireling's Measure of a Hero."

The "Radical Review" includes Huxley among the many English scientists who petitioned the French government for Kropotkine's release. He is not entitled to be credited with so great an honor. To his everlasting shame be it said that, when asked to sign the petition, he refused, saying that it was the right and duty of society to imprison, or kill if need be, men whose writings threaten society's life. Suppose Huxley had lived four hundred years ago and written then the scientific works which he has published within twenty years,—what would have become of him if the powers that then were had applied to him his own theory of the rights and duties of society? To answer the question is to refute his theory and expose the spirit of the man. The value of his scientific researches is not to be underrated, but none the less is he a bigot of a very narrow type. There's splendid material in him for a first-class State Socialist.

Some months ago the New York "Times" asked the question whether there is "anything to prevent Mr. Thurber from issuing one million one dollar notes on his personal credit, if he can get anybody to take them," and the New York "Sun" answered: "Nothing but the statutes of this State and the tax of ten per cent. imposed upon such notes by the laws of the United States." The other day the "Sun," trying to show that absolute free trade prevails within the limits of the United States, said: "All the inhabitants of the United States, no matter what their origin, no matter from what nationality they draw their lineage, are all citizens of one united republic, without any tax or impost upon their intercourse with each other." Have the New York statutes against free banking and the United States tax on free banking been repealed lately? If so, Liberty has not heard of it. If not, will the "Sun" undertake to reconcile its statements? No, it will not; for, knowing that it could not succeed, it dares not try, as failure would oblige it to "shine" for a while on a monopoly to which its rays would be fatal.

In "Die Zukunft" the Germans have a weekly revolutionary organ much more consistently Anarchistic than Most's "Freiheit." All friends of Liberty who read German are hereby earnestly advised to subscribe for it by sending $1.50 to "1230 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia."

Among the advertisements in this issue will be found an announcement of a new and important book of nearly two hundred pages written by William Hanson of New York. It consists of several critical essays, the principal of which is devoted to an exposition of the fallacies in Henry George's two works, "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems." The others deal with "Macleod's Economics," "The Ethics of Protection and Free Trade," and "The Industrial Problem Considered *Apriori*." Mr. Hanson, though comparatively unknown, is one of the sincerest and clearest writers on the labor question now living, and I am greatly interested in all that he writes. In the present volume I cannot agree to all his definitions nor can I subscribe to all his ideas, but he wages earnest war on interest, rent, and profit, which he expects to abolish, not by enacting new laws, but by repealing old ones. In that respect his programme is identical with Liberty's. Therefore I hope for a large sale for his book and mean to do what I can to circulate it. A copy will be mailed to any one sending me a dollar.

The editor of the "Radical Review" says that, even though Anarchy be humanity's goal, it must necessarily be approached very gradually, and that he shall devote his energies to the "complete democratisation of the government," feeling sure that he is "thus only advancing towards individual sovereignty." This is the policy adopted by the Republicans, the Democrats, the State Socialists, the Greenbackers, the Anti-monopolists, the Woman Suffragists, the Prohibitionists, the Liberal Leaguers, and all other factions that play any part, or desire to play any, in American politics. All think, or pretend, that they are serving liberty and democracy. Will the editor of the "Radical Review" do me the favor to examine their platforms and report how many measures he finds in them that, if realized, would not involve direct or indirect, and, in either case, outrageous, invasions of individual sovereignty, and, instead of a "simplification of the functions of the government," an extension and complication thereof? Let him honestly answer to himself how many of these measures he approves and give me the result. Then I can judge how far he actually proposes to simplify the government. Then I can tell him whether he is really on the road to Anarchy or not. And I can tell him now that no material and important simplification of government will take place until the Anarchists, by steady propagandism and persistent endeavor, have made themselves a force of such influence that they can begin their policy of worrying government into smaller and ever smaller proportions and finally to death. The world is fast dividing itself into two schools, the Authoritarians and the Libertarians, the Archists and the Anarchists, and between these all men, Mr. Schumm with the rest, must sooner or later choose. He cannot work with one to serve the other, try as he may. The struggle has already begun and it may last long, but the result is sure.

VOS DEOS LAUDAMUS:

THE TORY JOURNALIST'S ANTHEM.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

" As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived — not CÆSAR *or* PERICLES, *not* SHAKSPERE *or* MICHAEL ANGELO *— could confer honor more than he took on entering the House of Lords."* — SATURDAY REVIEW, *December* 15, 1883.
" Clumsy and shallow snobbery — can do no hurt." — IBID.

I.

O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime,
In the evening, and before the morning flames,
We praise, we bless, we magnify your names.
The slave is he that serves not; his the crime
And shame, who hails not as the crown of Time
That House wherein the all-envious world acclaims
Such glory that the reflex of it shames
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or rhyme.
The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee
When from a height too high for Shakspere nods
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop: Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down:
These have no part with you, O Lords our Gods.

II.

O Lords our Gods, it is not that ye sit
Serene above the thunder, and exempt
From strife of tongues and casualties that tempt
Men merely found by proof of manhood fit
For service of their fellows: this is it
Which sets you past the reach of Time's attempt,
Which gives us right of justified contempt
For commonwealths built up by mere men's wit:
That gold unlocks not, nor may flatteries ope,
The portals of your heaven; that none may hope
With you to watch how life beneath you plods,
Save for high service given, high duty done;
That never was your rank ignobly won:
For this we give you praise, O Lords our Gods.

III.

O Lords our Gods, the times are evil: you
Redeem the time, because of evil days:
While abject souls in servitude of praise
Bow down to heads untitled, and the crew
Whose honor dwells but in the deeds they do,
From loftier hearts your nobler servants raise
More manful salutation: yours are bays
That not the dawn's plebeian pearls bedew;
Yours, laurels plucked not of such hands as wove
Old age its chaplet in Colonos' grove.
Our time, with heaven and with itself at odds,
Makes all lands else as seas that seethe and boil;
But yours is yet the corn and wine and oil,
And yours our worship yet, O Lords our Gods.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Six days, stern Labor shuts the poor
From nature's careless banquet hall;
The seventh, an angel opes the door,
And smiling, welcomes all. —*Bulwer.*

PARAPHRASED, BUT MORE TRUTHFUL.

Six days, at labor toil the poor
To find their lot no better grown;
The seventh, rank bigots shut the door
To pleasure, for the church still holds her own.

F. R. E.

Let 's Make a Thorough Job of It.

[San Francisco "Wasp."]

General Ben Butler's plan of pensioning every man who was a soldier in the civil war, regardless of when, where, how, or why he served, is a good plan, but it does not go far enough. Military service was not the only kind that helped to save the country. The patriots who filled the civil offices, — they also helped to pull us through. Let them be pensioned. Let everybody be pensioned, for all would have held office if they could. True, some were too young and some not yet born; but is youth a crime, that this great, rich country should discriminate against it?

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN.

By AUBERON HERBERT.

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

Continued from No. 48.

"But do you mean, the world being as it is," said Angus, returning to the old point of attack, "that we can get through it without force? Why, even a London street after dark may require one to use force to protect himself."

"I have not said that. Six months ago I knocked a scoundrel down who had snatched a lady's watch from her, and handed him over to the police. I do not say we can get through life without using force; but when we do so in the simplest and apparently most justifiable case, even to repel force, we are outside the moral relation, and are simply living again in that force-relation in which a man as half animal once lived, and in which the animals now live. Underneath all life lies the great law of self-preservation (a law which we may fulfil either by using force as the animals do, or by universally accepting the reasonable relation which, forbidding force, guarantees equal freedom to all), and those who use force may compel us to live towards them in the force-relation; but the important thing is to see that it is only when we are living in the reason relation that we have distinct moral guidance to tell us what are right and what are wrong actions, and that in the force relation we must act often by guess-work and always without certain guidance"

"Why am I without moral guidance in the force-relation? Were you not right in knocking the thief down?"

"My justification was, that he had established between himself and the rest of society the force-relation, and therefore I had to deal with him as I should have dealt with a wild beast that had attacked me. The act on my part was so far a moral one, inasmuch as I obeyed the derived moral command to help my neighbor; but being an act done in the force-relation, brute strength being simply opposed to brute strength, it is impossible that I should have that guarantee of certainty as regards right conduct, which can only exist where my actions are in harmony with the whole moral system. Mr. Spencer has stated this with his usual admirable force. 'Ethics, or the principles of right conduct, ignore all crime and wrongdoing. It simply says such and such are the principles on which men should act, and when these are broken it can do nothing but say they *are* broken.' Thus if there is a command that says, 'Thou shalt not lie,' you have no certain guidance from that command or from any part of the moral system which is subordinate to it when you have once told a lie and choose to persist in it. It may be expedient to tell or not to tell another lie: many excellent secondary reasons, such as regard for your friend, may urge you to do so, but all fixed guidance is lost, for when once the coherence of the system is broken, the law of lesser authority being obeyed and the law of higher authority disobeyed, only conflict and contradiction can arise. To obtain certain guidance you must obey the moral laws in the order of their imperativeness; and whilst in my case I obeyed a derived law which bade me help my neighbor, I was outside the primary law which forbids the use of force. I did no wrong towards the thief, as far as I could judge, but I was acting on a personal judgment that might lead me right or wrong."

"Why do you speak of the act of helping your neighbor as a derived law, and that of not using force as the primary law?" asked Angus.

"Speaking rationally, do not honesty and justice precede generosity? To employ force to a man is to deprive him of what he rightly possesses, the freedom to use his faculties, and therefore is an act which I am bound not to do. To assist him by any gift or service of mine is an act which I am only bound to do in an inferior sense; it is but a development, important as it is, from the imperative command to respect a man's rights."

"Might not some person try to make the laws change place, and insist that to help your neighbor was the primary law?"

"Yes," replied Markham, "if they had no fear of plunging into Serbonian bogs. Which neighbor am I to help, and in what fashion? Am I to help one at the expense of another? Am I, like Robin Hood of old, to take the purse of the rich man and give it to the poor? Try to construct a definite and certain system that is really to guide men in their dealings with each other on such a foundation. You may amuse yourself some day for half an hour, Mr. Bramston, by trying to do it, but you will hardly obtain any other result."

"I see the difficulty," replied Angus slowly. "To say we must do good to others means nothing unless there is some fixed system which allows us to define precisely the nature and conditions of this ever-elusive good."

"Exactly; there must be a fixed system, and that system must spring from rights. Without rights, no system; without system, no guidance. If you wish to realize the moral confusion that results where rights are neglected, glance at the world of to-day, and observe the good qualities which impede rather than assist the general cause of good. Do we not see Nihilists and Invincibles devoting themselves in the spirit of self-sacrifice in order to obey an order of assassination; slave-owners showing kindness to their slaves; politicians carrying out what they believe to be useful measures for the people by appealing to selfish passions and infringing upon the rights of others; Socialists hoping to regenerate the world by deciding in what way and to what extent men shall exercise their faculties. These and a thousand other examples show us that actions springing from good qualities, but done in disregard of primary and moral commands may increase the sum total of unhappiness instead of happiness."

"What do you mean when you speak of primary and derived laws?" asked Angus.

"Necessarily at the beginnings of social life men's actions are confused and in conflict with each other. Presently a stage is reached at which reason asserts its claims to regulate these acts, and then, as we have already seen, it requires of men to respect each other's rights. This, though the necessary condition of all happiness, is not sufficient for the perfecting of it. A second command — inferior in authority and definiteness — succeeds to the first and bids us not only respect rights but also feelings, so far at least as such feelings do not tend to restrict rights. There are many actions which we have, as far as the first command is concerned, a right to do, but which, as they cause unnecessary pain to others, we ought to abstain from doing. To these actions Mr. Spencer gives the name of negative beneficence. Again, succeeding to these acts of abstention are the acts of positive beneficence, the direct acts which men do for the sake of increasing the happiness of others; acts which, as human nature evolves, will become more and more a necessary and integral part of the happiness of each man. But you can readily see that to add to the happiness of our neighbor, or even to avoid giving him unnecessary pain, excellent as such acts are, are of little moral value unless you begin by respecting his rights. Except on such a foundation they cannot lead to the settled happiness of men; they can only lead to such confusion between good and evil as we see around us at present. And now observe a further development. From respecting rights we learn to recognize the self in each man as the true governing centre of his actions. We learn to see the false side of those great systems which lower and debase a man by offering him comfort — whether it be intellectual or material comfort — at the price of liberty, which weaken his self-guidance and his self-responsibility, and make him but a semi-conscious unit in Churches and parties. We see that all social as well as political systems must be framed not only to make him in higher matters the possessor of his own soul, but in matters of everyday life the intelligent director of his own energies. Do you see how fruitful, how far-reaching, will be the influence of this recognition of the self in each man? Our every act towards others will be shaped and determined by it. Is it a matter of helping some fellow-man in distress, we shall ask, 'Am I merely lifting the man by an external machinery out of a momentary trouble at the cost of depressing rather than increasing his own self-helping energies?' Of assisting masses of men to better their position, 'Can I rightly lighten the burdens of one man by increasing the burdens of another, to however small an extent, and however easily the latter may be able to bear it? Can I do so without weakening in all minds the sense of the universal agreement, and in the minds of those who are helped that self-respect which should only claim free-play for the energies of each?' Of spreading opinion and bringing others within a Church or party, 'Have I joined these men to myself by the true and pure conviction of each soul, or have I treated them as a mere crowd, to be moved as I wished by machinery, to be bribed and cajoled and driven towards the ends that I desired?' Of education, 'Am I mechanically impressing the self of my own opinions on another mind? Am I merely gaining the ends on which the world of the day sets store, and content for the sake of these to follow such lifeless and mechanical methods as promise the readiest success? Am I willing to make my own task easier by employing systems of bribes and threats, or is my one effort to develop another equal being that shall be strong in its own self-confidence and able by its own reason to make a life for itself?' There is no part of human life, no question of morality, that will not be illumined by the light thrown from that intense respect for each human self which in due time will succeed to the perfect recognition of each other's rights. The creed of rights leads as certainly to the elevation of the human race as the creeds of Socialism, founded on force, lead to the degradation of it."

"Could you summarize for me what you said?" asked Angus.

"Using the fewest words, I should say all truths belong to their own system. There is not such a thing as a stray or independent truth in existence; and it is only as you know the system to which the truths belong, that you know with certainty the truths themselves. Moral truths, then, like physical truths, are united in a system, and as this system must rest on certain assured foundations, the question is on what foundations does it rest? The answer is, in Mr. Spencer's words, on the freedom of men to exercise their faculties. From these foundations arises a coherent and harmonious moral system governing our political and social systems, and illuminating the most complex questions of human conduct. Apart from this foundation, morality is a mass of indistinct and contradictory commands, men often obeying a derived command whilst they disobey a primary command."

"In all you have said you have only used a deductive argument," said Angus; "will you not sacrifice to the gods of the present time by speaking inductively?"

"Ah! that greatest of all inductions! Some younger man with fuller stores of knowledge must give that induction to the world. It will be for him to follow the history of liberty as he would follow a great river in the East, whose banks are covered with rejoicing crops, whilst away from it all remains desert. You can see for yourself how vast is the material that is waiting to be used. Has any race of men ever fairly tried even the humblest experiment of freedom and found it fail? Have not the human faculties grown in every field just as freedom has been given to them? Have men ever clung to protection and restraint and officialism without entangling themselves deeper and deeper into evils from which there was no outlet? But to-night we cannot enter upon these wide fields. There is only one group of facts, those that belong to the history of plant and animal, at which we can glance. See how clearly under Darwin's revelations comes out the saving meaning that there is in competition, the destructive meaning that there is in protection. Protect the plant and animal by some mere external protection, as that of an island or an impassable barrier, and you reserve it for certain destruction when the day comes in which at last the life that has ranged over wider spaces and become better adapted to the conditions of existence enters into competition with it. The very conditions that seemed to protect it have ensured its destruction. Had it not been protected it had passed through the same gradual adaptations that other life elsewhere has passed through. It was separation from the mainland that preserved the Australian marsupials, that has made islands such as Madagascar the interesting relic-houses of a life that had not been competent to survive unless protected. So also has it been that the European plants, which by ranging over wider tracts have more thoroughly undergone selection, have beaten the native plants of La Plata, New Zealand, and, in a lesser degree, of Australia, whilst speaking generally the plants of these countries cannot obtain a footing in Europe: that the intertropical mountains lost their true vegetation, and accepted those hardier forms which in the Glacial period were able to reach them; that the wingless and defenceless birds, such as those of Mauritius, and Bourbon, and Rodriguez, have only been found where beasts of prey were absent. But why multiply examples? The history of the world turns upon the fact of the hardier forms, perfected by a wider and sharper competition, inevitably replacing the weaker forms. And do you not also see how the lower kinds of self-protection die out before the higher kinds? The huge armor-plates and spikes that once protected animal life are replaced by higher organizations, better adaptations of bone and muscle, and therefore quicker movements, by improved special organs, by increasing size of brain. It is the same with men. The clumsy restrictions and defences which parliaments provide must give place to those higher forms of self-protection which depend upon mental qualities. Is it not plainly one and the same sentence which nature speaks to plants, to animals, and to men, 'Improve in the true way or be destroyed?' She affixes everywhere her two great conditions of improvement, variety (or difference) that both in the physical and in the intellectual world brings into existence the beginnings of higher life—and competition, that selects for survival these all-precious beginnings out of the midst of the lower forms; whilst outside these conditions she reserves no way of salvation. It is wrong and unfaithful to disguise or evade these truths. Whatever it costs, you must say plainly to all men that variety and competition are the only conditions of their advance, and that these conditions can only exist under a system of perfect liberty. All infringements of liberty sin in a twofold way. They tend to uniformity by excluding natural variety, and they give external protection at the cost of preventing the development of self-protection, saving the pain of the present by doubling it in the future. Does such a law seem hard to you? If so, remember that it is not a competition like that of animals and savages, to be decided merely by physical force or cunning, but one in which the more powerful brain, the truer

perception, the more temperate habit, the more upright conduct, shall prevail in the end, and that thus the better type shall be always evolving, while the pain of the passage from the unfit to the fit grows less and less."

[To be continued.]

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 48.

My determination to tell things, not in the easiest way, but as they actually occurred, causes me still another embarrassment: I am not at all contented to have Maria Alexevna represented in a ridiculous light by her reflections upon the sweetheart which her fancy had pictured as Lopoukhoff's; by her fantastic way of guessing the contents of the books given by Lopoukhoff to Vérotchka; by her questions about Philippe Egalité and his pretended Papist absolutism and about the works of Louis XIV. Every one is liable to mistake; the errors may be absurd, when the individual tries to judge in matters of which he is ignorant; but it would be unjust to infer from the blunders of Maria Alexevna that these were the sole cause of her favorable attitude towards Lopoukhoff. No, her queer ideas about the rich sweetheart and the piety of Philippe Egalité would not have obscured her good sense for a moment, if she had only noticed anything suspicious in Lopoukhoff's acts and words. But he so conducted himself that really there was nothing to be said. Though naturally bold, he did not cast indiscreet glances at a very pretty young girl; he did not follow her assiduously; he sat down without ceremony to play cards with Maria Alexevna without betraying any sign that it would give him greater pleasure to be with Véra; when left with Véra, he held such conversations with her that Maria Alexevna regarded them as the expression of her own thought. Like her, he said that self-interest is the motive of human actions; that there is no sense in getting angry with a rascal and reminding him of the principles of honor, inasmuch as the rascal acts in accordance with the laws of his own nature under the pressure of circumstances; that, given his individuality, he could not help being a rascal, and that to pretend otherwise would be an absurdity. Yes, Maria Alexevna had reason to think that she had found in Lopoukhoff a kindred spirit.

But here is Lopoukhoff seriously compromised in the eyes of an enlightened public from the very fact that Maria Alexevna sympathizes with his way of looking at things. Not wishing to deceive any one, I do not hide, as I might have done, this circumstance so injurious to Lopoukhoff's reputation; I shall even go farther and explain that he really deserved the friendship of Maria Alexevna.

From Lopoukhoff's conversation with Vérotchka, it is plain that his way of looking at things might appear better to persons of Maria Alexevna's stamp than to those holding fine ideas; Lopoukhoff saw things in the aspect which they present to the mass of mankind, minus those holding lofty ideas.

If Maria Alexevna could rejoice at the thoughts that he had voiced regarding Vérotchka's projected marriage, he, on his side, could have written beneath the drunken usurer's confession: *This is true.* The resemblance in their actions is so great that enlightened novelists holding noble ideas, journalists, and other public teachers have long since proclaimed that individuals like Lopoukhoff are in no wise distinguishable from individuals like Maria Alexevna. If writers so enlightened have thus viewed men like Lopoukhoff, is it for us to blame Maria Alexevna for coming to the same conclusions about this Lopoukhoff that our best writers, thinkers, and teachers have arrived at?

Certainly, if Maria Alexevna had known only half as much as our writers know, she would have had good sense enough to understand that Lopoukhoff was no companion for her. But, besides her lack of knowledge, she had still another excuse: Lopoukhoff, in his conversations, never pursued his reflections to their conclusions, not being of those amateurs who try very hard to inspire in Maria Alexevna the high thoughts in which they take delight themselves. He had good sense enough not to undertake to straighten a tree fifty years old. He and she understood facts in the same way and reasoned accordingly. Being educated, he was able to draw from facts certain inferences never dreamed of by people like Maria Alexevna, who know only their habitual cares and the routine aphorisms of every-day wisdom, proverbs, maxims, and other old apothegms *ejusdem farinæ*. If, for instance, in talking with Vérotchka, he had undertaken to explain what he meant by "self-interest," Maria Alexevna probably could have seen that his idea of self-interest was not exactly the same as her own; but Lopoukhoff did not explain himself on this point to the usurer, nor even to Vérotchka, the latter knowing his meaning from the books which had occasioned their conversation. On the other hand, in writing "This is true" under the confession made by Maria Alexevna when drunk, Lopoukhoff would have added: "But, whereas, by your own admission, the new order of things will be better than the old, we should not oppose those who joyfully and devotedly labor to establish it. As for the stupidity of the people, though it is indeed an obstacle, you will admit that men would soon become wise if they saw that it was for their advantage to become so, a fact which they have not yet been able to perceive; you will admit also that it has not been possible for them to learn to reason. Give them this possibility, and you will see that they will hasten to profit by it."

But the conversation with Maria Alexevna never went to that point, not from reserve, although he was reserved, but simply from good sense and the same feeling of propriety which prevented him from talking to her in Latin or entertaining her with accounts of the progress recently made in medicine, which would have interested him only. He had good sense and delicacy enough not to torment people with discourse beyond their grasp.

I say all this only to justify Maria Alexevna's oversight in not understanding in time what sort of a man Lopoukhoff was, and not at all to justify Lopoukhoff himself. To justify Lopoukhoff would not be a good thing. Why? That you shall see later, reader. Those who, without justifying him, would like, from motives of humanity, to excuse him, could not do so. For instance, they might say in his excuse that he was a doctor and an investigator of the natural sciences, circumstances which dispose one to accept the materialistic way of looking at things. But with me such an excuse is not a valid one. Many other sciences lead to materialism, as, for instance, the mathematical, historical, social, and, in short, all the sciences. Is that to say that all the geometers, astronomers, historians, economists, jurists, publicists, and other *savants* are materialists? Very far from that. Lopoukhoff could not then be justified. The compassionate people who do not justify him might say further in his excuse that he is not entirely without praiseworthy qualities: voluntarily and firmly he decided to renounce the advantages and preferences which he might have demanded of life in order to work for the benefit of others, finding in the pleasure resulting from this work his own enlightened self-interest; the good and pretty young girl with whom he has fallen in love he regards with so pure an eye that there are not many brothers who so regard their sister. But to this latter excuse it would be necessary to reply that, generally speaking, there is no man entirely without good qualities, and that the materialists, whatever they may be, are always materialists, and are shown by that very fact to be low and immoral men who must never be excused, since to excuse them would be to compromise with materialism. So, not justifying Lopoukhoff, we cannot excuse him. And there is no longer any room to justify him, since the defenders of *fine ideas* and *noble aspirations*, who have stigmatized the materialists, have made such a fine showing of wisdom and character in these latter days in the eyes of good men, materialists or not, that to defend any one from their blame is useless and to lend attention to their words at least superfluous.

X.

The question as to what is the true way of looking at things certainly was not the principal object of Vérotchka's interviews with Lopoukhoff. As a general thing they talked very little with each other, and their long conversations, which occurred but rarely, turned on general questions alone. They knew further that they were watched by two very experienced eyes. Consequently they seldom exchanged words on the subject which most interested them, and, when they did, it was usually while turning the leaves of music books.

It should be said also that the subject which so preoccupied them and about which they had so little chance to talk was not, as may be supposed, the expression of their inmost feeling. Of this feeling they had said not a word since the vague phrases of their first interview, and they had no time to discuss it during such moments as they were able to seize in which to talk freely and which were entirely devoted to Vérotchka's situation. How could she escape from it? How could she get a foothold on the stage? They knew that the theatre presents many dangers for a young girl, but that these dangers might be avoided by Vérotchka's firmness.

Nevertheless one day Lopoukhoff said to Vérotchka:

"I advise you to abandon the idea of becoming an actress."

"Why?"

"Because it would be better for you to marry your suitor." There the conversation stopped. These words were said at the moment when Vérotchka and he were taking their music books, he to play, she to sing. Vérotchka became very sad and more than once lost the time, although singing a very well known piece. While looking for another piece, Vérotchka said: "I was so happy! It is very hard for me to learn that it is impossible. I will take another course; I will be a governess."

Two days later she said to him:

"I have found no one who can secure me a place as governess. Will you do it yourself, Dmitry Serguéitch? I have only you to ask."

"It is very unfortunate that I have so few acquaintances to aid me. The families where I have given and still give lessons are all relatively poor, and the people of their acquaintance are almost as badly off. No matter, I will try."

"My friend, I take all your time, but what am I to do?"

"Véra Pavlovna, my time is not to be spoken of when I am your friend."

Vérotchka smiled and blushed; she had not noticed that her lips had substituted the name "My friend," for that of Dmitry Serguéitch.

Lopoukhoff smiled too.

"You did not intend to say that, Véra Pavlovna. Withdraw the name if you regret having given it."

"It is too late,—and then . . . . I do not regret it," replied Vérotchka, blushing more deeply yet.

"You shall see, if opportunity offers, that I am a faithful friend."

They shook hands.

Such were their first two interviews after the famous *soirée*.

Two days afterwards appeared in the "Journal of Police" an announcement that a noble young girl, speaking French and German, etc., desired a place as governess, and that inquiries concerning her could be made of such a functionary at Kolomna, Rue N. N., house N. N.

Lopoukhoff did indeed have to spend much time in Vérotchka's matters. He went every morning, generally on foot, from Wyborg to Kolomna to see the functionary of his acquaintance who had consented to do him a service in this connection It was a long distance, but Lopoukhoff had no friends in his position nearer to Wyborg: for it was necessary that this friend should satisfy many conditions; among other things essential were a decent house, a well-regulated household, and an air of respectability. A poor house would have presented the governess in too disadvantageous a light; unless the person recommending had an air of respectability and lived, at least apparently, in comfort, no good opinion would have been formed of the young girl recommended. His own address? What would have been thought of a young girl who had no one to answer for her but a student! Therefore Lopoukhoff had much to do. After getting from the functionary the addresses of those who had come to find a governess, he started out to visit them: the functionary told them that he was a distant relative of the young person and only an intermediary, but that she had a nephew who would not fail to go in a carriage the next day to consult with them more fully. The nephew, instead of going in a carriage, went on foot, examined the people closely, and, as goes without saying, almost always found something which did not suit him. In this family they were too haughty; in another the mother was good, the father stupid; in a third it was just the reverse; in still another it would have been possible to live, but the conditions were above Vérotchka's means; or else English was required, and she did not speak it; or else they wanted not exactly a governess, but a nursery-maid; or again the people suited, but they were poor themselves, and had no other room for the governess than the children's chamber, where slept two large girls, two little boys, a nursery-maid, and a nurse.

The advertisement was kept in the "Journal of Police," and applicants continued to call on the functionary. Lopoukhoff did not lose hope. He spent a fortnight in his search. Coming home on the fifth day weary after his long tramp, Lopoukhoff threw himself on the sofa, and Kirsanoff said to him:

"Dmitry, you no longer work with me as you did. You disappear every morning and one evening out of two. You must have found many pupils. But is this the time to accept so many? For my part, I desire to give up even those that I have. I possess seventy roubles, which will last during the remaining three months of the term. And you have saved more than I,—one hundred roubles, it seems to me."

"Even more,—one hundred and fifty roubles; but it is not my pupils that keeps me, for I have given them all up save one: I have business on hand. After

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 23, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Labor's New Fetich.

General Butler's long-expected letter is out at last. The question now is how many it will hoodwink. Among these at least will not be Liberty. Would that as much could be asserted of all who think they believe in Liberty. But the political habit is a clinging one; the fascinations of political warfare seldom altogether lose their charm over those who have once been under its influence; traces of faith in its efficacy still linger in the minds of those who suppose themselves emancipated; the old majority superstition yet taints the reformer's blood, and, in face of the evils that threaten society's life, he appeals to its saving grace with the same curious mixture of doubt and confidence that sometimes leads a wavering and timorous Infidel, when brought face to face with the fancied terrors of death, to re-embrace the theological superstition from which his good sense has once revolted and to declare his belief on the Lord Jesus, lest, as one of them is said to have profanely put it, "there may be, after all, a God, or a Christ, or a Hell, or some damned thing or other." To such as these, then, Butler will look for some of his strength, and not be disappointed.

The audacity of this demagogue's utterances, the fearlessness with which he exposes such shams and frauds and tyrannies as he does not himself champion, the fury of his onslaught on those hypocrites in high places to dislodge whom for his own benefit and glory he himself hypocritically espouses the cause of the people, all tend to fire such radical hearts as have no radical heads to guide them, and accordingly we see on every hand reformers of every stripe, through their press and on their platforms, enlisting in the service of this incarnation of reaction, this personification of absolutism, this total stranger to the principle of Liberty, this unscrupulous plunderer of labor, this servant of the fearful trinity of the people's enemies, being at once an insincere devotee of the Church, a steadfast lover of a mammoth and omnipotent State, and a bloated beneficiary of the exactions of Capital.

The platform announced in his letter is a ridiculous tissue of contradictions and absurdities. Anti-monopoly only in name, it sanctions innumerable monopolies and privileges, and avowedly favors class legislation. As far as it is not nondescript, it is the beginning of State Socialism,—that is, a long step towards the realization of the most gigantic and appalling monopoly ever conceived by the mind of man. One sentence in it, however, commands my approbation: "The laboring man votes for his Fetich, the Democratic party, and the farmer votes for his Fetich, the Republican party, and the result is that both are handed over as captives to the corruptionists and monopolists which ever side wins. *Mark this: the laborers and the people never win!*" True, every word of it! But why not go a little farther? Suppose both laborer and farmer vote for their new Fetich, Ben Butler and his party of State Socialism, what will be the result then? Will not both be handed over as captives to a band of corruptionists as much larger and greedier as the reach and resources of the government are made vaster, all in the service and pay, not of a number of distinct and relatively weak monopolies, but of one consolidated monopoly whose rapacity will know no bounds? No doubt about it whatever. Let those who will, then, bow before this idol,—no Anarchistic knee shall bend. We Anarchists have not come for that. We come to shatter Fetiches, not to kneel before them,—no more before Fetich Butler than Fetich Blaine or Fetich Cleveland or Fetich St. John. We are here to let in the light of Liberty upon political superstition, and from that policy can result no captivity to corruption, no subserviency to monopoly, only *a world of free laborers controlling the products of their labor and growing richer every day.*

If Liberty has a weak-kneed friend who is contemplating a violation of his Anarchistic principles by voting *just for once*, may these golden words from John Morley's work on "Compromise" recall him to his better self!

> A principle, if it be sound, represents one of the larger expediencies. To abandon that for the sake of some seeming expediency of the hour is to sacrifice the greater good for the less on no more creditable ground than that the less is nearer. It is better to wait, and to defer the realization of our ideas until we can realize them fully, than to defraud the future by truncating them, if truncate them we must, in order to secure a partial triumph for them in the immediate present. It is better to bear the burden of impracticableness than to stifle conviction and to pare away principle until it becomes mere hollowness and triviality. What is the sense and what is the morality of postponing the wider utility to the narrower? Nothing is so sure to impoverish an epoch, to deprive conduct of nobleness and character of elevation. T.

The Popular Paradox.

During the last few weeks I have had letters from a number of people who think much about the social problem, — representative people from that large class of men and women who have gone far enough to recognize and deplore the present evil, almost far enough to doubt the present system, but who are afraid to put their faith in anything else. The views they take of Liberty and its principles are instructive, for they show how much mistaken confidence these people instinctively put in the present system with its tried-and-found-wanting, cure-all, patent medicines of legislation and education. After seeing with what a death-like grasp even people who can think and feel hold on to methods and systems which they almost or entirely doubt, it is no longer strange that the world does not move any faster than it does. It is almost marvellous that a deeply-ploughing social reform should make any progress at all.

Says one,— a man who has thought much and earnestly about the existing condition of things, until, as one must who thinks but can not see that the only way out is by an entirely new road, he has become a confirmed pessimist, — "I have no longer any faith in legislation, but I have at least a hope in education." Confessing with a sadness sufficient to weigh down a whole lifetime the evils of present civilization, this man hangs all his hope for the human race upon that slender "at least a hope in education!" A woman of unusually bright and keen intelligence, but who has such a zealous interest in everything which labels itself for the good of the race that she can't let go the old and take chances with the new, confesses: "I suspect I am as good an Anarchist as you are. The difference is, I won't own up."

Another, the daughter of two reformers, who has inherited from both of them the courageous, independent, justice-loving spirit with which they have lived and worked and who has "thought herself sore" over the dark problem of evil and suffering, says that Liberty is "well-meaning, but wild." Still another, this time a man who long ago cast behind him many of the beliefs that still shackle most men's minds, writes in this way, after speaking of the deep interest with which he has read Liberty and particularly Tchernychewsky's story: "You say that I will probably not agree with all that the editors of Liberty say. I do not, most emphatically. If they could live among men, women, and children, as I have lived in the seventeen years of my work as a 'country doctor,' neither of them would write so confidently of social reforms. You know, my friend, that I am no mediævalist in opinion. In fact, I sometimes question myself *if I am not* too chimerical in my hopes and aspirations for our enslaved fellow-beings. But these men, it does seem to me, are wasting talents that might be of much good to humanity. The iconoclast is sometimes needed. But he who builds better than his fathers did is worth twice the one who simply tears down the old homestead. Let the old house rot down. It served its duty in its time. Let us not condemn it to the flames because it is too narrow for our needs of today."

Now, what do such people as these, and their number is legion, most need? They are all whirling about in that paradoxical doubt of and confidence in the present way of carrying on the world. They are all of them convinced of deep, underlying wrong and injustice *somewhere*, but they hold fast to the system which has produced the very things they deplore in the firm belief that sometime it will work better. They have too little faith in the innate sense of justice and right with which men are endowed and too much confidence in education and legislation, — even the man who says he has lost all faith in the latter will applaud "a good law" and say there was need of it.

They have not got far enough to see that the natural uprightness of men is oftener bent and twisted and dwarfed than trained and cherished by education, and that the "you shall" and "you shan't" of legislation will poison what education leaves. Even the man who wants "the old house to rot down" fails to see that, as long as it stands, people will believe in it, and that Liberty, which he condemns, is merely trying to convince people that they need a new one, which he himself evidently believes.

When one considers that these quotations represent pretty well the condition of mind in which the majority of thinking people have tangled themselves up, it needs a good deal of courage and of faith in human nature to keep up one's hope for the outcome of it all. But the fact that these people have got even this far is proof enough that they will go farther some time; or, if they don't, their children will. And when one remembers the reverence with which most people regard the inheritance from the past, it becomes wonderful that social reform has gone even as far as it has. F. F.

Anarchistic Campaign Notes.

The interest which the Anarchist takes in politics is the interest which one takes in his chief enemy. Whatever signs he observes of demoralization, corruption, bribery, and infamy in general among politicians and political parties is a source of gratification to him, as all these are significant evidences of the slow suicide that is yet sure to remove the organized enemy of Liberty. There is no such thing as purifying politics. If they could be purified, they would cease to exist. The beast was born radically unclean. Filth is its native element, and it must die in its own wallow. The Anarchist is only concerned to see it hasten its death as fast as possible.

It is astonishing to me how any intelligent and high-minded man can contemplate the present political muddle without a disgust that should force him back upon first principles and lead him to repudiate the whole swindle from top to bottom. Here is Blaine, a notorious rogue, whose record even under the prevailing low standard of political decency forces the self-respecting element of his own vile party to vomit him up. Opposed to him is Cleveland, a great bull-headed compound of nescience and wilful contempt of the producing masses in the service of usury and privilege. The only ragged end left in the tail of the political kite is Butler. I have tried long and impartially to respect him in the light of a necessary evil and disturber of the political peace, but cannot hazard my integrity any longer with this skulking fraud.

On the subscription lists of Liberty there are not a few brave and honest reformers whom I love and respect that are near the point of taking the veil, giving all politics and political methods the farewell hand forever and coming out clean-handed Anarchists. But in this man Butler they still seem to cherish the

lingering hope that some promise for labor and Liberty still resides in politics. I ask them to look squarely at the doings of this scamp for the past few weeks. Having secured the nominations of the Greenbackers, Anti-monopolists, and labor element through equivocal pledges that might be repudiated if necessary, Butler tucks them into his tail pocket and goes as delegate to a Democratic convention in search of a nomination, using his previous nominations as a whip. When I saw this little game so woefully miscarry, I nevertheless felt somewhat like condoning it (though it was a dishonest and dishonorable trick on its face), thinking that Butler had done it all merely as a means of shaming and rebuking the Democracy. I of course expected that he would immediately announce himself squarely as the independent candidate of the Greenbackers, Anti-monopolists, and workingmen, and preface his position with a statement of principles such as no politician in a presidential race had ever yet issued. Yes (I confess it with shame), I too was soft enough to expect all that.

The subsequent *dénouement* of this pitiful comedy is well known. Through a dexterous use of silence and equivocation Butler managed to mouse with his prey until the late ceremonies attending the Greeley expedition. Thither he repaired in his yacht ostensibly booked for Halifax, and on one dark night in company with the Secretary of the Navy he steamed out alone into the blue waters. Before the next morning's sun arose he had determined to run, and the long-sought tidings were communicated to Brother Dana of the New York "Sun."

Liberty's space is precious, even if further comment on this sickening business were necessary. I ask serious-minded reformers if it is this kind of political kangaroo that still withholds them from joining the Anarchistic ranks? I know that they expect nothing from the old parties. What in the name of human sanity have they to expect from Butler? True, he is a capital political demoralizer, but high-minded men cannot afford to toy with bulls in the political china-shop, however much they may enjoy the fun as outsiders. Tickle the bull under the tail, if you will, to enhance the destruction, *but vote not at all.*

The pending compaign is doing splendid work for the cause of Anarchy. It will surely open many people's eyes, and I doubt not that many an honest and serious man will be ready to walk away from the whole business forever before this circus is ended and the clowns retire. It is of little consequence which of these three rogues is elected or defeated. The only lasting gain will reside in whatever progress is made towards defeating the ballot-box itself. x.

Liberty and Wealth.

VII.

NEW HARMONY: ITS INSTITUTIONS.

"I passed the next day in sight-seeing. To a casual observer, New Harmony presented in its outward appearance nothing to suggest that it differed materially from a hundred other towns of its size dotting that and adjoining counties. True, there was a certain individuality in the style of its houses, and a little more of method, perhaps, in the general structure of the place. One thing the city had managed to secure which John — the old gentleman, whose full name I learned only at breakfast that morning — John Meredith pointed out with pride. It needed no index finger, however, to call my attention to the happy foresight which had provided so large and beautiful a park in the very heart of the town. But it proved to be an afterthought, after all, as the old man explained. The credit, he said, belonged wholly to young Sangerfield, whose early misdeed he had related the evening before. It was he who suggested that the spot should be dedicated as an open common for themselves and their heirs forever. In this way he made perpetual atonement for the past.

"'But who cares for it?' I asked, 'and keeps it in such good condition?'

"'Sangerfield did for twenty years,' was the reply. 'You see yonder box on the old elm? That's the contribution box for the common. Every spring the keeper announces the needed expenditure and the amount of individual assessment, as near as he can calculate, and I do not remember that there was a failure to respond but once. Then, there was some proposed improvement the people disliked, and they withheld their money.'

"'I asked him to explain what he meant by dedicating the common forever. Was it so fixed that the generations to come could not convert it into building lots, if they so chose?

"'Oh, by no means!' he exclaimed; 'we can do that to-morrow, if we please. We think future generations will know what they want as well as we do If they don't, it's not our concern. We don't bind ourselves even beyond the year's contract.'

"'Suppose some one should take a notion to build a house or a shed there. Would he have a right?' I asked this only to bring out his full meaning.

"'He would have no equitable right. Let me tell you one thing, as a matter of experience. Under our system everybody is put on his good behavior. He has, moreover, a pride in the matter, not to be intellectually wrong in asserting his rights. You see, our social relations are a constant problem, new complications arising which are to be solved by our rule of freedom and equity. A man is ashamed to get beaten in the game, so to speak. Our people are made by this constant exercise of their intellectual faculties quick-witted; at the same time, as you can readily see, they are likely to have a steady growth in their morals. We claim we have struck the idea of self-government in its truest and simplest form. We have equal opportunities, equal burdens. We have no *artificial* inequalities to contend against. Even those which nature has preordained are softened and fall into harmony instead of discord. One might imagine there would be danger that the superior minds would take on aristocratic airs and cause ill feeling. But, practically, the reverse has occurred. It is one of our most cherished notions that superiority in any department is to be recognized and cherished. We divide according to our natural gifts. Each strives to do the thing he feels himself fitted for, and, as work of all descriptions is regarded as honorable, very little trouble arises. I might go on in this strain, but we must walk along. We will call at Wright's store, at Farnham's bank, and Glover's factory. These will introduce you practically to our ways of doing business.'

"Wright turned out to be a quiet sort of a man. He kept open books. Whoever chose could see what he paid for things and what were his running expenses, including all cost, wear and tear, and outlay of whatsoever kind, adding to this the amount of personal labor required for the management. This sum total was distributed, in fixing the price, over the principal articles of sale. It was rather a nice calculation and required a special talent. Several had essayed it and failed. Wright had taken this store from one Simpson, who was really the originator and the most successful operator up to his time they had had in that line. But he instructed Wright so thoroughly that the people had noticed little difference in the management. Wright employed several assistants, all of them having opportunity, as the world says, to learn the business. But in learning this business no boy was initiated into the art of lying or cheating. Wright was, if anything, morbidly jealous in that direction. If any doubted his word, there was the record in minutest detail. Let any one impeach it who could.

"I asked if he had no competition, and was informed that there was another store near by and two others on the other side of the hill. But competition was only possible in matters of economy or ability to conduct the business. The four stores were required to supply the needs of the community, and there was virtually no competition. In fact, the owners consulted with and gave one another points. So long as Wright is kept as busy as he cares to be, he is in no way disturbed that Morgan finds enough to do. If Morgan's success should take Wright's customers from him, and he be unable to continue, he would have to bow to the inevitable and turn to some other occupation. He is, however, reasonably sure against a disaster of that sort, for he couldn't stock his store to begin with without the coöperation of others. It was the merit of a system, where the ruling principle was 'labor for labor,' that there were few very poor: all who were willing to work could earn a living and lay somewhat by for a rainy day. And as none could be very poor, so none could become very rich. No capitalist or money-king could arise to lord it over his fellows. The result of *labor for labor* was a democratic simplicity. It created and sustained a mutual dependence. For this reason, a man starting any kind of business on other than a comparatively limited scale required the goodwill and support of others. He must be able to borrow capital in accord with his plans.

"This was the way he would stock a store. A, B, C, and others have credit at Farnham's bank, or they establish credit by depositing their notes there to the amount required, which notes are satisfactorily secured — at least, Farnham believes them to be — by improvements upon land or any real estate, or even by promises of labor. In exchange, they receive Farnham's notes, or the current money of the town. This they lend to Wright, and receive his promise or private note, which he redeems in due time as his business becomes established. This is but one way. The problem has a variety of solutions."

"It's a way sometimes practised now," said Smith, ironically; "Jones borrows money on his I O U of Tom, Dick and Harry, starts business, busts up, and pays Tom and Dick and Harry with, 'I'm very sorry, I'm sure.'"

I replied that the cases were not parallel, because the one was conceived and carried out under an entirely different set of circumstances from the other. Of course, there were the elements of mutual confidence and honor in each, but the inducements and opportunities of success and honest dealing were wholly changed. The one borrower took his chances under an antagonizing, cut-throat system; while the other went forward backed by a system of things which harmonized interests and caused all whom it might concern to desire the individual's success and prosperity. In New Harmony, the idea that one man could be benefited by the failure of another seemed to be exploded. Success there means simply the opportunity for labor, and the more labor done, the greater the production and the aggregate wealth.

Smith inquired after Farnham's bank. "Hasn't it a gold basis?"

To this I replied in Alexander Farnham's own words:

"No more than it has a cabbage basis, or a beet basis. Gold, iron, cabbage, beet are but so many products representing human labor; they are worth precisely the cost of producing or obtaining them. 'Farnham's bank' is a labor bank. All the money I issue is labor money. It is a convenient medium of exchange. It secures to each person using it the equivalent of his labor; at least, that is what it calls for. I issue my note of promise to pay so many hours of labor. My labor dollar is two hours' labor. It might be ten, but for greater convenience I have adopted two. The community know I'm good for it, because it knows, or may know, if it cares to investigate, that the notes of others which I hold are all secured by substantial salable property."

When I asked what hindered him, when he once had the confidence of the community, from an over-issue, from circulating any judicious amount of money not so secured, he replied that, supposing he was disposed to do so, there were innumerable checks on any such conduct. His accounts could be examined at any time by all who chose, and as a rule he had insisted on such an examination by competent parties at least once a year. Besides, there were too many concerned in the labor of conducting the bank to make any risk of that kind appear to be worth one's while.

"A nice-looking thing, as a theory," exclaimed Smith; "but practically, in my opinion, all such wild-cat arrangements won't work. In a country like this we must have a uniform currency, with a solid basis, — not a little, sentimental, tinkering sort of job."

I gave him the last word, and the conversation was postponed to another evening. H.

To be continued.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

I have finished it, you will have no more reason to complain that I lag behind you in my work."

"What, then, is the business?"

"This: in the family where I still give lessons, an excessively bad family, there is a very remarkable young girl. She wishes to become a governess and leave her parents, and I am searching for a place for her."

"She is an excellent young girl?"

"Oh! yes!"

"'Tis well, then. Search."

And the conversation ended there.

Well, Messrs. Kirsanoff and Lopoukhoff, learned men that you are, you have not thought to remark that which is most remarkable. Admit that the qualities which you seem to prize most are good; but are they all? What! Kirsanoff has not even thought to inquire whether the young girl is pretty! And Lopoukhoff has not thought to say a word about it! Why did not Kirsanoff think to say to his friend: "Have you, then, fallen in love that you take such an interest in her?" And it did not occur to Lopoukhoff to say: "She interests me much;" or, if he did not wish to say that, he at least failed to ward off such a conjecture by saying: "Do not think, Alexander, that I have fallen in love." They both thought that, when the deliverance of a person from a dangerous situation was in question, it was of very little importance whether the person's face was beautiful, even though it were a young girl's face, and still less whether one was in love or not. The idea that this was their opinion did not even occur to them; they were not aware of it, and that is precisely the best feature of it. For the rest, does this not prove to the class of penetrating readers — to which belong the majority of æsthetic *littérateurs*, who are endowed with exceptional penetration — does this not prove, I say, that Kirsanoff and Lopoukhoff were dry people, absolutely without the "æsthetic vein?" That was the expression in vogue but a very short time since among the æsthetic and transcendental *littérateurs*. Perhaps they still use it. No longer associating with them, I cannot say. Is it natural that young people as devoid as they of taste and heart should otherwise interest themselves in a young girl? Certainly they are without the æsthetic sentiment. According to those who have studied the nature of man in circles endowed with the *æsthetic sentiment* even to a greater degree than our *normalien æsthetic littérateurs*, young people in such a case should speak of woman from a purely plastic standpoint. So it has been, and so, gentlemen, it still is. But not among youth worthy of the name. That were a strange youth, gentlemen!

XI.

"Well, my friend, have you found nothing yet?"

"Not yet, Véra Pavlovna; but do not lose courage, keep up your hope. We shall finally find a suitable place."

"Oh, if you knew, my friend, how hard it is for me to stay here! As long as I saw no possible way of deliverance from this perpetual humiliation, I forced myself into a sort of excessive insensibility. Now I stifle in this heavy and putrid atmosphere."

"Patience, Véra Pavlovna, we shall find something."

Such conversations as this occurred at intervals for a week.

Tuesday.

"Patience, Véra Pavlovna, we shall find something."

"My friend, what an embarrassment for you! How much time lost! How shall I repay you?"

"You will repay me, my friend, if you do not take offence". . . . .

Lopoukhoff stopped and became confused.* Vérotchka glanced at him; he had really said what he intended to say, and was awaiting a reply.

"But why should I take offence? What have you done?"

Lopoukhoff became still more confused and appeared distressed.

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"Ah! you did not notice it?" He said this in a very sad tone, and then burst out laughing. "Ah! how stupid I must be! Pardon me, my friend!"

"But what is the trouble?"

"Nothing. You have already repaid me

"Oh, that! What a queer man you are! Well, so be it, call me so."

The following Thursday witnessed the test *à la Hamlet* according to Saxon, the Grammarian, after which Maria Alexevna relaxed her supervision a little.

Saturday, after tea, Maria Alexevna went to count the linen which the laundress had just brought.

"It looks, my friend, as if the affair was about to be arranged."

"Yes? Oh! so much the better! And let it be quickly. I believe that I should die if this should last longer. But when and how?"

"All will be decided to-morrow. I am almost certain of it."

"Tell me about it, then."

"Be calm, my friend, you may be noticed. There you are, leaping with joy, and your mother liable to come in at any moment!"

"But you came in yourself so radiant with joy that Mamma looked at you for a long time."

"Therefore I told her why I was gay: for I thought it would be better to tell her, and so I did say to her: 'I have found an excellent place.'"

"Insufferable that you are! you give me all sorts of advice, and not a word have you told me yet. Speak, then!"

"This morning Kirsanoff—that, you know, my friend, is my comrade's name—"

"I know, I know; speak, speak quickly."

"You prevent me yourself, my friend."

"Indeed! Still reprimands instead of reasonable speech. I do not know what I shall do with you; I would put you on your knees, if it were not impossible here; I order you to kneel when you get home, and Kirsanoff shall write me whether you have done proper penance."

"So be it, and I will keep silence until I have done my penance and been pardoned."

"I pardon, but speak quickly, insufferable!"

"I thank you. You pardon me, Véra Pavlovna, when you are the guilty one yourself. You are constantly interrupting."

"Véra Pavlovna? What do you mean by that? *Why* do you no longer say my friend?"

"It is a punishment, my friend, that I desired to inflict upon you; I am an irritable and severe man."

"A punishment? You dare to inflict punishments on me! I will not listen to you."

"You will not?"

"No, I will not. What more is there to hear? You have told me almost all,— that the affair is nearly finished, and that tomorrow it will be decided; you know no more than that yourself today. What could I hear? *Au revoir*, my friend!"

"But listen a little, my friend; my friend, I beg of you."

"I do not listen, and am going away." She came back nevertheless. "Speak quickly, and I will interrupt you no more. Ah, if you knew what joy you have caused me! Give me your hand. See how heartily I shake it."

"And tears in your eyes . . . . . why?"

"Thank you, thank you!"

"This morning Kirsanoff gave me the address of the lady who expects me to call tomorrow. I am not personally acquainted with her; but I have often heard her spoken of by the functionary, our mutual friend, and again he has been the intermediary. The lady's husband I know personally, having met him several times at the house of the functionary in question. Judging from appearances, I am satisfied that the family is a good one. The lady said, when giving her address, that she was satisfied that we could agree upon terms. Therefore we may consider the business almost finished."

"Oh! what happiness!" repeated Vérotchka. "But I wish to know immediately, as quickly as possible. You will come here straightway?"

"No, my friend, that would awaken suspicion. I must come here only at lesson-time. This is what we will do. I will send a letter by city post to Maria Alexevna announcing that I cannot come on Tuesday to give the usual lesson, and will come on Wednesday instead. If I say Wednesday morning, that will mean that the affair has terminated successfully; if Wednesday evening, that it has fallen through. But it is almost certain to be Wednesday morning. Maria Alexevna will tell Fédia, as well as yourself and Pavel Konstantinytch."

"When will the letter get here?"

"Tomorrow evening."

"So late! No, patience will fail me. And what am I going to learn from the letter? A simple 'yes,' and then to wait till Wednesday! It is actual torture! My friend, I am going to this lady's house. I wish to know the whole at once. But how shall we fix that? Oh, I know; I will wait for you in the street, until you come away from her house."

"But, my friend, that would be still more imprudent than for me to come back here. It is better, then, that I should come."

"No, perhaps we could not talk together here. And in any case Mamma would be suspicious. It is better to follow my suggestion. I have a veil so thick that no one will recognize me."

"Perhaps, indeed, it is possible. Let me think a little."

"There is no time to lose in long reflections. Mamma may enter at any moment. Where does this lady live?"

"Rue Galernaïa, near the bridge."

"When will you be there?"

"At noon; that is the hour she fixed."

"From noon onward I will be seated on the Boulevard Konno-Gvardeisky, on the last bench on the side near the bridge. I told you that I would wear a very thick veil. But here is a signal for you: I will have a music roll in my hand. If I am not there, it will be because I have been detained. No matter, sit down on the bench and wait. I may be late, but I will not fail to come. How good I feel! How grateful I am to you! How happy I shall be! What is your sweetheart doing, Dmitry Serguéitch? You have fallen from the title of friend to that of Dmitry Serguéitch. How contented I am! How happy I am!"

Vérotchka ran to her piano, and began to play. "What a degradation of art, my friend! What has become of your taste? You abandon operas for galops."

"Abandoned, utterly abandoned!"

A few minutes later Maria Alexevna entered. Dmitry Serguéitch played a game of cards with her; he began by winning; then he allowed her to recover her losses, and finally he lost thirty-five copecks; it was the first time he had let her win, and when he went away, he left her well contented, not with the money, but with the triumph. There are joys purely ideal, even in hearts completely sunk in materialism, and this it is that proves the materialistic explanation of life unsatisfactory.

XII.

VÉROTCHKA'S FIRST DREAM.

Vérotchka dreamed that she was shut up in a dark and damp cellar. Suddenly the door opened, and she found herself at liberty in the country; she began to run about joyfully, saying to herself: "How did I keep from dying in the cellar?" And again she ran about and gamboled. But suddenly she felt a stroke of paralysis. "How is it that paralysis has fallen upon me?" thought she; "only old people are subject to that, old people and not young girls."

"Young girls also are subject to it," cried a voice. "As for you, you will be well, if I but touch you with my hand. You see, there you are, cured; arise."

"Who speaks thus to me? And how well I feel! The illness has quite gone."

Vérotchka arose; again she began to run about and play, saying to herself: "How was I able to endure the paralytic shock? Undoubtedly because I was born a paralytic, and did not know how to walk and run; if I had known how, I never could have endured to be without the power."

But she sees a young girl coming. How strange she is! her expression and manner are constantly changing; by turns she is English and French, then she becomes German, Polish, and finally Russian, then English again, German again, Russian again,—and yet why do her features always remain the same? An English girl does not resemble a French girl, nor a German a Russian. She is by turns imperious, docile, joyful, sad, gentle, angry, and her expression always indicates the feeling of the moment. But she is always good, even when she is angry. That is not all; she suddenly begins to improve; her face takes on new charms with every moment, and, approaching Vérotchka, she says to her: "Who are you?"

"Formerly he called me Véra Pavlovna; now he calls me 'my friend.'"

"Ah! it is you, the Vérotchka who has formed an affection for me."

"Yes, I love you much. But who are you?"

"I am the sweetheart of your sweetheart."

"Of which sweetheart?"

"I do not know. I am not acquainted with my sweethearts. They know me, but I cannot know them, for I have many. Choose one of them; never take one elsewhere."

*Perhaps the English reader will be at a loss to understand Lopoukhoff's confusion unless informed that the words rendered here and on a previous page as "my friend" have in the original a significance more tender which no English word exactly conveys.

"I have chosen" . . . .

"I have no need of his name; I do not know them. But I say to you again, choose only among them. I wish my sisters and my sweethearts to choose each other exclusively. Were you not shut up in a cellar? Were you not paralyzed?"

"Yes."

"Are you not free now?"

"Yes."

"It is I who delivered you, who cured you. Remember that there are many who are not yet delivered, who are not yet cured. Go, deliver them and cure them! Will you do it?"

"I will do it. But what is your name? I wish to know it."

"I have many names. I tell to each the name by which he is to know me. As for you, call me Love of Mankind. That is my real name; but there are not many people who know it; you, at least, shall call me so."

Then Vérotchka found herself in the city; she saw a cellar where young girls were shut up. She touched the lock, the lock fell; she said to the young girls: "Go out!" and they went out. She saw then a chamber where lay young girls who had been paralyzed; she said to them: "Arise!" They arose, and all ran into the country, lighted-hearted and laughing: Vérotchka followed them, and in her happiness cried out:

"How pleasant it is to be with them! How sad it was to be alone! How pleasant it is to be with the free young girls who run in the fields, agile and joyous!"

XIII.

Lopoukhoff, overburdened with cares, had no longer any time to see his friends at the Academy. Kirsanoff, who had not ceased to associate with them, was obliged to answer a hundred questions about Lopoukhoff: he revealed the nature of the affair that occupied his friend, and thus it was that one of their mutual friends gave the address of the lady on whom Lopoukhoff is about to call at this stage of our story. "How fortunate it will be, if this succeeds!" thought he, as he walked along; "in two years, two and a half at most, I shall be a professor. Then we can live together. In the meantime she will live quietly with Madame B., provided Madame B. proves really to be a good person whom one cannot mistrust."

Lopoukhoff found in Madame B., an intelligent and good woman, without pretentions, although the position of her husband would have warranted her in having many. The conditions were good, Vérotchka would be well situated there; all was going on famously, then, and Lopoukhoff's hopes had not been groundless.

Madame B., on her side, being satisfied with Lopoukhoff's replies regarding Vérotchka's character, the affair was arranged, and after a half hour's talk, Madame B. said: "If my conditions suit your young aunt, I beg her to take up her quarters here, and I should be pleased to see her as soon as possible."

"She will be satisfied; she has authorized me to act for her. But now that we have come to an agreement, I must tell you (what it was needless to tell you before) that this young girl is not my relative. She is the daughter of the functionary in whose family I give lessons. She had no one but me whom she could trust in this affair. But I am almost a stranger to her."

"I knew it, Monsieur Lopoukhoff. You, Professor N. (the name of the friend who had given the address), and your comrade esteem yourselves so highly that one of you can form a friendship for a young girl without compromising her in the eyes of the two others. Now N. and I think the same, and, knowing that I was looking for a governess, he felt justified in telling me that this young girl is not related to you. Do not blame him for being indiscreet; he knows me very well. I believe myself also worthy of esteem, Monsieur Lopoukhoff, and be sure that I well know who is worthy of being esteemed. I trust N. as I trust myself, and N. trusts you as he trusts himself. Let us say no more on that point, then. But N. did not know her name, and it will be necessary for me to know it, since she is to come into our family."

"Her name is Véra Pavlovna Rosalsky."

"Now, I have an explanation to make to you. It may seem strange to you that, careful as I am of my children, I have decided upon a governess for them whom I have not seen. But I made the bargain with you because I know well, very well indeed, the men who compose your circle, and I am convinced that, if one of you feels so keen an interest in a young person, this young person must be a veritable treasure to a mother who desires to see her daughter become worthy of the esteem of all. Consequently to make inquiries about her seemed to me a superfluous indelicacy. In saying this I compliment, not you, but myself."

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 48.

IV.

SOME THINGS ANARCHY HAD TO CONTEND WITH.

BOSTON, August 23, 2084.

My Dear Louise:

I most sincerely trust that these arguments of Mr. De Demain will not cause you to distrust even, to say nothing of hate, governments. We women, above all others, should use our utmost endeavor to defend the State from the attacks of its enemies. How carefully it looks after all our interests, asking in return nothing, or, at least, nothing more than taxes! Of course we ought to have the right to vote, but it is not the fault of the State that we do not. No, no! Governments were given to man by God. Man must not abolish them. If he does, as he has here, I am sure there is a terrible punishment in store for him.

What if Anarchy has proved a blessing to the many? Is it the many that this world is for? Did not God anoint kings and watch over and care for a people that he called "his people"? Were not all other peoples prey for "his people"? Were not the armies of his people made strong with afflatus that they might overcome the other peoples of the earth? Should it not be so today? Should not the people of wealth, superior intelligence, and education be God's chosen, and should they not conquer and rule the earth? Happiness is not for the many, but for the favored few. It is a divine gift to superior beings. Must we share it with the common herd? Must we be regarded as simply shareholders with all others in the world? No, no! Anarchy is a conception of man: the State is a conception of God. What if man's scheme does appear better for man than God's? Are we to trust it? No, no!

These arguments against Anarchy are all-powerful: it is not god-given; it makes happiness a privilege of all, it does not allow a small, and consequently select and educated, minority to set up a standard of right by which all must gauge their moral yardsticks.

Louise, — in strict confidence, — I am convinced that Anarchy is better, far better, for the majority than the government of the State, but power, wealth, and privileges are lost through it to the few. We, so long as we are of the few, must oppose it; we, so long as we are of the few, and consequently of the strong, can oppose it. We can say to the many: "You have the right to become one of the few, if you can;" and so they praise us for being just. We have hoodwinked the people for so many generations that — but it is no use, Anarchy is today a fact. In spite of all you and I may do, our children's children will know from experience the true meaning of Anarchy.

Mr. De Demain is still very kind and patient toward me, and really seems to enjoy giving me little lectures on individual government and its results. By the way, I think I forgot to write you before that he is a fine-looking young man of about thirty-five. He is a teacher in Harvard College.

"Are you still interested in the subject of crime and its prevention and punishment under Anarchy?" asked he, when he called just after I sent you my last letter. I, of course, was only too glad to have him continue the subject, which he did as follows:

"With governments were wiped out directly one-half the crimes in the calendar. The State always regarded it a most serious crime to compete with it in any branch of business which it monopolized, and it monopolized, or granted as a monopoly, the most important of all business ventures, money-issuing. As you know, without having your attention called to the fact by me, States named in laws hundreds of things — for instance, Sabbath-breaking, refusal to pay taxes for the privilege of voting, peddling without a license, etc., etc. — as crimes, which were crimes simply because the State said they should be so considered."

"But," said I, "*vox populi, vox dei.*"

"The voice of the people," replied he, "does not mean the voice of the majority even of the people, much less a minority, which always, even with the most liberal suffrage, decided such questions. The voice of the people that are willing to abide by that voice — not that are compelled to — is the voice of god, in fact is god — the only god we acknowledge.

"Anarchy was as a seed. How the first germ was produced we cannot tell. It grew, and produced a hundredfold. The plant became indigenous to every climate, so strong, so healthy, so hardy was it. As it was found impossible to root it out, many for a time took it for a weed. But as it flourished, mankind began to taste its fruit and seek its shelter. When the few saw its blessings, they cultivated it, and it throve so under care that it soon shaded every highway of life, and its fruit was the food of all. Its growth was more wonderful than that of the mustard seed of the Bible parable, and instead of being, like the grown mustard seed, simply shelter to the birds of the air, it was a shelter to all mankind.

"In order for you to clearly understand how Anarchy superseded governments, it will be necessary for you to read the history of the past century, the twentieth. I trust that you will do so during your stay with us. You had the founders of Anarchistic liberty about you in the world from which you came. You called some cranks, some idle theorists, some assassins. They put their shoulders to the wheel of the wagon of the world, and tried to push it out of the deep and muddy ruts in which it was slowly lumbering along. It carried a pretty heavy load. In it, comfortably seated, were statesmen, politicians, bankers, stock gamblers, priests, poets, novelists, college professors, school teachers, editors, and literary men of all classes. They did not care to get out and make the road any better. They jeered at the Anarchists, and in every possible way hindered their work. But the worst part of the load was the great middle class of humanity, who kept climbing on and tumbling off; now struggling inharmoniously to drag the wagon with the hope of soon being able to ride, now riding with the constant fear that at any moment they might be obliged to get out and help to keep the thing from going out of sight altogether in the mud. They never thought that a better road-bed would improve matters. The sturdy toilers at the wheels appealed to the reason of the strong, comfortably seated inside, and the weak ones struggling outside, but the brain is a hard thing to move. It is the stomach that must be touched. This the Anarchists saw at last, and a scheme was devised whereby the muddy road was dried and made hard, and the wagon rolled on, carrying comfortably all humanity. What this scheme was history will tell you.

"Anarchy, like the religion of Jesus Christ, took hold slowly at first on the people's minds. To those who were liberal enough to take even a superficial view of it it appeared a beautiful theory, but utterly impracticable. It was a noble, pure conception — too noble and pure for ordinary humanity. To those who would not even look at its surface, but who persisted in looking over it at an imaginary figure in the background, it was something worse than a crime. It was absurd. It meant chaos. It was the distorted conception of dangerous maniacs. Thinking men — that is, men who were commonly in the habit of thinking on other subjects — occasionally picked up stray bits of Anarchistic literature, and from a hasty glance at them formed their conception of the thing itself. They simply went far enough to discover that Anarchy meant abolition of majority rule, and they were so imbued with the idea that society, composed of good and bad men, could not exist, except as a mass of warring people, without such rule, that they set it down as impossible. These were the men who kept on fighting religious superstition after religious superstition was dead. They delighted in creating imaginary dragons and other terrible monsters, and then sallying forth with lance in hand and riding at them full tilt. Their most pleasant pastime was in stuffing the skin of a dead belief with straw and then kicking the straw out of the skin all over the country. They became so engrossed in this seed-bag fox hunting that the real, live fox was stealing and eating their poultry under their very noses. To them the Anarchists were good, able, well-meaning men, but very deluded, very cranky. They had pity for them, pity that so much brain should go to waste when it might be devoted to devising new means whereby old-time and long-since-dead monsters might be revivified and then slain.

"Visionary men, so the Anarchists were called by the liberal; bad men they were called by the bigoted: but they were the least visionary of all men and not one-tenth part so bad as those who called them bad. Their labor was to improve the conditions under which humanity labored, knowing that by this means humanity would be improved. Those who opposed them said: 'Let us improve humanity, and then the conditions under which humanity lives will improve.' Which was the more visionary scheme? How was humanity to be improved? The liberals said by education; the bigots said by religion. Could anything have been more visionary? At the rate education was improving humanity two centuries ago, several more centuries would yet have to elapse before it would have secured much better conditions, and several cycles would have still to elapse if religion were relied upon."

Mr. De Demain had called to invite me to accompany him to a concert, not of music, but of color and motion. It is a new idea in amusements, and I shall tell you about it in some future letter.

JOSEPHINE.

[To be continued.]

Rogues Fallen Out.

The bolt of some of the Republican politicians and journals may be of service to men who are still deluded by this game of politics but are inclined to search for the true meaning of things. The bolters claim to be the best men in the party. They are distinguished from the other knaves by being called "the better element," and they assume that their desertion from the ranks proves the superiority of their virtue and honesty. It simply proves that they are arrant hypocrites and liars. Three months ago they were protesting that the party to which they belonged was honest, capable, patriotic, and incorruptible, and that the charges of rascality made by their opponents were lies out of whole cloth. Today they holy-roll their eyes, avert their faces in pious horror, declare that the nominee of their party is the incarnation of evil, and protest that the party itself has become so rotten that they can no longer remain in its company. They knew all about the moral decomposition of the party during all the time that they were vouching for its purity. They knew when they voted for Garfield that his character was more pitifully despicable than Blaine's. They know now, as they have declared thousands of times, that the Democratic politicians are knaves and tricksters, and yet they propose to join these unspeakable scoundrels in deceiving the people. I hope this squabble among the thieves will open the eyes of some men to the fact that politics is a confidence game and government a knavish trick. The fashion of bolting having been set, let the people bolt the whole scheme, and leave the ballot-boxes to be fashioned into coffins for the acts of Congress, if they want to be free. K.

To the Anarchists of All the World.

The following invitation to attend a universal Anarchistic Congress, to be held at Barcelona, proceeds from the Federal Commission of the Workingmen's Federation of the Spanish Region, to which Liberty is indebted for a copy. The awkward construction of the sentences should be pardoned, as the translation into English was evidently the work of some Spaniard having but an imperfect knowledge of English.

FELLOWS: — The Regional Congress of Valencia having resolved that a Cosmopolite one should be held at Barcelona on the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th of September, 1884, in which we all who on this planet profess the immortal principle of ANARCHY might agree about a line of conduct most conducive to our object, as well as on the economical conditions and the resolution of the problems of exchange and solidarity in the Society of the future, we have the grateful satisfaction of inviting you to take share in this Congress, by which there are to be discussed and analyzed the highest interests for the emancipation of the disinherited class.

At the present historical moments when both the aristocracy of blood and that of money, shrouded up in their most stupid pride, declare themselves inept and unable of contributing to the constant social evolution determined by the rapid progress of modern civilization; and when the middle classes, source of life of the present Society, are going to destroy one another by the pitiless competition which forms their way of existence collectively and individually, and whose immediate victim is always the producer, the proletarian; when all governments attending to the egoistical principle of nationality and promoting the immoral sentiment of patriotism that hallows their tyranny, try to sow hatred between brother nations in order to obtain a fictitious enlargement and sham glory at the cost of the annihilation and ruin of their brethren, and when the tyrants, both that rely on the armies and that rest on their capital, only devise to agree in fighting us, the victims of the *bourgeois* State and the theology of money, — it is just for us workingmen to meet, to discuss, and to find the means to put an end as soon and completely as possible to this corrupt and corrupting Society whose unchecked individualism legitimates the social crime of man's exploitation by man and the tyranny and despotism of a few privileged gentlemen over all other mankind.

We are well aware that both capital and government, joining inevitably to fight us, will most likely intend hindering us from meeting publicly and as freely as would be convenient for our purposes; if such be the case, we shall hold our Congress as best we can, but WE SHALL HOLD IT. We are partisans to the principle that LIBERTY IS NEVER TO BE RENOUNCED, and therefore, publicly, privately, or in both ways, according to circumstances, WE SHALL HOLD OUR CONGRESS IN BARCELONA (SPAIN) during the days of September 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1884.

If you agree in partaking of this Anarchist manifestation in order to share in the discussion of the *order of the day* inserted at the end of this convocation, you may enter in communication with the Federal Commission writing under the direction we give you separately.

We think it superfluous, dear fellows, recommending you the necessity of sending good delegations to this Congress, as the importance of the points to be discussed is so notorious. Nor do we consider it necessary recommending you the utmost circumspection in this matter before we know exactly the intentions of the Spanish government about this Congress, which, though they cannot but be bad as becoming authoritative governors, notwithstanding can be so more or less.

In order that all may understand the importance of the points to be discussed and that at the same time they may be studied by the collectivities, we publish the following

ORDER OF THE DAY.

1. Verification of deeds and constitution of Congress.
2. Election of reporting Commissions.
3. Reading of communications and telegrams.
4. Account of the Commission that organized the Congress.
5. Line of conduct to be adopted in face of the contingencies that may arise.
6. What are the means to hasten, prepare, and organize Social Revolution.
7. Setting up of an economic system that warrants liberty, thoroughly prevents man's exploitation by man, and establishes mutuality of relations and exchanges indispensable in order to live the life of civilization and satisfy its ever increasing wants.
8. How is Anarchy to be practised in order to save liberty, and what are the means to prevent and baffle the attacks it may be exposed to from mismanagement, criminality, vice, etc., etc.
9. Is it convenient that the propaganda in defence of proletarian interests and liberties should be identical in all countries? If so, in what direction is it to be carried on?
10. Account given by the delegates of the state of workingmen's organization in their respective countries.
11. Pact of Friendship and solidarity among the Anarchist workingmen of all regions.
12. Convenience of publishing a quarterly Bulletin supplying an exact account of workingmen's doings all over the world. If agreed, what are to be the resources, the spot, the editors, and the language of the paper?
13. Manifest to all workingmen of the whole world.
14. General propositions.

Besides the aforesaid *order of the day*, the Federations and Sections may send beforehand or by means of their delegates other topics for discussion, which will be included in the general propositions.

We hope to receive statement of arrival of this circular from all persons who get it, and wish the Societies to inform the Federal Commission of the Spanish Region whether they mean to send a delegate of their own, or to have themselves represented by other delegates; all of them will be received at the railway station or at the landing place of the port of Barcelona by workingmen commissioned especially for this purpose.

Expecting your answer with eagerness, we beg to wish you Health, Union, Anarchy, and the speedy triumph of Social Revolution.

THE FEDERAL COMMISSION.

SPAIN, May 1, 1884.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 24. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884. Whole No. 50.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Every person who has been misled by Henry George's defence of interest should read William Hanson's new book pointing out his fallacies and learn therefrom that all usury is plunder.

"La Raison" of Brussels chronicles the death, at the age of seventy, of an Anarchist of long standing, Thomas Bronsin. He was a man of rare energy and a writer of great talent, and once had the honor of being sentenced to death in France for being engaged in a conspiracy against the life of Napoleon III., to say nothing of numerous imprisonments for his services in the cause of Liberty.

Liberty is asked by a friend to answer this question: "What is a monopolist?" Here is the answer: A monopolist is any person, corporation, or institution whose right to engage in any given pursuit of life is secured, either wholly or partially, by any agency whatsoever, — whether the nature of things or the force of events or the decree of arbitrary power, — against the influence of competition.

"Trade unions are wholly non-political," says Ben Butler. This would be important, were it only true, but I am sorry to say it is very far from the truth. Trade unions are largely composed of men who imagine that there is relief from injustice in the ballot-box, and many of them believe Ben Butler when he tells them they can secure their rights by voting for him. When the members of trade unions learn that their emancipation from slavery to capital depends upon their being "wholly non-political," there will be some hope for them

The extract from "Die Zukunft" in another column shows that that paper and Liberty are substantially at one. But when Liberty, in answering "Le Révolté," said that the revolution must take place largely in ideas before it can produce its permanent effects in actual life, it used the word revolution in the larger sense that involves a fundamental change in our industrial, economic, and social systems. It by no means intended to undervalue the single revolutionary acts defended by "Die Zukunft," which it regards, in certain exigencies, not only as justifiable, but as highly useful in bringing about that revolution in ideas which is of prime necessity. "Die Zukunft" is requested to note this important distinction.

Bakounine's "God and the State" bids fair to receive the universal circulation that it deserves. Through its publication in the San Francisco "Truth," and through the large sales, both in this country and England, of my own translation, of which several editions have already been exhausted, it has been read by many thousands of English-speaking people. It is gratifying to know that the Germans, who need its truths more perhaps than people of any other nationality, are now to have an opportunity of knowing them through the enterprise of "Die Zukunft," which is publishing it serially with a view to its later appearance in pamphlet form. The people of Spain are being similarly favored by the "Revista Social." Whether there is an Italian edition or not I do not know. If not, there probably soon will be.

A sign of the times. An eight-page Texas daily and the most influentjal in that State, the Galveston "News," is filling its editorial page with articles that, though not professedly Anarchistic, are really so. Somebody on the staff has got brains and is allowed to use them, which is a phenomenal thing in daily journalism.

A new paper about the size of Liberty has begun to come monthly from Clinton, Iowa. It is called "Foundation Principles," costs fifty cents a year, and is edited by Lois Waisbrooker. One of its foundation principles is "that all gain coming from the use of natural wealth belongs to the party through whose labor it is secured, and not to some other claimant — that no man nor set of men has the moral right to hold land not in actual use from those who need it, and that rent taken for the use of such land is robbery, and illegal when measured by the law of natural justice." Holding this, "Foundation Principles" interests me and so far commands my approval. It is intensely earnest and in a degree intelligent. But its editor will try in vain, as others have before her, to distract the attention of any great number of her fellow-Spiritualists from the "summerland," and her own ardent interest in this earth and its welfare will not be used to the best advantage until she learns that all governmept of man by man is tyranny. In this direction, however, there is hope, for I observe that she is reading Proudhon. No one can read Proudhon carefully and intelligently and still cling to Joel Densmore's reactionary faith in majority rule as a means of securing justice.

How the light does spread! An order came to this office a few days ago from Nanaimo, British Columbia, accompanied by the cash, for twenty dollars' worth of the various pamphlets advertised in Liberty. James Young, who sent the order and whom I take to be a workingman representing himself and a few of his companions, wrote as follows: "The pamphlets are wanted not for sale, but for gratuitous circulation. We mean to educate public opinion here up to the necessity of dealing with burning questions of the day, and for that purpose propose to spend so much money as we can spare." Accordingly two hundred and eighty-two pamphlets were sent at wholesale rates. Judging from past experience, I estimate that this lot of pamphlets, if wisely distributed, will make at least ten converts to Anarchy. That's at the rate of two dollars a convert. Pretty cheap missionary work! If you don't believe it, ask the Christian church. The supporters of that institution pay as high as ten thousand dollars apiece for the salvation of souls. Should not Anarchists, then, who can spread their gospel so much more cheaply and effectively, improve every opportunity to do so? Let laboring people everywhere follow the example of our brave British Columbia friends in educating public opinion. Would that not be better than wasting their limited means in sustaining comparatively useless strikes and utterly mischievous political parties? "Oh!" but I hear some short-sighted operative exclaim, "we cannot feed our children on educated public opinion." Yes, you can, indirectly. That is to say, you can feed your children on what you produce if you are allowed to keep it, and public opinion, once educated, will see that it is no longer stolen from you.

THE ATHEIST'S PRAYER.

[*Translated from the French of* JEAN RICHEPIN *by* BENJ. R. TUCKER.]

Who then are you? Speak out at last. The hour is come.
You cannot always keep your tongue within your head.
Appealed to you have all men, wept and wailed have some.
Why have you nothing said?

Why stay you in the sky, huge bronze of livid hue,
With mocking smile on lips that all speech else avoid?
Impenetrable face and phantom form, are you
Of brain and heart devoid?

Why do you nothing say? Why do we see described
No wrinkle, stubborn spectre, on your brow austere?
Why that stupid air and aspect circumscribed?
Are you too deaf to hear?

If you speak not, then try at least to understand.
Despise me, if you will, but let me see, I pray,
Your face relax to show that I may lift a hand
And you know what I say.

To transform into faith the doubt that me o'erpowers
You need but put a yes into those eyes I spy.
You need but make a sign; my hate no longer towers;
It at your feet will die.

O Mystery proud, wrapped in your dismal veils,
He whom men call father should be one indeed.
If you are my creator, in the shades and vales
How can you see me bleed?

How can you see me humbly kneeling on the stone,
My arms stretched toward you, drowned my voice in accents wild,
And yet no tear beneath your eyelid trickling down?
Am I, then, not your child?

Alms give, in pity's name! So poor am I and weak!
I am not wicked. Good be thou, and look at me.
My poor love-laden heart has nought that it can seek
But to exhale to thee.

But no! I still see on your face that stupid smile.
My cries, my tears, my insults bear no fruit, I fear.
No, you do not speak; you have no thoughts the while;
You have no ears to hear.

Then, after all, do you exist? When I sound space,
Within the infinite depths your shape I never miss.
Is what I see, perchance, the reflex of my face,
Mirrored in that abyss?

Is it my soul that lends a soul unto the world?
Were my heart's dream no more an object of my thought,
Would you in vain, like image on the wild waves whirled
When sun goes down, be sought?

Yes, yes, your haughty silence now is solved for aye.
But I too long have suffered; revenge is now my share.
These lips henceforth shall be of blasphemy the way,
Never again of prayer.

O God, thou floating fog above a field of lies!
O God, thou vain mirage of wishes here below!
Thy glory and thy pride but from our dreams arise.
Without us, thou must go.

One by One They See the Light.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay for Liberty. I am well satisfied with your effort to make your paper instructive, and I hope you will long continue to live and improve it. I shall always feel myself under obligations to it for the new ideas I have got from it. Through reading the "National Reformer" twenty years ago I was enabled to shake myself free from the dogmas of the church, and through reading Liberty I think I can see how all laws and governments of human creation can be abolished and the human race be benefited. Since I commenced to read your paper, I have come to the conclusion that they are not all liberals who profess to be. They are like the church people; they say: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." AARON WADSWORTH.

NEWTON, IOWA, August 21, 1884.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 49.

"I am very glad for Mademoiselle Rosalsky. Life in her family was so painful to her that she would have been contented in any family at all endurable. But I never should have hoped to find her a home like yours."

"Yes, N. told me that her family life was very bad."

"Very bad indeed!" And Lopoukhoff told Madame B. such facts as she would need to know in order to avoid, in her conversations with Vérotchka, touching on subjects which would give her pain by reminding her of her former troubles.

Madame B. listened with much interest, and finally, grasping his hand, she said to him:

"Enough, Monsieur Lopoukhoff; I shall have a nervous attack; and at my age of forty years it would be ridiculous to show that I cannot yet listen in cold blood to a story of family tyranny, from which I suffered so much when young."

"Permit me to say another word; it is of so little importance that perhaps it is not necessary to speak of it. Nevertheless it is better that you should be informed. She is fleeing from a suitor whom her mother wishes to force upon her."

Madame B. became thoughtful, and Lopoukhoff, looking at her, in his turn became thoughtful too.

"This circumstance, if I mistake not, seems of more importance to you than to me?"

Madame B. seemed utterly disconcerted.

"Pardon me," he continued, seeing that she did not know what to say,—"pardon me, but I perceive that you regard this as an obstacle."

"Yes, it is a very serious matter, Monsieur Lopoukhoff. To leave the house of her parents against their will would alone be certain to cause a grave quarrel. But, as I have already told you, that might be overlooked. If she only ran away from their coarseness and tyranny, that could be settled with them in one way or another; in the last extremity a little money would set everything right. But when such a mother forces a marriage, it is evident that the suitor is rich, very rich in fact."

"Evidently," said Lopoukhoff in a very sad tone.

"Evidently! Monsieur Lopoukhoff, he is rich, evidently; that is what has disconcerted me. Under such circumstances the mother could not be satisfied in any way whatever. Now, you know the rights of parents. They would halt at nothing; they would begin an action which they would push to the end."

Lopoukhoff rose.

"There is nothing further to say except to ask you to forget all that I have said to you."

"No, no, stay. I wish first to justify myself in your eyes. I must seem to you very bad. That which should attract my sympathy and protection is just what holds me back. Believe me, I am much to be pitied. Oh, I am much to be pitied!"

She was not shamming. She was really much to be pitied. She felt keenly; for some time her speech was incoherent, so troubled and confused was she. Gradually, nevertheless, order was restored in her thoughts, but even then she had nothing new to say, and it was Lopoukhoff's turn to be disconcerted. Consequently, after allowing Madame B. to finish, though not listening very closely to her explanations, he said:

"What you have just said in your justification was needless. I remained in order that I might not seem impolite and that you might not think that I blame you or am offended. Oh! if I did not know that you are right! How I wish you were not right! Then I could tell her that we failed to come to an agreement, that you did not suit me. That would be nothing, and we should still retain the hope of finding another place and reaching the deliverance so long awaited. But now what shall I say to her?"

Madame B. wept.

"What shall I say to her?" repeated Lopoukhoff, as he went down the stairs.

"What will she do? What will she do?" thought he, as he turned from the Rue Galernaïa into the street leading to the Boulevard Konno-Gvardeisky.

It goes without saying that Madame B. was not as entirely right as the man who refuses the moon to a child. In view of her position in society and her husband's powerful connections, it was very likely, and even certain, that if she had really wished Vérotchka to live with her, Maria Alexevna would have been unable to prevent it or even to cause any serious trouble either to herself or to her husband, who would have been officially responsible in the matter and for whom Madame B. was afraid. Madame B. would simply have been put to a little inconvenience, perhaps even to a disagreeable interview or two; it would have been necessary to demand such protections as people generally prefer to utilize in their own behalf. What prudent man would have taken any other course than Madame B.'s. And who is obliged to do more? We have no right to blame her. Nor, on the other hand, was Lopoukhoff wrong in despairing of Vérotchka's deliverance.

XIV.

For a long time, a very long time, had Vérotchka been sitting on the bench at the place agreed upon, and many times had her heart begun to beat faster as she saw in the distance a military cap.

"At last! There he is! It is he! My friend!" She rose suddenly and ran to meet him. Perhaps he would have regained his courage by the time he reached the bench, but, being taken unawares, he could show only a gloomy countenance.

"Unsuccessful?"

"Yes, my friend."

"And it was so sure? How did it happen? For what reasons? Speak, my friend."

"Let us go to your house; I will escort you, and we will talk as we walk; presently I will tell you the whole story, but first let me collect my thoughts; it is necessary to devise some new plan and not lose courage."

Having said this, he seemed calmer.

"Tell me directly. I cannot bear to wait. Do I understand that it is necessary to devise some new plan and that your first plan is not at all feasible? Is it, then, impossible for me to be a governess? Oh! unfortunate that I am!"

"You are not to be deceived? Yes, then, it is impossible. That is what I intended to tell you, but patience, patience, my friend! Be firm. Whoever is firm always succeeds at last."

"Yes, my friend, I am firm; but it is hard!"

They walked for some time without saying a word.

Lopoukhoff saw that she had a bundle under her cloak.

"I beg you," said he, "my friend, allow me to carry that."

"No, no, it does not trouble me; it is not at all heavy."

Again silence was resumed, and thus they walked for a long time.

"If you knew, my friend, that I have not slept for joy since two o'clock this morning. And when I slept, I had a marvellous dream. I dreamed that I had been delivered from a damp cellar, that I was paralyzed, that I was cured; then, that I ran gaily in the country with a multitude of young girls, who like me had come from dark cellars and been cured of paralysis, and we were so happy at being able to run freely in the fields! Alas! my dream is not realized. And I, who thought to go back to the house no more!"

"My friend, let me carry your bundle; you cannot keep its contents secret from me."

And once more they walked in silence.

"All was so arranged," said Lopoukhoff, at last; "you cannot leave your parents against their will. It is impossible, impossible . . . . . But give me your arm."

"No, do not be troubled; this veil stifles me, that is all."

She raised her veil.

"Ah! I am better now."

"How pale she is! My friend, do not look at things in the worst light; that is not what I meant to say to you; we shall find some means of accomplishing all."

"What! accomplishing all! You say that, my friend, to console me. There is nothing in it."

He did not answer.

"How pale she is! How pale she is! There is a way, my friend."

"What way?"

"I will tell you, when you are a little calmer. You will have to think it over coolly."

"Tell me directly. I shall not be calm until I know."

"No, you are getting excited again; now you are in no condition to come to a serious decision. Some time hence . . . . . Soon . . . . . Here are the steps. *Au revoir*, my friend. As soon as I find you in a condition to give me a cool answer, I will tell you the rest."

"When, then?"

"Day after to-morrow, at the lesson."

"That is too long."

"I will come to-morrow expressly."

"No, sooner."

"This evening."

"No, I will not let you. Come in with me. You say I am not calm enough, that I cannot form a well considered judgment. So be it; but dine with us, and you shall see that I am calm. After dinner mamma is going out, and we can talk."

"But how can I go in? If we enter together, your mother's suspicions will be aroused again."

"Suspicions! What matters it? No, my friend, that is still another reason why you should go in. My veil is raised, and perhaps I have been seen."

"You are right."

XV.

Maria Alexevna was much astonished at seeing her daughter and Lopoukhoff come in together. She fixed her piercing eyes upon them.

"I have come, Maria Alexevna, to tell you that I shall be busy day after to-morrow, and will give my lesson to-morrow. Allow me to take a seat. I am very tired and weary. I should like to rest a little."

"Indeed! What is the trouble, Dmitry Serguéitch? You are very sad. Have they come from a lovers' meeting," she continued to herself, "or did they simply meet by chance? If they had come from a lovers' meeting, they would be gay. Nevertheless, if the difference in their characters had led them into any disagreement, they would have reason to be sad; but in that case they would have quarreled, and he would not have accompanied her home. On the other hand, she went straight to her room without so much as looking at him, ... and yet they did not seem to be at variance. Yes, they must have met by chance. Nevertheless, he must be watched."

"Do not trouble yourself on my account, Maria Alexevna," said Lopoukhoff. "Don't you think that Véra Pavlovna looks a little pale?"

"Vérotchka? She sometimes does."

"Perhaps it was only my imagination. My head whirls, I must confess, under so much anxiety."

"But what is the trouble, then, Dmitry Serguéitch? Have you quarreled with your sweetheart?"

"No, Maria Alexevna, I am well satisfied with my sweetheart. It is with her parents that I wish to quarrel."

"Is it possible? Dmitry Serguéitch, how can you quarrel with her parents? I had a better opinion of you."

"One can do nothing with such a family. They demand unheard-of impossibilities."

"That is another thing, Dmitry Serguéitch. One cannot be generous with everybody; it is necessary to keep within bounds. If that is the case, and if it is a question of money, I cannot blame you."

"Pardon my importunity, Maria Alexevna, but I am turned so completely upside down that I need rest in pleasant and agreeable society. Such society I find only here. Permit me to invite myself to dinner with you, and permit me also to send your Matrœna on a few errands. I believe Dencher's cellar is in this neighborhood, and that he keeps some very fair wines."

A scowl came over Maria Alexevna's countenance at the first word about dinner, but her face relaxed when she heard Matrœna's name and assumed an inquiring expression which seemed to ask: "Are you going to pay for your share of the dinner? At Dencher's! It must be something nice, then!" Lopoukhoff, without even raising his eyes, drew from his pocket a cigar case, and, taking from it a piece of paper which it happened to contain, began to write upon it with a pencil.

"May I ask you what wine you prefer, Maria Alexevna?"

"To tell the truth, Dmitry Serguéitch, I do not know much about wine, and

seldom drink it: it is not becoming in women." (One readily sees from a glance at your face that you do not generally take it.)

"You are quite right, Maria Alexevna, but a little *maraschino* does no one any harm; it is a young ladies' wine. Permit me to order some."

"What sort of wine is that, Dmitry Serguéitch?"

"Oh! it is not exactly wine, it is more of a syrup." Drawing a bill from his pocket, he continued: "I think that will be enough," and after having looked at the order, he added: "But, to make sure, here are five roubles more."

It was three weeks' income and a month's support. No matter, there was nothing else to be done; Maria Alexevna must be generously dealt with.

Maria Alexevna's eyes glistened with excitement, and the gentlest of smiles unconsciously lighted up her face.

"Is there also a confectioner's near here? I do not know whether they keep walnut cake ready made,—in my opinion, that is the best kind of cake, Maria Alexevna,—but, if they do not keep it, we will take what they have. It will not do to be too particular."

He went into the kitchen, and sent Matrœna to make the purchases.

"We are going to feast to-day, Maria Alexevna. I desire to drown in wine my quarrel with her parents. Why should we not feast? My sweetheart and I are getting on swimmingly together. Sometime we shall no longer live in this way; we shall live gaily; am I not right, Maria Alexevna?"

"You are quite right, little father, Dmitry Serguéitch. That is why you scatter money,—something I never expected of you, as I thought you a selfish man. Perhaps you have received some earnest money from your sweetheart?"

"No, I have received no earnest money, Maria Alexevna, but if one has some money perchance, why should he not amuse himself? Earnest money! There is no need of any earnest money. The affair must be as clear as day; otherwise suspicions would be excited. And, moreover, such things are degrading, Maria Alexevna."

"Such things are degrading, Dmitry Serguéitch; you are right; such things are degrading. In my opinion one ought always to be above such things."

"You are quite right, Maria Alexevna."

They passed the three-quarters of an hour which they had to wait for dinner in agreeable conversation on lofty matters only. Among other things Dmitry Serguéitch, in an outburst of frankness, said that the preparations for his marriage had been progressing finely of late. And when will Véra Pavlovna's marriage take place?

On that point Maria Alexevna can say nothing, for she is far from desiring to coerce her daughter.

"That is right; but, if my observations are correct, she will soon make up her mind to marry; she has said nothing to me about it, but I have eyes in my head. We are a pair of old foxes, Maria Alexevna, not easily to be entrapped. Although I am still young, I am an old fox just the same; am I not an old fox, Maria Alexevna?"

"Truly you are, my little father; you are a cunning rogue."

This agreeable and effusive interview with Maria Alexevna thoroughly revived Lopoukhoff. What had become of his sorrow? Maria Alexevna had never seen him in such a mood. Making a pretence of going to her room to get a pocket-handkerchief, she saw fine wines and liquors that had cost twelve roubles and fifty copecks. "We shall not drink more than a third of that at dinner," thought she. "And a rouble and a half for that cake? Truly, it is throwing money out of the window to buy such a cake as that! But it will keep; we can use it instead of confectionery to regale the gossips with."

XVI.

All this time Vérotchka remained in her chamber.

"Did I do right in making him come in? Mamma looked at him so steadily!

"In what a difficult position I have put him! How can he stay to dinner?

"O my God, what is to become of me?

"There is a way, he told me; alas! no, dear friend, there is none.

"Yes! there is one: the window.

"If life should become too burdensome, I will throw myself out.

"That is a singular thing for me to say: if life should become too burdensome, — and is my life now such a joy?

"To throw one's self out of the window! One falls so quickly! Yes, the fall is as rapid as flight; and to fall on the sidewalk, how hard and painful it must be!

"Perhaps there is only the shock, a second after which all is over, and before the fatal moment you are going through the air which opens softly beneath you like the finest down. Yes, it is a good way.

"But then? Everybody will rush to look at the broken head, the crushed face, bleeding and soiled. If, before leaping, you could only sprinkle the spot where you are to fall with the whitest and purest sand, all would be well.

"The face would not be crushed or soiled, nor would it wear a frightful aspect.

"Oh, I know; in Paris unfortunate young girls suffocate themselves with charcoal gas. That is good, very good. To throw yourself out of the window, — no, that is not fitting. But suffocation, — that's the thing, that's the thing.

"How they do talk! What are they saying? What a pity that I cannot tell what they say!

"I will leave a note telling all.

"How sweet the memory of my birthday when I danced with him! I did not know what true life was.

"After all, the young girls of Paris are intelligent. Why should I not be as intelligent as they are? It will be comical: they will enter the chamber, they will be unable to see anything, the room will be full of charcoal gas, the air will be heavy; they will be frightened: 'What has happened? Where is Vérotchka?' Mamma will scold Papa: 'What are you waiting for, imbecile? Break the windows!' They will break the windows, and they will see; I shall be seated near my dressing-table, my face buried in my hands. 'Vérotchka! Vérotchka!' I shall not reply.

"'Vérotchka, why do you not answer? Oh, God, she is suffocated.' And they will begin to cry, to weep. Oh, yes, that will be very comical, to see them weep, and Mamma will tell everybody how much she loved me.

"But he, he will pity me. Well, I will leave him a note.

"I will see, yes, I will see, and I shall die after the fashion of the poor girls of Paris. Yes, I will certainly do it, and I am not afraid.

"And what is there to be so afraid of? I will only wait until he tells me the way of which he speaks. Ways! There are none. He said that simply to calm me.

"What is the use of calming people when there is nothing to be done? It is a great mistake; in spite of all his wisdom, he has acted as any other would. Why? He was not obliged to.

"What is he saying? He speaks in a gay tone, and as if he was joyful.

"Can he, indeed, have found a way of salvation?

"It does not seem possible.

"But if he had nothing in view, would he be so gay?

"What can he have thought of?"

XVII.

"Vérotchka, come to dinner!" cried Maria Alexevna.

Pavel Konstantinytch had just come in, and the cake had been on the table for some time, — not the confectioner's but one of Matrœna's, a cake stuffed with meat, left over from the day before.

"Maria Alexevna, you have never tried taking a drop of brandy before dinner? It is very good, especially this brandy made from bitter orange. As a doctor, I advise you to take some. Taste of it, I beg of you."

"No, no, thank you."

"But if, as a doctor, I prescribe it for you?"

"The doctor must be obeyed, but only a small half-glass."

"A half-glass! It would not be worth while."

"And yourself, Dmitry Serguéitch?"

"I? Old as I am? I have made oath" . . . .

"But it is very good! And how warming it is!"

"What did I tell you? Yes, indeed, it is warming."

("But he is very gay. Can there really be a way? How well he acts toward her, while he has not a glance for me! But it is all strategy just the same.")

They seated themselves at the table.

"Here, Pavel Konstantinytch and I are going to drink this ale, are we not? Ale is something like beer. Taste, Maria Alexevna."

"If you say that it is beer, why not taste of it?"

("What a lot of bottles! Oh, I see now! How fertile friendship is in methods!")

("He does not drink, the cunning rogue. He only carries the glass to his lips. This ale, however, is very good; it has a taste of *krass*, only it is too strong. After I have united Michka and Verka, I will abandon brandy, and drink only this ale. He will not get drunk; he does not even taste of it. So much the better for me! There will be the more left; for, had he wanted to, he could have emptied all the bottles.")

"But yourself, why do you not drink, Dmitry Serguéitch?"

"Oh, I have drank a great deal in my time, Maria Alexevna. And what I have drank will last me a good while. When labor and money failed me, I drank; now that I have labor and money, I need wine no longer, and am gay without it."

The confectioner's cake was brought in.

"Dear Matrœna Stepanovna, what is there to go with this?"

"Directly, Dmitry Serguéitch, directly," and Matrœna returned with a bottle of champagne.

"Véra Pavlovna, you have not drank, nor have I. Now then let us drink too. To the health of your sweetheart and mine!"

"What is that? What can he mean?" thought Vérotchka.

"May they both be happy, your sweetheart and Vérotchka's!" said Maria Alexevna: "and, as we are growing old, may we witness Vérotchka's marriage as soon as possible!"

"You shall witness it soon, Maria Alexevna. Shall she not, Véra Pavlovna?"

"What does he really mean?" thought Vérotchka.

"Come, then! Is it yes, Véra Pavlovna? Say yes, then."

"Yes," said Vérotchka.

"Bravo! Véra Pavlovna, your mother was doubtful; you have said yes, and all is settled. Another toast. To the earliest possible consummation of Véra Pavlovna's marriage! Drink, Véra Pavlovna! Be not afraid. Let us touch glasses To your speedy marriage!"

They touched glasses.

"Please God! Please God! I thank you, Vérotchka. You console me, my daughter, in my old age!" said Maria Alexevna, wiping away the tears. The English ale and the *maraschino* had quickened her emotions.

"Please God! Please God!" repeated Pavel Konstantinytch.

"How pleased we are with you, Dmitry Serguéitch!" continued Maria Alexevna, getting up from the table; "yes, we are well pleased with you! You have come to our house and you have regaled us; in fact, we might say that you have given us a feast!" So spoke Maria Alexevna, and her moist and hazy eyes did not testify in favor of her sobriety.

Things always seem more necessary than they really are. Lopoukhoff did not expect to succeed so well; his object was simply to cajole Maria Alexevna that he might not lose her good will.

Maria Alexevna could not resist the brandy and other liquors with which she was familiar, and the ale, the *maraschino*, and the champagne having deceived her inexperience, she gradually grew weaker and weaker. For so sumptuous a repast she had ordered Matrœna to bring the *samovar* when dinner was over, but it was brought only for her and Lopoukhoff.

Vérotchka, pretending that she wanted no tea, had retired to her room. Pavel Konstantinytch, like an ill-bred person, had gone to lie down as soon as he had finished eating. Dmitry Serguéitch drank slowly; he was at his second glass when Maria Alexevna, completely used up, pleaded an indisposition which she had felt since morning, and withdrew to go to sleep. Lopoukhoff told her not to trouble herself about him, and he remained alone and went to sleep in his arm-chair after drinking his third glass.

"He too, like my treasure, has entered into the Lord's vineyard," observed Matrœna. Nevertheless her treasure snored loudly, and this snoring undoubtedly awakened Lopoukhoff, for he arose as soon as Matrœna, after clearing the table, had betaken herself to the kitchen.

XVIII.

"Pardon me, Véra Pavlovna," said Lopoukhoff, on entering the young girl's room, — and his voice, which at dinner had been so loud, was soft and timid, and he no longer said "My friend," but "Véra Pavlovna," — "pardon my boldness. You remember our toasts; now, as husband and wife cannot be separated, you will be free."

"My dear friend, it was for joy that I wept when you entered."

He took her hand and covered it with kisses.

"You, then, are my deliverer from the cellar of my dream? Your goodness equals your intelligence. When did this thought occur to you?"

"When we danced together."

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

The Foundations of Trade.

In a Connecticut court, some time ago, a man was tried for obtaining money by false pretences. He had sold some diamonds which the buyer took to be old mine stones, but which, when washed, proved to be Cape diamonds and not worth the price paid. The judge, whose name was Deming, discharged the man, and gave his reasons for so doing in these words:

> If a seller knows of a defect in his goods and does not reveal it, he may be and probably is guilty of a moral fraud, but this moral fraud has not yet grown into a legal fraud. There must be active fraud, for the law does not compel a seller to disclose all that he knows; if it did, it would sap the foundation of trade.

I am forced to admire the candor of the judge who so freely admits that the law has failed in all these thousands of years to get itself into complete accord with right, when the claim of jurists, legislators, and rulers the world over is that the law is the crystallization of human wisdom, and that it is necessary as a means of forcing men to be moral. This judge is apparently something of a liberal in law, as the first New England "come-outers" were liberals in religion, and I advise him to cast aside some more of his legal superstition and inquire whether the law itself is not a moral fraud. He seems to understand the principle, or rather the lack of principle, which lies at the foundation of the disorderly system of exchange called trade. All our buying and selling is based upon fraud. The best business man is he who best conceals what he knows, obtains goods for less than their value, and sells them for more than their cost. To eliminate moral fraud from the system of exchange would, in the opinion of a learned judge, sap the foundation of trade. It would make cost the limit of price, abolish interest, and make it inexpedient for one man to cheat another. And such a condition of business, thinks the learned judge, would be incompatible with the prosperity of traders. The traders themselves think the same thing, or rather they imagine that disaster would follow honest dealing because they do not think at all. If they could be induced to think without prejudice on this subject of exchange, they would see that the great moral fraud which pollutes all the channels of commerce is the monopoly of credit protected by the conspiracy against prosperity called government. Every existing bank of issue is a legalized fraud. It issues money which is a fraud on the people, and cheats them by charging them interest for service which is wholly imaginary. When the bank gets four per cent. interest, it swindles the borrower out of three and one-half per cent., for the cost of its service is not more than one-half of one per cent. The merchant who borrows of the bank must figure the interest in the cost of his goods, and the merchant who does not borrow figures imaginary interest the same way. And so everybody cheats everybody else, until the process gets down to the laborer, who has to bear the burden without being able to shift it. That any honest condition of trade is possible does not occur to the merchant, who sees that, in order to steer clear of bankruptcy, he must practice the moral fraud which the law sanctions. If the merchant would take the trouble to read the series of articles on "Liberty and Wealth" written by "H" for Liberty, he would discover how banking and trading can be carried on without fraud, moral or active, and would learn that the foundations of trade based upon the cost principle could not be sapped by full disclosure of the truth about everything connected with a business man's affairs. K.

Anarchism, True and False.

There seems to be no end of those singularly ordered minds who can conceive of no radical system of reform except something is to be torn down, ripped up, blown to pieces, or annihilated after some terrible fashion. These persons will have it that the Anarchist is a mere destructionist, — that he is bent upon levelling down all existing institutions. They see blood in his eye and dynamite in his boots as they sadly inquire: "Well, what do you propose to substitute in their place, after you have levelled down all existing institutions?"

The philosophy of Anarchism has nothing whatever to do with violence, and its central idea is the direct antipodes of levelling. It is the very levelling purpose itself projected by republican institutions against which it protests. It is opposed, root and branch, to universal suffrage, that most mischievous levelling element of republics. Its chief objection to the existing State is that it is largely communistic, and all communism rests upon an artificial attempt to level things, as against a social development resting upon untrammelled individual sovereignty. Sifted to its elements, the government of the United States is after all nothing but a mild form of State Socialism. The true Anarchist indicts it largely on this very ground. He is opposed to all manner of artificial levelling machines. How pitiful the ignorance which accuses him of wanting to level everything, when the very integral thought of Anarchism is opposed to levelling!

Unfortunately for the integrity of true Anarchistic thought, there is a class of ranting enthusiasts who falsely call themselves Anarchists, but who have in reality never repudiated the central idea upon which the existing State is founded. As types of these we may cite Burnette G. Haskell of the San Francisco "Truth" and Johann Most of the "Freiheit." The class represented by Haskell are State Socialists who, while shouting the battle cry of "the revolution" and calling for the overthrow of existing institutions, have absolutely nothing more in their proposed machine than an enlargement of the destructive central principle which generates all that is reprehensible in the existing order. These men want more government, more centralization, more absorption of individual concerns by the central machine, — in short, in the last analysis, *more politics*. They are not Anarchists in the logic of individualistic thought. They are masquerading in a livery that does not belong to them.

Herr Most occupies the still more ridiculous position of a State Communist, if indeed such a term is comprehensible. Communism is indeed levelling, and hence Anarchism is utterly and radically opposed to it. Communism being impossible in Nature, its propagandism and proposed realization can rest upon nothing short of violence. Herr Most boldly accepts the situation; hence he would destroy and confiscate property by whatever methods might seem effectual, sparing not the torch, dynamite, or any of the terrible devices of Pluto. He would assassinate rich men by the wholesale, and drive all enemies of his schemes from the earth. When the morning sun of successful revolution shall rise, he would then organize all the concerns of men into communes and level all human conditions with a vengeance. Yet Herr Most calls himself an Anarchist. I would not disturb him in whatever satisfaction he may find in that name but for the very serious reason that he is no Anarchist at all. The man who wrote "Die Eigenthums-Bestie" expresses the very methods of remedial organization which it is the bottom purpose of Anarchism to protest against. All Communism, under whatever guise, is the natural enemy of Anarchism, and a Communist sailing under the flag of Anarchism is as false a figure as could be invented.

The Anarchist does not want to destroy all existing institutions with a crash and then inaugurate the substituting process on their ruins. He simply asks to be let alone in substituting false systems *now*, so that they may gradually fall to pieces by their own dead weight. He asks the humble privilege of being allowed to set up a free bank in peaceable competition with the government subsidized class bank on the opposite corner. He asks the privilege of establishing a private post office in fair competition with the governmentally established one. He asks to be let alone in establishing his title to the soil by free occupation, cultivation, and use rather than by a title hampered by vested rights which were designed to keep the masses landless. He asks to be allowed to set up his domestic relations on the basis of free love in peaceable competition with ecclesiastically ordered love, which is a crime against Nature and the destroyer of love, order, and harmony itself. He asks not to be taxed upon what has been robbed from him under a machine in which he has practically no voice and no choice. In short, the Anarchist asks for free land, free money, free trade, free love, and the right to free competition with the existing order at his own cost and on his own responsibility, — liberty.

Is there any violence in all this? Is there artificial levelling? Finally, is there any want of readiness to substitute something in the place of what we condemn? No, all we ask is the right to peaceably place Liberty in fair competition with privilege. Existing governments are pledged to deny this. Herein will reside the coming struggle. Who is the party of assault and violence? Is it the Anarchist, simply asking to be let alone in minding his own business, or is it the power which, aware that it cannot stand on its own merits, violently perpetuates itself by crushing all attempts to test its efficiency and pretensions through peaceable rivalry? X.

The Morality of Mediation.

There is war between France and China, waged by the former to extend her power and gain control of trade, and by the latter for self-protection. So long as they damage only each other and convert only Frenchmen and Chinamen into fertilizing material, the world looks on unmoved, and lifts no finger to stop the wholesale murder. But let them embarrass that great cheating operation known as commerce, and all the great nations will arise in righteous indignation and demand that the unholy conflict be stopped. The species of "morality" which is at the bottom of the proposition that the quarrel be settled by American arbitration is well illustrated in the New York "Herald's" editorial on the subject. The Herald says the cost to China must be reckoned in human lives, "for these Chinese have a deplorable habit of gathering in forts, about a thousand or two thousand together. Then the invaders come and kill them all, resisting to the last." This great mirror of modern civilization then goes on to compare China to an apartment house, in which all nations are tenants, and France to a tenant having a row with the landlord and threatening to smash all the crockery in the place. "We admire you," says the "Herald" to France, "but when it comes to a question of crockery we venture most humbly to protest. Bully your landlord if you will, for he is a feeble creature. But, by every saint in the calendar, we implore you to spare our kitchen utensils."

Well put, indeed! Go on, France; bombard cities and massacre Chinamen to your heart's content, and the governments of the world will not interfere with your amusement. Human bodies are cheap. Smash them, blow them to shreds, sink them in iron coffin-ships! They are easily replaced. In fact, there are too many of them, and they cumber the earth. Besides, your rotting brother makes excellent manure to stimulate the growing of crops for the rest of us to eat. Kill the cook if you please, but punch holes in the bottom of the kettles if you dare. The Chinaman is weaker than you, and it is therefore none of

our business to interfere when you thrash him. It is the fashion now to rob, swindle, and abuse those who are unable to protect themselves. Force is the only moral law we recognize. But beware how you interrupt the flow of commerce, which is of more importance to us than justice, honor, or human life. Capital is our god, and the usurer is its prophet, and in defence of these we will sacrifice our lives, fortunes and sacred honor, and paint the planet red with the blood of toilers. Oh, a great and glorious thing is modern civilization! K.

Liberty and Wealth.

VIII.

THE NEW HARMONY: SMITH'S CONVERSION.

I called at the Smiths' by appointment to finish my account of New Harmony. Smith gave me a great surprise. Without a greeting of any kind, not even asking me to sit down, he pulled a crumpled paper out of his pocket, and said:

"Wife and I have talked it thoroughly over, and, strange to say, we have agreed on the following three things."

I sank into a chair, he did the same, and the wife entered with her knitting.

He proceeded to read:—

"1. The country needs a uniform currency,—not a 'legal-tender,' but an *equitable-tender*. The Greenback theory of National money is suicidal. No currency can be the currency of the people which the people are not free to accept or reject at any moment.

"2. What is wanted to give circulation to money is established credit. In other words, it must be redeemable. There must be substantial security, so that every individual receiving it is assured that he is not holding only a bit of paper which has neither father, mother, uncle, aunt, or cousin,—no responsible paternity or relative he can reach.

"3. Money must not only be issued with the responsibility and security definitely understood and approachable; it must be issued as cheaply as possible. Neither government nor favored individuals must be able to claim any other monopoly than they can establish by virtue of those two conditions: security and cheapness."

Mr. Jonathan Smith handed me the slip of paper when he had concluded the reading, and remarked:—

"You can keep that as a landmark."

And Mrs. Smith added: "You will credit us with having made some progress in the last few days."

"Yes," cried Smith, "I caught on the other night after you left, and wife and I have talked a steady stream ever since. It was as if I had suddenly turned a corner of the street I'd been traveling all my life, and a new idea revealed itself. From that moment the whole business has fallen into shape, and we haven't disputed a word since. We thought we had started life together, Sarah and I, twelve years ago; but it was a mistake. We've been traveling different roads ever since. Now, for the first time, we go together, because our minds go together. Sarah, I must own, got the start of me. She tumbled, as the boys say, to the idea, as you know, almost at the start. But you see, her mind wasn't preoccupied with old rubbish. You see a woman has the advantage in looking at a new idea. She hasn't so many old ones to get rid of."

Smith laughed heartily, as he always does when he believes he has perpetrated a joke.

"Now," said he, "there is no need of your describing that New Harmony factory. We know all about it. When I was a boy, I used to drop a lump of saleratus into a glass of cider. Of course I knew what the result would be every time. Just so with equity in business,—labor for labor. The thing settles itself. You've only got to work out the details. Its just as though you had a measuring stick,—so many feet, so many yards."

"Not quite so easy as that," interposed Mrs. Smith. "But, of course, the whole business is simplified where you have a standard, a rule of exchange, labor for labor, or property for property according to the cost of producing it."

"Well, as to that factory," Smith continued. "In the first place, the rooms are well ventilated. Then, no one works more than eight hours a day. There are no puny children there dying by inches. They have struck an average day's work, or hour's work, perhaps The head of the establishment works more hours and gets more pay. But the rest get all they need or want. Since the distinction, if they get ambitious in such a community, is not one of wealth, but of intellectual attainment, nobody cares to have the reputation of a Gould or Vanderbilt They would regard the richest man in the world as a fool, or as foolish. The idea of turning one's self into a mere money chest! Ha! ha! ha! what a dunce!"

Smith's laugh was exhilarating.

I confess I was quite taken back by the whole exhibition. I never expected to see in him so great a transformation.

Then came into my mind the saying: "Marvel not that I said ye must be born again."

Smith was born again.

And if Smith,—why not all the world,—everybody,—anybody?

I agreed with him that there was no need of our going on with reports from New Harmony. He and his wife had already arrived on the spot, and they could explore at leisure.

"We shall do more than explore," cried Smith; "we shall start in business at once. You see yonder store on the corner, or what used to be a store. Well, we have an eye on it. We may open there before the winter sets in. We'll just toss a lump of equity into this hum-drum, rantankerous old town, and see if the lump won't leaven."

"Capital idea!" I exclaimed.

"And Sarah will do missionary work. She has already an essay begun on the subject for the Dickens Club this winter. You see the Dickens Club have an original essay for some one of its members every month, and the subject is always left to the writer. Luck favors, points the way. Sarah is the appointee for the next essay. What do you suppose is the subject she has already chosen? And the essay, too, is half-written. It is—she can tell you herself."

"I have chosen," said Mrs. Smith, "this, but I may change it. 'The New Harmony—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—Considered.'"

"That is capital!" I exclaimed. "Now I will go, I would like to stay and talk till morning. But it is a habit so many have. They waste all their energies in talk, in telling what they are going to do. When they get ready they are like the Dutchman who went so far back to get a good start for a jump that, when he returned to the jumping place, he was all out of breath. Let us avoid too much preliminary."

I confess to a little diplomacy. I was talking to Smith. I knew he would have approved those sentiments before his awakening, but I was fearful, from the signs already shown, lest he might get himself drunk with the new wine of Harmony, and so lose his hold on the project of a store on the corner.

A corner store is a simple matter.

An ambitious man with imagination once enthused might very easily leave that behind him as a mere dot on the realm of great things he was destined to accomplish.

I know very well, when two or more kindred spirits get together and go over the field of reform, they are pretty sure to plan work for the generations to come instead of for themselves. They see so far and so much. After that, it is difficult to compress themselves into the lesser practical scope of one mortal's ambition.

The question was: Would Jonathan Smith set about reforming the whole world, or would he content himself with a grocery store in Springville?

When I reached home, I own that I was half ashamed of having indulged myself in this petty egotism: as if the Smiths could not manage themselves!

Suppose they do or don't establish a grocery-store?

If they do, it will be because they are up to it.

If they don't, it will be because they are not up to it.

It is only a question of fact.

Or did my little word about *doing* first, and reserving the too-much-talk till old age creeps upon us, for instance, have some part in determining what the fact shall be?

In other words, was Smith's *character* at all affected by my speech?

On the whole, I incline to think we are none of us cast-iron.

We are souls, and impressionable.

I hope I made a good impression on Smith.

There will be no need of my reporting his grocery store in Liberty.

The world will announce the fact,—if he succeeds.

As to Mrs. Smith's essay,—I'm *sure* of that.

She is a woman who will do all she undertakes.

I like a woman who can sit serenely, and knit, knit, knit,—but to whom the world is as an open secret.

When the winter comes, I shall ask Liberty to print Sarah Smith's essay in full.

If the Dickens Club of Springville have aught to say, after its reading, worth remembering, Liberty shall also receive its comments.

And now, reader, a word to you.

I was fully intending to go on for some little time and tell the Smiths all about the New Harmony factory, and there were several other things on my mind.

But when he took the wind all out of my sails,—although he omitted much,—I lost interest in it.

When one suddenly is led to experience a new sensation, other sensations drop out and for the time are forgotten.

Smith's conversion so astonished me, I felt and still feel as though the old world was propped up anew.

At any rate my vocation at the Smiths' was gone.

I am not altogether sorry, though my story was spoiled.

However, let us go on serenely.

'Tis a wise world,—in the long run,—and will take care of itself.

But I should as soon think of suicide as of forgetting that I am, as you are, whoever you are, a GOOD-FOR-SOMETHING PART OF THAT WORLD. H.

Free Societies Again.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In your criticism of my article on "Free Societies" I find much with which I substantially agree. I clearly perceive the necessity for constructive Anarchistic work in the large cities. I believe that from the great armies of the artisans and the wage workers shall come the practical exemplification of the principles of individual self-sovereignty, voluntary mutualism, and industrial equity, on a more extended scale, perhaps, than from any other source. The multiform interests, the various and contrasting if not conflicting industries, the cosmopolitan nature of the population, the close contact and swift interchange of ideas, and the terrible presence of want in that human hive, the city, all tend to the questioning and final rejection of the Old, to the examination and final acceptance of the New.

In so far, then, as the application of Anarchistic principles in the cities is concerned, we are agreed. But there are some other considerations, which you overlook in your reply to me, and one of these is the fact that I said nothing against such work. I simply filed a demurrer to Elisée Reclus's sweeping indictment of isolated societies, and advanced a few arguments and cited some facts in support of my contention that they are not only necessary, but in the highest degree useful. And this leads directly to the consideration of another part of the subject, one seemingly overlooked by you.

The industrial and social emancipation of the rural and village populations cannot safely be permitted to lag behind that of the cities. The food supply of the world comes almost entirely from the people who in one way and another attend to the cultivation of the soil, and these rapidly-filling ranks of production must be organized upon the basis of the principles of the new industrial civilization. We are accustomed to boast of the purity and devotion to liberty of the country populace, but never was boasting more inappropriate and misplaced. If ignorance and mis-education regarding natural law are purity, then indeed are the masses of the farming population pure; while their conception of liberty is that embodied in a majority despotism which lays its hand upon and controls every private concern of the individual. Necessarily scattered and isolated, farmers have not been able to co-operate to any extent worthy of mention, and the work of production is carried on in a most laborious and wasteful

(Continued on page 8.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

"And it was at the same moment that I too felt your goodness. You make me free. Now I am ready to suffer; hope has come back to me. I shall no longer stifle in the heavy atmosphere that has oppressed me; for I know that I am to leave it. But what shall we do?"

"It is already the end of April. At the beginning of July I shall have finished my studies; I must finish them in order that we may live. Then you shall leave your cellar. Be patient for only three months more, and our life shall change. I will obtain employment in my art, though it will not pay me much; but there will be time left to attend to patients, and, taking all things together, we shall be able to live."

"Yes, dear friend, we shall need so little; only I do not wish to live by your labor. I have lessons, which I shall lose, for Mamma will go about telling everybody that I am a wretch. But I shall find others, and I too will live by my labor; is not that just? I should not live at your expense."

"Who told you that, dear Vérotchka?"

"Oh! he asks who told me! Have not you yourself always entertained me with such ideas, you and your books? For your books are full of such thoughts. A whole half of your books contains nothing but that."

"In my books? At any rate I never said such a thing to you. When, then, did I say so?"

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 49.

V.

THE STATE AND SELFISHNESS.

BOSTON, September 6, 2084.

My Dear Louise:

In my last letter I mentioned that I was to attend a novel entertainment with Mr. De Demain as escort. The concert hall is an immense building in the West Roxbury park and will seat twenty thousand people, I think Mr. De Demain said. I should judge there were that many present on the evening when my kind friend and I were of the number. There is a large circular platform in the centre of the hall on which the performances are given. This performance it is about as hard for me to describe as a musical concert would be for one who had never seen a musical instrument or heard a tune. The effect is produced by a series of harmonious blendings of innumerable colors and forms with an occasional discharge of noiseless pyrotechnics. Objects made of twenty different materials and of a hundred different shapes and shades of color, calcium lights, different colored fires, stereoscopes, and many mechanical contrivances unseen, help to make up a grand and pleasing entertainment, the whole a sort of gigantic kaleidoscope with additions and improvements. I never spent two hours more pleasantly than I did gazing at the blending of colors and forms that night. Returning home, Mr. De Demain discoursed something as follows, often interrupted, of course, by questions from me:

"Music is by no means a thing of the past. Wagner, Mozart, Haydn, and a dozen more whose names you are familiar with, as well as musicians of more modern times and just as great masters of the art, have thousands, millions of admirers. But while music has the same basis as the concert which you attended tonight, — harmony, — the former appeals to the passions, while the latter does not. Music fired the soul for war and warmed the heart for love; such harmony as you witnessed tonight soothes the mind for sleep, or for calm, dispassionate thought. It makes men thinkers, — dreamers if you will, — instead of fighters and lovers. Music is like wine, it inflames and stimulates for the moment; such a concert as you saw tonight is like a mild narcotic, it quiets the animal and thus allows the man more freedom. Man has improved much under a century of Anarchy, and this is an outgrowth of it. As man grows wiser and better, he constantly devises means and conceives sentiments whereby he becomes still wiser and still better. Improvement brings with it still greater possibilities for improvement. So this entertainment, a result of improved conditions of life and purer sentiment, is also the cause of still better conditions, by stimulating thought, and of still purer sentiment."

"Is it not," asked I, "because man is so much better and wiser today than he was two centuries ago that Anarchy is so successfully practised?"

"It is because of Anarchy that man is so much better and wiser. Said they who opposed it in your time, 'Oh, yes, Anarchy will do when all men are perfect, or nearly so, but for it to be a success man must be divested of his selfishness. He must be willing to help his brother for his brother's sake, and the world for the sake of the world. Man today is too much of a selfish animal for Anarchy, and he will be for several centuries' — and after delivering themselves of this wise remark, they would turn on their heels and walk away.

"Selfishness is certainly a strong quality of man's nature, and Anarchy recognizes this fact and provides for it. The State was constantly demanding that man disregard self for the benefit of other selves with whom he had no sympathy and who had no moral claim upon him. The State said to man, 'you must be unselfish; you must aid and love all mankind unless I specify certain individuals or nations that you must hate and strive to injure all possible.' Anarchy says, 'selfishness is a part of man's individuality; let it act freely, and human discretion will curb it enough.'

"The State gathered everything within its grasp and doled out a small quantity to this one and a large quantity to that one, and there was in consequence constant wrangling. The worst feature of selfishness was continually being brought to the surface. If no one man has a chance for more than a dozen, most men will be satisfied with a dozen, but if one man is to have a hundred, all men desire a hundred. This is the sort of selfishness fostered by the State. Anarchy simply says to all men, 'here is the earth with plenty for all, help yourselves.' It is selfishness that prompts man to take his fair share, but it is a natural and entirely proper selfishness, and Anarchy sees wisely that it is so and does wisely in allowing it to act without restraint or irritation. Thus are prevented many of the crimes for whose punishment States were thought necessary."

"You say Anarchy invites everyone to take his fair share from the bounties of the earth; how is it determined what shall be a fair share?" asked I.

"By the labor expended in wresting wealth from nature's grasp, not, as was formerly the case, by the ingenuity displayed in robbing the less ingenious. Under the State the conditions of social life were so arranged, or disarranged rather, that the individual life of everyone was a constant struggle. The poor man struggled against absolute want, the well-to-do struggled to become better-to-do and not to become worse, the rich struggled to become more and more rich, struggling constantly, too, against those less rich who struggled to be richer. The State was like an unhealthy marsh from which arose and spread abroad miasmic particles (laws) which irritated the human tissues until a fever ensued which gnawed at the stomach and tore at the brain. This fever became so prevalent that most men believed it the natural state of man's system, and they looked upon those who had not this fever as the ones diseased. Truly all the world was mad, and those few who were sane were looked upon by insane humanity as being most insane.

"Struggle has been succeeded by progress. The wild-eyed, hot-breathed god of greed has abdicated in favor of the clear-eyed, sweet-faced, plump-formed goddess of plenty. Every man knows that nature has locked up for him in her storehouse enough for all at least of his more pressing needs, and his individual labor is the only key by means of which his store can be got. The robber has no means of entry. There is no State with a duplicate key which it may give up at will to the plunderer."

"Man, then, has fallen into a state where he is without ambition or energy beyond enough to provide himself daily with food, clothing, and shelter?" I suggested.

"No, man is still an ambitious and energetic creature, as you may imagine by what you have seen during your stay among us. He has lost, however, certain ambitions and energies. He is no longer ambitious to rule his fellow man or to rob his fellow man that he may become a millionaire. The energy formerly expended in the struggle for wealth and power is now turned into other channels. Such an entertainment as we have enjoyed tonight is a far better result of man's energy than the accumulation of a fortune. There is about so much force and ingenuity in man, and it is bound to work itself out in some way. If this force and ingenuity is expended in gaining wealth by legalized robbery of those who labor, it cannot be used in devising means whereby more wealth can be produced with less labor, or whereby man may be made happier. Enough human energy was expended in warfare during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries to have pushed humanity ahead at least ten centuries, had there been no wars."

"I judge from what you say that warfare is a thing of the past."

"Yes, war was simply a means whereby States decided their quarrels. The abolishment of the State was the abolishment of war. No human force is wasted in that way now, no human lives are lost, no accumulated wealth is squandered."

Mr. De Demain said "Good night," for we had reached my room, and I also will say "Good night" to you.

JOSEPHINE.

[To be continued.]

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN.

By AUBERON HERBERT.

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

Concluded from No. 49.

"And now," said Angus, "leaving further consideration of the principles, let me ask you for the net result. How would you give practical effect to such views?"

"The government, as pointed out by Mr. Spencer, must confine itself simply to the defence of life and property, whether as regards internal or external defence. You can defend neither of these systems, both of which involve the use of force, on true moral grounds; they can only be imperfectly defended under the law of self-preservation, which we extend to others beyond ourselves. But in the world as it is, those who use force must be repelled—and effectively repelled—by force. By their own act they place themselves in the force-relation, and, barbarous as is the relation, we must accept it just as far as they thrust it on us. Farther the Government must not go. It must not attempt any service of any kind for the people, from the mere mechanism of carrying their letters to that most arrogant and ill-conceived of all universal schemes, the education of their children. All services which the people require must be done by themselves, grouped according to their wants and their affinities in their own natural groups, and acting by means of voluntary association. The system would be one of free-trade carried out logically and consistently in every direction. We should then be quit both of the politician, with that enormous bribing power which he proposes by offering services to one part of the people at the cost of another part, and of that fatal compression of ideas, energies, and experimental efforts which results whenever universal systems are imposed upon a nation. Those people who wish to make their fellow-men wise, or temperate, or virtuous, or comfortable, or happy, by some rapid exercise of power, little dream of the sterility that belongs to the universal systems which they so readily inflict on them. Some day they will open their eyes and see that there never yet has been a great system sustained by force under which all the best faculties of men have not slowly withered."

"As regards property, what would be the system which a Government ought to defend?" said Angus.

"There is no choice except between an open market in all things—that is, free acquisition and complete ownership—or a more or less socialistic Government. If Government undertakes in any way the task of arranging and distributing property, it at once enters on the force-relation. It presumes to set itself above all fixed moral relations of men, and to create for them out of its imagination the conditions under which they are to stand to each other. And notice that free-trade and free acquisition of all property stand and fall together. Either a man may do the best for himself with his faculties, or he and his faculties may be sacrificed for the advantage of others. Our great effort at this moment should be to reconcile our people heartily to private property, whether in land or in any other thing (Mr. Spencer draws a line between the two, but I am unable to follow him), and to lead them to see that no nation can in any true sense be free which allows a Government of the day to model and remodel that which touches a man's life so nearly as his property. That English land is not largely held by the small owners is a great public calamity, but it is not to be repaired by the greater one of small or big confiscations. Remove at once—as you would have done years ago, had the Liberal party remained true to its traditions, and not gone popularity and sensation hunting, under Mr. Gladstone's leadership—all legal impediments that yet exist to free sale. Insist that the living owner should be the full owner in the sight of the law courts; avoid all ridiculous measures for patching up the present landlord and tenant system, and the land will soon naturally and healthily find its way into the hands of the people. Any way, it is better to bear the evils of delay than to demoralize a whole nation in their spirit and their aims by accepting the bribes of the politician to take from the few to give to the many."

"And taxes, Mr. Markham?" asked Angus.

"All taxes must be voluntary," said Markham.

"Voluntary!" said Angus, drawing the longest of breaths.

"There is no moral foundation for taking taxes by force. Those who pay taxes have not put themselves outside the reasonable relation, and therefore you cannot justly compel payment at their hands. The Dissenters were on the right track when they refused to pay Church-rates, and every measure to which a man objects is a Church-rate if you have the courage and the logic to see it. Your present plan, Mr. Bramston, is to tread men's objections as mere soil under your feet. It won't do. No plan by which one man treads another man's freedom of action underfoot will do. Besides, Mr. Bramston, can you not see what lies before you in the near future? This unjustifiable power of taking money from others, even from those unborn, has led to such extravagance, such waste, and such heavy burdens that the people everywhere, improving upon the honest methods of the politicians, are beginning to ask the question, 'Granted that, as you teach us, our wishes are the law of right, why should we pay debts we have never incurred?'"

"And what about the debt itself?" asked Angus.

"An upright people, not trained to juggling metaphysics about the right and the convenient, will redeem, and ought to redeem, every penny of it. But they must do so voluntarily. The question has its difficulties, but I can find no right to force payment from those who did not contract it, great as I think would be the wrong towards the holders if it were not paid. I should give the holders a mortgage on all existing national property."

"And the franchise?" asked Angus.

"The franchise would depend on the payment of an income-tax for which everybody, down to the lowest workman, would be voluntarily liable. Everybody, man or woman, paying it would have the right to vote; those who did not pay it would be—as is just—without the franchise. There would be no other tax. All indirect taxation, excise and customs, would be abolished, freeing the trading genius of the country with results that we can scarcely foresee."

"And could you ask the workmen to accept such a tax?" said Angus.

"If you wish to treat them as equal reasonable beings with yourself and to speak the truth to them, if you wish them to cultivate the highest kind of self-respect, to despise all favors and bribes, and to share power because they share burdens—yes," replied Markham. "If you mean to continue the politician's game, to trade upon the selfishness and the unfairness that are in human nature, to tread the principle of true equality under foot, and buy all those who can be bought for your side—no."

"And municipal government, with its care of streets?" asked Angus.

"You must let me reserve that matter for our next talk."

"And existing institutions—the Established Church, the House of Lords, the Crown—what would you do?" asked Angus.

"I fear that I must look upon them all as signposts that point the wrong way and condemn themselves. All privileged and artificial institutions, whether for the few or the many, are destructive and anarchical in their character, as they obscure our perception of the great and simple moral relations on which our dealings with each other must be founded. Our subject is to teach the people to look on the equal and universal relations that are created by liberty as the most sacred thing in the world, and we must spare no darling institution of any class tending to perpetuate the idea of privilege."

"And Ireland?" asked Angus.

"Ireland must decide for herself," said Markham. "Why not grant its freedom for the sake of principle instead of for the sake of convenience, as you will do in a few years. But the landowners should be bought out; and if the north-east of Ireland elects to stay with England, let it do so."

"Would Mr. Spencer agree to such applications of his principles?" asked Angus.

"I fear that Mr. Spencer would dissent. You must not regard him as responsible for the corollaries which I have drawn.* He would say that a truly equitable social system can be reached only as fast as men themselves become truly equitable in their sentiments and ideas, and in the meantime we must decide as well as we can on the relatively right, referring continually to the absolutely right, with the view of taking care that we move towards it, and not away from it," replied Markham.

"And now once more for the net result," said Angus. "What would be the effect of carrying out such a policy?"

"Why, such a lightening of the ship as would give her power to float in any weather. You are sadly weighing and crippling her now. You do not recognize how enormous is the amount of enterprise and energy that is restrained by this ever-encroaching matter of politics; not simply because whenever the State undertakes a great service even those who possess the most energy cease to think and to combine and to attempt for themselves, but by the sheer misdirection of effort. How many men there are who could give more time and thought to their own work—which is the true way of benefiting others—if they were not obliged to be politicians. You have made these bloated politics of such importance that the busiest workers can neither afford to follow them with any care nor yet to neglect them. To all such men they are a perpetual vexation and distraction. If you wish to economise the best brain-energy of the country, reduce politics to the humble sphere that belongs to them, reduce Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury to the smaller proportions for which two such men, highly gifted as they are, are fitted; disband this frightful standing army of politicians that, like other armies, eats up the people whom it claims to serve, and return it to useful occupations in civil life. Our great object should be not only to bring to an end the wasteful processes of Government work—the overgrown departments, the official mismanagements, the heavy burden of taxation, the innumerable occasions of rivalry, of personal ambition, and corrupt uses of power—but to recall all human effort from a wrong direction and to put it in the one right track. We have to make each man a profitable worker by leaving him with undivided energies for his own work instead of letting him attempt to direct the work of others, and to place him under the one true and natural condition that his reward shall be all he can get in a free world, self-earned, and not adjusted for him by others. Achieve this great though simple result, and we should bring about a mental regeneration within a nation as great as if, in their external relations, nations were to abandon the idea of war. Of all perverted industries, that of accumulating force, whether in great bodies of soldiers or great bodies of electors, is the most wasteful and disastrous, not only because, as we have seen, the effort to obtain the possession of force is in itself an immense consumption of energy that should go for other things; not only because, so long as men are intent upon becoming the holders of power, they are blind to the true remedies; not only because systems founded on force are fatal to the two conditions of difference and competition, apart from which unfitness can never be changed into fitness; not only because all fixed laws of moral right and wrong disappear in the presence of force; not only because the world can find no repose or security as long as all the great matters of life are left in suspense, to be shaped and reshaped by those who have climbed yesterday or to-day to power; but because, so long as we live under force, compelling and compelled, so long the affections and sympathies of men for men—all that is lovely in human nature—must remain sealed from breaking into universal blossom, like the plants of the earth remain sealed so long as winter is with them. Man is predestined to find his complete happiness, as Mr. Spencer teaches, only when the happiness of others becomes to him an integral part of his own; but this development of his nature cannot take place unless he is living under those true conditions which belong to a free life. So long as force is paramount, so long must men stand in hate and fear of each other, and the old saying, *homo homini lupus*, remain true."

"And now, Mr. Markham, granting the force that there is in much that you say, there remains the great question—is it possible to look on such a view as practical?"

"Practical!" said Markham, slowly shaking his head. "And do you think, Mr. Bramston, that you politicians are the practical people? Under the name of serving your party you press on along an unknown road, no man really taking the responsibility of his own actions, no man knowing, or even trying to know, where he is going. How would any politician of the day meet my demand if I were to ask him to sketch the future of England as he desired and as he expected to see it? Would he not excuse himself from the task; or, had he the courage to attempt it, would not his picture consist of a few incongruous conceptions thrown together, some not possible, some not probable, resembling in its want of definite ideas an animal drawn by a child, with the wings of a fowl and the legs of a horse? And yet in the midst of such mental incoherence you have the courage to act as if you were assured that the power in your possession were a divine gift, and that some shaping hand that you do not see would interpose to give order and meaning to what you do. Practical, Mr. Bramston! Is it practical to have created the relations that exist between you and the people? You meet them not to speak the truth, not to confess real difficulties, not to try to understand the real conditions under which men have to live, not to raise them in their self-respect, not to check the human tendency to selfishness and violence, and to bring out the reasonable self, but you speak to them as holders of power on whom power confers the right to be a law to themselves; and this you do in order that you may extract their votes from them. You are but courtiers of the people, as your fathers before you were courtiers of kings and emperors. If you call this practical, Mr. Bramston, I desire myself to have no share in what is practical. Practical! And do you think that when to-morrow succeeds to this reckless competition of parties, and you are called upon to deal with the greed you have appealed to, the expectations you have raised, the rash beginnings you have made, to-morrow, when the untruth, the weakness, and the personal rivalries of men who lead the people, not by real convictions but by beliefs assumed at the moment, when all these ugly things come home to roost, when that dangerous lust of power which is in all human breasts, and can only be conquered by the sense of the rights of others has taken its full possession of us, do you think in that day of consequences that you will be satisfied that you were the practical people? Practical! And yet you do not see the meaning of the very things which you are doing. You call yourselves Tory, and Whig, and Radical,—there is as much meaning in the names of Shiite and Sonnite; there was more in those of Guelph and Ghibelline. Can you not see that there are only two creeds in the world possible for men; that there are only two sides on which a man can place himself? Are you for a free world, or for a world placed under authority? Are you Socialist, a believer in the majority, a believer in force, or do you take your stand on the fixed and inalienable rights of the individual? These mixed and party systems, by which you set so much store, are only half-way huts in which the race sojourns for a day, and then burns behind it. Because you yourselves are confused, indistinct, and inconsistent in your ideas, do you think that the race, as a race, will stand forever, like recruits beating the ground in the drill-yard and march nowhither? Time is a great logician, and succeeding generations will either press steadily on to the system that is the perfection of force, Socialism, or to the perfection of liberty, complete Individualism. If men believe that they may rightly use force to gain any of their objects, they will claim in their supposed interest to use it for all their objects; if force is not a right weapon, then they will altogether abandon it. On which side then do you take your stand? I look at the parties of today and I can get no answer. Is Mr. Gladstone, with his many regrets and apologies, is Lord Salisbury, with his easy adaptiveness, for or against liberty? The one and the other seem to me equally ready to betray it for their necessities. But whatever be the issue of the present, that the world will remain in Socialism—of that I can have no fear. The system is doomed by the great laws as inexorably as the Tower of Babel. I do not say it may not descend upon us for a time, like a great pall, blotting out all hopes of progress in our time. It may be that the race must pass through their season of it, as men pass through some delirious illness. After all it is only an old story repeating itself. Socialism is but Catholicism addressing itself not to the soul but to the senses of men. Accept authority, accept the force which it employs, resign yourself to all-powerful managers and infallible schemers, give up the free choice and the free act, the burden of responsibility and the rewards that come to each man according to his own exertions, deny the reason and the self that are in you, place these in the keeping of others, and a world of ease and comfort shall be yours. It is a creed even more degrading than Catholicism, but it offers more tangible bribes for its acceptance. Still, Mr. Bramston, we must fight on. As the old darkness and mental cowardice come back upon us, we can only trust that the old light and courage and faith that protested may come back also. Mr. Spencer has set us a bright example of fearlessness in thought and speech. No man quite knows what that magical weapon, truth, can do when he sets himself resolutely to use it. I would rather choose it for our side than either Mr. Gladstone's eloquence or Mr. Chamberlain's organization. But the night is fast stealing away. I shall be glad to meet you again. Meanwhile study Mr. Spencer until his methods of order and reason become an intellectual necessity to you. And now, are you a reader of Browning? If so, repay me for my long talk by reading me *Galuppi* whilst I light my evening pipe."

"What a strange evening's work," said Angus to himself as his foot crossed the threshold. "Voluntary taxation, and ministers out of employment! How those dear wise fools in the House would shout at the idea; but then every fish believes in the swim to which he belongs. Ah!" he sighed as he walked along the Embankment, and the blue smoke of his cigar parted the fresh night air, "if this were the disentanglement of the mess,—the perfect creed of liberty, the true acceptance by each man of the rights of the other, and yet——"

* Perhaps I should here point out quite distinctly that the proposal made by Mr. Markham to place taxation on a voluntary basis, whether in itself a right or wrong deduction from Mr. Herbert Spencer's principle, has never received Mr. Herbert Spencer's approval; but, as I have some grounds for believing, would be looked on by him as an unpractical and undesirable arrangement.—*A. H.*

Free Societies Again.

(Continued from page 5.)

manner. Working from twelve to sixteen or more hours per day (a longer day than that of any wage worker), exposed much of the time to the inclemencies of the weather, attendance upon services in the country or village school-house or church about their only recreation (?), all having little time and many less inclination to read, and shut out, by their situation, from most other sources of knowledge,—what wonder that the average farmer is old before his time, that he is away behind the age, and that the condition of his wife is still more deplorable than his? With *her* it is a ceaseless round of drudgery from morning until night, and it may with absolute literalness be said of her that her work is never done. She has no time to read, no time for recreation, and her nearest neighbor may be a half-mile or a mile away. Who shall wonder, then, that she often knows nothing outside of the details of her housework and the latest neighborhood gossip? Who shall wonder that the statistics of our insane asylums show a larger relative proportion of demented from the class of farmers' wives than from any other?

The isolated farm on the one hand, the overgrown city on the other, are types of a civilization that is doomed. The Co-operative Township must come; how soon, will depend upon the practical intelligence of those who perceive the necessity for it. Today our work is to lay the foundations; tomorrow shall build the superstructure. But while the existing order stands, we must be preparing for that which is to succeed it, and one of the most imperatively necessary of our tasks is the practical emancipation of the city millions. This I clearly perceive and keenly realize, and in so far I am at one with you in all you say touching the urban applications of Anarchistic ideas. At the same time, I am as fully convinced as ever of the necessity for a rural practicalization of the same ideas. Let those who prefer to do their share of the work of liberation in the great centres of population do so, while those whose tastes and aptitudes lead them to attempt the same work in the country and small towns should cheerfully be conceded the right so to do without being reproached for alleged selfishness and egotism.

In the opening sentence of the next to the last paragraph of my former article I wrote, "In one other way," etc., while the compositor makes it appear as, "In *no* other way," etc. And in this *one* other way, the avoidance of social ostracism is to be found, as you concede, one of the strongest arguments in favor of the Free Society. The industrial and sexual emancipation of the race will come at very nearly the same time, if they are not, indeed, completely co-incident. But while this shall prove true, as a general statement, there will be many exceptions, and it will be found that the old social superstitions linger in many a brain where the truths of industrial equity had long since found lodgment. And it is precisely in this department of the family life that ostracism will then be, as it is now, most cruel and most potent. By many, liberty will not be tolerated here when they shall accept it everywhere else. And in the cities, where economical liberty may be accepted by all classes, the devotees of all creeds, and people of all races, it will be found most difficult to clear away the mists of ignorance and prejudice which obscure and prevent a dispassionate examination of this subject. Men who, with comparative ease, may be made to see that "cost the limit of price" is the truest rule of self-interest in commercial transactions may be as blind as moles to the subtler but none the less sure operation of the same law in the realm of sex and its manifestations. To be sure, we have in large cities a less proneness to meddle with the domestic affairs of others, and this immunity from Paul Pryism may to some extent countervail the disadvantages attending attempted applications of the principles of sexual self-government in such communities, but not wholly, I think.

At all events, there are large numbers of earnest radicals who prefer, and therefore are best fitted for, rural life, and there, in the country, is where they can do the most for the common cause, and where, too, they can make homes which shall be cities of refuge for those, especially women and the old, who wither beneath the frosty frown of Mrs. Grundy, or, having "fought the good fight" through the summer and autumn of life, now seek a quiet corner in which to rest and congenial minds to cheer and solace their few remaining days. One word of repetition: Let us not forget that we cannot all live in cities, that millions must till the soil, and that the gospel of Anarchism is as much for them as for the other millions of the cities. Then hail to the practical exponents of Liberty wherever found, whether in the million-peopled City, the Township Commonwealth or the Co-operative Home! All are needed, all are useful, all will do the *best* where they do the *freest*.

E. C. WALKER.

KIOWA, KANSAS, August 14.

[Amen and Amen! These wise and broad and generous sentiments I fully share. Far be it from me to dictate to any one his course or to denounce the followers of any policy that accords with the principle of Liberty! But between two ways I simply advise that which seems to me the wiser. I appreciate the density of the ignorance pervading rural districts and the importance of dissipating it. But how? That is the question. Through the co-operative township, I do not doubt. But how get the co-operative township as a *widespread* institution? It should not be forgotten that the city is and must be and ought to be the centre of distribution Nearly all tends toward the city, and nearly all goes from it again in new forms and new directions. And this is as true of ideas and institutions and systems as it is of material wealth. A few earnest workers may form a co-operative township here, a few more another there, and still others a third yonder, and at these oases the weary traveller may find rest and refreshment, but the desert will be as arid as of old. The world will not be dotted with these co-operative townships as it should be until the Anarchistic principle underlying them has become a power and an actuality in the very centres of our civilization. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Anarchy and the Revolution.

[Die Zukunft.]

Between our comrades in thought, "Le Révolté" on one side and Liberty on the other, there was a while ago a discussion going on, during which Liberty defined the position of each as follows:

What does "Le Révolté" desire? The abolition of the State.

Liberty desires the same.

"Le Révolté" desires the abolition of force and compulsion in every form.

Liberty desires just the same.

So, then, "Le Révolté" and Liberty desire quite the same. Now we come to the how.

"Le Révolté" would win liberty through a speedy, violent, bloody revolution.

Liberty believes that before such a revolution can and will take place, and especially before it can bear good fruit, there must be a revolution in the views and opinions of a greater number of people, and that the violent and bloody character of the revolution is perhaps necessary, but not commendable.

We leave to our readers to judge of the ideas which, in such a manner, "Le Révolté" and Liberty present, and to compare them with our view, which here follows:

We see in the social revolution not a single, sanguinary struggle, after the close of which the new society will be announced and established; but, on the contrary, a long series of struggles, partly, perhaps, violent and sanguinary, and partly economical and social, every one of which takes a step on the necessary road of progress. Indeed, we believe that we find ourselves, in a certain manner, already in the revolution and steadily advancing therein. This revolution was, in a way, begun by Hodel's shot, and from that on till today every revolutionary deed has brought with it just such a revolution in views and sentiments as that demanded by Liberty. So will it go on; so will every revolutionary act win new adherents to the Anarchistic idea, who, in their turn, become agitators through revolutionary acts.

The social revolution is neither made nor begun nor ended with any act whatever. Of it are true the poet's words: "I was; I am; I will be."

The idea of Liberty that the social revolution must first be preceded by a similar one in the views and opinions of a great number of men seems to us for these reasons inapplicable. Just as little the idea of "Le Révolté," as presented on another page.

Quite truly has Liberty asserted that Anarchy is something quite independent of and separate from the revolution, and that variously differing sentiments in regard to means to be adopted may hold steadfastly in view this common aim. In this consists the decided superiority of the Anarchist over the Social Democrat,— that the aim is "Abolition of the State and the removal of all authority and force." By the side of this tactical differences are immeasurably small. Every one desires the social revolution; only here and there are superficial differences of opinion.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 25. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.** **Whole No. 51.**

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The present increasing political chaos is a good omen in Anarchistic eyes,—not because it is chaos, but because it is the forerunner, more or less immediate, of a truer social order.

Reaching Colfax, Iowa, on a Sunday, during his recent Western stumping-tour, General Butler, being called on for a speech from the car platform, declined to respond. "I cannot talk politics on Sunday," objected the presidential candidate of the organ of the National Liberal League.

Liberty is in receipt, from Mr. William Potts, secretary of the Civil Service Reform Association of New York, of interesting documents setting forth what that organization has accomplished, and of a postal card, upon which I am requested to state whether Liberty is "in sympathy with a reform of the Civil Service upon the basis of competitive and other examinations to test the fitness of applicants and appointments simply upon grounds of fitness, and not for partisan reasons." I returned the postal card to Mr. Secretary Potts, with the following announcement upon it of my adhesion to his movement: "Liberty regards all civil government based on compulsory taxation as necessarily and essentially a fraud, and is interested to see it get as poor service as possible. In Liberty's opinion no poorer service could be given it than that which would result from the system of competitive examinations, and on that ground only Liberty sympathizes with your proposed reform."

It is interesting to note contrasts of opinion. The attention of Liberty's readers has already been called to the humanitarian wish of the Providence "Press" that "such men as Elisée Reclus" might be "promptly shot." Now, one would suppose that to justify this wish one of two things must be true,—either Reclus must be a very wicked man or his writings must be very disastrous in their effects. But both of these things are questioned by a journal quite as reputable as the "Press," the Boston "Transcript," which says: "Such an Anarchist as Reclus may shame us by his blameless life and his work, but in this country his words will have little effect." Between these seemingly contradictory views I am forced to the opinion of my friend, Mr. Seaver, of the "Investigator," that "before Reclus is shot, it may be well to read what he says." Blunt's "Wind and Whirlwind" is the occasion of a similar discrepancy of view among the critics. For instance, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood tells the readers of the "Index" that it is by no means an extraordinary production, just a fair, every-day sort of thing, while John Boyle O'Reilly in the "Pilot" pronounces it "a poem of remarkable strength and noble purpose" to the "sublimity" of which "no extract can do justice." But this second contrast is less puzzling than the first to those who read these critics, for all such know in advance how much higher must be the poetical standard adopted by a person of Mrs. Underwood's lofty imaginative faculty and musical nature than that which satisfies the discordant and prosaic soul of Boyle O'Reilly.

George Chainey, everything by turns and nothing long, has joined the Spiritualists. I wish him joy of his pottage.

Though Donn Piatt, in his letter to John Swinton reprinted in another column, overestimates the importance of the tariff question and misapprehends the Democratic party's intentions regarding it, he "sizes up" Ben Butler most accurately and graphically and shows the absurdity of the prevalent idea that there is anything Jeffersonian about that worshipper of Power.

Mr. Ross Winans has begun vigorous prosecution of crofters for trespass on his Scotch game preserve of a quarter of a million acres. Mr. Winans and other preservers of game are devoid of understanding. If they persist in depriving the crofter of the small pleasure of poaching for pheasants, they will put into his head the idea that it is his duty to go gunning for larger game.

Governor St John is a reputable man, and as for the cause he represents, though it may not be universally approved of, it certainly is not immoral.—[*New York Sun.*] Any attempt to interfere with the personal rights of others, any use of force to compel them to conform to our views of right in matters affecting their own conduct, is a violation of Liberty. Any violation of Liberty is immoral. The cause of prohibition is the cause of tyranny. Prohibition certainly is immoral.

Mr. Jones, the wealthy iron-manufacturer who is attending to the financial business of one of the swindling devices known as a political party, says that manufacturers must be governed by "a cold, deliberate calculation of cost." This is well enough perhaps, but what will become of Mr. Jones's swindling schemes when the laborer and the capitalist shall be governed literally by deliberate calculation of cost? What Mr. Jones really means is that industry must be governed by cold calculation of the capitalist's interest. He uses the word "cost" without understanding it. He should, some day, calculate the cost of the political chicanery he is engaged in promoting.

The Boston "Herald," which enjoys the distinction of being one of the most ignorant and narrow-minded journals of its class, says there is no descent from Thomas Carlyle to Oscar Wilde. "Wilde," says the "Herald," "is a crank; so was Carlyle. The Scotch philosopher was a man of brains. So is the æsthete. Both believed in advertising themselves, and both were fond of posing for popular admiration! Where is the descent?" If the extensively misinformed person who is employed to disseminate ignorance through the editorial columns of the "Herald" would take the trouble to read Carlyle's writings and borrow brains enough to understand them, he would discover that the author of "Sartor Resartus" was one of the cranks by which the world is turned, and that he devoted his life and genius to something quite different from posing for popular admiration. The descent from Carlyle to Wilde is even greater than that from Socrates to Alcibiades, but I have no doubt that the "Herald" editor admires Wilde more than he does the other three. Wilde has brains, but the "Herald" cannot tell how they have been used to any purpose as yet. It knows the young man only as an eccentric clothes-rack.

If the people of the United States, (meaning "the majority") want to put Mr. Blaine in the White House, says the New York "Herald," they have a right to do so. The Herald says Blaine is a bad man and a calamity to the country, and yet declares that, if a majority of the people want a bad man to govern the minority, it is perfectly right that the bad man should so govern. In the Herald's ethics, the difference between right and wrong is purely arithmetical. One vote is enough to make a virtue of the blackest crime.

If Eleanor Marx Aveling, the daughter of Karl Marx, is as badly informed on other subjects as on that of her father's own writings, she will not make John Swinton as reliable a foreign correspondent as that worthy editor desires and deserves. In her letter of August 23 to his Paper she says: "This same dear old friend [F. Engels] is just now very hard at work supervising a German translation of my father's work in answer to Proudhon's *La Misère de la Philosophie.*" Let me inform Eleanor that Proudhon never wrote any such work, and consequently her father could not have answered it. What her father did do—and he might have been in better business—was to write a work called *La Misère de la Philosophie* in attempted answer to that unanswerable work of Proudhon, *Système des Contradictions Economiques, ou, Philosophie de la Misère.*

"Edgeworth" is considerably annoyed and not a little frightened because I have published Elisée Reclus's "Anarchist on Anarchy," feeling, evidently, a friendly anxiety lest Liberty shall be compromised by Reclus's denunciation of private property, and is sending out notes of warning in all directions to forestall misapprehension. I assure my good friend that he might be using that brilliant pen of his more advantageously. I published Reclus's essay because on the whole it tells mightily for Liberty, just as I sell and publish many other things of right tendencies which nevertheless contain sometimes serious errors and inconsistencies, trusting confidently to the great body of Liberty's propaganda to preserve the equilibrium and overcome with its resistless current all reactionary eddies. In this instance, however, I removed all danger of compromise by the insertion of one or two foot-notes showing how tender I am on the point of individual possession. Be not afraid of error, "Edgeworth;" it is a pitifully weak thing. I must protest, too, against the same writer's frequent apologies for Proudhon, at least until he has read and understood Proudhon's writings. "Property is robbery" is more than a "superficial satire on dishonest practices;" it is the motto of a profound philosophy with which "Edgeworth" is substantially in sympathy and in behalf of which he is doing most admirable service. "Edgeworth" has not yet comprehended Proudhon's use of the word "property," and will not until he reads "What is Property?" Even then he may think it an unwise use. Perhaps; but in answer I point to results. The persistence and growth of the revolutionary force of Europe, so far as it is due at all to individual thought and work, is the consequence of the scientific (note this adjective, State Socialists!) sanity of Proudhon's thought and methods in contrast with the mysticism of the Lerouxs, the Blancs, the Owens, the Fouriers, the Cabets, and all the rest of the *illuminati.*

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 50.

"When? Have you not always told me that everything rests on money?"

"Well?"

"And do you really think me, then, so stupid that I cannot understand books and draw conclusions from premises?"

"But again I ask you what conclusion. Really, my dear Vérotchka, I do not understand you."

"Oh! the strategist! He too wants to be a despot and make me dependent upon him! No, that shall not be, Dmitry Serguéitch; do you understand me now?"

"Speak, and I will try to understand."

"Everything rests on money, you say, Dmitry Serguéitch; consequently, whoever has money has power and freedom, say your books; then, as long as woman lives at man's expense, she will be dependent on him, will she not? You thought that I could not understand that, and would be your slave? No, Dmitry Serguéitch, I will not suffer your despotism; I know that you intend to be a good and benevolent despot, but I do not intend that you shall be a despot at all. And now this is what we will do. You shall cut off arms and legs and administer drugs; I, on the other hand, will give lessons on the piano. What further plans shall we form about our life?"

"Perfect, Vérotchka! Let every woman maintain with all her strength her independence of every man, however great her love for and confidence in him. Will you succeed? I know not, but it matters little: whoever arrives at such a decision is already almost secure against servitude; for, at the worst, he can always dispense with another. But how ridiculous we are, Vérotchka! You say: 'I will not live at your expense,' and I praise you for it. How can we talk in this way?"

"Ridiculous or not, that matters little, dear friend. We are going to live in our own way and as we deem most fitting. What further plans shall we form about our life?"

"I gave you my ideas, Véra Pavlovna, about one side of our life; you have seen fit to completely overturn them and substitute your own; you have called me tyrant, despot; be good enough therefore to make your own plans. It seems hardly worth while for me to provide you with a pestle with which to thus grind to powder those that I propose. What plans, then, would be your choice, my friend? I am sure that I shall have only congratulations to offer."

"What! Now you pay me compliments! You wish to be agreeable? You flatter yourself that you are going to rule, while appearing to submit? I know that trick, and I beg you to speak more plainly hereafter. You give me too much praise. I am confused. Do nothing of the kind; I shall grow too proud"

"Very well, Véra Pavlovna. I will be rude, if you prefer. Your nature has so little of the feminine element that you are undoubtedly about to put forth utterly masculine ideas."

"Will you tell me, dear friend, what the feminine nature is? Because woman's voice is generally clearer than man's is it necessary to discuss the respective merits of the contralto and the barytone? We are always told to remain women. Is not that stupidity?"

"Worse than that, Vérotchka."

"Then I am going to throw off this femininity and put forth utterly masculine ideas as to the way in which we shall live. We will be friends. Only I wish to be your first friend. Oh! I have not yet told you how I detest your dear Kirsanoff."

"Beware of detesting him; he is an excellent man."

"I detest him, and I shall forbid you to see him."

"A fine beginning! She is so afraid of despotism that she desires to make a doll of her husband. How am I to see no more of Kirsanoff when we live together?"

"Are you always in each other's arms?"

"We are together at breakfast and dinner, but our arms are otherwise occupied."

"Then you are not together all day?"

"Very near together. He in his room, I in mine."

"Well, if that is the case, why not entirely cease to see each other?"

"But we are good friends; sometimes we feel a desire to talk, and we talk as long as we can with each other."

"They are always together! They embrace and quarrel, embrace and quarrel again. I detest him!"

"But who tells you that we quarrel? That has never happened once. We live well-nigh separately; we are friends, it is true; but how can that concern you?"

"How nicely I have trapped him! You did not intend to tell me how we shall live, and yet you have told me all! Listen, then; we will act upon your own words. First, we will have two rooms, one for you and one for me, and a little parlor where we will take breakfast, dine, and receive our visitors, — those who come to see us both, not you or me alone. Second, I shall not dare to enter your room lest I might disturb you. Kirsanoff does not dare to, and that is why you do not quarrel. No more shall you dare to enter mine. So much for the second place. In the third — ah! my dear friend, I forgot to ask you whether Kirsanoff meddles with your affairs and you with his. Have you a right to call one another to account for anything?"

"I see now why you ask this question. I will not answer."

"But really I detest him! You do not answer me; it is needless. I know how it is: you have no right to question each other about your personal affairs. Consequently I shall have no right to demand anything whatever of you. If you, dear friend, deem it useful to speak to me of your affairs, you will do so of your own accord, *vice versâ*. There are three points settled. Are there any others?"

"The second rule requires some explanation, Vérotchka. We see each other in the little parlor. We have breakfasted; I stay in my room, and do not dare to show myself in yours; then I shall not see you until dinner-time?"

"No."

"Precisely. But suppose a friend comes to see me, and tells me that another friend is coming at two o'clock. I must go out at one o'clock to attend to my affairs; shall I be allowed to ask you to give this friend who is to come at two o'clock the answer that he seeks, — can I ask you to do that, provided you intend to remain at home?"

"You can always ask that. Whether I will consent or not is another question. If I do not consent, you will not ask the reason. But to ask whether I will consent to do you a service, that you can always do."

"Very well. But when we are at breakfast, I may not know that I need a service; now, I cannot enter your room. How shall I make my want known?"

"Oh, God! how simple he is! A veritable infant! You go into the neutral room and say: 'Véra Pavlovna!' I answer from my room: 'What do you wish, Dmitry Serguéitch?' You say: 'I must go out; Monsieur A. (giving the name of your friend) is coming. I have some information for him. Can I ask you, Véra Pavlovna, to deliver it to him?' If I say 'no,' our conversation is at an end. If I say 'yes,' I go into the neutral room, and you tell me what reply I am to make to your friend. Now do you know, my little child, how we must conduct ourselves?"

"But, seriously, my dear Vérotchka, that is the best way of living together. Only where have you found such ideas? I know them, for my part, and I know where I have read them, but the books in which I have read them you have not seen. In those that I gave you there were no such particulars. From whom can you have heard them, for I believe I am the first new man* that you have met?"

"But is it, then, so hard to think in this way? I have seen the inner life of families; I do not refer to my own, that being too isolated a case; but I have friends, and I have been in their families; you cannot imagine how many quarrels there are between husbands and wives."

"Oh! I very easily imagine it."

"Do you know the conclusion that I have come to? That people should not live as they do now, — always together, always together. They should see each other only when they need or desire to. How many times I have asked myself this question: Why are we so careful with strangers? Why do we try to appear better in their presence than in our families? And really we are better in the presence of strangers. Why is this? Why are we worse with our own, although we love them better? Do you know the request I have to make of you? Treat me always as you have done heretofore. Although you have never given me a rude reply or passed any censure upon me, that has not prevented you from loving me. People say: How can one be rude to a woman or young girl whom he does not know, or how pass censure upon her? Well, here I am your sweetheart and about to become your wife; treat me always as it is customary to treat strangers; that seems to me the best way of preserving harmony and love between us. Am I not right?"

"Truly, I don't know what to think of you, Vérotchka; you are always astonishing me."

"Too much praise, my friend; it is not so difficult to understand things. I am not alone in entertaining such thoughts: many young girls and women, quite as simple as myself, think as I do. Only they do not dare to say so to their suitors or their husbands; they know very well what would be thought of them: immoral woman! I have formed an affection for you precisely because you do not think as others do in this matter. I fell in love with you when, speaking to me for the first time on my birthday, you expressed pity for woman's lot and pictured for her a better future."

"And I, — when did I fall in love with you? On the same day, as I have already told you, but exactly at what moment?"

"But you have almost told me yourself, so that one cannot help guessing, and, if I guess, you will begin praising me again."

"Guess, nevertheless."

"At what moment? When I asked you if it were true that we could so act as to make all men happy."

"For that I must kiss your hand again, Vérotchka."

"But, dear friend, this kissing of women's hands is not exactly what I like."

"And why?"

"Oh! you know yourself; why ask me? Do not, then, ask me these questions, dear friend."

"Yes, you are right; one should not ask such questions. It is a bad habit; hereafter I will question you only when I really do not know what you mean. Do you mean that we should kiss no person's hand?"

Vérotchka began to laugh. "There, now, I pardon you, since I too have succeeded in catching you napping. You meant to put me through an examination, and you do not even know the reason of my repugnance. It is true that we should not kiss any person's hand, but I was not speaking from so general a standpoint; I meant simply that men should not kiss women's hands, since that ought to be offensive to women, for it means that men do not consider them as human beings like themselves, but believe that they can in no way lower their dignity before a woman, so inferior to them is she, and that no marks of affected respect for her can lessen their superiority. But such not being your view, my dear friend, why should you kiss my hand? Moreover, people would say, to see us, that we were betrothed."

"It does look a little that way, indeed, Vérotchka; but what are we then?"

"I do not know exactly, or rather it is as if we had already been married a long time."

"And that is the truth. We were friends; nothing is changed."

"Nothing changed but this, my dear friend, — that now I know I am to leave my cellar for liberty."

XIX.

Such was their first talk, — a strange one, it will be admitted, for lovers making a declaration. When they had again clasped hands, Lopoukhoff started for his home, and Vérotchka had to lock the outside door herself, for Matrœna, thinking that her *treasure* was still snoring, had not yet begun to think of returning from the *cabaret*. And indeed "her treasure" did sleep a number of hours.

Reaching home at six o'clock, Lopoukhoff tried to go to work, but did not succeed. His mind was occupied, and with the same thought that had absorbed him when going from the Sémenovsky Bridge to the district of Wyborg. Were they dreams of love? Yes, in one sense. But the life of a man who has no sure means of existence has its prosaic interests; it was of his interests that Lopoukhoff was thinking. What could you expect? Can a materialist think of anything but his interests? Our hero, then, thought of interests solely; instead of cherishing lofty and poetic dreams, he was absorbed by such dreams of love as are in harmony with the gross nature of materialism.

"Sacrifice! That is the word that I shall never get out of her head, and there is the difficulty; for, when one imagines himself under serious obligations to any one, relations are strained.

"She will know all; my comrades will tell her that for her sake I renounced a brilliant career, and if they do not tell her, she will easily see it herself. 'See,

* By "new man" the author means a man of advanced thought.

then, what you have renounced for my sake,' she will say to me. Pecuniary sacrifices it is pretty sure that neither she nor my comrades can impute to me. It is fortunate that at least she will not say: 'For my sake he remained in poverty, while without me he would have been rich.' But she will know that I aspired to scientific celebrity, and that that aspiration I have given up. Thence will come her sorrow: 'Ah! what a sacrifice he has made for me!' That is something I have never dreamed of. Hitherto I have not been foolish enough to make sacrifices, and I hope that I never shall be. My interest, clearly understood, is the motive of my acts. I am not a man to make sacrifices. For that matter, no one makes them; one may really believe that he does, and that is always the most agreeable way of viewing one's conduct. But how explain that to her? In theory it is comprehensible; but when we see a fact before us, we are moved. 'You are my benefactor,' we say. The germ of this coming revolt has already made its appearance: 'You deliver me from my cellar.' 'How good you are to me!' she said to me. But are you under any obligations to me for that? If in so doing I labored for my own happiness, I delivered myself. And do you believe that I would do it if I did not prefer to? Yes, I have delivered myself; I wish to live, I wish to love, do you understand? It is in my own interest that I always act.

"What shall I do to extinguish in her this detrimental feeling of gratitude which will be a burden upon her? In whatever way I can I will do it; she is intelligent, she will understand that these are sentimental illusions.

"Things have not gone as I expected. If she had been able to get a place for two years, I could during that time have become a professor and earned some money. This postponement is no longer possible. Well, what great disadvantage shall I experience? Have I ever thought much of my pecuniary position? To a man that is of little consequence. The need of money is felt principally by woman. Boots, an overcoat not out at the elbows, *stcki* on the table, my room warmed,— what else do I need? Now all that I shall have. But for a young and pretty woman that is not enough. She needs pleasure and social position. For that she will have no money. To be sure, she will not dwell upon this want; she is intelligent and honest; she will say: 'These are trifles, which I despise,' and indeed she will despise them But because you do not feel what you lack, do you really lack nothing? The illusion does not last. Nature stifled by the will, by circumstances, by pride, is silent at first, but a silent life is torture. No, such is not the way for a young woman, a beauty, to live; it is not right that she should not be dressed as well as others and should not shine for want of means. I pity you, my poor Vérotchka; it would have been better could I have arranged my affairs first.

"For my part, I gain by this haste: would she accept me two years hence? Now she accepts me."

"Dmitry, come to tea," said Kirsanoff.

Lopoukhoff started for Kirsanoff's room, and on his way his thoughts continued thus: "But as it is just that the *ego* should always be the first consideration, it is with myself that I have finished. And with what did I begin? Sacrifice. What irony! Do I indeed renounce celebrity, a chair in the academy? What change will there be in my life? I shall work in the same way, I shall obtain the chair in the same way, and, finally, I shall serve medical science in the same way. From the objective standpoint it is curious to watch how selfishness mocks at our thoughts in practice."

I forewarn my reader of everything; consequently I will tell him that he must not suppose that Lopoukhoff's monologue contains any allusion to the nature of his future relations with Véra Pavlovna; the life of Véra Pavlovna will not be tormented by the impossibility of shining in society and dressing richly, and her relations with Lopoukhoff will not be spoiled by the "detrimental feeling" of gratitude.

I do not belong to that school of novelists which beneath every word hides some motive or other; I report what people think and do, and that is all; if any action whatever, or any conversation, or any monologue passing through the brain is indispensable in showing the character of a person or a situation, I relate it, although it may have no influence at all on the further course of my story.

"Henceforth, Alexander, you will have no reason to complain that I neglect my work; I am going to recover the lost time."

"Then you have finished your affair with this young girl?"

"Yes, I have finished."

"Is she going to be a governess at Madame B.'s?"

"No, she will not be a governess. The affair is arranged otherwise. Meantime she will lead an endurable life in her family."

"Very good. The life of a governess is really a very hard one. You know I have got through with the optic nerve; I am going to begin another subject. And where did you leave off?"

"I have still to finish my work upon" . . . . and anatomical and physiological terms followed each other in profusion.

XX.

"It is now the twenty-eighth of April. He said that his affairs will be arranged by the beginning of July. Say the tenth: that is surely the beginning. To be surer still, say the fifteenth: no, the tenth is better. How many days, then, are there left? Today does not count; there are but five hours left. Two days in April; thirty-one in May, added to two, make thirty-three; June has thirty, which, added to thirty-three, make sixty-three; ten days in July,—a total of seventy-three days. That is not so long a time, seventy-three days! And then I shall be free! I shall go out of this stifling cellar. Oh! how happy I am! Oh! my dear lover, how well he has solved the problem! How happy I am!"

That was Sunday evening. Monday came the lesson, changed from Tuesday.

"My friend, my darling, how happy I am to see you again even for so short a time! Do you know how much time I have yet to live in my cellar? Will your affairs be arranged by the tenth of July?"

"Certainly."

"Then there are but seventy-two days and this evening left. I have already scratched off one day, for I have prepared a table, as the young boarding-scholars and pupils do, and I scratch off the days. How it delights me to scratch them off!"

"My darling Vérotchka, you have not long to suffer. Two months and a half will pass quickly by, and then you will be free."

"Oh, what happiness! But, my darling, do not speak to me any more, and do not look at me; we must not play and sing together so frequently hereafter, nor must I leave my room every evening. But I cannot help it! I will come out every day, just for a moment, and look at you with a cold eye. And now I am going straight back to my room. Till I see you again, my dear friend. When will it be?"

"On Thursday."

"Three days! How long that is! And then there will be but sixty-eight days left."

"Less than that: you shall leave here about the seventh of July."

"The seventh. Then there are but sixty-eight days left now? How you fill me with joy! *Au revoir*, my well-beloved!"

Thursday.

"Dear friend, only sixty-six days now."

"Yes, Vérotchka, time goes quickly."

"Quickly? Oh, my dear friend, the days have grown so long! It seems to me that formerly an entire month would have gone by in these three days. *Au revoir*, my darling, we must not talk too long with each other; we must be strategic, must we not? *Au revoir!* Ah! sixty-six days more!"

("Hum, hum! I do not do so much counting; when one is at work, the time passes quickly. But then, I am not in 'the cellar.' Hum, hum!")

Saturday.

"Ah! my darling, still sixty-four days! How wearisome it is here! These two days have lasted longer than the three that preceded them. Ah! what anguish! What infamies surround me! If you knew, my friend! *Au revoir*, my darling, my angel,—till Tuesday. The following three days will be longer than the five just past. *Au revoir! Au revoir!*"

("Hum, hum! yes! hum! Red eyes. She does not like to weep. It is not well. Hum!")

Tuesday.

"Ah, my love, I have already stopped counting the days. They do not pass, they do not pass at all."

"Vérotchka, my good friend; I have a request to make of you. We must talk freely together. Your servitude is becoming too burdensome to you. We must talk together."

"Yes, we must, my well-beloved."

"Well, what hour to-morrow will suit you best? You have but to name it. On the same bench in the Boulevard Konno-Gvardeisky. Will you be there?"

"I will be there, I will be there surely. At eleven o'clock. Does that suit you?"

"Very well, thank you, my good friend."

"*Au revoir!* Oh, how glad I am that you have decided upon that! Why did I not think of it myself, foolish girl that I am! *Au revoir!* We are going to talk with each other; that will refresh me a little. *Au revoir*, dear friend. At eleven o'clock precisely."

Friday.

"Vérotchka, where are you going?"

"I, Mamma?" Vérotchka blushed. "To the Perspective Nevsky."

"Well, I am going with you; I have got to go to the Gastinoï Dvor. But how is this? You say that you are going to the Nevsky, and have put on such a dress! Put on a finer one; there are many fashionable people on the Nevsky."

"This dress suits me. Wait a moment, Mamma, I must get something from my room."

They go out. They have reached the Gastinoï Dvor. They follow the row of stores along the Sadovaïa near the corner of the Nevsky. Now they are at Rousanoff's perfumery.

"Mamma, I have a word to say to you."

"What, Vérotchka?"

"Till I see you again, I know not when; if you are not offended, till to-morrow."

"What, Vérotchka? I do not understand" . . . . . .

"*Au revoir*, Mamma, I am going now to my husband's. Day before yesterday took place my marriage to Dmitry Serguéitch. Rue Karavannaïa, coachman!" said she, jumping into a cab.

"A Tchervertatchok,* my good young lady."

"Yes, provided you go quickly."

"He will call on you this evening, Mamma. Do not be angry, Mamma."

Maria Alexevna had scarcely had time to hear these words.

"Coachman, you are not to go to the Rue Karavannaïa; I told you that in order that you might lose no time in deliberation, as I desired to get away from that woman. Turn to the left, along the Nevsky. We will go much farther than the Karavannaïa, to the island of Vassilievsky,† fifth line,‡ beyond the Perspective Moyenne. Go quickly, and I will pay you more."

"Ah, my good young lady, how you have tried to deceive me. For that I must have a Poltinnitchek."§

"You shall have it, if you go fast enough."

XXI.

The marriage had been effected without very many difficulties, and yet not without some. During the first days that followed the betrothal, Vérotchka rejoiced at her approaching deliverance; the third day "the cellar," as she called it, seemed to her twice as intolerable as before; the fourth day she cried a little; the fifth she cried a little more than the fourth; the sixth she was already past crying, but she could not sleep, so deep and unintermittent was her anguish.

Then it was that Lopoukhoff, seeing her red eyes, gave utterance to the monologue, "Hum, hum!" After seeing her again, he gave utterance to the other monologue, "Hum, hum! Yes! hum!" From the first monologue he had inferred something, though exactly what he did not know himself; but in the second monologue he explained to himself his inference from the first. "We ought not to leave in slavery one to whom we have shown liberty."

After that he reflected for two hours,—an hour and a half while going from the Sémenovsky Bridge to the district of Wyborg and half an hour lying on his bed. The first quarter of an hour he reflected without knitting his brows; but the remaining seven quarters he reflected with brows knit. Then, the two hours having expired, he struck his forehead, saying: "I am worse than Gogol's post-

* A Tchervert is a coin worth twenty-five copecks. A Tchervertatchok is its diminutive.

† The island of Vassilievsky is a part of the city of St. Petersburg.

‡ In this island each side of almost every street is called a *line*, so that, if one side of the street, for instance, is called the fifth line, the other is called the fourth line.

§ A Poltinnik is a coin worth fifty copecks. A Poltinnitchek is its diminutive.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PROUDHON.

Liberty and License.

I lately charged myself with the boldness to walk up to a prominent clergyman, to whose name several titles of learning and piety are appended, and ask him to subscribe for Liberty. After timidly looking over the paper, the Reverend gentleman replied: "Well, sir, I believe in liberty, but not in license."

"If you believe that," said I, "then you are already an Anarchist, and you certainly cannot afford to be without Liberty."

"No, I am not an Anarchist," he replied, sharply, "and I fail to understand what you are driving at."

"Are you not the very creature of license?" said I.

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" replied my pious friend.

"By no means," I answered; "but are you not a *licensed* clergyman? and if you were not the creature of a license to preach, could you collect your salary? Now, if you do not believe in license, as you assert, throw away your ecclesiastical license and go out and preach as Christ did, on your own merits. What we Anarchists are after is to strip clergymen, doctors, lawyers, landlords, and capitalists of license (monopoly of privilege), and put them on their merits. We are all anti-license men, and that is why we cry Liberty. The fullness of Liberty is the utter extinction of license."

It had already become too hot for my Reverend friend, and—to use a trite German phrase—*er machte sich aus dem Staub*—sometimes vulgarly translated by the boys, "he dusted."

Singularly enough, I was once similarly answered by a leading lawyer in my neighborhood,—viz., that "we must distinguish between liberty and license;" yet this pompous fellow was also a creature of license, and without it would probably be obliged to earn an honest living. An old-school physician who refuses to consult or recognize any practitioner who has not the orthodox license of the American Medical Society is also afraid of liberty, because he so terribly dreads license. Alas! what fools these mortals be! Consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

Existing governments hinge upon license. It is their chief stock in trade. Through unnatural titles to the soil landlords are licensed to disinherit the masses. Through legal grants of monopoly capitalists are licensed to exact usury and rob labor. Through discriminating restrictions in money and trade bankers and industrial lords are licensed to sit upon the necks of producers. Through the marriage system brutal men are licensed to commit unchastity and practise marital rape. It is license from top to bottom, and what of Liberty remains is due to the impossibility of supervising the manifold concerns of men and to the persistency of the aspiration for Liberty itself.

But I have no desire to pervert the sense which objectors intend in using the word license nor to doubt the conscientiousness of their motive. They mean rash and unregulated conduct in which all restraint is absent and in which the liberties of others are entirely ignored. Now, if I thought Mr. Tucker had started a paper to encourage such conduct as this, I should consider him one of the worst enemies of the human race and myself a fellow criminal of blackest stripe. But what Mr. Tucker and his co-laborers believe to the very bottom of their convictions is that, if this other artifical license and privilege which it is the chief province of the State to dispense were taken away, all conduct would be obliged to regulate itself on the basis of others' equal liberties, since the COST PRINCIPLE, the ever-present auxiliary of Liberty, would become operative, where now, under invasive and artificial privileges and discriminations by government, its operation is cut off. For instance, under govern mental privilege capital pays no taxes, shirks all responsibilities, and throws the cost of all its misdeeds and mismanagement upon labor. Abolish privilege and substitute Liberty, we say, and capital as against labor can only aggrandize itself to the extent that it behaves itself, pays its own bills, and refrains from disinheriting and enslaving the masses. Ought it to aggrandize itself except under these limitations, and is not the present method spurious and suicidal, being—in the language of Proudhon—simply impossible, capital ultimately devouring itself?

No, we Anarchists are arch-enemies of license, and as to that other unregulated and liberty-ignoring rashness of conduct which, in the usage of language, has come to be called license, we affirm that its true corrective is Liberty regulated by cost. Till governments will stop licensing the privileged classes to be exempt from bearing the natural costs of their own actions, we hold them responsible for all the perversions of Liberty which our timid friends characterize by the dread term "license." One of the very best definitions of Liberty in the extent and purpose of our propagandism is—*the repeal of license.* X.

Masters and Slaves.

"There are no classes in this free country," say the politicians and the newspapers, and they have said it so often and so loudly that they almost believe it themselves. They are afraid of offending the laboring class,—to put the least discreditable construction first,—and so they say there is no laboring class. They say to the workingman: "You are just as good as any of us, in fact a little better than most, and we wouldn't for the world have you get into your heads the notion that we regard you as other than an equal. You have a vote, and that makes you the equal of the millionaire. The Declaration of Independence says there are no classes, and that all men are free and equal. Therefore it is an insult to you when anybody speaks of the laboring class, the poor class, the rich class, or the better class."

And yet the fact that there are classes is so obvious, so persistent, that we find the most democratic politicians and papers trying in vain to avoid using the objectionable term. The New York "Sun" often rebukes its contemporaries for speaking of classes in American society. A few days ago one of the rebuked editors retorted with a dozen extracts from the columns of the Sun in which the "un-American" expression appeared, and the great Mr. Dana felt called upon to explain that some of his young men had written the matter and to solemnly deplore his inability to watch every line printed in the very democratic "Sun." And so he apologized to the workingman and reiterated the old stupidities about freedom and equality under the law. In spite of themselves, these truckling politicians and owlish editors will go on talking about classes, whenever they attempt to deal with facts, simply because the division of society into classes is as obvious as the division of time into night and day.

The two great classes are the masters and the slaves, the idlers and the workers, the robbers and the robbed. There are besides many sub-divisions,—the pauper class, the criminal class, the upper, middle and lower classes, the educated and the ignorant. Why, except to flatter and wheedle the voting class, should any one deny the existence of these distinctions? Because there ought to be no classes in a free country! Well, there ought to be no poverty in the world, but the man who says there are no rich and no poor is a fool. And this is not a free country. It is an appropriated, fenced-in country. Its freedom is a lawyer's lie; its boasted equality, a bitter mockery; its citizen sovereignty, a shallow pretence. The founders of this government attached but little meaning to the words "free and equal." They did not know what they were saying when they spoke of the inalienable rights of life and liberty. Many of them held slaves, and nearly all of them paid homage to wealth and position. Twenty-five years ago but very few of their descendants and successors could detect any inconsistency in freedom and slaveholding. Today, still fewer know the meaning of Liberty. The millions of men, women, and children who work for wages are as surely the slaves of employers as were the blacks of their owners, and their condition is worse than was the condition of the negro chattel. The mill-owner finds it neither his duty nor his interest to provide for the sick, aged, and disabled operatives. He gives them the means of existence only as long as they can work. If they starve to death, he loses nothing, for he can fill their places without expense. Competition for the bare necessities of life will keep him supplied with cheaper labor than the Southern planter ever obtained before the war. America denied the divine right of kings to govern and tax the people, but affirmed the divine right of property to do the same things. The distinctions of "king" and "subject" were swept away, but "master" and "slave" were retained. Emancipation made no man free, because appropriation remained. "You must not disturb my authority, because it was ordained by God that I should rule," said the king. "Slavery is a divine institution," protested the Southern planter. "Poverty is the providential lot of most men; you must not try to abolish it," declare the opponents of Liberty. "It is natural and inevitable that some should be rich and the rest poor," they say, "and it is our duty to counsel the poor to be contented with their lot. Everything that is must be right, and therefore it is very wicked to disturb the present state of affairs." They defend the divine right of spoliation and declare that God or "nature" intended the distribution of wealth to be unfair in this world; and yet they say, "there are no classes here."

When luxury and misery no longer dwell side by side; when Beacon Hill no longer produces elegant idlers, and the North End ceases to breed burglars; when Vanderbilt's palace and Sing Sing prison no longer harbor thieves; when only those who work shall eat; when all men recognize Liberty,—then shall it be truly said, "there are no classes." K.

The Index and the Liberal League.

Mr. Leland in "Man" of May 17 cites Mr. Underwood as the author of the Anti-Comstock resolutions of the National Liberal League, July 4, 1876, and finds him inconsistent in dissenting from the constant policy of the League demanding repeal of the postal laws under whose cover Comstock, the tool of the clerical party, had encroached upon the freedom of the mails and press These laws, not repealed, have yet, Mr. Leland says, become a dead letter in consequence of the decisions of courts which have baffled the machinations of Comstock and his pious backers. Well, these dead-letter laws are like the Rose of Jericho. Tossed by the winds of the desert for years, they take fresh root and flourish again when blown into some moist spot. The League is right in insisting upon the repeal of such laws; they are snares in the statute-book, ready to the hand of Church or State whenever they see their opportunity to persecute free thought, religious or political. But I do not find Mr. Underwood illogical or inconsistent in opposing the demand for their repeal. His resolutions were modifications of those offered by Mr. S P. Andrews. Let us compare them:

On the third of July, 1876, Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, There are many symptoms of a growing intention on the part of the religious power to re-establish a virtual censorship over the press and post-office, by influence exerted over the several legislative bodies, under the pretense

B. F. Underwood: "I have now another resolution to submit on behalf of the Committee:

"*Resolved*, That this League, while it recognizes the great importance and the absolute necessity of guarding by proper legislation against obscene and indecent publications, whatever sect, party, order, or class such publications claim

of zeal for the public morals, but really in behalf of religious and ecclesiastical despotism; as, for instance, in procuring a body of loose, dangerous, and oppressive legislation against the circulation of "obscene literature," under which, it is believed, some of the purest and best men of the land are at this hour suffering in prison or stand in danger of their liberties; therefore,

Resolved, That we recommend to the members of the League and to the public the utmost vigilance and the closest scrutiny in detecting and unveiling any such conspiracy or conspiracies against the liberties of the people; and that they should thus commence the accumulation of facts upon which the League may, if found requisite, act specifically to procure the entire repeal or righteous modification of all such laws.

to favor, disapproves and protests against all laws, which, by reason of indefiniteness or ambiguity, shall permit the prosecution and punishment of honest and conscientious men for presenting to the public what they deem essential to the public welfare, when the views thus presented do not violate in thought or language the acknowledged rules of decency; and that we demand that all laws against obscenity and indecency shall be so clear and explicit that none but actual offenders against the recognized principles of purity shall be liable to suffer therefrom.

"*Resolved*, That we cannot but regard the appointment and authorization by the government of a single individual to inspect our mails, with power to exclude therefrom whatever he deems objectionable, as a delegation of authority dangerous to public and personal liberty, and utterly inconsistent with the genius of free institutions.

"With regard to these resolutions, I would say that many members regret the non-passage last evening of Mr. Andrews's resolution. Some action of the sort ought to be taken at this time, and these resolutions have been so framed as to obviate the objections then expressed. They seem to embrace everything that is desired. As the time is very short before we must adjourn, I hope there will be little or no discussion upon them, and then we shall act upon them at once."

Mr. Andrews: "I move the adoption of the resolutions."

Remark now that the idea which in Mr. Andrews's formula is verb and substantive, denounces malicious hypocrisy, indicates the victims of injustice, and, in demanding repeal, strikes at once at the agency and the conspiracy for wrong, becomes in Mr. Underwood's merely adjective, deprecating a possible abuse of the laws; and, so leaving them, it engages the League to nothing and provides for no action. It admits by implication, as normal, constitutional, and justifiable, the assumption by the State of the censorship of the mails, and the animus of its protest is confined to the delegation of that right to a single individual. Suppose, then, a jury of several censors, his objection vanishes. No question is raised as to their discretionary power. He admits that legislation should frustrate the circulation of obscene literature, and that discriminative control should be delegated to censors. Behind this throne of censorship I see no other power raise its head. By some roundabout process it may be supposed that a popular majority strong enough and firm enough may eventually obtain — what? — a change of persons as censors. But of freedom of the press there is really no question. He gives up the ship. It was hardly worth while, then, for the National Liberal League to frame humble prayers to Uncle Sam, as a subject to his sovereign.

On farther meditation (colored possibly by subsequent events) on the spirit of these so polite and guarded sentiments, which, instead of taking the bull of clerical encroachment by the horns, tickle it under its tail, the phraseology of these last resolutions suffers a subjective transformation, and reappears as follows: "Look here, Uncle Sam: I and my wife and son William and daughter Index, we pick our crow with Jehovah in a private parlor. As for those other cupidinous dogs, give 'em a bad name and yoke 'em up tight, as they deserve, but consider us as Foxes."

This circle of the "Free Religion" has been unjustly accused of not having any. It really has a God, neither indefinite nor infinite, whose shrine is the Respectability of *Comme il faut*, and in whose suite there is also a Devil, named Taboo. A little lower than the angels, and, like them, bottomless, its weekly sister of the Atlantic mildly illuminates the Hub in her æsthetic *bourgeoisie*. Beloved of cultured ease and easy culture, she holds Metaphysics by the gills, courtesies graciously to Ethics, frowns on truculent Neo-moralism, and flirts with Brahmo Somaj at a platonic distance. She is said to have fine ankles, but I do not boast of having spanned them, though I keep as a memento the slipper she has given me. With cerulean stockings and serene confidence, she awaits the advances of Plutus, and, if clouds lurid with Labor's wrongs drift athwart her horizon, she turns from her fair skirts upon the night the silver lining of co-operation. A friend to the powers that be, she trims her sails nicely to the wind, and to the passions that convulse humanity remains apathetic, like Fœdora in "La Peau de Chagrin." B. B.

The "National" Nominee.

So John Swinton supports Ben Butler for president!

Perhaps on the principle of "Set a thief to catch a thief."

As your position in journalism may enable you to come at the details and evidence, I would like to know of you whether the accusation of stealing silver from a southern house has ever been refuted. Not that it was or would have been at all extraordinary. I saw nothing but rascality and the spirit of plunder in office on either side during the war. I believe Lee was a gentleman, though I don't know that personally. The rest, unless blind fanatics, or victims of destiny, were worse, Jeff Davis to begin with.

Honesty disqualifies a man for any public office; legalization is a title of superiority among thieves. When to legality we add military prestige, this superiority becomes distinction; but when to these conditions the element of representation, so dear to the American fancy, is added, and the enemy robbed is represented by a woman, and this woman the mother of children about to be left destitute in their probable bereavement of husband and father, such a climax in refinement of the Anglo-American Berserker traditions may well make the American Eagle flap his wings and scream in triumph.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utili dulce.

To morality thus exemplary, the illustrious nominee adds piety, a true biblical, sabbatarian, and Old Testament piety, that rolls the ordinances of the Church as a sweet morsel under his tongue. Under such a president, I think I can hear Uncle Sam ringing us in to prayers three times a day. This "National" platform goes in for State socialism. Government is to own our land for us, build our roads for us, and, with the aid of the woman suffrage army, keep us all sober.

Go it, honest Government!

Descending from this sublime moral altitude, let us breathe!

Are the spoons a true historic feather in the general's illustrious casque, or but the glittering myth of an heroic age? I leave this exegesis to some more learned and more critical analyst. If a myth, it arose from the fitness of the act to the circumstance. The supreme reason of War, as of Government, being plunder, a conqueror, an American conqueror, an Anglo-American conqueror, and a biblical pietist would have been sadly illogical and wanting to his opportunities had he not stolen those spoons. Let us hope, then, his justification by the fact. This seems to have been the view taken up by his sponsors at Indianapolis.

A characteristic act of which I may speak with more assurance, had for its object the wife of my cousin, Phillip Phillips, barrister, afterwards of Washington City, resident in '66 at New Orleans. This lady, at a certain religious solemnity which she witnessed from the window of her mansion, had the indecorum to laugh. Like the mule in the fable, who faintly remembered that his father was an ass, the heredity of New England blue-law traditions cropped out on this occasion for the prestige of a truly Russian military autocracy. General Butler, then in command of the city, felt the lion of popular indignation aroused in him by this disrespect of a lady. Her social position aggravated the offence. He ordered her to be seized and imprisoned, which was done. Let all blasphemous free thinkers take warning! EDGEWORTH.

[I am unable to furnish the desired information regarding the truth of the "spoons" story. If true, the offence, as "Edgeworth" says, is secondary, involved with many others in the original and greater crime of enlisting in the war. Hence it seems to me wiser to attack Butler in the many vulnerable and vital points which his loose political philosophy and unscrupulous political career have laid open.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Bold Donn on Bold Ben.

[John Swinton's Paper.]

MY DEAR JOHN SWINTON:—You offer "a dollar for the bold Donn Piatt's opinion of the bold Ben Butler."

You can have it for nothing.

I have always regarded the bold Ben as one of the ablest men, in either law or politics, our country can boast of, and I like him because he is not respectable.

Respectable people are those who make their one virtue very tiresome. As a man may bathe until he brings on a skin disease, so these reputable people are sick of their proprieties.

The old Hoars, of Massachusetts, are illustrious specimens of this. They support Blaine, although they despise him, because it would not be respectable to vote with any other party than this organized dishonesty in purple and fine linens called the Republican party.

The old Hoars, and such like, hate Butler; so I like him.

When it comes to voting—and I am going to indulge in that absurdity for the first time in ten years—I cannot vote for the bold Ben. And I will tell you why.

I believe in the old Jeffersonian theory of government, that it means only the intervention of the constable to keep the peace. We never can have the relief you seek and I sigh for until we secure the form of government Jefferson projected.

Now, the bold Ben believes in the Commune, and that is in antagonism to the correct theory, for it makes the government everything, and puts it everywhere.

Republicanism, with its paternal government, is the commune of capital. Ben's party is the commune of labor.

The labor you appeal to, even if you could influence or control it, is helpless for good. Just now the bold Ben is seeking to use it for evil. It is the mechanical labor of towns, and is in a hopeless minority, when numbered with the vast agricultural labor of the land.

This last, the farmer, is a dark, heavy mass of ignorance, but a power all the same. It cannot be taught, but it can be made to feel, and at this moment they are suffering—for I am one of them—from a lack of market. I lost twenty cents a bushel on my wheat. My neighbors are losing twenty-five cents a bushel, and all other produce suffers in a like manner.

Do you know what this loss is to a farmer? It is utter ruin, not only to him, but to the entire country. He is sick, and turns his back on the Republican party. He cannot tell you why, but he does.

Now, the keystone of this arch of Republican iniquity, the crowning rascality of this commune of capital, is the protective tariff. It shuts out the competition from abroad, and leaves home monopoly to deal with us as its greed dictates.

The bold Ben dodges this, and you say nothing. He fears to lose votes.

I care nothing for platforms. They are like those of the cars—"dangerous to stand on." But I do count a little—not much, but a little—on the selfish instincts of the masses, and these commit the Democratic party to a repeal of the protective swindle called a tariff. Not only this, but real statesmen, such as John G. Carlisle, Henry Watterson, Frank Hurd, William Morrison, John Follett, and many others, men of high courage and honest convictions, are coming to the front, and the war they make is a war of right against wrong.

It seems to me that the bold Ben seeks to obscure the issue and defeat the grand result. And, my dear friend, you are missing your opportunity. What you want, or rather need, is an influence over the masses that elect presidents, make the congress, and control the courts. Instead of seizing the chance of this opening, you are throwing obstacles in the way and playing into the hands of the commune of capital.

This is why I cannot vote for the bold Ben.

Yours ever, DONN PIATT.

MAC-O-CHEEK, OHIO, September 1.

A Picturesque Figure.

[Troy Telegram.]

Probably no Englishman has taken more earnest interest in the Egyptian question than Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. The frightful injustice of the British interference with Arabi and his plans for regenerating Egypt aroused in his mind the most intense indignation, which he uttered in "The Wind and the Whirlwind," a poem of great power and feeling, which has been issued in very attractive form by Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston. He has compelled England to listen to him, although he has been badly treated by the government, and he is today the chief lion of the London season. The "Whitehall Review" says he is one of the most picturesque figures of the day. It is impossible not to feel interest in an Englishman who is as much at home in the desert as most of his countrymen are in Piccadilly or the Bois de Boulogne; who can live like an Arab among Arabs, and a European among Europeans; one half of whose life is passed in the stately garments of a Bedaween sheik, and the other in the most careful handiwork of Mr. Vigo; who rears Arab horses that would make the Oriental in Mr. Browning's poem envious; and who, to conclude all, writes sonnets that the greatest admirers of Petrarch, of the Pleiad, and of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" may read with pleasure. The real Anglo-Oriental is always an interesting figure, whether he be Burton in Mecca or Floyer in Beloochistan; but the varied qualifications and accomplishments of Wilfred Blunt make him more like some figure from the "Thousand and One Nights" than the child of nineteenth-century England.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

master, * calf that I am! (Looking at his watch). Ten o'clock. There is yet time." And he went out.

The first quarter of an hour he said to himself: "All that is of little consequence; what great need is there that I should finish my studies? I shall not be ruined for having no diploma. By lessons and translations I shall earn as much as, and probably even more than, I should have earned as a doctor."

He had no reason, therefore, to knit his brows; the problem had shown itself so easy to solve, at least partially, that since the last lesson he had felt a presentiment of a solution of this sort. He understood this now. And if any one could have reminded him of the reflections beginning with the word "sacrifice" and ending with the thoughts about the poor, he would have had to admit that at that time he foresaw such an arrangement, because otherwise the thought, "I renounce a career of learning," would have had no basis. It seemed to him then that he did not renounce, and yet instinct said to him: "This is not a simple postponement; it is a renunciation." But, if Lopoukhoff would thus have been convicted, as a practical thinker, of violating logic, he would have triumphed as a theorist and would have said: "Here is a new instance of the sway of selfishness over our thoughts; I ought to have seen clearly, but I saw dimly because I did not wish to see things as they were. I have left the young girl to suffer a week longer, when I should have foreseen and arranged everything on the spot."

But none of these thoughts came into his head, because, knitting his brows, he said to himself for seven quarters of an hour: "Who will marry us?" And the only reply that presented itself to his mind was this: "No one will marry us." But suddenly, instead of *no one*, his mind answered "Mertzaloff." Then it was that he struck his forehead and justly reproached himself for not having thought of Mertzaloff at first; it is true that his fault was palliated by the circumstance that he was not accustomed to consider Mertzaloff as one who marries.

In the Academy of Medicine there are all sorts of people,—among others, seminarists. These have acquaintances in the Spiritual Academy, and through these Lopoukhoff had some there also.

A student in the Spiritual Academy, with whom he had no intimate acquaintance but was on friendly terms, had finished his studies the previous year, and was a priest in a certain edifice with endless corridors situated on the island of Vassilievsky. To his house Lopoukhoff repaired, and, in view of the extraordinary circumstances and the advanced hour, he even took a cab.

Mertzaloff, whom he found at home alone, was reading some new work, I know not what,— perhaps that of Louis XIV; perhaps one by some other member of the same dynasty.

"That is the business that brings me here, Alexey Pétrovitch! I know very well that it involves a great risk on your part. It will amount to nothing if the parents are reconciled; but, if they bring a suit, you perhaps will be ruined, nay, you surely will be, but" . . . . .

Lopoukhoff could think of nothing with which to follow this "but." How, indeed, present reasons to an individual to influence him to put his head upon the block for our sake?

Mertzaloff reflected for a long time; he too was trying to find a "but" that would authorize him to run such a risk, but he too could find none.

"What's to be done? I should very much like. . . . What you ask me to do now I did a year ago; but now I am not free to do all that I would like to do. It is a case of conscience: it would be in accordance with my inclinations to aid you. But when one has a wife, one fears to take a step without looking to see whither it will lead him."

"Good evening, Alocha.† My relatives send their regards to you. Good evening, Lopoukhoff; we have not seen each other for a long time. What were you saying about wives? You men are always grumbling about your wives," said a pretty and vivacious blonde of seventeen years, just returning from a call upon her parents.

Mertzaloff stated the situation to her. The young woman's eyes sparkled.

"But, Alocha, they will not eat you!"

"There is danger, Natacha." ‡

"Yes, very great danger," added Lopoukhoff.

"But what's to be done? Risk it, Alocha, I beg of you."

"If you will not blame me, Natacha, for forgetting you in braving such a danger, our conversation is over. When do you wish to marry, Dmitry Serguéitch?"

Then there was no further obstacle. Monday morning Lopoukhoff had said to Kirsanoff:

"Alexander, I am going to make you a present of my half of our labor. Take my papers and preparations, I abandon them all. I am to leave the Academy; here is the petition. I am going to marry." And Lopoukhoff told the story briefly.

"If you were not intelligent, or even if I were a booby, I should tell you, Dmitry, that none but fools act in this way. But I do nothing of the sort. You have probably thought more carefully than I upon all that could be said. And even though you had not thought upon it, what difference would it make? Whether you are acting foolishly or wisely I do not know; but I shall not be thoughtless enough to try to change your resolution, for I know that that would be vain. Can I be useful to you in any way?"

"I must find some rooms in some quarter at a low price; I need three. I must make my application to the Academy to obtain my papers as soon as possible, tomorrow in fact. To you, then, I must look to find me rooms."

Tuesday Lopoukhoff received his papers, went to Mertzaloff, and told him that the marriage would take place the next day.

"What hour will suit you best, Alexey Pétrovitch?"

"It is all one to me; tomorrow I shall be at home all day."

"I expect, moreover, to have time to send Kirsanoff to warn you."

Wednesday at eleven o'clock Lopoukhoff waited for Vérotchka on the boulevard for some time, and was beginning to grow anxious when he saw her running in all haste.

"Dear Vérotchka, has anything happened to you?"

"No, my dear friend, I am late only because I slept too long."

"What time did you go to sleep, then?"

"I do not like to tell you. At seven o'clock; no, at six; up to that time I was continually agitated by unpleasant dreams."

"I have a request to make of you, dear Vérotchka; we must come to an understanding as quickly as possible in order that both of us may be tranquil."

"That is true, dear friend."

"So, in four days, or in three." . . .

"Ah, how good that will be!"

"In three days I probably shall have found some rooms; I shall have purchased everything needful for our household; can we then begin to live together?"

"Certainly."

"But first we must marry."

"Ah, I forgot; yes, we must first marry."

"But we can marry at once."

[To be continued.]

* See Gogol's "Dead Souls."
† Alocha is the diminutive of Alexey.
‡ Natacha is the diminutive of Natalia.

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 50.

VI.

LAW, JUSTICE, RIGHT, AND WRONG.

BOSTON, September 20, 2084.

My dear Louise:

When Mr. De Demain told me that Anarchy prevented crime to a great extent, I did not doubt his words, for he is unquestionably honest, but an enthusiast is very apt to exaggerate the benefits of the thing in which he is most interested, and so I began a systematic reading of the newspapers to see how many crimes were reported. I know you will say: "You can't tell anything by the newspapers," but newspapers are not today what they were two hundred years ago. Now the papers tell the truth according to the best knowledge of those who edit them; then it was a notorious fact that policy and expediency determined whether a newspaper should tell the truth or lie. But I did not depend altogether upon the papers for my information for fear that there might be certain classes of cases which the editors thought it better not to publish at all. Every day for the past two weeks I have attended some court and watched the proceedings and studied the calendar. I think that I need only say that there is no shade of exaggeration in what Mr. De Demain has said.

In all there are but four courts in Boston. Each is in session for two hours each day unless some important case which may be on trial requires more time for its completion, when the length of session is continued at will. In all my attendance upon these courts, I have not seen one case that required more than an hour for trial, and on several occasions there were no cases at all ready for hearing. There are no lawyers today. Those having cases before the courts in charge are termed jurists.

This much I learned by attending the courts. When Mr. De Demain called last evening, I told him of my experience, and many questions by me brought out answers which I will put together in the form of a little essay.

"All criminal cases are tried before a jury of twelve, and the jury decides all questions of law, fact, and punishment. Of course there is no statute law and no other law that carries force with itself. A jury decides after hearing evidence that a certain act is a crime or that it is not. This, you see, makes a judge unnecessary. Most crimes are committed under such peculiar circumstances that it is better to decide upon every point in every case.

"The public courts are little used in civil cases, but such cases are left entirely to the judgment of a jury when they are brought before these courts. Such a jury may consist of any number decided on by the parties to the case. Most civil cases are taken before private courts, of which there are some dozen or twenty in the city. Business is conducted much the same in these as in the public courts, but the expense is somewhat less and the proceedings may be kept private if desired. A keeps a court. B and C are parties to a case which they bring before this court. A has an understanding with fifty or more men, well-known to be honest, whereby he may call upon any number of them to act as jurors. B and C look over the list of these names and mutually agree upon three, four, six, or any number they desire, and these sit and listen to the evidence presented by B and C, and their unanimous decision is binding upon both parties. There are no decisions upon complicated questions of law to be appealed from to higher courts, and so higher courts are unnecessary. Justice is no longer hedged in by endless petty forms. Most small civil cases are left by the parties interested to the judgment of one man, who carefully investigates the matter and decides.

"In the time of the State justice was too good a thing for common, everyday use; in fact it was seldom used at all. It was personified and placed on a bright pedestal where it might be admired as a beautiful image. Then, that the people might not get at it, it was hedged in with law, and fenced in with lawyers and judges, and to make this hedge and fence stronger was the constant aim of legislatures and congresses. The shadow, even, of justice could not fall outside of the enclosure in which it was so sacredly kept.

"'Legal' is a word no longer used. 'Is it just?' is asked, instead of 'is it legal?' Justice always meant more than law, never mind how numerous laws were, and if a thing were legal, that was enough. If justice instead of law had defined the bounds of right and wrong, people would have questioned whether a thing were just before doing an injury to a fellow being. I think it was Coleridge who said there could be no definition of right and wrong except in the technical language of the courts. If 'technical language' were omitted, this would be true. It is for no man or number of men to decide upon a question and settle it for all time, saying 'this shall be right' and 'this shall be wrong.' As I said before, every case in which is raised the question of right or wrong has about it peculiar circumstances which must decide. So long as nature knows no absolute right or wrong, man will know none, and nature will always act, as she acts now and ever has acted, upon the impulse of the moment. Forces which have been at work through all time determine such acts, but nothing determines that these forces shall cause such acts. That they do is enough. Why should they not? Why should we suppose a controlling hand? Every man, when he is about to act, must decide for that time whether such act will be just. There is no absolute justice by which he can measure his act. Still, there is justice in the world, but it is simply an ever-varying phase of human nature. The moment you define justice, that moment it ceases to be justice. This — the defining of justice — was the greatest fault of the State; this was the greatest barrier to liberty; this was the greatest barrier to human happiness; this was the greatest curse of the human race.

"The people of your time could see that nature acted well without an outside controlling power. They could see, too, that man was a part of nature, and with the other part of nature acted spontaneously. But they could not see that man needed no outside hand to guide him. 'God and the State!' Well did Bakounine connect them. One is as absurd as the other. One is as unnecessary as the other."

Mr. De Demain was becoming excited and blasphemous, and I checked him, and as the hour was quite late, he took leave of me. What he said seems, to glance at it hastily, very sensible, but I shall give it more thought, and I trust that you, my dear Louise, will do the same.

JOSEPHINE.

Property-Robbery.

Among the little *liberties* in which Liberty indulges is that of the ellipsis, a figure of speech which in the dance of ideas sometimes trips up the flatfooted Saxon understanding, and unwittingly causes much scandal. In condescension to its infirm imagination, she here writes the phrase out in full, with variants to suit circumstances:

1. Property is the effect of robbery.
2. Property is the provocative to robbery.
3. Property is the victim of robbery.

The first case occurs when human legislation arrogates the right of might by imposing an arbitrary title. Thus, by speculating on the knavery and treachery of representative governments, foreigners acquire "property" in the soil of the United States, and actually fence out the inhabitants from millions of acres. Such rifling calls for the rifle.

Second. A gardener, I have "entered" a quarter section, paid the regular fees on it (legislative robbery) to Uncle Sam, and paid half as much again to the arbitrary requirement of local land officers, because I could not afford to go to law with them (indirect official robbery). Of my tract, thus acquired in fulfilling the terms of improvement during five years' residence, I fence in fifteen acres for pasture, grain, and fruit, there being tracts adjacent still open to entry. My neighbors care for corn and cotton only. They have the woods, mine as well as theirs, free for pasture; but as my improved clearings yield more and better grasses, they take down my bars or fence at places out of sight, and let their cattle in upon me. Against such procedures there is law, but utterly inoperative, by the cost of vigilance needed for discovery and proof, while heavy penalties attach to the slightest injuries, such as peppering the trespassing cattle with mustard seed. The laws really only hinder me from protecting myself as well as I could do without them. (Indirect legislative robbery × direct personal aggression.) With my orchard and melon patch, it is likewise; few besides me being willing to work for fruit, none willing to pay for it, but all liking to eat it. Hence, my property is their robbery, sanctioned by custom, behind which the law stands ready to punish me if I resent it. Corn and cotton, being common crops, are guarded by custom and but seldom stolen.

Observe here the operation of natural law. Property in common things is respected as such without recourse to law or intervention of its officers. Property in uncommon things is not respected here in the country, where the law is a dead letter, there being no police. In the cities, it is different: there, rarities, howsoever acquired, are guarded by a police paid out of the pockets mainly of the masses who own none, and through that sort of robbery which is called indirect taxation.

Coming back to my orchard, I remark another feature of complicative robbery, viz.: the fruit is stolen mainly between Saturday evening and Monday. There is a chapel within half a mile of me, others all around me. My neighbors are generally pious. Church property not being taxed, the preachers, taking a hint from this favor of the State, expect to be upon the free list everywhere. They levy without scruple on my professional time and means, they teach dishonesty by the vicarious atonement and salvation through faith, and while I am paying gratuitous visits to the sick in their families, their church members are stealing my fruit. To confess one's self "a miserable sinner," that washes out conscience and whets appetite. The State indirectly occasions this robbery by its Sabbath law, one of the very few which is enforced, and which turns loose from their usual employments a number of light-fingered loafers seeking what they may devour.

Again, State and Church concur to invalidate the morality of common sense, viz.: A church member of exemplary piety begged seed of me, and got fifteen dollars' worth, contracting to pay by half the coming crop, in making which half the costs were to be also supplied by me. The crop made, he refused payment, telling me, in presence of his wife and children, after evening prayers, that he "did not consider himself bound by any contract that might be inconvenient to him." I appealed to law, and got a judgment against him, but the judge told me I could not collect it on account of the stay laws, which contravene the others in more than nine cases out of ten.

There are still other senses in which our laws render property robbery, viz.: A pious church member came to borrow some farming utensils. As he took leave of me, he turned and said: "I will either return these, or pay for them." I answered not, and he never did either. I consulted Mr. Boyd, a lawyer of fair repute, since secretary of this State (Alabama). He told me I had no case, because the borrower had promised conditional payment, which constituted the borrowed property a debt, which the stay laws exempted from judgment. These State stay laws equally protect debtors against professional labor and costs. After submitting to be legally robbed every year, under pretext of license to practise, I find hardly one man in the hundred on whom any claim for costs and service is valid, because, however great my fatigue, my expense, or the benefit I render, my labor is not classed in law as "mechanical." My claim is invalid against fortunes less than $3000.

The wrongs under which the more numerous small proprietors, like myself, suffer are doubtless due in great measure to the degradation of the masses by the exploitation of large proprietors, especially of usurers. Morality is proportional to general prosperity, to the stake that each holds in a country's goods, the more equal the better. Is it surprising that with such laws and such church doctrines as ours, the foundations of natural morality should be undermined, and scoundrelism floated into credit? Our actual Church and State are the two representative thieves, between whom the Son of Man is hung. Because of them property means robbery. Remove them, and property becomes the extension proper to each personal faculty over Nature, including society; the reciprocation by terra-solar forces from the *not me* to the impressive or creative *me*. This transcendant and positive definition asks developments and illustrations, which I have given in the "Radical Review" and the "Index."

EDGEWORTH.

Well, Then, in 6884.

To the Editor of Liberty:

A copy of the August 9th number of your Liberty has chanced to come into my possession today. I wish to hear more from you; so, find herewith a dollar, which is, I see, the yearly subscription price of Liberty — which I expect to relieve *me* for twelve months at least of that "eternal vigilance" expense of which we frequently hear as necessary for the defence of the only thing worth having.

Verily, I find in reading Liberty that a few people in the world are getting radical enough to suit me, in the main. Go ahead, and you'll finally get down to tap-roots in "moral" and social philosophy, I feel sure.

In subscribing for Liberty, I have hope that you or some of your contributors will make it clear to me how the decisions of arbiters (in the proposed system of arbitration which it is averred *should* take the place of our courts) are to be enforced, *i.e.*, make themselves heeded by dissenting parties. I understand well enough that "public sentiment" is expected to enforce them, but will it not take five thousand years to educate the people up to the proper sentiment? Thirty years ago I thought that a quarter of a century would be sufficient for the due "development" and "emancipation" of the race. Now I don't set the figures this side of the year 6884. But I am patient, and willing to wait!

Yours truly,

L. W. CASE.

WINSTED, CONNECTICUT, August 17, 1884.

[If Mr. Case diligently reads Liberty, he will gradually glean all the information that he seeks. Meanwhile, let him cheer up. My experience has been quite different. When I first met, comprehended, and embraced the Anarchistic doctrine, I did not dare to hope, though a sanguine boy of eighteen, for its realization much this side of Mr. Case's millennial date, the sixty-ninth century. Since then twelve years have passed away, during which my wonder has not ceased to increase daily at the rate the old world has been forging ahead. It is now my firm belief that the history of the twentieth century will record the complete triumph of Liberty throughout the civilized world. But what difference does it make, as far as our duty is concerned? Mr Case may be right in thinking that this earth will not be heaven till 6884. The great point is that the journey is begun. Shall we let the distance discourage us? If so, we may not get there until 6885. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

An Anarchist's Singular Confession.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have just read E. H. Benton's letter on currency, and your reply thereto. It seems to me that you are both in a "corner." Taking Anarchism as a standpoint for a "new departure" in thought and action, what is your mortgage worth? What can it secure? Take away the machinery of the State, and mortgages will not possess as much value as so much blank paper. The latter may be useful to write on; whilst the former could only be utilized for pulp. When we do away with or outgrow the "State," we must leave all its methods behind. We must not attempt to put the new wine of the revolution into the old skins (bottles) of the played-out State.

J. W. COOPER.

TENNESSEE PASS, COLORADO, August 15, 1884.

[There is no point to Mr. Cooper's criticism unless he is a Communist as well as an Anarchist (if indeed one can be both). For none but Communists favor the disappearance of all titles to justly-earned wealth. A mortgage is a conditional title. To say that under Anarchy it will be worth nothing is to say that Anarchy means utter insecurity and wholesale theft. A not uncommon charge from its opponents, but a strange confession to come from one of its friends! When Anarchy prevails, all just titles will be valid and efficacious for one of two reasons, — either people will have improved in their morals sufficiently to respect them voluntarily, or else such persons as are indisposed to respect them will be forced to do so. "The old State over again!" my undiscriminating friend will cry. Not at all, my friend! Simply a voluntary association for defence of person and property to which no one need belong who does not choose and which no one not belonging will be expected to support. By no means an old bottle. On the contrary, an entirely new one, and just the thing, as long as needed, to hold the revolutionary wine. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Right Views and Right Motives.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have seen and read Liberty for May 17, and it is glorious and inspiring to one who has fought and suffered for Liberty fifty years. I divide humanity into those who have neither right views nor motives, those who have right motives and wrong views, those who have right views and wrong motives, and the highest order, which consists of men and women with right views and right motives.

The men and women of the last class are few and precious, but it is inspiring that their number, by the *growth* of the brain *upward* and *forward*, is fast increasing. I believe the editor of Liberty—judging from the number I read—has the *right* view of Anarchy and Socialism, and that his *ideal* of a true and scientific reconstruction of human society is essentially mine.

If I comprehend him, he is working like the sensible chemist to analyze and disintegrate the unjust and unnatural compound called society and government into its constituent, primary elements,— into *individual men* and *women*,— and then let them be drawn together by *natural* affinity or attraction into a New Integration, "wherein shall dwell righteousness," truth, peace, health, justice, love, and wisdom, and all *individual* rights be preserved, secured, and mutually protected and guaranteed. If such is *your* ideal, your goal and aspiration, then I am *with* you, and have been forty years; but I can *see* and *define* that ideal better now than ever before.

Alas, when I look through the world and see how *scarce* is the *material* to *build* our new Temple of Humanity from, I almost "give up the ship."

> Truth would you teach, or save a sinking land?
> All fear, none aid you, and *few understand*.

Certainly, Lysander Spooner is a man of right views and motives, for *never* have I read such a masterly and critical *analysis* of "the Supreme Law," the United States Constitution; such searching, scathing, invincible *logic;* such undeniable facts; such scorching, withering, consuming irony and invective; such a *probing* of the selfishness, tyranny, usurpation, and rottenness of our anti-human constitutions, national and State legislation,— as his letter to Hon. Thomas F. Bayard. Webster was "the *great expounder* of the Constitution," but behold a *greater* and *better* and *truer* expounder in Spooner.

Well, "the war must go on": and, as Adams said, "Why put off longer the Declaration of Independence?" I mean *our new declaration of independence* from *all* man-made combinations and forces that *suppress* and *oppress* human, individual rights and functions. Let right views and right motives prevail.

J. H. COOK.

COLUMBUS, KANSAS.

CLEAR THE WAY!

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Clear the way, my lords and lackeys! you have had your day.
Here you have your answer — England's yea against your nay:
Long enough your House has held you: up, and clear the way!

Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, precedent and gold,
Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise bought and sold,
Gave you heritage of empire over thralls of old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their gold is rust,
Quenched the pride they lived by, dead the faith and cold the lust,
Shall their heritage not also turn again to dust?

By the grace of these they reigned, who left their sons their sway:
By the grace of these, what England says her lords unsay:
Till at last her cry go forth against them — Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and lied:
By the force of fear and folly fools have fed their pride:
By the strength of sloth and custom reason stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some later day be worse,
Halt and hearken, lords of land and princes of the purse,
Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce falls a sprinkling spray;
But the wind that swells, the wave that follows, none shall stay:
Spread no maze of sail for shipwreck: out, and clear the way!

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Proudhon's Bank.

While the principle of equal representation of all available values by the notes of the Exchange Bank is what I have advocated these thirty years, I do not perceive how, in generalizing the system, as Proudhon would do (I refer to the paragraphs translated by Greene), we are to avoid the chances of forgery on the one side, and on the other, of fraudulent issues by the officers of the Bank.

Such a Bank, moreover, is equivalent to a general insurance policy on the property of a country, and the true value of its notes must depend on security against conflagrations and other catastrophes affecting real estate as well as "personal property."

I hope that the first essays will be local and limited. I think the commercial activity of modern civilization dangerously, if not fatally, exaggerated and disproportioned to production. The Railroad is a revolver in the hands of a maniac, who has just about sense enough to shoot himself. Even were we not, in our blind passion for rapid and facile transportation, hanging ourselves by the slip-noose of monopoly, the impulse which railroads give to and towards *city* life, coming, as it has, before the establishment of a conservative scavenger system, by which the cream of soils would be restored to them, rapidly drains and wastes terra-solar vitality, and suffices soon to render America a desert. The feasible check to this "*galloping consumption*" lies in *localizing the circuits* of production with manipulation and consumption in cooperative associations. The smaller the area in which such self-sufficing circuit is effected, the greater the economy of force in transportation.

Men and Gods are too extense;
Could you slacken and condense?

I suppose you see the correlation of this idea with that of the safety of Exchange Bank notes, as in a locally restricted commerce, frauds could and would be promptly detected, and therefore would be seldom attempted. EDGEWORTH.

[Proudhon was accustomed to present his views of the way in which credit may be organized in two forms,—his Bank of Exchange and his Bank of the People. The latter was his real ideal; the former he advocated whenever he wished to avoid the necessity of combating the objections of the governmentalists. The Bank of Exchange was to be simply the Bank of France transformed on the mutual principle. It is easy to see that the precautions against forgery and over-issue now used by the Bank of France would be equally valid after the transformation. But in the case of the Bank of the People, which involves the introduction of free competition into the banking business, these evils will have to be otherwise guarded against. The various ways of doing this are secondary considerations, having nothing to do with the principles of finance; and human ingenuity, which has heretofore conquered much greater obstacles, will undoubtedly prove equal to the emergency. The more reputable banks would soon become distinguished from the others by some sort of voluntary organization and mutual inspection necessary to their own protection. The credit of all such as declined to submit to thorough examination by experts at any moment or to keep their books open for public inspection would be ruined, and these would receive no patronage. Probably also the better banks would combine in the use of a uniform bank-note paper difficult to counterfeit, which would be guarded most carefully and distributed to the various banks only so far as they could furnish security for it. In fact, any number of checks can be devised by experts that would secure the currency against all attempts at adulteration. There is little doubt that the first essays will be, as "Edgeworth" hopes, "local and limited." But I do not think the money so produced will be nearly as safe as that which will result when the system has become widespread and its various branches organized in such a way that the best means of protection may be utilized at small expense.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

A Half Truth and a Whole Lie.

[San Francisco "Weekly Star."]

The Associated Charities of Boston claim that "the four causes of poverty are drunkenness, ignorance, laziness, and pride." It is quite Bostonian to leave out a more potent cause than all four,— that is, the robbery of the producing classes by the non-producers to the extent of half their earnings, or more. Drunkenness may be a cause of poverty, but poverty—through the exhaustion caused by overwork — is also a leading cause of drunkenness. Ignorance, too, is also more the effect than the cause of poverty; the ignorance, however, of monopolists and other wealthy men, especially of legislators and so-called "statesmen," generally, also those who assume to be the leaders of thought, most certainly causes the poverty of the millions. Laziness on the part of the poor is reaction from overwork. The man who works seventeen hours a day in harvest time is apt to become a tramp and a drunkard the remainder of the year. It, too, is more an effect of poverty than a cause, though the laziness of our fine ladies, whose silks, jewelry, and general extravagance has to be supplied by the toil and privations of the producing classes, may cause the poverty of producers. Likewise the pride of the genteel plundering classes causes the poverty of those from whose earnings they are supported.

With these explanations, modifications, and exceptions the Boston theory is doubtless correct. It is not, however, strikingly new or original; it is in fact some few centuries old, and in the form put forth by those Boston dudes and dudines who vary their useless lives by playing at charity it is not as popular among thinking people as it used to be.

Irresistible Revolution.

[P. J. Proudhon.]

A revolution is a force against which no other power, divine or human, can prevail, and whose nature it is to be made stronger and greater by the very resistance which it meets. We may guide, moderate, slacken a revolution; I have already said that the wisest politics consists in yielding to it foot by foot, in order that the eternal evolution of Humanity, instead of proceeding with vast strides, may be accomplished insensibly and noiselessly. We cannot stem a revolution, we cannot deceive it, we cannot change its nature; all the more, then, we cannot conquer it. The more you repress it, the more you add to its energy and render its action irresistible. So true is this that, as far as the triumph of an idea is concerned, it is immaterial whether it be persecuted, harassed, crushed in its beginnings, or allowed to develop and spread without opposition. Like the ancient Nemesis, whom neither prayers nor threats could move, the revolution advances, with grave and fatal tread, over the flowers which its devotees strew before it, through the blood of its defenders, and over the dead bodies of its enemies.

A Poet's Opinion of a Poem.

[John Boyle O'Reilly in the "Pilot."]

"The Wind and the Whirlwind," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, is a poem of remarkable strength and noble purpose. Its theme is the retribution awaiting the spoilers of Egypt, the unhappy land which Mr. Blunt, almost alone among Englishmen, has championed with voice and pen already. No extract can do justice to the sublimity of this noble work. It abounds in striking figures and exalted thoughts. The indignation of a poet, standing "Alone against the mighty many, to force a hearing for the weak and few," finds expression in burning words of prophecy. It is a poem to be read and admired, as much for its literary merits as for its noble sentiments, by all who share the poet's lofty hatred of "Injustice, that hard stepmother of heroes."

The Value of Liberty's Influence.

To the Editor of Liberty:

While I by no means agree with all the doctrines taught in Liberty, it is apparent that the tendencies of the day to the rapid centralization of power and accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, to the consequent down-pulling of the many, is an evil which can only be met by the spread of doctrines calculated to cast an influence on the opposite side of the balances. For this reason Liberty and periodicals of a similar character will do good. It seems to be the bane of humanity to want to look up to somebody. This may be due to man's inherent knowledge of his own infirmities. But it is also his bane to want to look down on some other body, presumably a little lower in the social scale. This is due to a want of education. But in no way can man be more surely or rapidly elevated to a higher plane — a plane which would fit him for Anarchy if such a thing is possible — than by teaching him the value of Liberty,— the feeling of self-respect in the widest sense, and the feeling of respect for others in a sense equally wide.

With respect,

J. W. DEAN.

CHARITON, MISSOURI, August 7, 1884.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. II.—No. 26. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884. Whole No. 52.

" For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The "Truth-Seeker" reports Stephen Pearl Andrews as saying at a recent meeting of the Liberal club that hereafter he should have something to say in that paper, from time to time, on the labor question. At which Liberty rejoices.

"Is money a creation of God? or, Is money a creation of Law?" asks the St. Louis Jeffersonian, a new-comer among Liberty's exchanges. It is neither. It is born of social necessity acting upon individuals, associations, and governments.

According to an ingenious English authority, the cause of famine in India is the excessive prevalency of the goat. The theory is that the goats destroy the trees, and the consequent decay of forests decreases the average rainfall. No theory is too silly for England to announce for the purpose of diverting attention from the real cause of the abject poverty of the laborers of India. The reason why the people starve is so plain and simple that it is passed over without notice by the ingenious theorists. It can be stated in a few words, and no profound "political economist" is required to demonstrate the fact. The laborers of India are robbed by England of the food which they produce.

Sarah M. Chipman, whose letter printed in another column was refused publication by the journal to which it was sent and has since fallen into my hands, has compressed into a few lines more solid sense regarding the charges against Cleveland's moral character than has appeared in all the editorials of all the newspapers of all the political parties put together. There could be nothing more hypocritical, considering the source from which they come, than the two charges against Cleveland which seem to be damaging him most seriously, — first, that he once lived with a woman out of wedlock, and, second, that, being a sheriff, he performed the official duty of hanging two men who had been sentenced to death. The idea that any lapse from so-called virtue should unfit a man for high official station in Washington, that sink of sexual vice and domestic corruption in which none wallow more deeply than our congressmen, is so supremely absurd that the editors and stump-orators who prate about it so sanctimoniously in public cannot discuss it in private with sober faces. As for the "hangman" charge, to realize its hypocrisy one need only ask himself whether, had the judge who sentenced Cleveland's victims been running for the presidency, his act would ever have been alleged as a disqualification for the office. An Anarchist might well complain of both judge and sheriff for being concerned in an act of murder, but it is inconceivable that any honest believer in the State should have aught to say to any executive officer thereof who had done no graver wrong than to faithfully obey the State's commands except "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy lord, the people!" Of the three prominent candidates in the field Cleveland is as clearly the strongest morally as he is the weakest intellectually.

"The most effective measures which sovereigns could take to root out this dread evil [Anarchism] would be to satisfy their subjects with equal justice and liberty." That is, the best way to get rid of Anarchism is to make it an actuality. O sapience, thy name is the Boston "Advertiser!"

"A Politician in Sight of Haven," the wonderfully fine and forcible essay by Auberon Herbert recently published serially in Liberty to the great delight of its readers, is now ready in pamphlet form at the low price of ten cents. See advertisement in another column. I expect this little work to take high rank for efficiency in Anarchistic propagandism.

Samuel P. Putnam's latest novel, "Waifs and Wanderings," has been published in book form by the Truth Seeker Company, as may be seen by reference to the advertising columns. I have not had time to read the work. Fortunately for Mr. Putnam, he has other admirers with more leisure, who will surely read his book to see, if for no other reason, whether the great skill as a writer which the author has shown in two so distinct fields as dialectics and poetry extends as well into that of romance.

John W. Garrett, the Railroad King, is dead, and I am glad of it. He spent his life in stealing twenty millions from suffering laborers, which he had the impudence in his will to order his sons to distribute back to them in very small part in the form of charity, and in killing off brakemen at the rate of one an hour, as "K" explains on another page. His heartless utterance, "These brakemen pay for each other," will go down in the history of infamy by the side of Vanderbilt's "The public be damned." These capitalists may thank their stars and the human forbearance of their victims if some day they do not pay for each other and for Garrett at a more bleeding rate of interest than ever they were able to exact.

Liberty has a friend in New York whose loyalty to the Anarchistic movement cannot be doubted. There is no better test of such loyalty than readiness to open the purse, provided one has a purse to open; and by that test Liberty knows the friend in question to be often tried and never found wanting. But his idea of the best way of helping Anarchism publicly is a curious thing to me. In answer to my criticism that the People's Party movement is a step towards despotism and away from Anarchy, he writes me that he recognizes "the difference in direction between the People's Party and Anarchy," but thinks "it would be easier to swing way back from the People's Party to Anarchy than to convert the ordinary mind directly to Anarchism." If this is the case, the ordinary mind must be a very extraordinary thinking apparatus. I am surprised that my friend, who is an active Freethinker, does not pursue a similar policy in his efforts for liberalism in religion. To be consistent he ought to join the Society of Jesus and give his allegiance to the Pope. This is the policy, pushed in a reversed direction, of the Boston "Advertiser," alluded to in another paragraph, which seeks to abolish Anarchism by giving all men liberty. My New York friend similarly hopes to abolish despotism by making all men slaves. This treatment of the "ordinary mind" is not justified by history, which teaches that slavery so dwarfs men mentally that they will patiently suffer under bonds because ignorant of the blessings of freedom.

FOR THE PEOPLE.

[New York Independent.]

We are the hewers and delvers who toil for another's gain,
The common clods and the rabble, stunted of brow and brain.
What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we have reaped?
What do we want, the neuters, of the honey we have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from our golden hoard;
We want to share in the harvest; we want to sit at the board;
We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man,
The fruits of his toil, God-promised, when the curse of toil began.

Ye have tried the sword and sceptre, the cross and the sacred word,
In all the years, and the kingdom is not yet here of the Lord.
We are tired of useless waiting; we are tired of fruitless prayers.
Soldier and churchman and lawyer — the failure, is it not theirs?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid down his life,
If, twenty centuries after, his world be a world of strife?
If the serried ranks be facing each other with ruthless eyes
And steel in their hands, what profits a Saviour's sacrifice?

Ye have tried, and failed to rule us; in vain to direct have tried.
Not wholly the fault of the ruler; not utterly blind the guide;
Mayhap there needs not a ruler; mayhap we can find the way.
At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least ye have led astray.

What matter if king or consul or president holds the rein,
If crime and poverty ever be links in the bondman's chain?
What careth the burden-bearer that Liberty packed his load,
If Hunger presseth behind him with a sharp and ready goad?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper; there's a king with a parchment crown;
There are robber knights and brigands in factory, field, and town.
But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage and rent;
And the baron's toll is Shylock's, with a flesh-and-blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor all night in a narrow room;
The child, defrauded of childhood, tip-toes all day at the loom;
The soul must starve; for the body can barely on husks be fed;
And the loaded dice of a gambler settle the price of bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and robbed him of learning's light;
But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews have all their might.
Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride, and caste!
The Giant is blind and thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

James Jeffrey Roche.

An Always Fatal Fever.

[Radical Review.]

The chase after "glory" is the principal occupation of European governments. England goes to Egypt for "glory's" sake, and it is "glory" that the French are after in Tonquin. The "glory" fever always ends disastrously for the people afflicted by it. Therefore, may the world get rid of "glory."

Political Corruption.

[E. C. Walker in "Lucifer."]

There is no more sure and prolific cause of moral deterioration than that of political strife. It is a very pest-house, scattering the seeds of moral depravity by every agency that comes in contact with it. To win success at the polls men forget the generous impulses of their youth, the reasoned creeds of their maturer years, and plunge into the cesspools of filth; become willing adepts in all the trickery and deceit inseparable from ballot-boxisms; forswear their cherished convictions in their fanatic attempts to overcome the ignorance and prejudice of voters, and waste their energies in a warfare whose full cup of victory is more poisonous than its dregs of defeat are bitter.

The game of voting is a Circe whose beauty and song lure only to degradation and destruction. Fortunately, men are beginning to realize this, and there is yet hope for our people, though the millions are still her victims, and men of titanic intellect slavishly lay their foreheads in the dust at her feet.

In this campaign we behold the spectacle of men who make no secret of their contempt for our old social system lending themselves to the unclean work of making political capital out of the charges of sexual irregularity made against one of the presidential candidates. They are honest men, but they are in the foul ditch of politics and must utilize every weapon that is thrown in their way.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 51.

"Well, let us do so. But how have you managed to arrange everything so soon? How well you know how to do things!"

"I will tell you on the way; come, let us go."

On leaving the cab, they went through long corridors leading to the church; there they found the doorkeeper, whom they sent to Mertzaloff's, who lived in this same building with the interminable corridors.

"Now, Vérotchka, I have another request to make of you. You know that in church they bid the newly-married to kiss each other."

"I know it, but how embarrassing it must be!"

"That we may be less confused when the time comes, let us kiss each other now."

"Very well, let us kiss each other, but can it not be dispensed with there?"

"At the church it is impossible to avoid it; therefore we had better prepare for it."

They kissed each other.

"Dear friend, how fortunate we are in having had time to prepare; there is the doorkeeper coming back already."

It was not the doorkeeper coming back,—he had gone to look for the sexton; it was Kirsanoff who entered; he had been waiting for them at Mertzaloff's.

"Vérotchka, I introduce to you that Alexander Matvéitch Kirsanoff, whom you detest and wish to forbid me to see."

"Véra Pavlovna, why would you separate two such tender hearts?"

"Because they are tender," said Vérotchka, extending her hand to Kirsanoff. She became thoughtful, though continuing to smile. "Shall I love him as well as you do? For you love him much, do you not?" she added.

"I? I love no one but myself, Véra Pavlovna."

"And him also?"

"We have lived without quarreling, that is enough."

"And he loves you no more than that?"

"At least I have not remarked it. For that matter, let us ask him: do you love me, Dmitry?"

"I have no particular hatred for you."

"Well, if that is the case, Alexander Matvéitch, I will not forbid him to see you, and I will love you myself."

"That is much the better way, Véra Pavlovna."

Alexey Pétrovitch came.

"Here I am; let us go to the church." Alexey Pétrovitch was gay and even in a joking mood; but when he began the service, his voice became a little tremulous. "And if they should bring suit? Go to your father, Natacha, your husband can no longer support you; now, it is not a happy existence to live at your father's expense while your husband is still living." But after having said a few words, he completely regained his self-possession.

During the ceremony Natalia Andrevna, or Natacha, as Alexey Pétrovitch called her, came. When all was over, she invited the newly-married couple to go home with her; she had prepared a little breakfast; they went, they laughed, they danced a couple of quadrilles, they even waltzed. Alexey Pétrovitch, who did not know how to dance, played the violin. Two short hours passed quickly by. It was a joyous wedding.

"I believe that they are already waiting dinner for me at home," said Vérotchka: "it is time to go. Now, my darling, I will be patient three, four days in my 'cellar' without fretting too much. I could even live there longer Why should I be sorrowful? What have I to fear now? No, do not escort me; I will go alone; we might be seen."

"Oh, the devil! they will not eat me; do not be so anxious on my account," said Alexey Pétrovitch, in escorting Lopoukhoff and Kirsanoff, who had remained a moment longer to give Vérotchka time to go; "I am now very glad that Natacha encouraged me."

On the morrow, after four days' search, they found satisfactory rooms at the end of the fifth line on the island of Vassilievsky.

His savings amounting in all to one hundred and sixty roubles, Lopoukhoff and his comrade had decided that it would be impossible for them to furnish rooms themselves; so they rented three furnished rooms with board of a *petit bourgeois* * couple.

The *petit bourgeois* was an old man, passing his days peacefully beside a basket filled with buttons, ribbons, pins, etc., and placed against the wall of the little garden situated on the Perspective Moyenne between the first and second lines, or in conversation with his wife, who passed her days in repairing all sorts of old clothes brought to her by the armful from the second-hand stores. The service was performed by the proprietors themselves.

The Lopoukhoffs paid thirty roubles a month.

At that time—that is, ten years ago†—life in St. Petersburg was still comparatively inexpensive. Under these circumstances the Lopoukhoffs with their resources could live for three or even four months; ten roubles a month would pay for their food. Lopoukhoff counted, in the course of these four months, on obtaining pupils, literary work, or occupation in some commercial house.

On Thursday, the day when the rooms were found (and excellent rooms they were, that had not been easily found), Lopoukhoff, coming to give his lesson, said to Vérotchka:

"Come tomorrow; here is the address. I will say no more now, lest they may observe something."

"Dear friend, you have saved me!"

But how to get away from her parents? Should she tell them all? So Vérotchka thought for a moment; but her mother might shower blows upon her with her fists and lock her up. Vérotchka decided to leave a letter in her room. But when Maria Alexevna manifested an intention of following her daughter to the Perspective Nevsky, the latter went back to her room and took the letter again; for it seemed to her that it would be better and more honest to tell her to her face what had been done. Would her mother come to blows with her in the street? It would be necessary only to keep a certain distance from her, then speak to her, jump into a cab, and start off before she could seize her by the sleeve.

And thus it was that the separation was effected near Rousanoff's perfumery.

XXII.

But we have witnessed only half of this scene.

For a minute Maria Alexevna, who was suspecting nothing of the sort, stood as if thunderstruck, trying to understand and yet not at all comprehending what her daughter said. What did all that mean? But her hesitation lasted only a minute, and even less. She suddenly began to hurl insults, but her daughter had already entered the Nevsky; Maria Alexevna hurried a few steps in that direction; it was necessary to take a cab.

"Coachman!"

"Where do you wish me to take you, Madame?"

Which way should she go? She thought she heard her daughter say Rue Karavannaïa; but she had turned to the left along the Nevsky. What course should she take?

"Overtake that wretch!"

"Overtake, Madame? But tell me where I am to go? What course shall I take? The price, in short."

Maria Alexevna, utterly beside herself, insulted the coachman.

"I see that you are drunk, Mistress," said he, and he drove off.

Maria Alexevna followed him with her insults, called other coachmen, and ran now one way, now another, brandishing her arms; at last she started under the colonnade, stamping with rage. A half-dozen young people, venders of all sorts of eatables and knick-knacks, gathered around her, near the columns of the Gastinoi Dvor. They admired her much; they exchanged remarks more or less spicy, and bestowed upon her praises, not without wit, and advice that testified to their good intentions. "Ah! what an excellent lady! So early, and drunk already! Excellent lady!"

"Mistress, do you hear? Mistress, buy a half-dozen lemons of me; they are good things to eat after drinking, and I will sell them to you cheap."

"Do not listen to him, Mistress; lemons will not help you any; you would do better to take a drink of something strong."

"Mistress, Mistress, what a powerful tongue you have! Are you willing to match it against mine on a wager?"

Maria Alexevna, now no longer knowing what she was about, slapped the face of one of her tormenters, a boy of about seventeen, who put his tongue out, not without some grace; the little merchant's cap rolled off into the dirt, and Maria Alexevna, thus enabled to get her hand into his hair, did not fail to grasp it by handfuls. The other scamps, seeing which, were seized with an indescribable enthusiasm:

"That's it! Hit him! Now then! Bravo, the mistress!"

"Lick him, lick him, Mistress!"

Others said: "Fedka,* defend yourself, bit her back!"

But the majority were on Maria Alexevna's side.

"What can Fedka do against this jolly old girl? Lick him, lick him, Mistress; the scamp is getting no more than he deserves."

In addition to the speakers many spectators had already gathered: coachmen, warehouse-men, and passers-by were approaching in crowds; Maria Alexevna seemed to come to her senses, and, after having by a last mechanical movement pushed away the head of the unfortunate Fedka, she crossed the street. Enthusiastic tributes of praise followed her. She became conscious that she was going home when she had passed the carriage-way of the Corps des Pages; she took a cab, and reached the house in safety. On arriving she administered a few blows to Fédia, who opened the door; rushed to the brandy closet; administered a few blows to Matrœna, who had been attracted by the noise; made for the closet again; ran into Vérotchka's room, and came back to the closet a third time; ran again into Vérotchka's room, and stayed there a long time; and then began to walk up and down the rooms scolding and reviling: but whom should she hit? Fédia had fled to the kitchen stairs; Matrœna, peeping through a crack into Vérotchka's room and seeing Maria Alexevna start in her direction, had precipitately fled toward the kitchen, but, not being able to reach it, had rushed into Maria Alexevna's bed-room and hidden under the bed, where she remained in safety awaiting a more peaceable summons.

How long did Maria Alexevna scold and vociferate, walking up and down the empty rooms? It is impossible to say exactly, but for a long time apparently, since Pavel Konstantinytch on his arrival was received also with blows and insults. Nevertheless, as everything must end, Maria Alexevna cried at last: "Matrœna, get the dinner ready!" And Matrœna, seeing that the storm was over, came out from under the bed and set the table.

During dinner Maria Alexevna left off scolding and contented herself with muttering, but without offensive intentions and simply for her own satisfaction; then, instead of going to lie down, she took a seat and remained alone, now saying nothing, now muttering; then she stopped muttering, and at last cried out:

"Matrœna, wake your master, and tell him to come to me."

Matrœna, who, expecting orders, had not dared to go away, either to the *cabaret* or anywhere else outside of the house, hastened to obey.

Pavel Konstantinytch made his appearance.

"Go to the proprietor and tell her that your daughter, thanks to you, has married this blackguard. Say: 'I was opposed to my wife.' Say: 'I did it to please you, for I saw your consent was lacking.' Say: 'The fault was my wife's alone; I carried out your will.' Say: 'It was I who arranged this marriage.' Do you understand me?"

"I understand, Maria Alexevna; you reason very wisely."

"Well, start then! If she is at dinner, let that make no difference; have her called from the table. Make haste, while she is still in ignorance."

The plausibility of the words of Pavel Konstantinytch was so evident that the proprietor would have believed the worthy steward, even if he had not been endowed with the faculty of presenting his ideas with humility, veneration, and in a persuasive and respectful manner; but this power of persuasion was so great that the proprietor would have pardoned Pavel Konstantinytch, even if she had not had palpable proofs of his misunderstanding with his wife.

Was it not evident that he had put his daughter in relations with Lopoukhoff in order to avoid a marriage embarrassing to Mikhaïl Ivanytch.

"What were the terms of the marriage?"

Pavel Konstantinytch had spared nothing in order to give his daughter her marriage portion; he had given five thousand roubles to Lopoukhoff, had paid the expenses of the wedding, and established the couple in housekeeping. It was he who had carried the notes from one to the other. At the house of his

* A French translation of the Russian word *metchanine*, signifying a separate social class above the peasants and below the merchants.

† Now thirty years ago.

* Fedka, a diminutive of Fœdor in popular usage.

colleague, Filatieff, chief of the bureau and a married man, added Pavel Konstantinytch, — yes, it was at his house, your excellency, for although I am an humble man, your excellency, the virgin honor of my daughter is dear to me, — it was at his house, I say, that the meetings took place, in my presence; we were not rich enough to employ a teacher for an urchin like Fédia; no, that was only a pretext, your excellency, etc.

Then Pavel Konstantinytch painted in the blackest colors the character of his wife. How could one help believing and pardoning Pavel Konstantinytch? It was, moreover, a great and unexpected joy. Joy softens the heart. The proprietor began her notice of discharge by a long condemnation of Maria Alexevna's abominable plans and guilty conduct, and at first called on Pavel Konstantinytch to turn his wife out of doors. He begged her not to be so severe.

She spoke thus only for the sake of saying something. Finally they agreed on the following terms:

Pavel Konstantinytch held his stewardship; the apartments fronting on the street were taken away from him; the steward was to live in the rooms farthest in the rear; his wife was not to show herself about the front of the establishment where the proprietor's eye might fall upon her, and she was to go into the street only through the carriage-way, which was far from the proprietor's windows.

Of the twenty roubles a month formerly added to his pay fifteen were taken back and five left as a reward for the zeal shown by Pavel Konstantinytch in carrying out the proprietor's will and to make good the expenses occasioned by his daughter's marriage.

XXIII.

Maria Alexevna had thought of several plans as to the way in which to deal with Lopoukhoff when he should come in the evening. That nearest her heart consisted in hiding two man-servants in the kitchen who, at a given signal, should throw themselves upon and beat him unmercifully. The most pathetic consisted in hurling from her own lips and those of Pavel Konstantinytch the paternal and maternal curse on their rebellious daughter and the ruffian, her husband, insisting at the same time on the import of this curse, the earth itself rejecting, as is well known, the ashes of those whom their parents have cursed. But these were dreams, like those of the proprietor in wishing to separate Pavel Konstantinytch from his wife; such projects, like poetry in general, are destined less to be realized than to relieve the heart by serving as a basis for solitary reflections leading to no results and for explanations in future interviews: that is how I might have developed affairs, that is how I desired to develop them, but through goodness of heart I allowed myself to relent. The idea of beating Lopoukhoff and cursing her daughter was the ideal side of Maria Alexevna's thoughts and feelings. The real side of her mind and soul had a tendency much less elevated and much more practical, — an inevitable difference, given the weakness of every human being. When Maria Alexevna came to her senses near the carriage-way of the Corps des Pages, and comprehended that her daughter had actually disappeared, married, and escaped, this fact presented itself to her mind in the form of the following mental exclamation: "She has robbed me!" All the way home she did not cease to repeat to herself, and sometimes aloud: "She has robbed me!" Consequently, after delaying a few minutes through human weakness to tell her chagrin to Fédia and Matrœna, — every individual allows himself to be dragged by the expression of his feelings into forgetting in his fever the real interests of the moment, — Maria Alexevna ran into Vérotchka's room. She rushed to the dressing-table and the wardrobe, which she reviewed with a hasty glance. "No," said she, "everything seems to be here." Then she proceeded to verify this first tranquillizing impression by a detailed examination. Everything, indeed, was really there, except a pair of very simple gold ear-rings, the old muslin dress, and the old sack that Vérotchka had on when she went out. Regarding this real side of the affair, Maria Alexevna expected that Vérotchka had given Lopoukhoff a list of the things belonging to her which he would claim; she was fully determined to give up no article of gold or anything in that line, but only the four plainest dresses and the most worn linen: to give nothing was impossible; *noblesse oblige*, — an adage of which Maria Alexevna was a rigid observer.

Another question of real life was the relations with the proprietor; we have already seen that Maria Alexevna had succeeded in settling it satisfactorily.

There remained the third question: what was to be done with the guilty, that is, with her daughter and the son-in-law that had been thrust upon her? Curse them? Nothing easier, only such a curse must serve as a dessert to something more substantial. Now, this substantial something could take but one practical shape, that of presenting a petition, bringing a suit, and arraigning before a court of assizes. At first, in her fever, Maria Alexevna viewed this solution of the question from her ideal side, and from this point of view it seemed very seductive to her. But in proportion as her mind became calmer, the affair gradually assumed another aspect. No one knew better than Maria Alexevna that all lawsuits require money, much money, especially lawsuits like this which pleased her by its ideal beauty, and that, after dragging for a long time and devouring much money, they end absolutely in nothing.

What, then, was to be done? She finally concluded that there were but two things to do, — give herself the satisfaction of abusing Lopoukhoff as much as possible, and save Vérotchka's things from his claims, to which end the presentation of a petition would serve as a means. But at any rate she must roundly abuse him, and thus derive all the satisfaction she could.

Even this last part of the plan was not to be realized.

Lopoukhoff arrived, and began in this tone: "We beg you, my wife and I, to be kind enough, Maria Alexevna and Pavel Konstantinytch, to excuse us for having without your consent" . . . .

At this point Maria Alexevna cried out:

"I will curse her, the good —. . . !" She could not finish the epithet *good-for-nothing*. At the first syllable Lopoukhoff raised his voice:

"I have not come to listen to your insults, but to talk business. And since you are angry and cannot talk calmly, I will explain myself in a private interview with Pavel Konstantinytch; and you, Maria Alexevna, will send Fédia or Matrœna to call us when you have become calmer."

As he spoke, he led Pavel Konstantinytch from the parlor into the small room adjoining, and his voice was so strong and positive that there was no way to overmaster it. So she had to reserve her remarks.

Having reached the parlor door with Pavel Konstantinytch, Lopoukhoff stopped, turned back, and said: "I would like nothing better than to make my explanation to you also, Maria Alexevna, if you desire, but on one condition, — that I may do so undisturbed."

Again she began her abuse, but he interrupted her: "Well, since you cannot converse calmly, we leave you."

"And you, imbecile, why do you go with him?"

"Why, he drags me after him."

"If Pavel Konstantinytch were not disposed to give me a quiet hearing, I would go away, and that would be perhaps the better course: what matters it to me, indeed! But why, Pavel Konstantinytch, do you consent to be called such names? Maria Alexevna knows nothing of affairs; she thinks perhaps that they can do God knows what with us; but you, an officeholder, must know how things go on. Tell her, therefore, that things having reached this point, she can do nothing with Vérotchka and still less with me."

"He knows, the rascal, that nothing can be done with him," thought Maria Alexevna, and then she said to Lopoukhoff that, though at first her mother's feelings had carried her away, she was now in a condition to talk calmly.

Lopoukhoff and Pavel Konstantinytch retraced their steps. They sat down, and Lopoukhoff begged her to listen patiently until he had finished all that he had to say, after which she might have the floor. Then he began, taking care to raise his voice every time that Maria Alexevna tried to interrupt him, which enabled him to carry his story to its conclusion. He explained that it was impossible to unmarry them, that there was no chance therefore for Storechnikoff, and that it would be useless trouble, as they knew themselves, to begin a suit. That for the rest they could do as they pleased, and that, if they had an abundance of money, he would even advise them to try the courts; but that, all things considered, there was no occasion for them to plunge into the depths of despair, since Vérotchka had always rejected Storechnikoff's proposals and the match therefore had always been chimerical, as Maria Alexevna had seen for herself; that a young girl nevertheless must marry some time, which means as a general thing a series of expenses for the parents, — that is, the dowry first, the wedding next, but especially the dowry.

Whence Lopoukhoff concluded that Maria Alexevna and Pavel Konstantinytch ought to thank their daughter for having got married without occasioning them any expense.

Thus he spoke for a full half-hour.

When he had finished, Maria Alexevna saw that to such a rascal there was nothing to say, and she placed herself first on the ground of sentiment, explaining that what had wounded her was precisely the fact that Vérotchka had married without asking the consent of her parents, thus lacerating the maternal heart: the conversation, transferred thus to the subject of maternal feelings and wounds, naturally had for either party no more than a purely dialectical interest: they could not help going into it, the proprieties required it; so they satisfied the proprieties. They spoke, Maria Alexevna of how, as an affectionate mother, she had been wounded, Lopoukhoff of how, as an affectionate mother, she need not have been wounded; when, finally, they had filled the measure of the proprieties by digressions of a proper length upon sentimental grounds, they approached another subject equally demanded by the proprieties, — that, on the one side, she had always desired her daughter's happiness, while he answered, on the other, that that was clearly indisputable; when the conversation on this point had likewise attained the proper length, they entered on the subject of farewells, giving that also the amount of attention required by the demands aforesaid, and reached the following result: Lopoukhoff, comprehending the confusion into which the maternal heart had been thrown, did not beg Maria Alexevna for the present to give her daughter permission to see her, because that perhaps would add to the strain on the maternal heart, but Maria Alexevna would not be slow in finding out that Vérotchka was happy, which of course was always Maria Alexevna's first desire, and then, the maternal heart having recovered its equanimity, she would be in a position to see her daughter without having to suffer thereby. This agreed upon, they separated amicably.

"Oh, the rascal!" said Maria Alexevna, after having shown her son-in-law to the door.

That same night she had the following dream:

She was seated near a window, and she saw a carriage, a splendid carriage, passing in the street; this carriage stopped, and out of it got a beautiful lady followed by a gentleman, and they entered her room, and the lady said to her: "See, mamma, how richly my husband dresses me!" This lady was Vérotchka. Maria Alexevna looked at her: the material of Vérotchka's dress was really of the most expensive sort. Vérotchka said: "The material alone cost five hundred roubles, and that is a mere bagatelle, mamma, for us; of such dresses I have a dozen; and here is something that cost still more, see my fingers!" And Maria Alexevna looked at Vérotchka's fingers, and saw rings set with huge diamonds! "This ring, mamma, cost two thousand roubles, and that one four thousand more; and just glance at my breast, mamma; the price of this brooch was still greater; it cost ten thousand roubles!" And the gentleman added, the gentleman being Dmitry Serguéitch: "All these things are just nothing at all for us, my dear mamma, Maria Alexevna! The really precious stuff is in my pocket; here, dear mamma, see this pocket-book, how it is swollen! It is full of hundred-rouble notes. Well, this pocket-book is yours, mamma, for it is a small matter to us! Here is another more swollen still, dear mamma, which I will not give you; it does not contain small currency, but large bank-bills and bills of exchange, and each of these bank-bills, each of these bills of exchange, is worth more than the whole pocket-book which I have given you, dear mamma."

"You knew well, my dear son, Dmitry Serguéitch, how to make my daughter and our whole family happy; but where do you get so much wealth?"

"I have bought the privilege of liquor-selling, mamma!"

And, on waking, Maria Alexevna said to herself: "Truly, he must go into the business of liquor-selling."

XXIV.

EULOGY OF MARIA ALEXEVNA.

You now cease to be an important personage in Vérotchka's life, Maria Alexevna, and in taking leave of you the author of this story begs you not to complain if he makes you quit the scene with a *dénoûment* not wholly to your advantage. Do not think yourself diminished in our eyes. You are a dupe, but that can in no degree change for the worse our opinion of your judgment, Maria Alexevna: your error does not testify against you. You have fallen in with individuals such as previously you had not been in the habit of meeting, and it is not your fault if you have made a mistake in judging things according to your experience. Your whole past life had led you to the conclusion that men are divided into two classes, — fools and knaves; whoever is not a fool is a knave, an absolute knave, you have supposed; not to be a knave is necessarily to be a fool. This way of looking at things was very just, Maria Alexevna, was perfectly just until these latter days. You have met very well-spoken people, and you have observed that all of them, without exception, were either rascals, deceiving men with fine words, or big, stupid children, unacquainted with life and not knowing how to manage their affairs. Consequently, Maria Alexevna, you have placed no faith in fine words; you have regarded them either as nonsense or as falsehoods, and you were right, Maria Alexevna. Your way of look-

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 4, 1884.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

The American Monarchy.

For more than ten years the subject of saving brakemen's lives by using automatic couplers has been discussed in Massachusetts. When the possibility of so decreasing the dangers of railroading was first recognized, I do not know,— probably many years ago. Inventors have given much thought and time to the matter, and have patented over three thousand devices of varying degrees of merit and demerit. But the crude link and pin arrangement is still in almost universal use, and kills ten brakemen a day in this country. There is an association of Master Car-Builders, which meets annually in Massachusetts. Ten years ago some of its members reported that an automatic freight-coupler of some kind should be used. Since then the railroad commissioners and the legislature have threatened periodically to compel the railroads to protect the lives of employees, and the managers of railroads have secured delays by representing that the Master Car-Builders were deliberating and would agree upon some standard device. The Master Car-Builders — they have adopted a false name, for they are servile creatures of the railroad bosses — have pretended to deliberate for ten years, and have agreed upon nothing except to leave the brakemen to their fate. I asked a brakeman the other day why the Car-Builders did not adopt some safety coupler.

"Why don't I go to the president and advise him to smoke more expensive cigars?" he retorted. "Couplers cost money, and these fellows, who call themselves master car-builders and are not masters of their own consciences even, know that the bosses don't want to spend any money to save our lives. It doesn't cost a damned cent to cut a brakeman in two."

And that is the bottom fact of the whole business. In his own domain the "Railroad King" is an absolute monarch and demands an abject submission of all his employees. The "master" mechanic enters the president's or superintendent's office hat in hand, and when the great man arrogantly demands "what in hell" he wants, presents his request or report in trembling humility.

"Why do not the brakemen demand of the bosses that something be done to make their chance of getting killed a little less than one in eight?" I asked my brakeman.

Again he replied with a question: "Why don't the Russian peasants tell the Czar how to run his country?"

"They do try that."

"Yes, and his nibs sends them to Siberia. What's the use of talking? If we could earn $1.85 a day anywhere else, we wouldn't stay in this business, but work is scarce and brakemen are plenty. What's the odds if three or four thousand poor boys like me get the life smashed out of them every year? I get caught between these cars some day. They scoop me up, take me home in a blanket, and send up the alley for another fellow. There's lots of poor boys up the alley."

An inventor went to the president of a great trunk line not long ago and said he had something which would save the lives of three thousand brakemen a year, and he would like to have the device tried.

"I haven't the time to try new inventions," replied the railroad king. "Besides, the brakemen pay for each other on the mutual insurance plan."

The inventor pondered a moment, and then said: "But this is cheap, and will save you one hundred thousand dollars a year in pins."

The king sent his "master" mechanics to test the invention, and adopted it.

Such is the American monarchy. It has appropriated land enough to make thirty-three States as large as New Hampshire, and disinherited the people. It rules the country and wrings taxes from the pockets of the producers. To maintain its power and fill its treasury it slaughters one worker every working hour of the year. It respects no man's rights, not even his right to life. It will not be overthrown by legislation. It was born of legislation, and it has grown in power so great that it now controls its parent. Legislation and the American monarchy exist together. They must disappear together. K.

Our Candidate.

A wealthy capitalist of eminent respectability stopped me the other day and asked me for whom I should vote at the coming presidential election. I quietly informed him that I should probably not vote for anybody. This answer happens to be quite a respectable one just now, for many a goodly man of the high-toned ethical and Sunday-school order goes about sulking most grievously at Blaine's immoralities.

"But whom would you vote for, if you voted for anybody?" continued the gentleman.

"I should certainly vote for James G. Blaine," was my prompt reply.

The gentleman patted me on the shoulder, and in a very gracious and patronizing way congratulated me that I had finally come to see the error of my ways as a labor reformer of the more fanatical type, assuring me that, after all, the Republican party was the party of culture, respectability, and character, while the Democracy was made up largely of the ignorant rabble. "Of course," said he, "you believe in the protection of American labor and so do I; therefore Blaine is my man, and we must overlook the little indiscretions of his early days in the interest of the country at large."

Great was the chagrin of my gracious friend when I informed him that, as an Anarchist, my chief interest was to see the greatest rogue in the field elected, and that, while my personal preferences were for John L. Sullivan or Jay Gould, Blaine seemed to be the most acceptable candidate now soliciting my suffrage.

One redeeming act of Blaine's campaign career would stand significantly in his favor had there been any conscience and conviction in it. He calls upon the fathers and mothers of the land to attest the sacredness of a free-love marriage. When E. H. Heywood was sent to jail for advocating the same kind of marriage which Blaine calls upon the fathers and mothers of America to sanctify, the unjust judge ruled that the advocacy of any form of marriage outside the legally ordered one constituted obscenity, and largely because of that ruling poor Heywood was sent to jail. Heywood was not obscene, as a more enlightened posterity will yet attest to his lasting honor; nor is Blaine obscene, but he is none the less an infamous rogue calling upon the fathers and mothers of America to accord good faith to a form of marriage for the defence of which Heywood suffered martyrdom in a felon's cell. As a conscientious free lover, then, he cannot stand, and his career as a practical one can only be entered on the account of pure roguery.

Such a man championing the protection of American labor—a swindle most foul and infamous, devised to perpetuate the slavery of working people and heap up the already colossal mountain of privilege — is the natural choice of the Anarchist, convinced as he is that the sooner American politics hangs itself by its own rope the sooner those now suffering in the bonds of monopoly will be set free. Unto this last resort of *saving itself* through *heroic* treatment labor is being steadily driven. The longer its torture on the way to a radical settlement through the alternating "bamboozlement" of political parties, the longer an inevitable settlement is postponed. The party that can perpetuate its grip with a tricky and audacious rogue at its head is best hastening a settlement that promises to be real. The more infamous the rogue that it can triumphantly carry into the presidential chair, the sooner is the dawn of Liberty foreshadowed.

Therefore Blaine is my candidate. Bring out the brass bands and let the eyes of the rabble be feasted with cloth of gold, gilded battle-axes, and plumed casques. Let American labor be protected by these swindlers till, goaded by hunger and galling slavery, an army of Anarchists shall silently grow around the mines, the looms, and the forges, and open a campaign of radical self-defence before which the shows and tricks of politics will rapidly skulk out of sight. X.

Property-Robbery.

To the Editor of Liberty:

You have a dangerous way of sporting polarized words. The fifth paragraph, second column, first page, of your issue of June 28, is tremendous, and all the more so because you simply quote the most respectable economists. I, knowing what you mean, and being able to complete that aspect of the subject by its complemental and correlative truths, am not ruffled; but I tremble in sending the number to persons I wish to convert, and whom this will prejudice against you.

Hence my anxiety for the identification of your propaganda with the more catholic view which I give. You think of property in the sense of its abuses and the wrongs committed in its name. I, who exploit nobody, but who find the fruits of my own labor stolen by neighbors, my fences taken down to let my stock out and other people's into my pasture, who must work gratuitously for scoundrels under pain of having fire set to my premises as has been already done, naturally feel that, if property means robbery, it is not the proprietor who is the robber.

The existing laws only prevent a man from righting his own wrongs. They indirectly protect thieves, great and small. Poor as I am, did I not affect still greater poverty, if I showed anything worth stealing, my life would not be worth a month's purchase in this church and law beridden district. I say abolish the laws, not because property is robbery, but because they help robbers against proprietors. The grievances of small properties justly acquired to labor by labor reproach on the one side the sneak thief of our State revenue by indirect taxation; on the other side, corruption of morals by our combined system, political and religious. A crooked and dishonest legislation coincides with the doctrines of vicarious atonement and salvation by faith, to abort the germ of natural integrity and degrade the ideal of justice in the public mind. Pietism, undermining morality, receives the sanction of protective laws enforcing the Sabbath and exempting church property from taxation. I am, then, taxed vicariously to uphold both a clerical privilege and the propaganda of dishonesty by the pulpit, while at the same time my industrial energies are paralyzed by one-seventh for the benefit of weeds and thieves of every species.

The legislation thus inflicted upon me and other small proprietors by the majority of stupidities, the stupidity of majorities, and the intelligence of knavery, is in itself a bicomposite robbery. First, we are robbed by the taxes to create and support it against our wills and interests. Second, after paralyzing the spontaneous moral energies of the people, and discrediting "Lynch law," it effectually substitutes nothing, but leaves the administration of laws utterly at the caprice of paid and privileged parties. Of this I have personal proof here. Absent one night on a mission of medical charity, my house was broken into and robbed. A relative of the burglar, to whose house he carried the spoil, dropped a clew, which, by paying a constable and search warrant, I followed up successfully. Possessed of material proofs and personal evidence, I applied to the State solicitor and to the Grand Jury in session for a true bill. They both ignored the application. I tried again another solicitor and another Grand Jury, with the same simply negative result. I was not rich enough to bribe the public servants for whose salaries I was taxed.

Still more important than dynamite is it that Anarchism should be correctly understood by the numerous class of small proprietors of land and real estate, who are not generally of an intellectual culture competent to digest paradoxes. "Property is robbery" may amuse philosophers and please ruffians, but alienates plain, well-meaning persons bent on justice, neither more nor less, and whether more or less directly dependent on their daily toil. You cannot expect them to have read Proudhon or his commentators. When I first saw the motto in question, I took for granted that its author was a communist, and so will others. EDGEWORTH.

The difference between Proudhon and "Edgeworth" is this,— that much of what "Edgeworth" re-

gards as the abuses of property Proudhon looks on as essentials of property, without which property ceases to be property. Proudhon denied that property is a natural right, and maintained that it is a law-made institution. He said, as Henry Clay said, that that is property which the law makes property; only, instead of inferring therefrom that property should be upheld, as Clay did, he concluded that for this very reason it should be denounced and abolished. After the appearance of the second memoir of Proudhon's "What is Property?" Blanqui (the economist, not the revolutionist), to whom it was addressed, wrote the author a very complimentary letter, in which he took occasion to make a criticism similar to "Edgeworth's." Proudhon answered: "The intelligence expended in the warfare of words is like that employed in battle: it is intelligence wasted. M. Blanqui acknowledges that property is abused in many harmful ways; I call *property* the sum of these abuses exclusively. To each of us property seems a polygon whose angles need knocking off; but, the operation performed, M. Blanqui maintains that the figure will still be a polygon (an hypothesis admitted in mathematics, although not proven), while I consider that this figure will be a circle." Of these angles, or abuses, Proudhon had enumerated the three principal ones in his second memoir as follows: 1. *Gratuitous appropriation of collective wealth*; 2. *Inequality in exchange*; 3. *The right of profit or increase.* The circle that would remain after these angles had been knocked off, the necessary, immutable, and absolute element in the idea of property that would remain after property had been abolished, he defined thus: *Individual and transmissible possession; susceptible of exchange, but not of alienation; founded on labor, and not on fictitious occupancy, or idle caprice.* Now, whatever the words used, the substance of this position is "Edgeworth's," and all who think and read can understand it if they will. Such people I do expect to read Proudhon and his commentators, and for the present such are the only ones that need to. They will transmit the ideas to the people in every-day, humdrum style, without paradox and without any troublesome originality. The people will grasp them and live them. Then, after the experience of a generation of Anarchistic life has fitted them for it, the masses of mankind will turn with grateful and loving hands the pages of Proudhon, appreciate the depth of his thought, and enjoy its subtlety. And "Edgeworth," if still existent anywhere in space, will say to himself: "How disturbed I was about nothing!" — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

The Power of Passive Resistance.

"Edgeworth" makes appeal to me through "Lucifer" to know how I propose to "starve out Uncle Sam." Light on this subject he would "rather have than roast beef and plum pudding for dinner *in sæculâ sæculorum*." It puzzles him to know whether by the clause "resistance to taxation" on the "sphynx head of Liberty on 'God and the State'" I mean that "true Anarchists should advertise their principles by allowing property to be seized by the sheriff and sold at auction, in order by such personal sacrifices to become known to each other as men and women of a common faith, true to that faith in the teeth of their interests and trustworthy for combined action." If I do mean this, he ventures to "doubt the policy of a test which depletes, not that enormous vampire, Uncle Sam, but our own little purses, so needful for our propaganda of ideas, several times a year, distrainment by the sheriff being in many parts of the country practically equivalent to tenfold taxes." If, on the other hand, I have in view a minority capable of "successfully withdrawing the supplies from Uncle Sam's treasury," he would like to inquire "how any minority, however respectable in numbers and intelligence, is to withstand the sheriff backed by the army, and to withhold tribute to the State."

Fair and pertinent questions these, which I take pleasure in answering. In the first place, then, the policy to be pursued by individual and isolated Anarchists is dependent upon circumstances. I, no more than "Edgeworth," believe in any foolish waste of needed material. It is not wise warfare to throw your ammunition to the enemy unless you throw it from the cannon's mouth. But if you can compel the enemy to waste his ammunition by drawing his fire on some thoroughly protected spot, if you can, by annoying and goading and harassing him in all possible ways, drive him to the last resort of stripping bare his tyrannous and invasive purposes and put him in the attitude of a designing villain assailing honest men for purposes of plunder, there is no better strategy. Let no Anarchist, then, place his property within reach of the sheriff's clutch. But some year, when he feels exceptionally strong and independent, when his conduct can impair no serious personal obligations, when on the whole he would a little rather go to jail than not, and when his property is in such shape that he can successfully conceal it, let him declare to the assessor property of a certain value and then defy the collector to collect. Or, if he have no property, let him decline to pay his poll tax. The State will then be put to its trumps. Of two things one, — either it will let him alone, and then he will tell his neighbors all about it, resulting the next year in an alarming disposition on their part to keep their own money in their own pockets; or else it will imprison him, and then by the requisite legal processes he will demand and secure all the rights of a civil prisoner and live thus a decently comfortable life until the State shall get tired of supporting him and the increasing number of persons who will follow his example. Unless, indeed, the State, in desperation, shall see fit to make its laws regarding imprisonment for taxes more rigorous, and then, if our Anarchist be a determined man, we shall find out how far a republican government, "deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed," is ready to go to procure that "consent," — whether it will stop at solitary confinement in a dark cell or join with the Czar of Russia in administering torture by electricity. The farther it shall go, the better it will be for Anarchy, as every student of the history of reform well knows. Who can estimate the power for propagandism of a few cases of this kind, backed by a well-organized force of agitators without the prison walls? So much, then, for individual resistance.

But, if individuals can do so much, what shall be said of the enormous and utterly irresistible power of a large and intelligent minority, comprising say one-fifth of the population in any given locality? I conceive that on this point I need do no more than call "Edgeworth's" attention to the wonderfully instructive history of the Land League movement in Ireland, the most potent and instantly effective revolutionary force the world has ever known so long as it stood by its original policy of "Pay No Rent," and which lost nearly all its strength the day it abandoned that policy. "Oh, but it did abandon it!" "Edgeworth" will exclaim. Yes, but why? Because there the peasantry, instead of being an intelligent minority following the lead of principles, were an ignorant, though enthusiastic and earnest, body of men following blindly the lead of unscrupulous politicians like Parnell, who really wanted anything but the abolition of rent, but were willing to temporarily exploit any sentiment or policy that would float them into power and influence. But it was pursued far enough to show that the British government was utterly powerless before it, and it is scarcely too much to say, in my opinion, that, had it been persisted in, there would not today be a landlord in Ireland. It is easier to resist taxes in this country than it is to resist rent in Ireland, and such a policy would be as much more potent here than there as the intelligence of the people is greater, providing always that you can enlist in it a sufficient number of earnest and determined men and women. If one-fifth of the people were to resist taxation, it would cost more to collect their taxes, or to try to collect them, than the other four-fifths would consent to pay into the treasury. The force needed for this bloodless fight Liberty is slowly but surely recruiting, and sooner or later it will organize for action. Then, Tyranny and Monopoly, down goes your house!

"Passive resistance," said Ferdinand Lassalle, with an obtuseness thoroughly German, "is the resistance which does not resist." Never was there a greater mistake. It is the only resistance which in these days of military discipline resists with any result. There is not a tyrant in the civilized world today who would not do anything in his power to precipitate a bloody revolution rather than see himself confronted by any large fraction of his subjects determined not to obey. An insurrection is easily quelled, but no army is willing or able to train its guns on inoffensive people who do not even gather in the streets but stay at home and stand back on their rights. Neither the ballot nor the bayonet are to play any great part in the coming struggle; passive resistance and, in emergencies, the dynamite bomb in the hands of isolated individuals are the instruments by which the revolutionary force is destined to secure in the last great conflict the people's rights forever.

T.

The Majority Monster.

A Jewish Rabbi asks the New York school authorities to excuse Hebrew children from attendance on Jewish holidays, and pertinently calls attention to the fact that Catholic holidays are observed by the closing of the public schools. The school commissioners refuse to grant his request, giving as a sufficient reason for their refusal the explanation that the children of Israel are in the minority and therefore not entitled to any consideration. This is a distinctively American idea, that only the majority has any rights, and it has so fixed itself in the American mind that it has evicted whatsoever conception of justice may have had original tenancy therein. The divine right of the majority to rule is the first article of American faith. No matter how unjustly the majority exercises its power; no matter though the rights of the minority are ignored, violated, denied absolutely, — the greater number can do no wrong. The American loudly proclaims that one man is as good as another and has the same rights, but he stoutly maintains that one man is not as good as two others and that equality of rights disappears in the presence of numerical disproportion. The Jewish children of New York are to be punished by the imposition of extra tasks and by loss of credit marks for being true to their religious faith and observing the fasts and feasts of the Synagogue, because they are in the minority.

This superstitious worship of numbers is as degrading, as senseless, as absurd as the reverence of breech-clouted savages for a mud god. The exercise of majority power is as tyrannical as the rule of a Czar and much more liable to be foolish. The majority has no settled purpose, no consistent plan of government. It is a headless monster blindly trampling upon human rights, without brains to direct its feet and lacking the wit to be consecutively wicked. America worships this imbecile thing and calls herself free. Americans bow down before it and boast of the dignity of manhood. Its blundering, insensate bulk goes stumbling, crashing along, smashing somebody's house here, falling into a pit there, bruising itself, trampling upon men and women, and making progress in the main toward the brink of a slumbering, smouldering volcano. And millions of men watch its progress in admiration and praise its marvellous wisdom, its clear vision, and its perfect justice. Some day it shall surely arrive at the brink and go plunging down amid flame and molten fire to nethermost depths of destruction, if a world of fools shall not in time acquire reason enough to bury the beast quietly and cease this mad devil's-dance of politics around the ballot-box.

K.

The present issue ends the second volume of Liberty. I am prepared to furnish bound volumes, of which I have a limited number, at two dollars each, in the same handsome style in which the first volume was issued. Those who had the first will surely want the second, and so will many others. Send in your orders early.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

ing at men had already been completely formed when you for the first time met a woman who was neither a fool nor a rascal; therefore it is not at all astonishing that you were disconcerted by her, not knowing what course to take, what to think of her, or how to treat her. Your way of looking at things had already been completely formed when you for the first time met a man of heart who was not an artless child, but who knew life quite as well as you, judged it quite as justly, and knew how to conduct his affairs quite as well; therefore, again, it is not at all astonishing that you were deceived and took him for a sharper of your own sort. These errors, Maria Alexevna, in no wise diminish my esteem for you as a prudent and reasonable woman. You have lifted your husband from his obscurity, you have provided for your old age, — good things not easily accomplished. Your methods were bad, but your surroundings offered you no others. Your methods belong to your surroundings, but not to your person; therefore the dishonor is not yours, but the honor is to your judgment and strength of character.

Are you content, Maria Alexevna, to see your good qualities thus recognized? Certainly, you ought to be, since you never pretended to be agreeable or good. In a moment of involuntary sincerity you even confessed your wickedness and rudeness, and you never considered wickedness and rudeness as qualities that dishonored you, understanding that you could not have been otherwise, given the conditions of your life. Therefore you should be but little disturbed because these tributes to your intelligence and strength of character are not followed by tributes to virtues which you admit that you do not possess, and which you would consider rather as follies than as good qualities. You would have asked no other tribute than that which I have accorded you. But I can say in your honor one word more: of all the persons whom I do not like and with whom I should wish to have no dealings, you are of those whom I should like the best. To be sure, you are pitiless when your interest is at stake. But if you have no interest in doing evil to any one, you will not do it, having nothing in view but the satisfaction of your petty and stupid passions. You reason that it is not worth while to lose one's time, labor, and money for nothing. It is needless to say that you would have taken pleasure in roasting your daughter and her husband over a slow fire, but you succeeded in repressing the spirit of revenge that had taken possession of you and in reflecting coldly upon the matter, and you recognized that roasting was out of the question; now it is a great quality, Maria Alexevna, to be able to recognize the impossible. After recognizing this impossibility, you did not allow yourself to begin an action which would not have ruined the individuals who have offended you; you perceived that all the little annoyances which you might have caused them by such an action would have cost you many greater embarrassments and sacrifices, and so you did not bring an action. If one cannot conquer his enemy, if for the insignificant loss that one can inflict on him one must suffer a greater loss, there is no reason for beginning the struggle. Understanding that, you had good sense and valor enough to submit to the impossible without uselessly injuring yourself and others, — another great quality. Yes, Maria Alexevna, one may still have dealings with you, for your rule is not evil for evil even to your own injury, and that is an extremely rare quality, a very great quality! Millions of men are more dangerous than you, both to themselves and to others, although they may not have your surly countenance. You are among the best of those who are not good, because you are not unreasonable, because you are not stupid. I should have liked very well to reduce you to dust, but I esteem you; you interfere with nothing. Now you are engaged in bad business in accordance with the exigencies of your surroundings; but if other surroundings were given you, you would willingly cease to be dangerous, you would even become useful, because, when your interest is not at stake, you do not do evil, and are capable of doing anything that seems advantageous to you, even of acting decently and nobly. Yes, you are capable, Maria Alexevna, and it is not your fault if this capacity of yours is in a state of inertia, and if in its stead capacities of an opposite nature are at work; you none the less possess it, which cannot be said of everybody. Base people are capable of nothing good, but you, you are only bad, not base. Consequently you are above many men in point of morality!

"Are you content, Maria Alexevna?"

"Have I any reason to be content, my good sir, when my affairs are in such a bad way?"

"It is for the best, Maria Alexevna."

CHAPTER THIRD.

The Life of Véra Pavlovna with her Husband, and the Second Love.

I

Three months had passed since the marriage. Lopoukhoff's affairs were going on well. He had found some pupils, work at a book-publisher's, and, more than all, the task of translating a geographical treatise. Véra Pavlovna, too, had found two pupils; who, though they did not pay her very largely, were better than none. Together they were now earning eighty roubles a month. With this sum they could live only in a very moderate way, but they had at least the necessaries. Their means continuing to increase, they counted on being able in four months more to furnish their rooms (and later that is what they did).

Their life was not arranged quite as Véra Pavlovna had planned it on the day of their betrothal, half in sport, half in earnest, but nevertheless it did not lack much of it.

Their aged landlady and her husband had a great deal to say about the strange way in which the newly-married couple lived, — as if they were not husband and wife at all, as if they were one knows not what.

"Therefore, according to what I see and what you say, Petrovna, they live — how shall I say — as if they were brother and sister."

"Nonsense! What a comparison! Between brother and sister there is no ceremony; is there none between them? He rises, puts on his coat, sits down, and waits until I bring the *samovar*. After having made the tea, he calls her; she too comes in all dressed. Is that the way brother and sister do? This would be a better comparison: it sometimes happens that among people in moderate circumstances two families live for economy's sake in one and the same suite. They resemble two such families."

"How is it, Petrovna, that the husband cannot enter his wife's room? She is not dressed. Do you see? How does that seem to you?"

"And what is better yet, when they separate at night, she says: 'Good night, my darling; sleep well!' Then they go, he to his room, she to hers, and there they read old books, and sometimes he writes. Do you know what happened one night? She had gone to bed and was reading an old book; I suddenly heard through the partition — I was not asleep — I heard her rise. What do you think she did? I heard her place herself before her mirror to arrange her hair, do you understand? Just as if she were going to make a visit. Then I heard her start. I went out into the corridor, got up on a chair, and looked through the transom into her husband's room. On reaching the door she said:

"'Can I come in, my darling?'

"And he answered: 'Presently, Vérotchka; wait a moment.' He was in bed also; he made haste to dress. I thought he was going to put on his cravat next, but he did not. After he had arranged everything, he said:

"'Now you can come in, Vérotchka.'

"'I do not understand this book,' she said to him; 'explain this to me.'

"He gave her the explanation.

"'Pardon me, my darling, for having disturbed you.'

"'Wherefore, Vérotchka? I was not busy; you did not disturb me.'

"And out she went."

"She simply went out?"

"She simply went out."

"And he did nothing?"

"And he did nothing. But that is not the most astonishing part of it; the most astonishing thing is that she should have dressed to go to his room and that he should have dressed to receive her. What does that mean?"

"I think, Petrovna, that this must be a sect; there are all sorts of sects, you know, in that line."

"So there are. Very likely you are right."

Another conversation.

"Danilytch, I have asked them about their ways.

"'Do not be offended,' I said, 'at what I am going to ask you, but of what faith are you?'

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

VII.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

BOSTON, October 4, 2084.

My dear Louise:

This strange country seems more strange to me daily, as I know it and its people and customs better. It seems more like a dream, a perplexing though pleasant dream, than it does like a reality. I often think that, instead of actually being here, two hundred years away from you, that I am sitting on the beach near my own dear old home, listening to the monotonous sound of the waves at my feet blending with the murmurings of the wind to form what was always a harmony that made me think and theorize and dream. Sometimes I try to rouse myself from my reverie and shake off this that seems so much like a vision. But it is useless. I am in a real world, among real people.

When I tell Mr. De Demain that everything is so strange to me, he smiles and says nothing is strange but myself, and he adds, although I suppose I should not tell it, that I am not so very strange to him.

When I tell my friend that this world doesn't seem real, that it seems simply a dream, an ideal conception, he grows earnest, and tells me that nothing could be less a dream than the state of human society today. "Why!" says he, "Anarchy is the most practical thing the world ever knew, but the governments of two hundred years ago, and back as far as history reaches, were based upon dreams. You remember the preamble to the constitution of your country and the things that it set forth as being the objects of the government to be based upon that constitution. Liberty and justice! could anything have been more ideal than this? A splendid ideal, truly, but the fault of the government was that it forced liberty and justice to always remain ideal and not real. Anarchy halts at that point where constitutions are made. Theologians of the olden time held that God, defined, and consequently limited, would cease to be God. So we hold that liberty and justice, defined, and consequently limited, would cease to be liberty and justice. History proved that Anarchy is right in holding this.

"In looking over a file of newspapers of a couple of centuries ago, recently, I ran across a number of speeches and editorials calling upon government officials of all kinds to run the government, national, state, and municipal, on business principles. Now, those principles are just the ones which govern society today. The people do not grant the privilege of government to an individual or set of individuals as a monopoly, as did the people of the time from whence you came. Trade is not hampered by monopoly; it is governed simply by the influence of a healthy competition. Anarchy is a very matter-of-fact, every-day, business-like thing. There is nothing abstract or ideal about it. In itself, now that we have it, it isn't much. It can be defined in a very few words for one who has never lived under the dark shadow of the State. But in defining Anarchy to one like you, it is necessary to compare it with the State. I must tell you what Anarchy is not. I must tell you of the crimes that it does not commit, the misery that it does not cause, the false relations in which it does not place man. I have tried to do this in my talks with you. If you understood the meaning of true business principles, I should tell you simply this: Anarchy means the state of society when governed by true business principles. I suppose now it will be necessary for me to explain to you briefly what true business principles are, and to state them very briefly I will say:

"First: Perfect freedom of exchange. This, of course, makes an untaxed and perfectly free currency necessary.

"Second: Cost must limit price. This, of course, makes interest impossible.

"Third: Individuals must own only what has been produced by human labor. This, of course, means that man cannot hold property in anything produced by nature without the aid of man's hand.

"Fourth: Law must be simply justice defined in individual cases. This, of course, makes congresses, legislatures, and the like unnecessary.

"These are the fundamental principles of Anarchy. Don't they strike you as being much more practical than ideal?"

Mr. De Demain seems to be a very practical man. I find that he is not looked upon by his friends as being at all visionary. He is considered at the college as a very able man, and has the reputation of being a most excellent teacher. Can it be, after all, that the whole system upon which society of your time is based is false? Can it be that Anarchy is the key to the whole problem of life? Can it be that Anarchy answers forever the question, Is life worth living?

Louise, help me to answer these questions.

JOSEPHINE.

"That Wicked Fairy, the Reaction."

In European politics, in France especially, this "Reaction" has followed like the swing of a pendulum every popular movement towards emancipation. First, let us deal with its accessory causes, so that the essential one may appear in a clearer light. Local and temporary accessories hold the balance in forces between the liberals and the dynastics, the former animated by philosophy and indignation, the latter by religion and hereditary tradition. Whenever one party, after having gained the ascendant, is depressed by failure to realize the expected goods, the other party seizes its opportunity; but the party of despotism, being strongest in discipline, is more capable of prolonging its sway by the intervention of the army.

Next comes centralization, represented by Paris versus the provinces.

The Parisians are, by the law of natural selection, the most ambitious, enterprising, and active-minded of the French people. They are also most immediately under the authority of the powers that be, and have the best opportunity of discerning their strong and weak points. Hence the first revolutionary impulse is Parisian, while numerical majorities remain in provincial inertia, or opposition of purpose, which gradually awakens from the potential state to demonstrative act, and combines with the defeated Parisian party in a counter movement.

On the other hand, these considerations are offset by the general fact that to the victors accrue the spoils of place and pelf, satisfactions of interest, which men do not willingly renounce and which they seek to render permanent by their organization. But as there are always more ambitions than places, more hopes than fulfilments, so success leaves a legion of disappointments, either ready to coalesce with the reaction, or at least indisposed to resist it. Government means privilege. Such oscillations are then inherent to all party domination. Whatever be the principles paraded, be sure that personal ambitions are the main motors.

To these general considerations, add, for particular occasions, the influence of individual character, viz., Napoleon I; the prestige of a name, viz., Napoleon III, the nephew of his uncle, faithful to his memory in one point at least, the contempt of moral obligation.

As the prophet of old found honeycomb in the carcass of a lion, and the boa-constrictor has manurial values, let us utilize the perfidy of this imperial scoundrel in teaching cooperative labor that all hope of help from the State is for it leaning on a reed that will break and pierce its hand.

No one acquainted with the history of France during the first half of this century, especially with the forms of its socialist propaganda, and who has read Louis Napoleon's book written at the fortress of Ham, can doubt his intelligence of the cooperative labor movement, any more than his power to have revolutionized industrial France by favoring or even by just letting it alone, as his uncle might have done from the intuition of high policy. His conduct in suppressing it is typical of the State, the more completely because he had no personal prejudice against it, but had on the contrary accepted it intelligently, as a solution of the social problem and the true path of labor to prosperity.

The State as Empire, whether its figure head be a Napoleon, a Bismarck, or a Czar, is fatally enslaved to capital, is but the tool of its tyrannical monopoly and privilege, exploiting labor by the proletariat, cheating it by the arbitrary money of banks, and narcotizing it with church drugs.

Pass to the arch type of constitutional governments, the State of Great Britain. Here we find the ruined castles of military feudalism replaced by that stronger invisible fortress of privilege, the *public debt*, a trifle of four billions, the interest on which secures the *otium cum dignitate* of capital, and which, holding an equal monopoly of education as of money, subordinates to its aristocratic purposes, to hold the neck of Labor under foot, the pens of a Carlyle, a Darwin, a Huxley, and a Spencer, neither more nor less than that of Malthus, and the statesmanship of Gladstone alike with Disraeli's.

Turn to the United States after a century of republican experience with the popular ballot and "*representation*," is the time-honored despotism of Capital stronger, or weaker, than upon the day when Independence was declared?

Is it in despotic Russia, or in our "free Republic," that we find tracts as big as the State of Rhode Island under private fence; control of money by an individual, rising from millions into billions; control of transportation, or the privilege of levying an arbitrary tax upon produce, vested in three or four persons for their own private use, as in the vast and fertile realm of California? Where is it, in New York or St. Petersburg, that laborers enough to make a formidable army are always seeking work, and perishing by starvation wages even when they get it? Tens of thousands asking for work in vain, while other tens of thousands work at starving wages, and the very benevolence of capital, embodied in a Henry Bergh, embracing in its sympathies turtles with horses, stares human destitution in the face, coldly ascribing its impotence to laziness, denouncing all pity for the criminals engendered by poverty, and whom the iniquities of capital have rendered desperate. Is Bergh eccentric? Well, then, what do you say to that type of intellectual philanthropy, Wendell Phillips? Here was a man whose noble sincerity and love of public uses endorses that which I now make of his name in the interests of Labor. Born to the privilege of wealth and social rank, he devoted the flower of his life to the effort of transforming a slavery at least compatible with healthful life and affording guarantees of this by the master's interest, to another, to the other slavery, without such guarantees of subsistence, whose economic cowhide is hunger and cold, and whose only mercy is the shortening of the span of life. Finally, too proud to confess Othello's occupation gone, his combative philanthropy confronted the iniquities of capital upon the rostrum. He died leaving the quarter of a million dollars, not to the emancipation of Labor which produced the goods his fortune represents, but to privilege embodied in private individuals, who, however virtuous, were neither needy nor laborious.

I disparage not the gift sublime of eloquence; I contest not the right of the lodestone to the metal that it draws from the argosies of commerce on their passage; I begrudge not the power that wealth gives to one whose luxury was charity; but, like himself, I prize *justice* higher still, in affirming labor the producer of all material goods, and the laborer their rightful heir. Wendell Phillips' residuum sufficed to have equipped for agricultural independence by their work a thousand families of starving hirelings.

Will you answer, O Labor, that this amateur champion of your cause was yet, like myself, not to the manor born, a son of toil, and that, while grateful for our sympathy, you hope better from your own men? Then listen to Jesus. He was one of you, born in a stable, trained to the carpenter's bench, subsisting on your free good will, dying by the spite of your intimate enemies, the priests and the proprietary pillars of the State. What says the friend of the poor laborer, — he who, in default of justice, promises salvation?

"Whose image and superscription" is this upon your coin, upon the bank note, on the bond? "It is Cæsar's." "Render, then, unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's," the money which represents all property in this world, life included. Cæsar is the State. Have you had enough yet of rendering to the State? This State is not Rome. It is one of your creating, your preserving, by the ballot! You vote your own tributes: that encourages armies. You are free to be miserable, and miserably free. Yes, you are free, — free as the mouse between the cat and the trap; free between starving with wages and starving without work; free between the revenue taxes and the county jail or chain gang. Above all, you are free to be represented. You are represented in having dined well when your congressman picks his teeth on the capitol steps. You are represented into paying tax on everything you buy, in order to keep up a stylish Custom House establishment with a margin of profits for buying more representatives and keeping your party in power. You are represented by the wealth of Uncle Sam's pet companies protected in their manufactures from competition with the European, so that, when you pay higher for a poorer piece of goods, you may boast of your charity towards rich folks. You are represented into doing a hundred things you never dreamed of, going to war among the rest, — free to shoot at your neighbors on the other side of a State line, or be shot down as deserters upon this side of it. You are represented out of some other things, your land, or right of settlement, and home among the rest. What a fine thing is liberty, with representation!

You are represented as allowing eight per cent. legal interest on money or goods, while the average increase of real values never exceeds two per cent., and while you actually pay twenty per cent. for goods advanced to you — sometimes as high as one hundred and twenty per cent. So it is at the Eagle and Phœnix factory store at Columbus, Georgia. The British Lion licks his greasy paws over three per cents. The American Eagle looks down on him with pity.

When Brother Jonathan pays for his ticket in the palace car of the express train to Tophet, he expects to get through by daylight. Capital knows that America is the promised land of Usury, and Labor, honest Labor, takes care that the promise be fulfilled to the letter of the bond untaxed. Labor is the man after King David's heart, "that putteth not *his* money out to usury, but sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

John Swinton, friendly to cooperation, you call on Labor to assert its rights by the ballot. You apply the hair of the dog to the bite. But, to vote down capital, do you not appeal to an intelligent will already crushed, or non-existent save in a small minority of cultivated minds among the oppressed? Is not Comstock ahead of you, using the republican powers conferred by the ballot for censorship of the press through the mails? And this death blow at free thought is struck by the hired assassin in clerical employ, adopted by the State into its own police corps and approved by the "Index" of "free religion" at the "hub" of Republican enlightenment.

To the ballot the church owes its privileged evasion of taxes and control of every seventh day. To the ballot trace back and by the ballot are defended all iniquitous privileges in the control of land, of money, and armed force, together with the cormorant army of office holders whose supreme reason of existence is the maintenance of the party in power. Promiscuous suffrage only lacks women and children to render its corruption universal and its imbecility idiotic. Already its delegates plot to break up laborers' councils, as in Europe. The gag first placed upon the press is next to be applied to the mouth of Labor. Capital contemplates a despotism even more complete than that of Russia, where the rudimental organization of townships is an inherent custom which guarantees to Labor the right of discipline and local administration.

Officers of the United States Army travelling in Russia report with gratulation the extraordinary cordiality of Russian officers, and the general favor in which the United States are viewed by the privileged and educated Russian. Weary of their clumsy knock-down dragout, whipping post, and Siberia chain-gang system of keeping the subject people quiet, they can but admire the genius of the ballot by which so much trouble is saved government and sheep come up to be sheared at their own accord.

In this so-called free Republic the laboring masses, by the suicide of folly at the ballot, are nearer to losing every vestige of personal liberty, or property, than their worst abused brothers of Europe. Such is the truth and the beauty, the wisdom and the grace, the goodness and the power and the glory, of that divine institution called popular government. And no doubt it is as good as any other kind of State or general Government. We would not change with Russia nor with Germany. Europe envies American privileges. European capital invests in our soil and mines, in our Government bonds and in our sweat. When the advocates of reform by the ballot ask for patience with the slow diffusion of intelligence among the masses, their hopes take for granted a progress, where, practically, movement is retrograde. For one workingman whose heart warms to emancipation, ten are frozen by oppression, and ten more, raw emigrants, come into the country ready to sell their arms to capital. The cause you advocate, John Swinton, has lost ground year by year in the United States, and lost it by the very means to which you now appeal. Brave man, honest man, drop the prism of illusion and look at the bare facts! Labor, cease your vain idolatry of man worship! You have nothing to expect save from yourself, from your collective soul, cooperation.

To frustrate the perfidies of reaction, we must not be satisfied to change the *forms* of government, but to annul that power called the State, as well as that power called the Church. These constitutions of privilege removed, the essentials of administration remain in the local judiciary in awaiting the complete organization of Labor. Religion is untouched in its proper spheres of spiritual culture and public morality. If prejudices are too strong to permit the immediate dissolution of general governments, at least, let labor put no trust in them! The fatal mistake of revolutionary workingmen in France (good Louis Blanc as their spokesman) has been to expect from an improvised natural government organizations of employment and awards to labor, for which, however good its will, it was incompetent alike by talent, by authority, and by funds. These workmen were spiritual babies in leading strings, crying to an imaginary mammy. Americans, even if besotted with the fatuities of communism, should know better than that: know that they must organize themselves, employ themselves, reward themselves. They have before them the practical successes of the Shakers, the Oneida communists, and others whose industrial order has been constantly cooperative, however varied their religious ideas or their social habits. Communism goes hand in hand with despotism, but it is comparatively easy to escape from the pressure of despotism, in any local association, and this facility keeps the exercise of despotic authority within tolerable limits, by the policy of corporate self-preservation. Higher forms of cooperation, which, instead of levelling interests and truncating sentiments, harmonize both in their social equilibria, belong to the domain of a science which is not our present theme. Rudimental suggestions of it may, however, be found in the European history of Trades organizations in Barcelona, the great Italian and some other cities, and their revival during the last half century.*

EDGEWORTH.

* See the works of:
Balmez: Catholicity and Protestantism.
Charles Bray: Philosophy of Necessity.
Charles Fourier: New Industrial World.
Victor Considérant: *Destinée Sociale.*

An Anarchistic Daily Journal.

The following admirable editorial from the Galveston "Daily News" of August 14 is but the first of a series of quotations, longer or shorter, which Liberty intends to make from time to time from that paper, pronounced by the New York "Sun" the most influential journal in Texas, and yet, despite its support of Cleveland and some other inconsistencies, advocating Anarchistic ideas with splendid ability and earnestness:

A paper called the "Broadaxe," of Nashville, Tenn., says: "This is a free country. No Christian is under compulsion to vote for either bad men or bad principles. He is not required to make a choice of evils. He is to choose the right every time." Suppose there are two non-committal candidates, representing party names merely, how can he choose the right? He is free to stay at home on election day. This is an unsatisfactory freedom. Other voters will determine the election, and he will be ruled with the rest of the body politic. One thing is sure; if he has property, he will scarcely be excused from paying taxes. The "Broadaxe" thinks it is right in supporting St. John for the presidency. It can not have any idea that he will be elected. The voter who supports a hopeless minority candidate virtually protests against the administration that will be established and then submits. There is very little poetry in the matter. He has to submit to some interferences with his liberty, but, if he be a Prohibitionist, he submits to a determination by the majority that there shall not be chosen a political mechanism for repressing their liberties in that particular. There are some reasons for feeling that the assertion in the Declaration of Independence in favor of personal liberty has not been fully appreciated. Personal liberty implies a great deal, yet it is capable of being reduced to a simple expression. It is something very different from having a vote to determine which set of men shall be the rulers or tyrants. Mere power of government — for one set of men who happen to be a majority, to make others submit to anything that the majority see fit to impose — is tyranny. Political contests are notoriously to determine which shall be the rulers. But, if there is anything real in personal liberty, it is something that does not depend upon accidents of majority and minority opinion. Inalienable rights are spoken of,— life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Prohibitionist says: "You may pursue what we consider is your proper happiness. If you want another sort of happiness, you are wrong, and your liberty shall be curtailed." Majorities, as majorities, can not determine what is truth or what is agreeable to individuals. This fact, in connection with the declaration of inalienable rights, puts every inquiring mind upon the search for a rule to determine what is warrantable liberty and what is unwarrantable liberty, or license. Clear thinkers have formulated the rule that each person shall have the right to pursue his own liberty at his own cost. Society can not go into every nicety of indirect consequences. The evil of attempts to completely regulate all actions that may in some slight measure affect the welfare of others would be so obvious that only conspicuous invasions of others' liberty can well be prevented by positive law. And after all, any seeming disadvantage from personal liberty is believed to be more than compensated by the elevation of intelligent personality through experiences of benefits attained and injuries suffered in the exercise of individual discretion. That liberty shall not be exercised at the expense of the equal rights of others is clear, but in a wide circle of relations this can not be done without provoking reprisals by neighbors, so that numerous invasions of personal rights are checked and the disposition to perpetrate them is cured by the spontaneous action of society. It still remains true, therefore, that, even while society becomes more complex, less law is needed. The more laws, the worse government. The fewer laws, the less despotism of unreasoning majorities. The cure for the abuses of freedom is more freedom. Prohibition tends to a communistic tyranny. And let it be noted that minorities do not obtain their rights from majorities. Majorities can do nothing for the rights of minorities but respect them. The law fails and falls into disrespect when it assumes to interfere with natural personal liberty. This may be the purport of a law even when in form it appears to be the opposite. For example, a prohibitory law gives an officer a legal right to interfere with the liberty of exchanging whiskey for money. But a land-grab law, apparently the opposite, is not really anything different. Under the form of giving certain persons too much land for too little consideration, it is really giving them the police power of the government to prevent other people from going upon the land and occupying it for homes as they would do in the exercise of their natural liberty and equal rights. Under the marriage laws of England a husband can get an order of court to follow his erring wife and take her back to his house by force. This is contrary to the American theory and practice. Personal liberty stands first, and no violation of a civil contract forfeits it. If there are any exceptions in practice, they are the results of Oriental and European ideas of government clinging to legislative and judicial systems established partly under the influence of democratic ideas, partly under English traditions. Personal liberty has never had a fair trial, and therefore condemnation of the principle is not justifiable. Excessive drinking, gambling, and prostitution have never been suppressed by law, and it is contrary to human nature to suppose that they ever can be. Every effort to suppress vice by force seems to identify vice with personal liberty, and this principle or instinct is so precious that the vice will be sustained by being so temporarily identified. Jefferson swore eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man. A tyranny over the body and its natural appetites is a tyranny over the mind. Jefferson rated the value of intelligence and spontaneous action of virtue in the highest terms when he said that, if he had to choose between a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, he would choose the latter. Government can do nothing for the people in their private concerns pertaining to happiness except to mar where it restricts their liberties. It could strike down crime if it would simplify itself. Actually, it does not punish crime as a rule, and yet it is absurdly contended that the political machine can and ought to regulate morals. Wherever it meddles with such matters it is a tyranny without the least beneficial effect, but on the contrary aggravates every social disease.

A Vexed Question in a Nutshell.

To the Editor of the ———:

I have read carefully whatever has come to my notice relative to the moral character of Mr. Cleveland, Democratic candidate for president. And it seems to me that such controversy is quite unnecessary, for the whole question is in a nutshell, so to speak.

First, is sexual intercourse morally wrong? If it is, then no civil law can make it right, and no married man or woman should have the inconsistency to speak against Cleveland.

Is it morally right? Then no legal sanction is necessary.

Don't you see?

The asserted abuse by Cleveland of the woman in question would, if true, have some force, if no men under the law abused their wives. But the truth is, no man ever yet lived who has not abused his wife, if he has had one. If he has not *possessed* a wife, he has abused some other woman, or himself. You men know how 'tis yourselves. Selah! It looks to me like pot calling kettle black. Doubtless a mote is in their brother's eye, but I think their vision is similarly obstructed.

Yours for truth and common sense,

SARAH M. CHIPMAN.

BROCKTON, MASS., September 27, 1884.